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Weekly Chronicle

OF

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THE DUBLIN LITERARY GAZETTE,

OR

WEEKLY CHRONICLE OF CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES, AND FINE ARTS.

No. I. SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1830. PRICE 8d.

GENTLE READER—In the first number of a publication of a character so novel in Ireland, as a periodical devoted to the interests of Literature, and the pursuits of Science and the Arts, you will naturally look for some explanation of our views and expectations. It belongs then to the politeness of Editorship, that in making our *début* before you, in our present character, we deliver something in the way of prefatory address, and announce ourselves with somewhat more of ceremony than (with your good favor,) we shall deem necessary, when we become more intimately acquainted. We are aware that a notion prevails with some, which has doubtless been imported, with other coarse commodities, from the western continent, that a certain degree of ferocity is becoming in an Editor, and that in order to be "awful smart" we should captivate the public as we would take captive a highwayman, by a sudden and violent assault; but we hold differently, and deeming the calling of Editorship a gentle craft, 'our way is to conjure you', and we present ourselves accordingly, with a bow, to solicit the favour of your friendly attention.

Perhaps this ceremonial may be thought to belong rather to the *old school* of politeness, than to that which is now more fashionable; we are not ashamed to 'own the soft impeachment'; and this may be a favourable opportunity for acknowledging that our affections naturally tend a little towards the olden time, a circumstance which would appear the less surprising, if instead of viewing us in association with this new, and it may be somewhat light-looking periodical, we were beheld in our proper studio, with spectacles on nose, poring over the huge and ancient tomes, from which we draw those lessons of experience and wisdom, which in lighter and more sparkling form it is our purpose, most amœne reader, to transmit to thee.

But though we are very far from being accounted "light characters" by those who know us, let it not for a moment be supposed that we are heavy fellows, because we are somewhat declined into the vale of years, and carry ourselves in general with the tranquil gravity of deportment which profound study commonly imparts. Let none suspect that our lucubrations, or at least those of our brilliant and mercurial contributors, shall lack of that airy sportiveness which is reasonably looked for in such a publication as that which we superintend, for the benefit and delectation of our readers.

For ourselves, we rather apprehend a contrary effect; and as the toughest bow, when bent, is that which shoots its arrow nearest to the clouds, we only fear that when we spring from the cushioned reading chair to our editorial throne, we may essay flights that shall leave dull earth somewhat too far behind. It may be well, however, to forewarn the public, and we desire especial notice to be taken of the fact, that whensoever we appear particularly light and trifling, they may be sure there is something of more than ordinary strength and solidity at the bottom of it, for it is with mind as with matter, whereof the very hardest and purest description, (diamond,) does, as the sons of chymists tell, when subjected to unusual violence of concentrated heat, pass away in a vapour so subtle as to escape the severest scrutiny of mortal ken.

These little introductory compliments being passed, we shall now, if you please, proceed to more serious business. We published, and have circulated very widely, a prospectus, in which (for the sake of originality,) we uttered a great deal of truth, and therein will be found, in brief, the motives of our undertaking, and the leading objects of our plan. We stated among other things that—

"The want of a Journal exclusively devoted to the interests of Literature, and the lighter more amusing parts of Science and the Arts, has long been a reproach to the Capital of Ireland, and throws a damp over every effort to raise her to her natural rank in the publishing and literary world. In genius, talent and learning, Dublin yields to no Metropolis in Europe, of similar extent; but these, like the warriors who lived before Agamemnon, are consigned to silence and oblivion because they want a popular record.

"Men whose exertions have been already stamped with the seal of public approbation in the literature of Great Britain, have now united for the purpose of taking away this reproach from their native City."

Now if any man deny all or any of the premises, and will do battle in the cause of his negative, let him throw down his glove on the matted floor of the College Library, and we engage that as soon as the mildness of the advancing season permits us to breathe the air of that magnificent and fireless repository of learning and antiquity, without danger to our chronic rheumatism, we shall take up his gauntlet, and decide the point with the most approved weapons of sound argument, without one thrust or parry of rhetorical artifice; and thereto we pledge our troth.

In the meanwhile, we rely upon the acceptation which so plain and important a statement is likely to receive, and if it be founded in fact, as we are prepared to prove by wager of battle, even to the shedding of the last drop of our ink in the dear encounter, then it contains within itself sufficient reason and apology for the attempt which we shall make "to take away the reproach from our native city."

We trust that by a careful rejection of all matter tending to keep alive those disputes, which hitherto in this country have split into antagonist cabals, what ought to be the commonwealth of letters, our plan may afford a common rallying point for Irishmen of all denominations, excluding none on account of their religious or political opinions, because with these literature has nothing whatever to do, and we shall not suffer their intrusion into our journal. Thus, and thus only, can a fair exhibition be made of the vast mass of talent which this country supplies to the general stock, which needs but to be concentrated in order to be appreciated as it deserves.

We set out in this address with lively spirits, as one that commences a journey full of promise; perhaps we may be permitted to close it in a more serious strain, like the traveller round whom the shades of evening thicken, and his mind sinks slowly and sadly from the buoyant hopes and brilliant prospects of the morning, to a graver and more thoughtful mood, as he draws near his destination, uncertain of the reception he may meet with at his journey's end. We are too well acquainted with the perplexities, the embarrassments and doubts which necessarily attend every important human effort, however wisely planned and well intended, not to feel that in our present undertaking we must encounter difficulty, and hazard disappointment. In the sister countries, literature has become a necessary of life, and though the market is crowded with competitors, yet those who can combine novelty with a fair degree of merit, are sure to meet encouragement. But here we fear a double task awaits us: we have, in some measure, to create the taste we seek to gratify, and it is only through the friendly and active co-operation of those who know how valuable such a taste is, to the well-being and happiness of society, and who are, therefore, anxious to bestow so great a boon on Ireland, that we can hope to succeed. The duty of him who writes for the public as a stated task, is often in itself irksome enough; in the solitude of his study, and sometimes in the sadness of his heart, he endeavours to draw from the stores of his reading and meditation that which shall enlighten and amuse the more busy and cheerful crowd upon whose encouragement his success depends, and his comfort lies only in the "still small voice" which whispers him he is labouring for good, and that there is a blessing on his labours. We assure our readers with all sincerity, that we have embarked in this literary undertaking, believing, nay knowing, that it might and will do great and permanent good, if it prove the means of diffusing that taste for polite letters, and the various pursuits of civilized and cultivated life, which raises and invigorates the understanding, while it mellows and improves the heart.

Should we succeed, as we have every reason to hope and to believe, our reward will be indeed great, in the consciousness of what we shall have accomplished; and should we, on the other hand, be ultimately doomed to bear with the regrets that wait on disappointment, we must seek for satisfaction in our own breasts, and in the consciousness of the integrity of our efforts and intentions.

[The spirit which breathes through the following letter, is in every way so gratifying to our feelings, and so kindly and delicately anticipates what we had wished to say, on the important subject of sterling contributions from the native talent of our country, that we have solicited and obtained permission from the fair and amiable writer, to publish it along with the delightful tale which it accompanied.]

To the Editor of the Dublin Literary Gazette.

Dear Sir,

It gives me very sincere pleasure to proffer you my first contribution to the "Dublin Literary Gazette," and to offer you, as an Irishwoman, my very grateful thanks for having commenced an undertaking—the success or failure of which will make me either proud or ashamed of my country.

If Scotland *can* and *does* support *two* weekly Literary Journals, it would be melancholy indeed, if in Ireland *one* such publication, and that so spirited an one as is now about to issue from the press of Dublin, did not prosper.

My humble, but cheerful attempt, may, *I hope*, do good in one way—it may induce some of the many hundreds of our countrymen and countrywomen who are reaping gold and golden opinions on this side the channel, to use their pens in forwarding a work which must decide the yet undetermined point—whether in Ireland there is spirit, energy, and national feeling enough, to sustain a literary periodical.

Pray command my services in any way, and believe me,

Faithfully yours,
Anna Maria Hall.

30, Upper Charlotte-st. Fitzroy-square.
December, 1828.

KATE CONNOR,

(A TRUE RECORD)—BY MRS. S. C. HALL,

Author of "Sketches of Irish Character," &c.

"Trust me, your Lordship's opinion is unfounded," said the Lady Helen Graves; and as the noble girl uttered the words, her eye brightened and her cheek flushed with greater feeling than high-born fashionables generally deem necessary.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Earl, looking up at the animated features of his god-daughter, "and how comes my pretty Helen to know aught of the matter; methinks she has learned more than the mysteries of harp and lute, or the soft tones of the Italian and Spanish tongues: "come," he continued, "sit down on this soft Ottoman, and prove the negative to my assertion—that the Irish act only from impulse, not from principle."

"How long can an impulse last," enquired the lady, who, like a good girl, did as she was bid, (which women by the way, seldom do, unless they have a point to carry), and seated herself at her god-father's feet, in the very spot he wished, playfully resting her rosy cheek on his hand, as she enquired—"tell me first how long an impulse can last!"

"It is only a momentary feeling, my love, although acting upon it may embitter a long life."

"But an impulse cannot last for a month, can it? Then I am quite safe, and now your Lordship must listen to a true tale, and must suffer me to tell it in my own way, *brogue* and all; and moreover, must have patience. It is about a peasant maiden, whom I dearly love—aye, and respect too, and whenever I think of sweet 'Kate Connor,' I bless God that the aristocracy of virtue, (if I dare use such a phrase) may be found, in all its lustre, in an Irish cabin."

"It was on one of the most chill of all November days, the streets and houses filled with fog, and the few stragglers in the square, in their dark clothes, looking like dirty demons in a smoky pantomime, that papa and myself, at that *outré* season, when every body is out of town, arrived here from Brighton; he had been summoned on business, and I preferred accompanying him, to remaining on the coast alone. "Not at home to any one," were the orders issued, when we sat down to dinner. The cloth had been removed, and papa was occupying himself in looking over some papers; from his occasional frown I fancied they were not of the most agreeable nature; at last I went to my harp, and played one of the airs of my country, of which I knew he was particularly fond. He soon left his seat, and kissing my forehead with much tenderness, said—"that strain is too melancholy for me just now, Helen, for I have received no very pleasant news from my Irish agent." I expressed my sincere sorrow at the circumstance, and ventured to make some enquiries as to the intelligence that had arrived. "I cannot understand it," he said; "when we resided there, it was only from the papers that I heard of the "dreadful murders"—"horrible outrages," and "malicious burnings." All around us was peace and tranquillity; my rents were as punctually paid as in England; for in both countries a tenant, yes, and a good tenant too, may be sometimes in arrear. I made allowance for the national character of the people, and while I admired the contented and happy faces that smiled as joyously over potatoes and milk, as if the board had been covered with a feast of venison, I endeavoured to make them *desire* more, and then sought to attach them to me by supplying their new wants."

"And, dear sir, you succeeded," I said. "Never were hearts more grateful—never were tears more sincere, than when we left them to the care of that disagreeable, ill-looking agent."

"Hold, Lady Mal-a-pert," interrupted my father sternly; "*I* selected Mr. O'Brien: *you* can know nothing as to his qualifications. I believe him to be an upright, but I fear me, a stern man; and I apprehend he has been made the tool of a party."

"Dear papa, I wish you would again visit the old castle. A winter amongst my native mountains would afford me more pure gratification than the most successful season in London." My father smiled and shook his head. "The rents are now so difficult to collect, that I fear"—— he paused, and then added abruptly, "it is very extraordinary, often as I mention it to O'Brien, that I can receive no information as to the Connors. You have written frequently to your poor nurse, and she must have received the letters—I sent them over with my own, and *they* have been acknowledged!" He had scarcely finished this sentence, when we heard the porter in loud remonstrance with a female who endeavoured to force her way through the hall. I half opened the library door, where we were sitting, to ascertain the cause of the interruption. "Ah then, sure, ye would'nt have the heart to turn a poor craythur from the doore—that's come sich a way, jist to spake tin words to his lordship's glory. And don't tell me that my Lady Hilin would'nt see me, and she to the fore." It was enough; I knew the voice of my nurse's daughter—and would, I do think, have kissed her with all my heart, but she fell on her knees, and clasping my hand firmly, between hers—exclaimed, while the tears rolled down her cheeks, and sobs almost choked her utterance—"Holy Mary! Thank God!—'Tis herself sure!—though so beautiful!—and no ways proud!—and I will have justice!" And then in a subdued voice she added—"Praise to the Lord!—his care niver left me—and I could die contint this minute—only for you, mother, dear!—yerself only—and—— Our powdered knaves, I perceived, smiled and sneered—when they saw Kate Connor—seated that evening by my side—and my father (heaven bless him for it!) opposite to us in his great arm-chair, listening to the story that Kate had to unfold.

"Whin ye's left us, we all said that the winter was come in arnest, and that the summer was gone for ever. Well, my Lord, we struv to plase the agint, why not?—sure he was the master ye set over us!—but it doesn't become the likes o' me, nor wouldn't be manners to turn my tongue agin him, and he made as good as a jintleman, to be sure, by ye'r lordship's notice—which the whole counthry knew he was not afore—either by birth or breeding. Well, my Lady—sure if ye put a sod o' turf—saving ye'r presence—in a goold dish, it's only a turf still—and he must ha' been ould nick's born child—(Lord save us!) whin ye'r honor's smile couldn't brighten him—and it's the truth I'm telling, and no lye—first of all, the allowance to my mother was stopped for damage the pig did to the new hedges—and thin we were forced to give our best fowl as a *compliment* to Mr. O'Brien—because the goat—(and the crathur without a tooth!) they said, skinned the trees—then the priest (yer Lordship *minds*, Father Lavery)—and the agint, quarrelled, and so—out o' spite—he set up a school—and would make all the childer go to larn there—and thin the priest hindered—and to be sure we *stud* by the church—and so there was nothin' but fighting—and the boys gave over work, seeing that the tip-tops didn't care how things went—only abusing each other. But it isn't that I should be bothering yer kind honors wid. My brother, near two years agone, picked up wid the hoith of bad company—God knows how—and got above us all—so grand-like—wearing a new coat, and a watch, and a jewil ring! so—whin *he got the time o' day in his pocket*, he wouldn't look at the same side of the way we wint—well, lady dear, this struck to my mother's heart—yet it was only the beginning of trouble—he was found in the dead o' night" (continued poor Kate, her voice trembling)—"but ye hard it all—'twas in the papers—and he was sint beyant seas. Och! many's the night we have spint crying to think of that shame! or on our bare bended knees—praying that God might turn his heart. Well, my lady, upon that, Mr. O'Brien made no more ado—but said we were a seditious family, and that he had yer lordship's warrant to turn us out—and that the cabin—the nate little cabin—ye gave to my mother was to go to the guager."

"He did not dare to say that!" interrupted my father proudly—"he did not dare to use my name to a falsehood."

"The word—the very word I spoke"—exclaimed Kate—"Mother, says I, his lordship would niver take back, for the sin of the sorr,

what he gave to the mother! Sure it was hard upon her grey hairs to see her own boy brought to shame—without being turned out of her little place whin the snow was on the ground—in the could night, whin no one was stirring to say, God save ye. I remember it well—he would not suffer us to take so much as a blanket—because the bits o' things were to be canted the next morning to pay the rint of a field which my brother took but never worked—my poor mother cried like a babby—and *happing* the ould grey cat, that your ladyship gave her for a token, when it was a' small kit, in her apron—we set off as well as we could, for Mrs. Cassidy's farm. It was more than two miles from us—and the snow drifted—and, och! but sorrow *wakens* a body, and my mother foundered like, and couldn't walk—so I covered her over to wait till she rested a bit—and sure your token, my lady, kept her warm—for the baste had the sinse a'most of a christian. Well, I was praying for God to direct us for the best—(but, may be, I'm tiring your honors)—whin, as if from heaven, up drives Barney, and—

"Who *is Barney*, Kate?"

"I wish, my dear lord, you could have seen—Kate Connor, when I asked that question—the way-worn girl looked absolutely beautiful—I must tell you that she had exchanged, by my desire, her tattered gown and travel-stained habiliments, for a smart dress of my waiting-maid's—which, if it were not correctly put on, looked, to my taste, all the better.—Her face was pale—but her fine dark intelligent eyes gave it much and varied expression—her beautiful hair—even Lafont's trim cap could not keep it within proper bounds—actuated, probably, by former bad habits, came straying (or, as she would call it *streeling*) down her neck, and her mobile mouth was garnished with teeth, which many a duchess would envy—she was sitting on a low seat—her crossed hands resting on her knees, and was going through her narrative in as straightforward a manner as could be expected—but my unfortunate question as to the indentity of Barney put her out;—face—forehead, neck—were crimsoned in an instant—papa turned away his head to smile—and I blushed from pure sympathy."

"Barney—is Barney—Cassidy—my lady," (she replied at length, rolling up Lafont's flounce in lieu of her apron)—and a great true frind of—of—my mother's——"

"And of *yours* also, I suspect, Kate" said my father.

"We were neighbours childer, plase your your honorable lordship—and only natural, if we had a—a frindly——"

"Love for each other," said my lordly papa; for once condescending to banter.

"It would be far from the likes o' me—to contradict, ye'r honor"— she stammered forth at length.

"Go on with your story"—said I gravely.

"I'm thinking, my lord, and my lady, I left off in the snow—O, no,—*he* was come up with the car:—well, to be sure, he took us to his mother's house—and, och! my lady, but it's in the walls o' the poor cabins ye find hearts!—not that I'm down running the gintry—who, to be sure, knows better manners—but it's a great blessing to the traveller to have a warm fire—and dry lodging, and share of whatever's going—*all for the love of God*—and *cèad mile failte* with it!—Well to be sure, they never looked to our property—and Barney—thought to persuade me to make my mother his mother—and never heeded the disgrace that had come to the family—and knowing his heart was set upon me, his mother did the same—and my own mother too, the crathur! wanted me settled—well—they all cried and wished it done off at once't—and it was a sore trial that.—Barney, says I, let go my hand—hould ye'r whisht all o' ye, for the blessed virgin's sake, and dont be making me mad intirely—and I seemed to gain strength, though my heart was bursting."

"Look, says I—bitter wrong has been done us—but no matter—I know our honorable landlord had neither act, nor part in it—how could he? and my mind misgives—that my lady has often written to you, mother—for it isn't in her to forget ould frinds—but I'll tell ye what I'll do—there's nobody we know barring his riverence, and the school-master, could tell the rights of it to his honor's glory—upon paper: his riverence wouldn't meddle nor make in it—and the school-master's a frind of the agent's—so ye see, dears, I'll jist go fair and asy off to London myself, an' see his lordship—an' make him *sinsible*, and—before I could say my say—they all—all but Barney—set up sich a scornful laugh at me, as never was heard—'she's mad,' says one—'she's a fool,' says another—'where's the money to pay your expinces?' says a third—'and how could ye find your way that doesn't know a step o' the road, even to Dublin?' says a fourth.—Well—I waited till they were all done, and then took the thing quietly.—I don't think, says I, there's either madness or folly in trying to get one's own again.—As to the money, it's but little of that I want, for I've the use of my limbs and can walk—and it'ill go hard if one of ye's wont lend me a pound, or, may be, thirty shillings—and no one shall ever lose by Kate Connor, to the value of a brass farthing—and as to not knowing the road—sure I've a tongue in my head—and if I hadn't, the great God that taches the innocent swallows their way over the salt seas—will do as much for a poor girl who puts all her trust in him.—'My heart's against it'—said Barney—'but she's in the right'—and then he wanted to persuade me to go before the priest with him—but no—says I—I'll niver do that till I find justice—I'll niver bring both shame and poverty to an honest boys hearth-stone.—I'll not be tiring ye'r noble honor's any longer wid the sorrow, and all that, whin I left them—they'd have forced me to take more than the thirty shillings—God knows how they raised that same—but I thought it enough—and by the time I reached Dublin—there was eight of it gone—small way the rest lasted—and I was ill three days, from the sea, in Liverpool.—Oh—when I got a good piece of the way—when my bits o' rags were all sold—my feet bare and bleeding, and the doors of the sweet white cottages shut against me, and I was tould to 'go to my parish'—thin—thin I felt that I was in the land of the cowld hearted stranger—Och—the English are a fine honest people, but no ways tinder—well—my lord, the hardest temptation I had at all (and here Lady Helen looked up into her godfather's face with a supplicating eye, and pressed her small white hand affectionately upon his arm, as if to rivet his most earnest attention) was whin I was sitting crying by the road side—for I was tired and hungry, and who of all the birds in the air drives up in a sort of a cart, but Mister O'Hay, the great pig marchant—from a mile beyant our place—well, to be sure, it was he wasn't surprised when he seen me!—'Come back, with me, Kate honey!' says he—'I'm going straight home, and I'll free your journey—whin ye return, I'll let the boy, *ye know*, have a nate little cabin I've got to let, for (he was plaised to say) you desarve it:'—but I thought I'd parsevere to the end—so (God bless him for it) he had only tin shillings—seeing he was to receive the money for the pigs he had sould, at the next town—but what he had he gave me, that brought me the rest of the journey—and if I hadn't much comfort by the way, sure I had hope—and that's God's own blessing to the sorrowful—and now, here I am, asking justice—in the name of the widow and the orphin, that have been wronged by that black-hearted man—and, sure, as there's light in heaven, in his garden the nettle and the hemlock will soon grow, in place of the sweet roses—and whin he lies in his bed on his dying-day, the just and holy God——'My father here interrupted, and in a calm firm voice reminded her, that before him she must not indulge in invective.' I humbly ask your honor's pardon, said the poor girl—I lave it all now just to God and ye'r honor, and shame upon me that forgot to power upon *you*, my lady, the blessings the ould mother of me sint ye—'full and plinty may ye ever know,' said she from her heart, the crathur! 'may the sun niver be too hot, or the snow too could for ye—may ye live in honor, and die in happiness—and in the ind, may heaven be yer bed.'"

'And now, my dear Lord,' continued the Lady Helen, 'tell me—if a fair English maiden—with soft blue eyes—and delicate accent—had thus suffered—if driven from her beloved home, with a helpless parent—she had refused the hand of the man she loved, because she would not bring poverty to his dwelling—if she had undertaken a journey to a foreign land—suffered scorn, and starvation—been tempted to return, but until her object was accomplished—until justice was done to her parent, resisted that temptation—would you say she acted from *impulse* or from *principle?*'

I say, replied the old gentleman, answering his god-daughter's winning smile, that you are a saucy gypsy—to catch me in this way—fine times, indeed, when a pretty lass of eighteen talks down a man of sixty! But tell me the result?"

Instead of returning to Brighton—my father, without apprising our *worthy* agent, in three days arranged for our visiting dear Ireland! Only think, how delightful—so romantic, and so useful too—Kate, you cannot imagine how lovely she looked—she quite eclipsed Lafont! Then her exclamations of delight—were so new—so curious—nothing so original to be met with—even at the soirées of the literati. There you may watch for a month without hearing a single thing worth remembering; but Kate's remarks were so shrewd, so mixed with observation and simplicity, that every idea was worth noting. I was so pleased with the prospect of the meeting—the discomfiture of the agent—the joy of the lovers—and the wedding—(all stories that end properly, end in that way, you know)—that I did not even request to spend a day in Bath. We hired a carriage in Dublin, and just on the verge of papa's estate, saw Mr. O'Brien—his hands in his pockets—his fuzzy red hair, sticking out all round his dandy hat, like a burning furze bush—and his vulgar ugly face as

dirty as if it had not been washed for a month. He was lording it over some half-naked creatures, who were breaking stones, but who, despite his presence, ceased working as the carriage approached. "There's himself"—muttered Kate. We stopped—and I shall never forget the appalled look of O'Brien when my father put his head out of the window. Cruikshank should have seen it. He could not utter a single sentence—many of the poor men also recognized us—and as we nodded and spoke to some we recognised amongst them, shouted so loudly for fair joy—that the horses galloped on—not before, however, the triumphant Katherine almost throwing herself out, exclaimed —"And I'm here Mr. O'Brien—in the same coach wid my lord and my lady—and now we'll have justice;" at which my father was very angry, and I was equally delighted. It was worth a king's ransom to see the happiness of the united families of the Connor's and Cassidy's—the grey cat, even, purred with satisfaction—then such a wedding! Only fancy—dear my Lord—my being bridesmaid! dancing an Irish jig on an earthen floor! Ye exquisites and exclusives! How would ye receive the Lady Helen Graves if this were known at Almack's? From what my father saw and heard, when he used his own eyes and ears for the purpose, he resolved to reside six months out of the twelve at Castle Graves. You can scarcely imagine how well we get on—the people are sometimes a little obstinate, in the matter of smoke—and now and then, an odd dunghill too near the door—and as they love liberty themselves, do not much like to confine their pigs. But these are only trifles. I have my own school, on my own plan, which I will explain to you another time, and now will only tell you that it is visited by both clergyman and priest—and I only wish that all our *absentees* would follow our example—and then, my dear god-papa, THE IRISH WOULD HAVE GOOD IMPULSES, AND ACT UPON RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

December, London.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Tales of a Grandfather, being Stories from the History of Scotland. Third Series. 3 vols. 18mo. Cadell & Co. Edinburgh, 1830.

WE have this day to present to the notice of our readers, no fewer than three series of stories for the use of young persons, taken from the histories of Scotland, Ireland, and Greece. The latter two works have been written, printed, and embellished, as well as published, in Dublin, and reflect no inconsiderable credit on all the parties concerned in their production. It was Mr. John Wilson Croker who first set the example of making "nice little books" for children, out of historical works, by the stories from the History of England, which he composed for the use of his adopted daughter. Sir Walter Scott extended and improved upon his plan, by composing for children of a somewhat larger growth of understanding, than Mr. Croker's book had been intended for. The present is the concluding series, from the history of Scotland, and Sir Walter might have truly exclaimed in the words of him who sang of the commonwealth of bees,

> Mores et studia, et populos et prælia dicam.
> In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria.

It is no light praise to say, that Sir Walter Scott is admirably adapted for the task of instructing children in the history of their country: he is certainly the most delightful storyteller in the world. He seems to dwell *con amore* upon the sort of incidents likely to attract and fix the attention of the young, and there is a manliness and straightforward good sense about every thing he says, that cannot but serve to strengthen and enlarge the youthful mind. We incline to think that the principle of Sir Walter's plan, namely a simple adherence to facts, without much inference or commentary, might be applied with signal advantage to historical works of a more elaborate description. We entertain a very slight opinion of what is commonly called the philosophy of history, and would have every reader left to draw his own conclusions, when made duly acquainted with the actions performed, and the position of the various actors in relation to society, and to each other. There is a passage in the introduction of these volumes so exactly to our purpose and our taste, upon the subject, that we shall quote it here:—

"I have avoided, particularly in this small publication, every attempt to prejudice your mind in favour of any of those speculative opinions, which have been frequently the cause of unsheathing the sword of civil discord. Some years hence, you will, I hope, study with accuracy the history of Scotland, with a view to form your own opinion which of the contending parties were [was] right or wrong; and I hope you will then possess enough of judgment to perceive, that in political disputes, which, above all others, interest the passions, you are not to expect that either the one party or the other are to be regarded as infallible; and that you will remember that each particular action is to be judged of by its own circumstances, and the motives of the actors,—not approved or condemned in the gross, because it is a measure of any particular faction. The present is not intended to be a controversial work. Indeed, if disputed points should be stated here as subjects of discussion, there is no space to argue them; and all that could be brought forward would be the assertion of the author's own opinion, for which he is not entitled to claim any particular deference from other readers, and certainly is not disposed to require it from you, or to desire that you should take upon his authority what should be the subject of your own investigation.

"Like most men of some experience in life, I entertain undoubtedly my own opinions upon the great political questions of the present and of future times; but I have no desire to impress these on my juvenile readers. What I have presumed to offer is a general, and, it is hoped, not an uninteresting selection of facts, which may at a future time form a secure foundation for political sentiments."

There is a quiet graphic humour about the description of the caption of the 'guid town' of Edinburgh, by prince Charles Edward in 1745, which pleased us much, and will, we think, amuse our readers:—

"The sound of the fire-bell was appointed as the signal for the volunteers to muster in the Lawnmarket. In the meantime, orders were sent to Hamilton's dragoons to march through the city on their way to Corstorphine. The parade and display of these disciplined troops would, it was thought, add spirit to the raw soldiers.

"The following day was Sunday, the 15th of September. The fire-bell, an ominous and ill-chosen signal, tolled for the assembling the volunteers, and so alarming a sound, during the time of divine service, dispersed those assembled for worship, and brought out a large crowd of the inhabitants to the street. The dragoon regiment appeared, equipped for battle. They huzza'd and clashed their swords at sight of the volunteers, their companions in peril, of which neither party were destined that day to see much. But other sounds expelled these warlike greetings from the ears of the civic soldiers. The relatives of the volunteers crowded around them, weeping, protesting, and conjuring them not to expose lives so invaluable to their families to the broadswords of the savage Highlanders. There is nothing of which men, in general, are more easily persuaded, than of the extreme value of their own lives; nor are they apt to estimate them more lightly, when they see they are highly prized by others. A sudden change of opinion took place among the body. In some companies, the men said that their officers would not lead them on; in others, the officers said that the privates would not follow them. An attempt to march the corps towards the West Port, which was their destined route for the field of battle, failed. The regiment moved, indeed, but the files grew gradually thinner and thinner as they marched down the Bow and through the Grassmarket, and not above forty-five reached the West Port. A hundred more were collected with some difficulty, but it seems to have been under a tacit condition, that the march to Corstorphine should be abandoned; for out of the city not one of them issued. The volunteers were led back to their alarm post, and dismissed for the evening, when a few of the most zealous left the town, the defence of which began no longer to be expected, and sought other fields in which to exercise their valour.

"In the meantime, their less warlike companions were doomed to hear of the near approach of the Highland clans. On the morning of Monday, a person named Alves, who pretended to have approached the rebel army by accident, but who was, perhaps, in reality, a favourer of their cause, brought word that he had seen the Duke of Perth, to whom he was personally known, and had received a message to the citizens of Edinburgh, informing them, that if they opened their gates, the town should be favourably treated, but if they attempted resistance, they might lay their account with military execution: "and he concluded," said Alves, "by addressing a young man by the title of Royal Highness, and desiring to know if such was not his pleasure:" This message, which was publicly delivered, struck additional terror into the inhabitants, who petitioned the provost to call a general meeting of the citizens, the only purpose of which must have increased the confusion in their councils. Provost Stewart refused to convoke such a meeting. The town was still covered by two regiments of dragoons. Colonel Gardiner, celebrated for his private worth, his bravery, and his devotional character was now in command of Hamilton's regiment, as well as his own, when he was suddenly superseded by General Fowkes, who had been sent from London by sea, and arrived on the night of the 15th of September.

"Early the next morning, the new general drew up the dragoons near the north end of the Colt Bridge, which crosses the Water of

Leith, about two miles from Corstorphine, from which last village the Highlanders were now advancing. On their van coming in sight of the regulars, a few of the mounted gentlemen who had joined the insurgents were dispatched to reconnoitre. As this party rode up, and fired their pistols at the dragoons, after the usual manner of skirmishers, a humiliating spectacle ensued. The soldiers, without returning a shot, fell into such disorder, that their officers were compelled to move them from the ground, with the purpose of restoring their ranks. But no sooner did the two regiments find themselves in retreat, than it became impossible to halt or form them. Their panic increased their speed from a trot to a gallop, and the farther they got even from the very appearance of danger, the more excessive seemed to be their panic. Galloping in the greatest confusion round the base of the Castle, by what were called the Lang Dykes, they pursued their disorderly course along the fields where the New Town is now built, in full view of the city and its inhabitants, whose fears were reasonably enough raised to extremity, at seeing the shameful flight of the regular soldiers, whose business it was to fight—a poor example to those who were only to take up the deadly trade as amateurs. Even at Leith, to which, as they had last encamped there, they returned by a kind of instinct, those recreant horsemen could only be halted for a few minutes. Ere their minds had recovered from their perturbation, some one raised a cry that the Highlanders were at hand; and the retreat was renewed. They halted a second time near Prestonpans, but, receiving a third alarm from one of their own men falling into a waste coal-pit, the race was again resumed in the darkness of the night, and the dragoons only stopped at Dunbar, North Berwick, and other towns on the coast; none of them, at the same time, able to render a reason why they fled, or to tell by whom they were pursued.

"In Edinburgh the citizens were driven to a kind of desperation of terror. Crowds gathered on the streets and surrounded the provost, entreating him to give up all thoughts of defending the town, which would have been indeed an impossibility after the scandalous retreat of the dragoons. Whatever the provost might think of the condition of the city, he maintained a good countenance; and convoking a meeting of the magistracy, sent for the Justice-Clerk, the Lord Advocate, and Solicitor-General, to come and partake their councils. But these functionaries had wisely left the city when the danger of its falling into the hands of the rebels became so very imminent. In the meantime, other citizens, uninvited, intruded themselves into the place where the council was held, which speedily assumed the appearance of a disorderly crowd, most part of whom were clamorous for surrender. Many of the loudest were Jacobites, who took that mode of serving the Prince's cause.

"While the council was in this state of confusion, a letter, subscribed Charles Stewart, P. R., was handed into the meeting, but the provost would not permit it to be opened, which gave rise to a furious debate. The volunteers, in the meantime, were drawn up on the street, amid the same clamour and consternation which filled the council. They received no orders from the provost, nor from any one else. At this juncture, a man, who was never discovered, mounted on a grey horse, rode along the front of their line, calling out, to the great augmentation of the general alarm, that the Highlanders were just at hand, and were sixteen thousand strong! The unlucky volunteers, disheartened, and in a great measure deserted, resolved at length to disembody themselves, and to return their arms to the King's magazine in the Castle. The muskets were received there accordingly, and the volunteers might be considered as disbanded as well as disarmed. If some wept at parting with their arms, we believe the greater part were glad to be fairly rid of the encumbrance.

"In the interim the letter with the alarming signature was at length read in the council, and was found to contain a summons to surrender the city, under a promise of safety to the immunities of the corporation, and the property of individuals. The conclusion declared, that the Prince would not be responsible for the consequences if he were reduced to enter the city by force, and that such of the inhabitants as he found in arms against him must not expect to be treated as prisoners of war.

"The perusal of this letter increased the cry against resistance, which, indeed, the flight of the dragoons, and dispersion of the volunteers, rendered altogether impossible, the armed force being reduced to the City-guard, and a few recruits of the newly-raised Edinburgh regiment. It was at length agreed on, by general consent, to send a deputation of the council to wait on the young Prince at Gray's Mill, within two miles of the city; they were instructed to require a suspension of hostilities until they should have time to deliberate on the letter which had been forwarded to them.

"The deputation had not long set forth on its destination, when one of those turns of fortune which so unexpectedly threaten to derange the most profound calculations of human prudence, induced many of the citizens to wish that the step of communicating with the rebels had been delayed. Intelligence arrived, acquainting the magistrates and council, that Sir John Cope's army had arrived in the transports from Aberdeen, and that the fleet was seen off Dunbar, where the general intended to land his troops, and move instantly to the relief of Edinburgh. A messenger was sent to re-call the deputation, but he proved unable to overtake them. General Guest was resorted to with various proposals. He was asked to recall the dragoons; but replied, he considered it better for the service that they should join General Cope. The more zealous citizens then requested a new issue of arms to the volunteers; but General Guest seems to have been unwilling to place them again in irresolute hands; he said the magistrates might arm those whom they could trust from the city's magazine. Still, as it appeared that a day's time gained might save the city, there were proposals to resume the purpose of defence, at least for the time which Cope's march from Dunbar was likely to occupy. It was therefore proposed to beat to arms, ring the fire-bell, and re-assemble the volunteers, schemes which were abandoned as soon as moved, for it was remembered that the deputation of the magistrates and councillors were in the power of the Highlandmen, who, on the sound of an alarm in the town, were likely enough to hang them without ceremony."

Finally, a party of the Camerons, under their leader, Lochiel, being dispatched by the Chevalier to make an attack on the town, secured an entrance during the night, by the gate which was opened to let out a hackney-coach returning to the Canongate, after having safely deposited the deputies in the city, and so the town was taken. The third volume is full of interest; we shall, if possible, return to 'prince Charlie,' and the consequences of the 45, were it only for the sake of the close bearing of this part of the work upon the novel of Waverley.

True Stories from the History of Ireland.—By J. J. M'Gregor, author of a History of the French Revolution. Second series, containing the Memorabilia of Ireland under the Tudors. 18mo. Dublin, W. Curry, jun. and Co. 1830.

This volume embraces the eventful reigns of the Tudors, from 1483, to 1602. It is a sober epitome of the history of the period, rather than a series of stories, nor do we think Mr. M'Gregor has kept in view, so closely as he might have done, his professed intention of selecting the more striking and prominent parts of the narrative, and passing somewhat more cursorily over the connecting links. We might complain too that he relates the most atrocious acts without appearing in the least to kindle into indignation, and passes over moving accidents and heart-rending events, without ever melting into pathos. The absence of enthusiasm we can willingly forgive, but a little more of spirit, and expression of natural feeling, would not have been amiss. Perhaps, however, we do him the injustice of unconsciously referring his work to the high standard of Sir Walter Scott's Tales of a Grandfather, upon which the stories from the history of Ireland are avowedly modelled. The true history of Ireland, especially its ancient history, is a work yet to be written. The ignorance and error which prevail on this subject among the mass of even generally well informed Irishmen, are truly deplorable. We trust we shall ere long do much to disabuse, and to inform the public mind on this important topic, and in the meanwhile we may congratulate our readers on the very gratifying circumstance, that the particular attention of a ripe scholar, and profound antiquary has been earnestly devoted to this subject, through the instrumentality of the Royal Irish Academy, of which he is a distinguished member, and as the results of his laborious and accurate research are in the course of publication, we shall soon we trust have legitimate occasion to recur to the question of Irish antiquities, which we hope to render as surprising and instructive to our readers, as it has proved interesting to ourselves. To this sort of information Mr. M'Gregor's stories of course make no pretension, but we have no hesitation in recommending the book as a diligent and faithful compilation, highly useful and effectual for the purpose for which it is intended. We shall select as a fair specimen of the manner in which the book is written, an interesting passage in the life of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, son of the Earl of Kildare, who bearded Cardinal Wolsey before the English council, and grandson of him who proclaimed Lambert Simnel, King in Ireland, but afterwards won the favor of Henry VII. by his frank and manly bearing, and who excused himself for having set fire to the cathedral of Cashel, on the singular plea, that

on his conscience he meant no disrespect to holy church, but "*he thought the archbishop had been in it.*" In 1534, Archbishop Allan of Dublin, and some other leading men, enemies of the then earl of Kildare, son of the earl last spoken of, and lord deputy of Ireland, memorialled King Henry VIII. representing various heavy grievances under which they and all his subjects in Ireland laboured, and complaining of divers disorders in the state. Henry, fired with indignation, ordered Kildare instantly to repair to London, to answer charges of so serious a nature, and in the meanwhile to commit the government to some one for whose conduct he would be personally responsible. Kildare was reluctantly forced to obey, but most imprudently confided his official trust to his son Thomas, who had not then attained his majority.

"It soon appeared evident that Lord Thomas Fitzgerald was deficient in the qualifications most necessary for the government of the country at such a crisis. His person and external endowments were indeed well calculated to excite public admiration; but to the rashness of youth he added a great portion of family pride, an unbounded confidence in the power of the Geraldines, and an insolent contempt for the rivals of his house. The lords of the council soon became offended at his petulance, and he was in no less danger from the suspicious vigilance of his enemies than the adulation of his friends. Intelligence having arrived that his father had been committed to the Tower, each party watched the movements of the other with the greatest jealousy, and the capital was filled with rumours and conjectures. A correspondence was kept up between the enemies of the Geraldines in England and Ireland, and one of the letters transmitted on this occasion was said to have been brought away accidentally from the apartment of a priest by John de la Hide, a friend of lord Thomas, which announced the execution of the earl in the Tower, and the meditated destruction of his whole family. The young deputy gave too ready an ear to the fatal intelligence, and being instigated by his Irish kinsmen O'Neill and O'Connor, he determined to renounce his allegiance to the supposed destroyer of his father, and plunged at once into a rash and desperate rebellion.

"There was a mixture of magnanimity and folly in his first proceedings. On the 11th of June, 1534, he assembled at the castle of Kilmainham, then the residence of the chief-governor, about one hundred and forty Irish horsemen, at whose head he rode through the capital in his robes of state, accompanied by his uncles, Sir John and Oliver Fitzgerald, James and John de la Hide, Burnet of Ballgriffen, Bath of Dolardstown, Field of Buske, and Rorke a famous pirate. They rushed tumultuously to the council, who were at this time assembled in St. Mary's abbey, and who when lord Thomas entered their chamber, rose respectfully, expecting that he would take his place. But this the young deputy declined, and requesting them to be seated, thus addressed them:—

"'Howsoever injuriously we be treated, and forced to defend ourselves in arms, yet say not hereafter, but that in the open hostility which we here proclaim, we have showed ourselves no villains or churls, but warriors and gentlemen. This sword of estate is yours, not mine; I received it with an oath, and have used it to your benefit: I should offend mine honour if I turned the same to your annoyance, now that I have need of mine own sword, which I dare trust. As for this sword it flattereth me with a golden scabbard; but it hath in it a pestilent edge, already bathed in the Geraldines' blood, and whetted for further destruction. Save yourselves from us as from your open enemies. I am no longer Henry's deputy, I am his foe. I am more disposed to meet him in the field, than to serve him in office; I have more mind to conquer than to govern; and if all the hearts of England and Ireland that have cause thereto, would join in this quarrel, as I trust they will, then should he be a by-word, as I hope he shall, for his heresy, lechery, and tyranny, wherein the age to come may score him among the ancient princes of most abominable and hateful memory.'"

"When the young deputy had terminated his violent harangue, Cromer, the primate took him calmly by the hand, and pathetically remonstrated with him on the rashness and wickedness of an attempt at rebellion, grounded on uncertain rumour, and totally unjustifiable, even if that rumour were confirmed. He warned him against the folly of believing that he could subdue the kingdom by force, or retain it against the power of king Henry; and he predicted, that if he persevered in the purpose which he had just avowed, he would involve his country in desolation and carnage, his whole family in ruin and dishonour, and himself in the terrible guilt of shedding innocent blood. "Yea," added the good primate, "the child is not yet born that shall feel the smart of this day's uproar."

"While Cromer was delivering his speech, which he did with much emotion, some of the followers of lord Thomas, who did not understand a word of English, fancied that the primate was encouraging their young chief in his enterprise, and one of the Irish bards, who always attended on such occasions, instantly burst into a strain of impassioned verse in praise of the hero, whom he designated as the gallant *silken lord*, a title by which he was generally distinguished, on account of the richness of his dress, and the splendour of his train. The rhapsodist chided his delay and called him to the field, and the young Geraldine unhappily was more influenced by the romantic effusion of the bard, than by the sage counsels of the prelate of Armagh. Throwing down the sword of state, he rushed precipitately from the council; and as Dublin had been lately much weakened by the plague, he was permitted for some days to hover about the city, collecting his forces, and arranging his plan of operations.

"He was speedily joined by the O'Tooles of Wicklow, and some other Irish septs, with whom traversing the English pale, he compelled the inhabitants to take an oath of fidelity to his cause, on pain of imprisonment: and he sent emissaries to the pope, and the emperor Charles V. intreating their assistance. As the devastation of Fingal, the principal granary of Dublin, now menaced the citizens with famine, they sent some forces for its protection; but these were defeated near Salcock-wood, and eighty of them slain. Emboldened by this success, lord Thomas approached the gates of Dublin, and threatened to deliver up the city to destruction, unless he were permitted to lay siege to the castle, where archbishop Allan, and some other enemies of the Geraldines had taken refuge. The constable of the castle, which was then defended by strong walls and towers, and encompassed by a broad and deep moat, relying on the security of the fortress, permitted the citizens to save their habitations from ruin, by accepting lord Thomas's terms; but Allan, filled with terror at the recollection that he had been the chief instrument in procuring the disgrace of Kildare, had a vessel prepared secretly, in which he embarked for England; but either through the ignorance or treachery of the pilot, who was a Fitzgerald, the ship was stranded near Clontarf. Allan took refuge in an adjacent house, where his retreat was quickly discovered by a party of rebels stationed at Artain, who dragged him from his bed in barbarous triumph, and brought him, naked as he was, before lord Thomas and his uncles, Sir John and Sir Oliver Fitzgerald. The unhappy prelate cast himself on his knees, and adjured his archenemy by the love he bore his Maker, to spare the life of a Christian and a bishop. The young lord turned his horse from him with disdain, and exclaiming in Irish, *Beir naim a bodach*, "Away with the churl!" his sanguinary followers interpreted his orders, (whatever might have been their commander's intention) in the most cruel sense, and instantly hewed the archbishop to pieces."

Three of the uncles of this young Fitzgerald, who never joined in his rebellion, but discountenanced it from the first, were by king Henry's orders invited to a banquet by lord Grey, were seized after the banquet in open violation of the rites as well of hospitality as of honor, were sent to England, and after the mockery of a trial, on a charge of high treason, were hanged at Tyburn, together with this young man himself, now become earl of Kildare, and other two of his uncles; the whole transaction being a tissue of treachery, tyranny, and judicial murder, of the blackest most detestable description: yet M'Gregor relates the story with as little expression of indignation or emotion of any kind, as if he were recounting the history of a game at chuck-farthing.

In the concluding page of the volume, we noticed the following sentence:—

"The wretched people, however, became the victims of these factions, who made a desert, and then called it peace."

Mr. M'Gregor should not thus assassinate a magnificent passage in Tacitus, without giving the least intimation of his felonious intent.* We rejoice to see that a second edition of the first series of this valuable little work has just appeared. Both volumes are prettily embellished, at least the landscape embellishments are good. Kirkwood's figures, however, are stiff and unnatural.

* See the speech of Galgacus in the life of Agricola—atque ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.

Stories from the History of Greece, from the earliest period to its final conquest by the Romans. Adapted to the capacities of children. By the Rev. Edward Groves, L.L.B. in two vols. 18mo. W. F. Wakeman, Dublin; and Baldwin and Cradock, London, 1830.

If the rising generation be wise in proportion to the appliances and means provided for its instruction, we shall presently become a nation of philosophers. There certainly never was a time when greater attention was paid to the important business of education, or in which the reasoning powers of the young were earlier

or more assiduously cultivated. The history of Greece is one abounding in striking and remarkable events, and strongly marked and interesting characters; it therefore affords peculiar facilities for a series of stories calculated to engage the attention of the young. The present is a very unpretending and judicious compilation; the narrative possesses the simplicity and clearness so desirable in works of this nature, and the brief reflections, occasionally interspersed, are plain, sensible, and conceived in a proper spirit. The two little volumes are very nicely got up.* There are two embellishments in each, drawn by Lover, and engraved by Kirkwood, so that this, like the book last noticed, is a work purely Irish in all its details. The embellishments are extremely well executed, the vignettes particularly pleased us, and we are very glad to notice a little book so creditable to the Dublin press.

The following brief extract from the account of Alexander's expedition into Asia, will enable our readers to judge of the manner in which the book is written, better than the most laboured description:

"Having settled all his affairs in Macedonia, he set out for Asia, with a small but well-selected army. It consisted of thirty thousand foot, and four or five thousand horse, all brave and well-disciplined men, inured to dangers and hardships, and commanded by officers who had grown grey in the service. Proceeding from Macedonia, he passed by Amphipolis, crossed the river Strymon, and afterwards the Hebrus, near their mouths; and at length arrived at Sestos on the Hellespont, whence he crossed into Asia with his fleet, not far from the place where Xerxes had erected his famous bridge. On approaching the Asiatic shore, he flung his javelin at the land, as if to take possession of it, and leaped on shore completely armed; after which he offered sacrifices to the gods for such a favorable descent.

"Immediately on landing, Alexander went to visit the ruins of Troy, which lay to the south of the Hellespont, and caused games to be celebrated round the tomb of Achilles, a hero, whose memory he held in peculiar honor. How he imitated him will be shown in a subsequent part of his life.

"Thence he proceeded northwards to the Granicus, a small river which discharges itself into the Propontus or sea of Marmora, where Arsites the Persian satrap or governor of the province, had collected an army to oppose him. This plan of resisting the invader was objected to by Memnon, one of the best generals in the service of Darius. He was unwilling that all should be risqued in a pitched battle, and recommended that the country should be laid waste, and even the cities destroyed, so as thus to compel Alexander to retreat through want of food. But his good advice was thrown away. Arsites declared he would not suffer such havoc in his province; he even accused Memnon of wishing to protract the war for his private advantage. A battle therefore was decided on: the rapid approach of the Grecian army soon brought it to an issue.

"On arriving at the river, Parmenio, seeing the opposite banks covered with the enemy's troops, advised the king to allow his army to encamp and take their rest during the night, so as to be refreshed for the onset in the morning. But Alexander, who knew how much depended on first impressions, declared that it would be disgraceful, if, after having crossed the Hellespont, they should be stopped by a stream; for so he styled the Granicus in contempt. The army was therefore ordered to advance: the king plunged into the river on horseback, followed by his choicest troops: the Persians on the other side crowded to the spot where the enemy were crossing, and in a short time the battle became general.

"Alexander was exposed to great danger in the onset. Regardless of himself, desirous only of setting an example to his troops, he was attacked in the hottest part of the contest by Spithrobates, a son-in-law of Darius, who, at the head of forty Persian noblemen, signalized himself by acts of bravery. Alexander rushed on him with his pike, and laid him dead at his feet. At the same moment, Rasaces, the brother of the Persian, attacked him behind, and with a blow of his battle-axe, struck off the plume of his helmet: then preparing to repeat the blow, he raised his arm again, when Clitus, one of Alexander's most faithful officers, cut off his hand with one blow of his sabre, and saved his sovereign's life. The Persians at length began to give way, after a gallant resistance; and in every direction fled. Arsites escaped from the battle, but afterwards put himself to death through remorse for having been the cause of a defeat so injurious to his master. The loss of the Persians was very great; that of the Macedonians but trifling. The dead were honoured with a splendid funeral: statues of brass were erected in Macedon for twenty-five of the king's immediate followers, who fell in the first attack; and to perpetuate the memory of the victory, the conqueror caused three hundred of the captive shields to be sent to Greece, with this inscription: "Alexander, son of Philip, with the Greeks, the Lacedemonians excepted, gained those spoils from the barbarians who inhabit Asia."

* In vol. 2, page 60, however, we observed a glaring violation of English Grammar. An oversight of this kind is particularly reprehensible in children's books.

The Court and Camp of Buonaparte. 1 vol. small 8vo. London, Murray, 1829.

We are indebted to the late sagacious Mr. Constable, who stood-god father, as Sir Walter tells us in his last volume, to the novel of Rob Roy, for the introduction, or at least for the revival, of cheap publications, depending for their profit on a very extended circulation. The principle was adopted by the Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and has since been acted upon in a very spirited and creditable manner by Mr. Murray, in the work called the "Family Library." The recent and enlarged edition of the life of Napoleon, is a considerable improvement upon the former one, and may be justly pronounced an admirable epitome of the life and actions of that extraordinary man: indeed Mr. Lockhart's little work bids fair we think to supersede his father-in-law's more diffuse and circumstantial production on the same subject, which bears but too evident marks of that want of leisure for deliberate investigation and concision of style, which almost necessarily disqualifies Sir Walter Scott, while he retains his present numerous and distracting avocations, from executing any great historical work as it deserves; a task for which, however, we deem him pre-eminently qualified by nature and attainments, did time and opportunity permit him to do justice to his powers, and we still look forward to a future revision and compression of his life of Napoleon, when he shall be less actively occupied with other duties, that will leave it a more worthy and faultless monument of the writer as well as of his hero.

The Court and Camp of Buonaparte is intended as a sort of appendix to the life of Napoleon, with which the family library opened. It consists of a series of short independent biographies of the brothers, sisters, wives, ministers, marshals and generals of Buonaparte, to the number of forty-six, arranged according to the impartial precedence of their alphabetical initials. A picturesque view of the appearance which the court and camp of Napoleon presented to an eye-witness, with personal sketches grafted upon it, would have formed in our opinion a much more interesting work; indeed, in execution, as well as in design, the present volume falls considerably short of the masterly little work to which it is intended as a supplement. We shall, however, give the reader an opportunity of judging for himself, and for this purpose shall select the life of Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, as a fair specimen of the style and composition of the work.

"Macdonald is the son a of Highland *duine-uasal* (or poor gentleman), of the Clanroland sept, who was among the first to join the standard of Charles Edward Stewart, in 1745. Having been educated for the Catholic Church, he was master of three languages, French, English, and Gaelic, and attended the adventurer as interpreter throughout his expedition. After the battle of Culloden he escaped to France, where he settled. The son was born in the little town of Sancerre, November 17th, 1765.

"At an early age he entered as lieutenant into the Irish regiment of Dillon. He embraced, but not to extravagance, the principles of the revolution. His education had been more liberal than that of military men generally—of the French military especially—and he was not so dazzled by the new light, as to be insensible to the dark spots which deformed even its dawn.

"After the battle of Jemmapes, Colonel Macdonald began to attract the notice of Europe. He was present at most of the actions which were fought in the low Countries. As general of brigade, he led the van of the army of the north: and contributed to the conquest of Holland, by passing the Vahal on the ice, in defiance of a furious cannonade from the batteries of Nimeguen.

"Appointed Governor of Rome, (1798), General Macdonald endeavoured to restore the public tranquillity, in a city which had long been the theatre of strife between the partisans of the old and new order of things, and in this capacity he acted with stern severity. Not only did he banish the ecclesiastics, but he put to death all who asserted the independence of the state. At Frosinone he had the barbarity to massacre all the armed inhabitants, and to burn their houses to the ground. Such conduct would have created no surprise in an Augereau, or Davoust, or Massena: but from this phlegmatic thinking officer, mankind had looked for different things. It is some consolation to think, that if this was the first, it was also the last stain of the kind on his character. Mack approached, and he abandoned the Eternal City, but returned to it on the defeat of that general. He once more left it, to carry into effect the iniquitous designs of his

government on the kingdom of Naples; but he was ere long driven out of Italy by Suwarroff.

"Macdonald took part with Buonaparte, on the 18th Brumaire; and was rewarded with some important missions, from the last of which—the embassy to Copenhagen—he did not return until 1803. Then his favour with the First Consul ceased. He had the honesty to reprobate, in no measured terms, the conduct pursued towards Moreau; and some officious persons having reported his words to Buonaparte, he was immediately ordered to retire into the country, or at least to appear no more at court. He obeyed without complaint, though he did not witness without resentment the omission of his name in the list of marshals in 1804. He remained in obscurity until the Austrian war of 1809, when he was sent to direct the inexperienced Eugene Beauharnois in the defence of Italy. He pursued the Austrians into Hungary, and had the principal share in the victory at Raab. But it was at Wagram that he exhibited the greatest intrepidity. He forced the enemy's centre, though it was defended by two hundred pieces of cannon. The manner in which he performed this eminent service called forth the applause of the emperor, who embraced him, and created him a marshal on the field of battle. 'From this day forward,' said the emperor, 'let us be friends!' This was some reparation for the wrong he had sustained, but the old prejudice still lingered in the breast of Napoleon.

"The new marshal was next intrusted with the government of Gratz, where his conduct formed an honourable contrast to what it had been at Rome. Not only did he preserve rigorous discipline among the troops, but he won the esteem of the inhabitants to such a degree, that, on his departure, they begged him to accept 100,000 francs, as well as a box of jewels for one of his daughters. He nobly refused both, observing that if they considered themselves under any obligation to him, they had other means of returning it, by taking care of three hundred sick soldiers, whom he was compelled to leave behind.

"In Spain and Russia, the marshal (now created Duke of Tarentum) equalled the best of Napoleon's lieutenants. The campaign of Saxony found him at his post of danger and honour. He was at Lutzen and Bautzen; but the most signal of his services was rendered at Leipsic. After gallantly withstanding the assaults of the enemy (October 18th, 20th, 1813), and that too in spite of the Saxon defection, his was the perilous duty of protecting the French rear during the retreat. The fierce attacks of an overwhelming enemy, with the destruction of the bridge over which the fugitives had hoped to escape, exhibited a scene of massacre and drowning—a scene unrivalled for horror, except by the passage of the Berezina. Macdonald plunged into the Elster, and saved himself by swimming, while the illustrious Poniatowsky, 'the last hope of the Poles,' his associate in covering the retreat, sank to rise no more. Macdonald faithfully adhered to the emperor, until the abdication of Fontainebleau; and exerted himself so warmly in the endeavour to procure good terms for the fallen chief and his family from the allied princes, that Napoleon could not but think with compunction of the little favour he had ever shewn this marshal, in comparison of what he had lavished on others, who now deserted him in his hour of need. At parting, he presented his own sword to Macdonald. 'Take it,' said he, 'it is a soldier's gift to his comrade. Duke of Tarentum, I wish I had known you sooner, as well as I do now.'

"Like the other marshals, the Duke of Tarentum was caressed and loaded with honours by the new government. Nominated a peer of France, he made in the Chamber two suggestions, distinguished alike for their wisdom, justice, and importance. He proposed that the emigrants whose possessions had passed into private hands, should be indemnified by the formation of a fund, to which twelve millions of francs shall be annually contributed; and, in like manner, that the grants of the imperial government should be held inviolate. Both were rejected; but with him rested the praise of having proposed measures which would have conciliated two powerful and discontented parties, and perhaps prevented the disasters that followed.

"When the ex-emperor returned to trouble France, the marshal continued honourably faithful to the royal cause. He proceeded to Lyons to join *Monsieur*, in repelling the invader. He soon found, however, that the troops were secretly resolved to desert their standards. He harangued them, but to no purpose; they preserved a gloomy and ominous silence. He placed two battalions behind some barricades which had been hastily erected to defend the passage of the Rhone. The men quietly remained in the position assigned to them; but no sooner did they hear the cry of *Vive l'Empereur!* raised by the advanced guard of Napoleon's little army, than they eagerly scrambled over the barricades, and, in spite of their commander's entreaties, flew into the arms of their ancient comrades. He was forced to retire, and would have been taken prisoner by his own troops, had not some of them, more honourable than the rest, insisted on his evasion being unobstructed. He returned to Paris, where he again hoped to make a stand; but on the emperor's approach, he was again abandoned. Resolved, however, to continue his fidelity to the very last, he accompanied the fugitive Louis to the frontiers of the kingdom.

"During the Hundred Days, the duke would accept no command under Napoleon. He remained in the capital, and enrolled himself among the grenadiers of the National Guard. In this uniform he appeared at court after the restoration of the king. He was soon made Arch-chancellor of the Legion of Honour, and Governor of the Twenty-First Military Division; and afterwards Major-general of the Royal Guard.

"If Macdonald is not one of the greatest, he is certainly among the most respectable of the French marshals. He is a brave soldier and a skilful general; and in his personal conduct he has shewn both moderation and independence. He enriched himself by no rapine; he hesitated not to brave Napoleon's anger in behalf of his friend Moreau; and shewed himself superior to the revenge which ensued. His fidelity to Napoleon himself in the midst of apostacy will ever be honourable to his character—a character on which, indeed, we can trace but one stain,—his cruelty to the revolted inhabitants of the Roman State.

"Marshal Macdonald passed some months in this country in the year 1820: visited, with great attention, the localities of Charles Edward's campaign in Scotland; and shewed much kindness to his relations in the Highlands and Hebrides; most of whom he found in very humble circumstances.

"He inhabits in Paris the splendid hotel of the Legion of Honour, and has a princely chateau on the banks of the Loire. He has daughters, but no son to inherit his title."

Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns from 1808 *to* 1814. By the Author of "Cyril Thornton." 3 vols. 12mo. Blackwood, Edinburgh; and Cadell, London. 1829.

Of the numerous and very able works which have appeared on the memorable subject of the Peninsular campaigns, this is, we think, the one most likely to become and to continue widely popular. It is very carefully, as well as agreeably written, and presents a most valuable record of the splendid achievements of the British arms during the momentous period of which it treats. The author was already favourably known to the public, and deservedly so, as the writer of a work of fiction very different from the dull round of ordinary trash which is put forth under the name of fashionable novels, by persons grossly ignorant of the usages of good society.

We are extremely glad that Captain Hamilton has undertaken the more important and responsible office of a composer of true history, since he has proved himself so fully competent to do justice to the task. His professional acquaintance with the subject, and the active personal share he had in many of the scenes he paints, enable him to combine a certain technical accuracy, and a knowledge of localities, with force and clearness of language, which stamps his narrative with that air of minute veracity scarcely attainable by any other than an eye witness. In describing military positions and operations, this is especially important. The works of Dr. Southey, Colonel Jones, and Colonel Napier, on the same subject, will doubtless find a place in our libraries, and be esteemed and quoted as books of reference, and the work of the last named author, especially, will remain a lasting standard of professional, as well as historical authority, as the high sources from which its details are derived, and the freshness and vigour of its style justly entitle it to do. Our countryman, lord Londonderry's account too, is of no inconsiderable value as a military chronicle; but still we have little hesitation in declaring our opinion, that the work now under review is the one calculated to "pass into families" as the familiar popular record of the transactions it relates. It is the conviction of its importance and utility in this respect, that induces us to notice it thus at length, although it is already three weeks old in Dublin. We had intended to give an abstract of our author's account of the horrors which preceded the battle of Corunna, and of Sir John Moore's death, which cannot be perused with feelings other than those of the deepest interest; but want of space compels us to confine our extracts to the final assault and fall of Badajos, related in the third volume:

"At ten o'clock, on the night of the sixth, General Colville and Colonel Barnard moved out of the trenches, and led on their divisions to the assault. On reaching the glacis they were discovered by the garrison; and instantly a tremendous fire opened. Though the carnage in the ranks was very great, the troops continued their advance; and entered the co-

vered way at the points where the palisades had been destroyed by the batteries. The ladders were then fixed down the counterscarp, and the descent into the ditch was quickly effected.

"Though the formation of the troops was necessarily broken in these operations, they immediately advanced against the breaches, and soon succeeded in gaining the ascent; but such were the obstacles prepared by the enemy, that it was found impossible to surmount them. Not only had the summits of the breaches been obstructed by the chevaux-de-frize, but deep and wide trenches had been dug, in the bottom of which were planted iron spikes, and the whole of the surrounding buildings were casemated and occupied by light infantry. To overcome these obstacles, many gallant but unsuccessful attempts were made by the troops; but after persevering with a courage impossible to be surpassed, they were at length compelled to retire. The attack was again renewed, but without more favourable issue; and nearly all the superior officers being disabled, the troops were withdrawn to prepare for fresh efforts when the day should dawn.

"In the meanwhile, the third division, led by General Kempt, and commanded by General Picton, advanced to escalade the castle; and on approaching the Rivillas, were received by a heavy fire from all the works to the eastward of the town. They speedily descended into the ditch, and planted their ladders. These, unfortunately, were found too short, and did not reach within four feet of the summit of the rampart. This obstacle, though not insuperable, materially diminished the rapidity of the ascent, and kept the troops longer exposed to a destructive fire than would otherwise have been necessary. Showers of grenades, stones, and rafters of wood, were likewise poured down on them by the enemy, and the slaughter was very great. General Picton and General Kempt were carried from the field severely wounded, and the command of the division devolved on Colonel Campbell of the ninety-fourth. Under this officer, the attack lost nothing of its energy. The troops, anxious to escape from the dreadful fire to which they were exposed in the ditch, eagerly mounted the ladders, and as they reached the summit, formed on the rampart. A short struggle then ensued,—and in a few minutes the division were in possession of the castle.

"Soon afterwards, the brigade of General Walker, after forcing the barrier on the road to Olivença, succeeded in entering the town by escalade. Before this was effected, several of the ladders broke, and General Walker was disabled by a severe wound. The troops, however, persevered in the assault with a spirit and gallantry which drew the applause of Lord Wellington, who witnessed their efforts from a small eminence near the trenches, from whence he directed the whole movements of attack. The brigade of General Walker then advancing by the ramparts, attacked in rere the troops posted for defence of the breaches, and immediately dispersed them.

"No sooner did Lord Wellington receive intelligence of the success of the third and fifth divisions, than he directed the fourth and light divisions again to advance on the breaches; and fresh troops being thrown into the town, all resistance ceased on the part of the garrison. General Phillippon and his staff, with about four hundred men, escaped across the river to Fort St. Christoval, and shortly afterwards surrendered.

"The whole of the garrison, amounting nearly to four thousand, were made prisoners. A considerable quantity of arms and amunition, one hundred and seventy-two pieces of artillery, and more than eighty thousand shot, were found in the place. The expenditure of life, on the part of the allies, during this extraordinary siege, was very great; by the returns, the number of killed and wounded amounted to nearly five thousand.

"Considering the boldness of the effort and the magnitude of the obstacles to be overcome, the capture of Badajos is one of those events in our annals, of which Englishmen may well feel proud. 'Never, probably,' says Colonel Jones, 'since the discovery of gunpowder, were men more exposed to its action than those assembled in the ditch to assault the breaches. Many thousand shells and hand-grenades, numerous bags filled with powder, every kind of burning composition and destructive missile, had been prepared and placed along the parapet of the whole front; these, under an incessant roll of musquetry, were hurled into the ditch without intermission for upwards of two hours, giving to its surface an appearance of vomiting fire, and producing sudden flashes of light more vivid than the day. Description, however, conveys but a faint idea of the imposing nature of such a mode of defence. The doors of success were certainly thrown open; but they were so vigilantly guarded, the approach to them was so strewn with difficulties, and the scene altogether so appalling, that instead of its being a disparagement to the troops to have failed in forcing through them, is it not rather a subject for pride and exultation that they had firmness to persevere in the attempt till recalled."

We shall never forget an anecdote of a circumstance that followed the capture of Badajos, related to us by a distinguished veteran officer, now a General in his Majesty's service. He described, as only an officer and an eye-witness can describe, the horrible nature of the task the troops had to encounter, in consequence of the shortness of the scaling ladders, in scrambling up the wall of Badajos, whilst the enemy hurled them down, man after man, in quick succession into the ditch below, where they were instantly suffocated in the filth, as it was the common sewer of the city. On gaining the town, however, in spite of the commanding position and vigorous resistance of the enemy, it was necessarily abandoned for some hours to the fury of the troops. In turning the angle of a street, on the way to his quarters, he met a young and delicate Spanish lady, evidently of elevated rank, shrieking and running at her utmost speed before a party of English soldiers. Perceiving his rank by his dress and bearing, she threw herself imploringly upon his protection; he commanded the men to desist, and drew his sword to enforce his orders: the men levelled their muskets and demanded as a matter of right, that he should instantly retire, or they would shoot him, and he was compelled to abandon that miserable lady to their brutal violence.

There are several minor blemishes and slight inaccuracies in the annals of the "Peninsular Campaigns," which we forbear to dwell upon. Ubi plura nitent, &c. We observe that Captain Hamilton follows Dr. Southey in representing Charles the Fourth of Spain, as having ended his life at Compiegne, whither he retired soon after his final abdication in favor of 'his friend and ally' Napoleon; it is of little consequence where the poor creature ended his dishonorable days, but we believe he died at Rome.

We could wish that the author had inserted a glossary of such technical terms as, tête-du-pont, en potence, gorge, ravelin, &c. for the benefit at least of his fair readers, for we must not confess that we of the fighting sex have any use for such explanations. We may add that the fourteen plates consist of plans of the Peninsular battles.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

An Apology for the Established Church in Ireland: being an attempt to prove that its present state is more pure than in any period since the Reformation. In a series of letters addressed to the Earl of Mountcashel. By the Rev. H. Newland, B. D. vicar of Bannow.—Dublin: W. Curry and Co.; Hurst, Chance and Co., London.

If any man doubt, which we never did, that the Established Church in Ireland is now in a state of greater purity than it has ever been before, since those dim and shadowy centuries when Ireland was an island of saints, and piety and repose, and her light (which Archbishop Usher proves to the satisfaction of all churchmen was the true light,) shined brightly amid the darkness of surrounding nations, let such doubter read Mr. Newland's book, with the longwinded title above recited, and be convinced, and renounce the error of his thoughts.

Our principle, as literary men, is to leave the Church to the supervision of the bishops, as we do the State to the care of the parliament. It is our private opinion that the catapult of the Bishop of Ferns is quite equal to the task of battering down Lord Mountcashel's logical ramparts, and that the vicar of Bannow is somewhat superfluous in volunteering his aid, seeing that in the first place, as the witty and caustic dean of Cork slyly observes, the public can judge on which side assistance was most wanted; and secondly, the vicar does not seem possessed of any very extraordinary weapons or prowess beyond what might be reasonably expected from any well informed churchman. We think too, he sometimes speaks evil of dignities with a flippancy and lightness rather unbecoming his profession, and in the case of Charles the First, he commits a gross historical anachronism, and takes advantage of his own mistake to indulge in unseemly vituperation against that murdered king. We are sorry to observe a spirit of asperity and of personal recrimination creeping into this controversy, which we had hoped the good sense and good taste of the high contending parties would have led them to avoid. In private life men can continue to entertain the most cordial feelings towards each other, though differing in opinion on important subjects. It is very strange how difficult it seems for even the wise and good to preserve the same courtesy and kindness in discussions of a public nature.

Mr. Newland's book contains some curious and important information as to the quantity of ecclesiastical property in the hands of laymen in Ireland. He states that the amount received by the laity in tithes is equal to that received by all the bishops and clergy; we could

wish that he had verified his statements on this head by references to the documents which prove them to be true. On the whole, the work is one evincing considerable research and information; but it is sometimes too intemperate towards Lord Mountcashel, and too adulatory towards the bishop. It clearly establishes that which we had thought was pretty generally allowed, that the improvement of the Irish Church Establishment in general, has kept pace with the very marked improvement in the selection of bishops, since the union; and that a gradual reformation is even now in course of steady and progressive operation, through the natural and legitimate channel of the constituted ecclesiastical authorities.

Irish Priests and English Landlords. By the Author of "Hyacinth O'Gara."—Dublin, R. M. Tims, 1830.

We remember to have read "Hyacinth O'Gara" with considerable pleasure; there was an adherence to truth and nature in it which is rarely to be met with in books of that stamp. The idea was an odd one, it seemed borrowed from the history of Castle Rack-rent, one of the most powerful of Miss Edgeworth's national sketches, perhaps indeed the most profound of all. For the generations of squires in Castle Rack-rent, we had a succession of parsons in Hyacinth O'Gara, and the character of old Thady the chronicler is varied accordingly.

The present little work possesses the same excellencies as the former in the occasional touches of Irish national character and modes of expression; but there is, as might almost be expected, from the usual character of these politico-religious stories, a good deal of prejudice and consequent misrepresentation. We hold it to be directly unfair and reprehensible to make use of fiction as a vehicle for vilifying any class of men whatever. If Irish priests do evil, let their misdeeds be proved and punished either by the law of opinion, or by the law of the land. Let *facts* have due publicity, "and whip the rascals naked through the world," no matter who or what the said rascals happen to be; but let no man *invent* stories to hold up the members of any particular order, merely as such, to scorn or abhorrence. To us at least this seems a strange, though not unusual, departure from the plain dictates of high principle and honorable feeling. We do not mean to bring so heavy a charge against every one who has thought and acted differently in this respect; we know that many have done so with the most conscientious views, but we trust that on reflection, they will think with us, and employ their talents for the future in a manner more perfectly consistent with that pure love of all our fellow-creatures, which Catholic christianity so indispensably requires and enjoins, as the second great commandment in the law.

Studies in Natural History; exhibiting a popular view of the most striking and interesting objects of the Material World.—By W. Rhind.—Oliver & Boyd, Edinburgh; Simpkin and Marshall, London, 1830. 12mo.

This is a very pleasing book on a very pleasing subject. It is exceedingly agreeable to turn from the dull round of ordinary cares and vexations to the freshness of mighty nature. Mr. Rhind is a congenial spirit whom one can follow with interest and advantage through the flowery fields of natural science, without the mind being wearied, or curiosity being dulled by too minute and tedious an investigation of any one of the multifarious subjects, which nature presents for consideration.

Outlines of Irish History, written for the use of young persons. 1 vol. 18mo. London, Harris.

There have now no fewer than three books of this class, on Irish history, recently issued from the press. We are very glad to see so much attention directed to a subject of such paramount importance as the history of our country, and the present little work, though a very slight compilation, is rendered interesting, as the production of an English lady of rank, and intended for the use of her own children. The brevity of the outline may be conjectured when it is stated, that one small volume is made to extend from the origin of the Irish people to Emmett's insurrection in 1803. The political bias which pervades the work is that usually denominated liberal.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

At present we can only give a cursory glance to this important subject. We naturally cast our eyes first on France; there the bias seems to be chiefly scientific, F. Cuvier and G. St. Hilaire (Histoire naturelle des mammifères) De Candolle (Système naturel du regne végétal) and Malte Brun (Géographie) are each employed, in his respective department. Politics seems to engross the minds of the French people, so that even their poets write on political subjects. Passing by the gay and sometimes licentious Béranger, the victim of royal and aristocratical wrath, we find the *twin* poets, Méry and Barthélemy, like him injudiciously brought before the public, by a political prosecution, and now starting afresh with their "Waterloo," a poem directed against Mons. Bourmont, one of the ministry.—The inexhaustible source opened to *Memoirs* by the republican and imperial governments, still continues to send forth new works, among which the memoirs of *Bourrienne* claim an important station, on account of the opportunity which the author possessed of observing the character and actions of Napoleon. Even the different corps engaged in the French army, during their eventful struggle, are beginning to find historians, and we have now the history of the Polish legions in the French service, by *Leonard Chodzko.*

In Germany, Caroline Pichler has written a new romance on the subject of the re-taking of Buda, (Wiedererberung Ofens) while by her contributions, with those of other literary characters, among whom *Tieck* holds a distinguished rank, the German annuals maintain their ancient fame, though very much inferior in point of illustrations, to those of England. The venerable patriarch of German literature, *Göthe*, has seen his eightieth anniversary celebrated by his enthusiastic countrymen, and under his auspices have just appeared, Letters addressed to him by *Schiller*, during the years 1806 and 7, in which are some interesting particulars respecting the latter's *Wallenstein.* The zeal for ancient literature, for which the Germans were first distinguished by the remainder of Europe, is maintained at present by *Niebuhr* in his publication of the Byzantine Classics; and their attachment to the philosophy of *Kant* is evinced by several new publications on the subject.

Italy has many learned men in her universities, especially at Padua, but there has not lately appeared any thing of consequence from them. She may be proud of *Manzoni*, who certainly approaches very near the author of Waverley, and who has rendered the Literature of his country a service, by introducing a new species of it, almost unknown there heretofore; but he has not escaped the rude hand of criticism among his own countrymen. Where the sway of Austria prevails, the voice of literature is almost or altogether silenced.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The Foreign Review, No. IX.—London, Black, Young and Young.

Although many of our readers must be aware of the fact, it may be necessary to mention, for the information of some of them, that there have been for some time past, two Quarterly Reviews published in London, which are devoted solely to foreign literature. They, however, frequently avail themselves of the opportunities to discuss subjects of domestic interest afforded by foreign books, which bear a relation to our affairs, or by the review of translations of our own books, which are published on the continent. Of these two Reviews, the Foreign Quarterly professes Whig principles in politics, and is written with much care, and in a style which generally aims more at elegance than strength. The Foreign Review, the last number of which we are about more particularly to notice, espouses Ultra Tory principles in its political articles, and it is generally written with much spirit and vigor. The last number is perhaps the best in every respect, which has appeared of this Review, abounding with information and amusement, conveyed in a tone of lively force, which seizes upon the attention, and makes an impression upon the mind that is not likely soon to be effaced. The sturdy healthy tone of the articles of this Journal is better suited, we should think, to meet the public taste, than the more elaborated style of its rival, although both Reviews are deserving of much praise. The Foreign Quarterly is more heard of in the newspapers, probably from some peculiar sources of private influence, or from more adroit management in this particular; but the Foreign Review, notwithstanding a little exuberance of energy in which it sometimes indulges, will amply repay those, who chuse to judge rather by reading for themselves, than by trusting to what may be inferred respecting it, from more frequently hearing of its rival.

It is not exactly consistent with our plan to review reviewers at any length, nor have we space to do more than point attention to a few of the articles, but we should not do justice to the impression which the first article of the present number has made upon ourselves, did we not mention particularly the Review of the life and writings of *Jean Paul Friedrich Richter.* Although the article can give no more than a glimpse of the life and writings of this extraordinary man, yet it affords a sufficient view of the glorious struggle of a bold independent and manly mind, against the bitterest circumstances of severe poverty, to prove an

useful and inspiring lesson to every true hearted aspirant after knowledge, who shall read it. In these days, there is nothing more useful to the public mind, nothing we might say so necessary, as the encouragement of a spirit like that of Jean Paul Richter, which treating with all the scorn that they deserve, the shewy advantages, and sensual gratifications, which wealth affords; proceeds in its bright career, stern yet cheerful, bold and independent towards man; pious, and humble, towards God.

The article "*On the Study of the Civil Law in England*" is powerfully written, and brings a great deal of learning to bear upon the subject—there is some personal controversy connected with party politics introduced, which might, with more propriety, have been spared in an article of this kind; but it was perhaps thought useful as the salt to savour a subject, rather tasteless in itself perhaps, yet one which is altogether worthy of studious investigation.

The paper on Animal Magnetism, gives to the English public a quantity of information respecting the progress and present state of this audacious quackery, on the continent, which we could not read without much astonishment. It gives a view at once curious, humiliating, and in some respects disgusting, of what impudence on the one hand, and gross delusion on the other, may bring to pass. The French are rather worse than ourselves, in the ready encouragement which they give to anything, that has a smack of sensuality in it.

"*Dumont's Translation of Jeremy Bentham's Work on Judicature*," affords occasion for a closely and originally written paper. The same book has been reviewed in the Foreign Quarterly by *Sir James Mackintosh*, and because a man with a great name has written the article, it has been much talked about, while the paper in the Foreign Review has, in this country, received comparatively little attention. We protest against this absurd fashion of estimating literary worth, by the great name attached to it. Sir James, though he be Sir James, may write not a whit better, and probably will write with more prejudice, than men of less note. It is unworthy of any man of common sense to judge of any literary production, except by examination of the work itself, and it is the bane of modern literature that men whose names are up, are actually forced on by the temptations of publishers, to write about what they have not time to write well, in order that advantage may be taken of the present fashion of their name.

The article on "*Police*" has received more public discussion than any other paper in the present number of the Foreign Review. It is full of knowledge, and bounding with a fresh and vigorous spirit, but for our parts, we think it flies rather beyond the practical question of a good Metropolitan Police.

There is something too romantic in supposing an alarming constitutional danger, from an establishment of Police confined to the metropolis, every member of which is amenable to all the same laws that can be applied to any other subject of the realm. There is, however, this good in the public discussions to which this establishment has given rise—those who govern will be taught that they dare not attempt any really serious establishment for the invasion of the liberty of the subject, without having such a peal of public indignation rung in their ears, as like the noise of the trumpets of the priests of Jericho, would cause the walls of the citadel of their power, to fall down.

The Edinburgh Review. No. XCIX.

This is the first number of the Edinburgh, that has come from the hands of the new Editor, Mr. Macvey Napier. There is nothing very remarkable about it, and on the whole it is but a poor number. Our Edinburgh correspondent informs us that there is no article from the pen of the present Editor. There are two from the late Editor, Mr. Jeffrey, and two by Mr. Brougham.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine. No. CLXI. for January, 1830.

This is not one of Blackwood's happiest efforts, though on the whole rather a good number. The first article, "On the Education of the People," from which we expected much, is in many places scarcely intelligible, and one feels strongly inclined to apply to it the good old rule *si vis non intelligi debes negligi*.

The Wishing-Gate is pleasant reading, though somewhat long; the paper which follows, on the condition of the lower orders, is in our opinion the best of the political articles; it is a lucid and able exposition of the distress and embarrassment under which the poor of these countries at present labour, and is written in a calmer and more temperate spirit than is always to be met with in Blackwood. The concluding article, a review of "The Age, a poem," is somewhat of the coarsest.

The Christian Examiner. No. LV. for January, 1830. Dublin, Curry and Co.

This is the best number of the Christian Examiner we remember. The leading article on the Poor Laws, we conjecture from the style and the initials, is by Mr. Daly of Powerscourt. The miscellaneous communications are diversified and amusing. Paddy's Dream or a Sunday in Ireland, is a humorous sketch. The Review of Dialogues on Prophecy, is an able and temperate exposition of the writer's views on that important subject.

The Dublin Monthly Magazine. A Literary and Theological Miscellany, 8vo.—Dublin, Tyrrell and Tims. January 1830.

We have taken a hasty peep at this first number of a new Magazine which is only published to-day. It really promises very well. From the character of the Christian Examiner, already so well established in Dublin, we think the conductors would have done more wisely to have adopted a course completely distinct from that already occupied by the other; with the theological department of which they can scarcely hope to compete. The miscellaneous articles, however, seem to be spirited and clever, and we have little doubt of the success of the work, if followed up with the requisite energy and steadiness.

CHRISTMAS CATHEDRAL SERVICE IN DUBLIN AND LONDON.

In Dublin, the regular course on Christmas day, for those profane persons who go to Church

Not for the doctrine, but the music there,

used to be to hie to the College Chapel, after an early breakfast, thence to Christ Church at half-past eleven, and finally to St. Patrick's in the afternoon, at all which places they were certain to be gratified with "most eloquent music." Christ Church has been shut up, because it was in imminent danger of tumbling down; it is certainly in a most disgraceful plight, and we trust that the Chapter, or whatever body its safety keeping is entrusted to, will look to it, and that speedily, or we shall certainly ring a peal in their ears that will awake them to a sense of their duty. Failing the Cathedral, "one of us" repaired to the Castle Chapel, and was rewarded by hearing the same anthem as at College Chapel, sung and played of course in much inferior style, and then a plain practical sermon, suited to the day, by the Bishop of Ferns, whose son, Dr. Elrington, had just before preached in College. As the day was cloudy and cold, with occasional flakes of snow or sleet, at three I found myself "wrapped in my virtue and a close surtout" picking my steps through Kevin-street, and pondering on the sayings and doings of the worthy and witty Jonathan and his dearly beloved Roger, as I passed the deanery house, and winding my way through the paling of some tottering and pole-propped houses, turned up the illustrious avenue of Mitre Alley, which in one respect resembles the path to a place yet higher than the episcopal bench. Crossing the South Close, and entering the aisle by the door nearest Marsh's library, I soon perceived by the crowds of people hurrying to and fro, and eagerly soliciting the attention of Mr. Maguire or any of his gowned satellites, that the body of the Cathedral was already crowded to an overflow: I made an effort at the entrance under Lady Donneraile's monument, near the communion table; I did get four feet inside the door, at the expense of my temper and my hat, which were both demolished in the crush, but the obliging sexton, perceiving my distress, took compassion on my years and venerable appearance, and shewed me to a seat when I was retreating in despair. I had been told at the Castle Chapel that the Archbishop of Dublin was to preach at Patrick's in the afternoon, which made me the more anxious to secure a place, but when I saw the pulpit removed out of its ordinary place and rocking like a child's cradle at every movement of the crowd, I confess I felt considerably relieved on learning that there was to be no sermon.

Dr. Smith's fine evening service was performed very effectively. There are many striking passages in it, but I think it wants somewhat of the gravity and solemnity of the Cathedral style. It is liable to the same objection that was formerly made to the style of Pergolesi's church music, namely, that it had too much of the dramatic cast. However, there are beauties in it that much more than redeem any of its defects. The music of "*He hath shewed strength*," *&c.* in the Magnificat, is particularly fine, and both the opening and the close of the Nunc dimittis, deserve the highest praise. The Gloria Patri, though not deficient in effect, appears too light. The Voluntary (performed during the collection for the poor,) was new to me, and not as good as usual.—There was nothing particularly striking either in the subject or the execution.

The anthem was that selected from the Messiah; the same as had been given at the chapels of the college and the castle. Alas for the glories departed! Robinson is a splendid singer, but he is scarcely a "worthy rival of the glorious three," Spray, Weyman, Jager. "*There were Shepherds*" was not sung with the same spirit and effect that I have been accustomed to hear it, though the accompaniments

were extremely well peformed. I doubt much, however, whether it be an improvement to adopt Haydn's style in the accompaniments to Handel's recitatives—I mean striking the chords à la harpe.

The chorus "*Glory to God*" was admirably executed, Mr. W. Robinson sings the bass solos "*Behold darkness*," and "*the people that walked*," with great spirit and good taste. His upper notes are very much improved. Mozart's accompaniment was well executed by the organist, Mr. J. Robinson; but Handel alone was fit to compose accompaniments to his own songs. The noble chorus "*For unto us a child is born*" followed Mr. Robinson's solo. Both the vocal and instrumental parts were excellently given.

We must defer all notice of the "dim religious light" illuming the gothic arches and the arms and banners of the knights, and all the other concurring circumstances which contribute to produce a powerful impression on the mind, and render it more susceptible to the influence of music in Saint Patrick's Cathedral, and pass at once to Westminster Abbey, where also "one of us" was spending his Christmas.

"ONE OF US" IN LONDON.

London is so huge a place, that there are generally two or three different sorts of weather in it at the same time. Down in the *thick* of the city, Christmas day was a bitter black stern-looking day, varied only by occasional drifting showers of snow, borne on a piercing blast from the north-east. But in the Regent's Park, it was *toute autre chose*. The morning was absolutely beautiful; the crisp and *clean* snow, glanced on the bright beams of the sun, and the brisk sharp breeze that swept over the wide expanse of the Park, carried along with it the lighter particles of the snow which looked like a little diamondy shower as it was borne on the wind. Then, in the distance, the rising grounds of Highgate and Hampstead, with their villas and snow-powdered trees, had a certain cockney nobleness of aspect, glowing as they were in the morning light.

There has been a beautiful new Church built in the Regent's Park; the simple yet elegant architecture of which, is a very pleasing proof that genuine good taste in this kind of building has not *entirely* passed away from us, notwithstanding, the vulgar specimens of utter tastelessness displayed in most of the edifices which the commissioners for building new churches have caused to be erected, for the good of religion, and the disgrace of our architectural reputation.

Here, there were excellent prayers, at which no body knelt, and the people were dismissed without a sermon, *contra morem hibernicum*. When three o'clock came, I found myself from habit, being an old Saint Patrick's going man, on my way to Westminster Abbey to hear evening service. How different was the present scene from my old recollections. Instead of hurrying through mean and dirty streets, observing before and behind and on either side of me, groups of people eagerly pressing forward to be in time to get standing room where they might listen to the sublime and delightful music of Saint Patrick's, I found myself in the wide and noble street of Whitehall, surrounded by the public buildings of the greatest city in the world.

Here there was no crowd, no hurry—all was cold and spacious, silent and frosty. I proceeded down Parliament-street, and as I reached the end of it, where the full view of the western end of the Abbey appears before one, I paused to gaze in silent admiration upon the venerable building. It is, indeed, extremely beautiful. The declining but ruddy rays of a wintry sun, beamed full upon those towers of such admirable proportion, which flank the western entrance, and not even the keen feel of the sharp frosty air, could dissipate the soft and tranquillizing effect which the sight of such architectural harmony produces upon the mind. The crimson beam of a December sun, seemed, as it rested upon these towers, to have all the mellowness of the evening tints of autumn.

The parish Church of Saint Margaret's, which is a common-place ugly thing without, but a very handsome church within, is horribly in the way, in the place where it stands. It obstructs the view of the eastern end of the Abbey exceedingly, and with all deference to the worthy parishioners, I wish it were blown up, if it could be done without injury to the noble building which stands so near.

I entered the abbey by poets' corner, the narrowest and meanest of all the entrances, but the only one which, according to the tasteful arrangements of those who manage the concerns of the abbey, is left open. I went in absolutely *alone*, and was immediately asked by a gowned menial, "did I want a seat," meaning thereby, did I propose to pay a shilling for one; to which having responded in the affirmative, I was soon seated in the great chapel, of the exquisite beauty of which, I feel myself utterly unable to give anything like an adequate idea. It occupies the eastern end of the principal aisle, or stem of the cross, in which form the abbey is built, and is separated from the open space by a screen of oak, which is not sufficiently lofty to admit of a gallery, except at the western extremity, where the organ is placed; but to the eye, this gallery even, seems almost on the ground, so insignificant is its height, compared with that of the gilded arches of grey stone, which form the roof, far far in the lofty distance above it.

The effect of this arrangement is, that the sound of speaking or of singing, no sooner rises above the height of the screen, than it is dissipated into the vast area of the abbey, and nothing short of immense power, would produce any thing like important effect. But the power of sound employed is very very far inferior to that in Saint Patrick's. The organ is not nearly so large, nor so loud, and its effect is absolutely pitiful in so vast a place. How gloriously would the trumpet notes of Saint Patrick's organ have echoed there—how would the sound have climbed along the lofty slender stems, and arches rising over arches, and at last have died away, lingering amid the remote and elaborate tracery of that cold grey stone!

But all in Westminster Abbey is cold and wretched; there is no force, no heart in it: no crowd—no eagerness—no panting expectation; no galleries beaming with all but seraphic beauty—*no music worth being listened to*—nothing but beggarly economy, and cold despatch, in one of the noblest temples ever dedicated by man to God. Two or three paltry chandeliers suspended from the lofty roof, were filled with about a dozen nasty small yellow dipped candles, while a bunch of holly tied around the stalk of each chandelier, looked in such company, like a bunch of greens stuck up in a green-grocer's shop. The desks at which the choir sat, were lighted, or rather darkness was made visible around them, by little bits of tallow and wick, not thicker than a common wax taper, and to which, farthing rush-lights would have been absolute magnificence. They attempted to sing, "*Comfort ye my people*," with the air of "*Every Valley*," and the hallelujah chorus. Ashes of Spray! what a falling off, from what I had been accustomed to. The commencement of the anthem was correctly sung, but with very little force or expression; towards the conclusion of the recitative, however, the singer's voice broke in pieces, and the flaws wandered away God knows where, certainly not in the track of Handel's music.

A young boy went through the air of "*Every Valley*;" he sung, or tried to sing, after such a fashion as we might expect from a boy performing a school lesson, who knew that plumb-pudding was to be eaten, as soon as the lesson was done. But the most miserable thing of all, was the chorus. Good heaven! what might not the hallelujah chorus be in Westminster Abbey! and what a poor childish screaming performance it was. Figure to yourself, gentle reader, half a dozen persons with military fifes, playing the hallelujah chorus, under Dean Swift's monument in Saint Patrick's aisle, and you may have some notion of what it was.

The place was miserably cold; there was no sermon—I was glad of it—I was glad to get away from a place where all was paltry except the building, and the design for which we were gathered together.

When the service was done, we were turned out—literally *turned* out! and hurried along past the splendid monuments erected to the mighty dead, by the *urging voice* of a scoundrel sexton, who feared that if the congregation were suffered to delay in going out, long enough to see the monuments, there might be fewer sixpences taken at the door next day!

As I came out, the snow pelted bitterly in my teeth: welcome snow—welcome bitter cold—welcome anything—to escape from the contemplation of disgusting, degrading, low and vulgar menial covetousness, in that glorious pile—the great, the noble, the far-renowned Westminster Abbey!

THE DRAMA.

Massaniello has been the principal object of attraction at our theatre lately. The music, though superior to most of the productions of the French school, and far above the fade frippery and affected pathos with which Boeldieu overloads his composition, is not altogether free from plagiarism, it is doubtless fair enough to steal from the Italians when illustrating a portion of their history, and we can see no objection to the Barcarole being a genuine one, as well as the real offspring of M. Auber's mind; yet must we positively pronounce against the injustice of robbing us of one of the few melodies we can call our own, and we are ready to swear to our property in the "Market Chorus" of the Opera, which we at once identified as the the air of Caleb Quotem.

The overture is a solecism in musical composition, being more of the nature of a *Fantasia*, in which the songs of the Piece form the principal themes. The Barcarole is indeed beautiful, and nothing can exceed the fine effect of

the chorus breaking in, ever and anon, upon the melody, except perhaps the thrilling sensation communicated by the *sotto voce* "whisper low," in which Braham is so effective; the chorusses are fine throughout, and partake much of the German school, indeed there are evident traces of Weber in many parts of the opera. In the last scene the Author presents us with a melange of the various airs throughout the piece, and the beautiful transitions from the Allegro to the Penseroso, are managed with a skill that would do credit to Rossini, master, as he undoubtedly is, of the crescendi style.

Our limits will not permit us to dwell upon the manner in which the opera was represented here; we shall merely remark that Braham does ample justice to all his songs, and to our taste he sings the Barcarole better than we have heard it, either in France or Germany—(Italy does not patronize French music,) and in return for the great pleasure he afforded us, we cannot better express our gratitude than by entreating the manager, not to peril his life, or even scare his nerves, by that ill-timed excursion on horseback, with which one scene is concluded; the other performers were respectable in the various parts allotted to them—yet we may suggest to Mr. Brough, that a fisherman is not necessarily a bandit, and need not *ex officio* look like a cut-throat. There are some curtailments, and one chorus has been entirely omitted.

The scenery deserves our most unqualified admiration, and though it is difficult to particularize where all is good, yet we would recommend to the especial notice of our play-going friends, the view of the Market-Place, and also that of the Bay of Naples, in which the effect of interminable distance is so powerfully combined with the apparent haze of an Italian noon.

FINE ARTS.

THE DEAD CHRIST.

We have in preparation an article upon the past and present state of the Fine Arts in Ireland, which we shall introduce to our readers in our second number; for the present we must limit ourselves to a brief notice of the statue now exhibiting at the Royal Irish Institution. "Christ taken from the Cross," executed in marble by Mr. Hogan, a Cork artist. It has attracted much and deserved attention, and the artist has been honoured with a gold medal by the Dublin Society. It is indeed a beautiful statue. The death-like repose of the whole figure is peaceful yet awful. The head, hands and arms recline in powerless rigidity, conveying at once to the mind the expression of death, with a fidelity we have rarely seen imparted to stone. Were they severed from the body, and laid in a place by themselves, one would still perceive, at a glance, that they belonged to the figure of a corpse. The right leg and foot are stretched together by the peculiar recumbent posture of the body, into that continuous stiffness, which, while it displays the varied talent of the artist, is still strikingly true to nature. The face (though deficient in Grecian delicacy and intellectual character, especially about the nose,) is, in other respects, highly expressive; dignity, sweetness, and the last traits of the agony of the cross, are blended with considerable skill. There is even depicted in the suffering lineaments, particularly about the mouth, an expression of rapture as if in conscious triumph over the grave. The shape of the breast, and the sunken position of the entire frame, display a master's hand, and speak volumes for the artist's powers of observation and composition. Indeed the anatomy of the figure seemed to us, throughout, remarkably perfect; every muscle is a study. From the sunken and death-like features, and the exquisite yet truly natural expression of the mouth, it may well be seen that the artist is one

——"Who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
* * * * * *
Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
And marked the mild and placid air,
The rapture of repose that's there."

The hair flows down in a very graceful manner; it is however in the Italian stony style, and not like the rich natural hair of Chantry and our best British sculptors.

There is also lying for public inspection a Fawn, by the same artist, cast in plaster from a model executed by him in Rome. This is a highly wrought representation of nature in its picturesque mythological garb, under the influence of intoxication. The Fawn has staggered and fallen over his empty urn, he still endeavours to rise and to support himself on his left hand, while his right yet grasps convulsively the darling cup, and every vein that swells on the surface of both, proclaims how his blood is careering through its channels, under the influence of the potent libations which he has been quaffing in honour of plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne, whose emblems wreath his urn. The countenance is truly voluptuous, and the head presents a fine illustration of the natural expression of the phrenological feature "Gustativeness." We do not know if Mr. Hogan intended this, but the effect is happy and highly characteristic.

We had written a charming critique, but somewhat lengthy, picking divers holes in both the statue and the cast, and pointing out how Mr. Hogan may attain a more graceful general outline, and more Grecian elegance and lightness in his next statue, but in this, as in fifty other capital articles omitted or curtailed, our 'very exquisite fooling' is cheated of its fair proportions by the dingy demon of the printing office crying "hold enough."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM EDINBURGH.

No. 1.

Edinburgh, December 28th, 1829.

Edinburgh is not quite so full at this moment, as it was a fortnight since, and will be again a week hence. During the Christmas holidays our courts of law do not meet, and the consequence is, that many of our advocates and writers to the signet—an important part of the population in Edinburgh—betake themselves to country stations where they are sure of plump goose and luscious turkey. The young gentlemen of the University avail themselves of a similar opportunity, and rattle away in the stage coach to astonish and delight their country cousins. You are of course aware, that we presbyterians, do not attach any importance to Christmas in a religious point of view, and the only use to which we turn the day, is to make it the occasion of eating one of the very best dinners we can possibly get, and of drinking a proportionate number of bumpers to the health of all our friends and relations, down to cousins seventeen times removed.

On the whole, Edinburgh is tolerably brisk this season. Last winter was terribly dull, but there are better hopes of this. You will be surprised, however, to learn that the only place of public amusement we have, is the Theatre Royal. The minor theatre is closed, and there is not a single exhibition of any kind where one can loiter away an evening hour. Nor is the theatre, after all, very well attended. Miss Paton, who was here about six weeks ago, drew splendid houses; but Macready, Miss Smithson, and the regular company have performed since to but indifferent audiences. Sir Walter Scott's tragedy called, "The House of Aspen," which appears in the "*Keepsake*," was produced about a week ago in very excellent style; but it is a heavy acting play, and though it has been repeated every night since, it does not draw houses. A pantomime is in preparation, which will no doubt induce all the good papas and mammas, to make their small but numerous families happy for one evening. Our other gaieties *in prospectu*, are four subscription concerts, given annually, by the society of professional musicians: the public assemblies, of which there are also four, and to which will probably be added a fancy ball. The theatrical fund dinner, which is fixed for the 29th of January, the second that has taken place in Edinburgh, is rendered memorable by the fact, that at the first meeting (in 1827) of the members and patrons of the association, Sir Walter Scott, who was in the chair, publicly confessed himself the author of all the Waverley novels. In addition to these amusements, we shall of course be visited by a few lions, who will afford materials for the gossip of a day.

In the literary world, I am not aware that there is anything *very* remarkable stirring. Our periodical literature seems to be flourishing, although, as you know, our great Aristarchus—Francis Jeffrey, has retired from the labour of editing the *Edinburgh Review*, and the task has now devolved upon Mr. Macvey Napier. Besides Blackwood, which every body knows and reads, we have another magazine, called *The New Scots Magazine*, which is edited by Mr. Peterkin. We have also a *Literary Journal*, which has got into very extensive circulation, as it is to be hoped your *Dublin Literary Gazette* will do; and Dr. Browne, formerly Editor of the *Caledonian Mercury*, announces, that in addition to the eight newspapers we already possess, he is about to establish a ninth—called *The North Briton*. The Edinburgh newspapers are all respectable, and are on a much better footing, I believe, than is general elsewhere. An action of damages against an Edinburgh paper is quite a rarity. While talking of our periodical literature, I must not of course omit to mention *Constable's Miscellany*, the father of all the *Family Libraries* and *Pocket Cyclopedias* now in existence. Notwithstanding the number of rivals that have started up, it still keeps its ground, and I believe pays well. The proprietors are about to publish "A History of Chivalry and the Crusades," which I believe will be found an interesting work; and they have also in preparation a "History of the Knights of Malta,"—a "History of Music,

ancient and modern"—a "History of France," and "Lives of King James the First, Sir William Wallace, and Francis Pizzarro." The new edition of the Waverley novels is another periodical work, which I believe has a greater circulation than all the rest put together, and sets a sum of money into circulation in that way, beyond all parallel of former times.

Most of our publishing booksellers appear to have their hands full. Mr. Black announces a new edition of the "*Encyclopædia Britannica.*" Mr. Tait is busy with "Tytler's History of Scotland," which is to extend to six volumes, and "Pitcairn's Criminal Trials." Messrs. Oliver and Boyd have just published, "Memoirs of Paul Jones," and some other interesting works: in short they are all at work on a smaller or larger scale.

I have not yet got quite *heated* into my subject, and you will probably therefore think this a dull letter, but I hope to become more brilliant ere long.

B.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET.

My fair and gentle Ellen—when thou strayest,
What time the shades of evening fall to earth,
And skies begin to darken; giving birth
To many meditations, not the gayest,
But not the less delightful: if thou stayest,
'Till piercing through its far-off fleecy shroud,
The evening star shines forth, while every cloud
Assumes a darker hue: as thou surveyest
With pensive and admiring eye the scene,
Haply the breeze grows loud, and o'er the sky
Swift drive the troubled clouds: ah, then I ween
Mightest thou think of one, whose rapt thoughts fly
With a like troublous haste—and yet serene
Like yon bright star, thine image there doth lie.

J.

"Brama assai; poco spera, e nulla chiede."

The line's in Tasso; he describes a lover
Whose modesty I fear might mar his marriage,
At least our modern fair ones would discover
Something too timid in such gentle carriage.

I'm very sorry for it—but the truth is
Even love is changed from what it was of yore,
And he who asks for nought, a silly youth is,
Who'll get—just what he asks, and nothing more.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Dublin, January, 1830.

We are happy to learn that a complete edition of the collected works of Archbishop Usher is in the University Press, and already far advanced, under the able superintendance of Dr. Elrington, king's professor of divinity. This ought to have been done very long ago; there are many and important privileges belonging to the University Press and to that of the king's printer in Ireland, which are allowed to fall into desuetude in the most extraordinary manner, to the great detriment not only of the public but even of the individuals connected with these establishments. We shall return to this subject, and try to rouse the apathy of the parties most immediately interested.

A new Greek and English Lexicon by Dr. Hincks, author of an ancient and modern geography, will soon appear in square 12mo.

Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry, in 2 vols. a work of which, from the specimens we have seen, we augur very favorably, is already far advanced.

We are happy to learn that the second edition of Mrs. S. C. Hall's delightful little volumes, entitled Sketches of Irish Character, is nearly ready; we wait for its appearance, to notice the work more particularly.

Discourses on the Lord's Prayer, by the Rev. J. C. Lloyd, Chaplain to the Molyneux Asylum, in the press.

We understand that a second series of the Irish Pulpit is in preparation.

A new edition of Gisborne's Survey of the Christian Religion will be ready in February.

An enlarged edition of the Sacred Harp, embellished with a portrait of Bishop Heber, is nearly ready.

The Northern Tourist is already far advanced. The embellishments will be of a superior order; the drawings are by our esteemed friend George Petrie, Esq. and are engraved on steel by Miller of Edinburgh. Some of them we have seen, and we have only to express our hope that the letter press may equal the engravings.

A new and improved edition of Livy, books 1 to 3, with English notes, by James Prendeville, S. T. C. D., is nearly ready.

We have heard rumours of a Limerick Magazine, about to be established. Is Saul also among the prophets? If it be decent, we shall do all we can for it. We perceive by the *Belfast Guardian*, that an Ulster Magazine has suddenly started into existence; as it has not yet reached us, we cannot pronounce upon its merits. A cheap religious Magazine for the poor, is promised in Dublin, by the middle of the month.

It is purposed at present to establish a Zoological Society in Dublin.

In Belfast, subscriptions have been raised, and ground taken for erecting a Public Museum.

A Munster College is proposed to be erected on the ruins of the Cork Institution.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are deeply indebted to the Doctor for his profound and brilliant critique upon the Annuals for 1830; two months since, the article would have made our fortune, but what he could mean by such an elaborate affair at this time of day, when every one has discussed and forgotten the subject ages ago, we cannot understand; unless he thought our readers would be simple enough to mistake the nominal date of these publications, for the real one. By the bye, there is something absurd, however, in books with 1830 printed in the title page, being almost out of date and memory, on this the first day of that year. It is somewhat strange, that in all the numerous and voluminous critiques upon the annuals, which have appeared in Great Britain, there has not been a single judicious observation made on the embellishments, in any manner tending to the improvement of that important branch of the Fine Arts. We shall manage these things better in Ireland, when the time comes round again.

Our notices of learned Societies, and of several new Works of interest, as well as the rest of those to our numerous correspondents, are necessarily postponed this week for want of room.

In consequence of the Board of Stamps in Ireland, refusing to grant to the publishers of the "Dublin Literary Gazette" the privilege which is enjoyed by similar Literary Journals in London and Edinburgh, of stamping a part of their impression for country circulation, the proprietors are reluctantly compelled to relinquish this intention. The Post Office, however, with the liberality and accommodating spirit which always distinguish that excellent establishment, has enabled us to make an arrangement, by which we can transmit even a single copy by post, to any town in Ireland, at a moderate expense, no part of which shall fall upon our subscribers. But it is necessary to observe, that copies for the country must be forwarded from our office, and not in the ordinary way of newspapers. Persons residing in the country have only to pay their subscription through the Clerks of the Roads, and the paper will be punctually dispatched, so as to reach them along with their Dublin letters by Saturday's post. Our circulation in Great Britain is necessarily confined by the Stamp Office, to the agency of the Booksellers, to whom we forward the paper through the British mail office at a very heavy expense. Our friends in London, will be good enough to order the Paper either at Hurst and Chance's, our immediate publishers, or any other Bookseller in town.

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1st January, 1830.

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Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Allen beg to remind the Parents of their Pupils, that the business of the Academy will be resumed on Wednesday and Thursday next, the 6th and 7th instant.

N. B. Prospectuses containing every necessary information may be had at the Academy, as in this place Mr. and Mrs. Allen do not conceive it at all necessary to offer one word of eulogium either on the simplicity or security of their system, or the excellence of their Academical arrangements, all those points having been unequivocally proved by the decided superiority of the effects which their Pupils produced at their Concerts—effects which those who witnessed will not readily forget, and which those who did not, cannot easily comprehend.

January, 2d, 1830.

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PERSONAL SKETCHES.

No. I.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

There was more of shrewd observation, than generally belongs to witty sayings, in the reply of the French lady, who being asked what she had found most *remarkable* in the many eminent men whom she had met; answered laconically, "*leur médiocrité.*" We are all apt to form exaggerated notions respecting those who occupy a large space in the public attention, and will hardly believe, until experience forces the truth upon us, that they are, in many respects, upon a level with ordinary mortals. The countryman who went a hundred miles to see the king, and came back bewailing his disappointment, because he had only seen a man with limbs like his own, whereas he had always supposed that the king's arms were a lion and an unicorn, was more simple in telling the nature of his anticipations, than singular in having formed an expectation so extravagant. Every one at a distance, forms to himself, almost unconsciously, an opinion that when he sees a very great man, he shall see something that will strike him as being very great; and since those important actions, in which alone the great man differs from the ordinary man, occur but rarely, like those lofty points on a coast which mark it in the memory of the mariner, while the level land between, is undistinguished or forgotten; the feeling that *generally* predominates in the mind of a stranger, upon coming in contact with a man of eminent character, is that of disappointment. These reflections naturally occur to me in attempting a personal sketch of the most eminent man in Europe, of the present day, for since I do not, at present, aim at so ambitious a task as the delineation of his political character, or the history of his military achievements, I shall have to speak of him in situations wherein he would appear but as an ordinary man, were these the only situations in which he had been known to the world.

Portraits generally tell lies—they are likenesses, but not like: they commonly represent people *en beau*, and give a grandeur and dignity to features of which their owner and his friends were probably unconscious, until the skill of the painter called them forth. Those who judge of the Duke of Wellington's countenance by the highly finished prints sold in the shops, judge erroneously; the caricatures give much more accurate resemblances, and some of them possess an exactness of similitude to the original, which is exceedingly ludicrous; for so far as *his* figure is concerned, one forgets that it is a caricature, and feels as if one were actually looking at the Duke, in whatever droll situation the caricaturist has placed him. The Duke has a remarkable countenance, such as having been once seen, will not easily be forgotten—it is very spare, the features are large and prominent, and the face unusually long, and out of proportion to his figure, which is of the middle height, and as lean as if the diet of La Trappe were the ordinary commons of Downing-street and Apsley House. It has been remarked that most very great men are, little, and lean: there is not a particle of "portliness," or grandeur of carriage, in the outward man of the Prince of Waterloo, and Prime Minister of England; no worse personification was ever seen of the abstract idea of a John Bull; nothing to remind a foreigner of the roast beef of old England, in those thin and bony features, and small body tightly dressed, in clothes which seem as if they were made for some one even smaller than the man who wears them. Yet his outward appearance is not unexpressive of his habitual character.—The Duke is extremely active, but never bustling;—always getting rapidly through business, but never in a hurry—cool, quick, decided, perhaps despotic, but beyond all belief cool and firm, in circumstances where almost any other living man would be disturbed and undecided.

The two points in his general character, which most distinguish it from that of other men, are undoubtedly his decision, and his noiseless activity. To both these, but more particularly the former, his military and political greatness are chiefly owing; the latter is the quality which appears most remarkable in the ordinary routine of his lofty station. The Duke is to be seen every where, he appears to have time for every thing; at home or in war, amusement is not relinquished for business, nor is business ever neglected for amusement. I remember one day last Spring, which I devoted to exhibiting the London lions to a college chum, who had come from Dublin to qualify himself for the Irish bar, by devouring the contents of sheep skins, in the substantial form of roast mutton, at the Inner Temple; we had the fortune at several stages of our day's peregrination, to cross the march of the prime minister; and an account of our several meetings, may give some idea of how he spends a small part of his day.

Any man who expects to make any thing of his day in London, must get up early. He "who deliberates" (in bed,) "is lost." We started therefore from the Salopian, at seven in the morning, to take a round of St. James's Park before breakfast, and had got but half way from the entrance opposite the Horse Guards to Story's Gate, when we met the Duke, snuffing the morning air, and looking sharply about him, as if he intended to keep a strict eye on the park gardens, and see that the walks and borders were kept in due order. Presently he disappeared in the direction of Downing-street, and probably attended to business at home until eleven, when he went to the House of Lords, which was his regular custom at that, the busiest period of the session; there to spend three or four hours with the Committee on the London Bridge Bill, where Lords Londonderry and Durham kept up a continual wrangle about coals and other rubbish, which would have completely overwhelmed the London Bridge people, but for the continued personal assistance of the Duke.

But I wander from our day's lion-hunt: a little before three, we found ourselves admiring the beautiful entrance to Hyde Park, lately erected, which it is impossible not to gaze at with admiration of its light and airy elegance, though there are so many objects in its immediate vicinity, which may well claim to divide the attention: the nearest, and unquestionably the most beautiful, of which, is that in days of yore yclept Apsley House, but which has recently come from under the improving hands of Sir Jeffrey, with the more imposing family name of the illustrious Duke, its owner, who, perhaps, would have called it "Waterloo House," but that certain dealers in Pall Mall East have already monopolized that title, for their emporium of silks and ribbons.

A shower disturbing our dream of architectural delight, we took refuge in that ever ready asylum, a hackney coach, and as the cad let down the steps, a horseman rode briskly out from the scaffolded mansion of the Duke, and with umbrella aloft, dashed into the park down Constitution Hill. "Have I not seen that man somewhere before?" said my companion.

"Yes—you saw him this morning; it is the Duke of Wellington, he has been surveying the works going on at his house; a cabinet council has been summoned for three o'clock to-day; it now wants five minutes of that hour, and he will trot into Downing-street just as the Horse Guards begin to chime the four quarters.

At half past seven we were in the pit of the opera, Malibran was to sing, and the pit was filling fast, but the boxes were all empty, save one.—"Who is that early comer?" said the Templar, "who sits more than half hidden by the curtain, in that box to the left, almost over the orchestra." "We shall see presently; there—he turns his head; it is the Duke of Wellington."

The opera had not proceeded more than half an hour, when my companion, who had attended, I believe, much more to the Duke's box, than to the stage, informed me that he had disappeared. "No doubt he has—Lord Winchelsea has given notice of a motion for to-night in the House of Lords, and the Duke has gone to be present at it—perhaps we had better follow his example, as you have seen the opera before, and may not again have so good an opportunity of witnessing a debate in the Lords." The proposal was readily assented to, and in a few minutes, our carriage wheels were rattling over Palace-yard. The space below the bar in the House of Lords, was unusually

crowded, however we speedily took up the most convenient position we could obtain, and listened to old Lord Eldon, who had a huge bundle of petitions to present, and something to say about every one of them; the Prime Minister had not yet come, and Lord Ellenborough sat alone on the treasury bench, but my companion soon called my attention from the grave and emphatic speech of "the old Lord Chancellor," to which I was listening, to a man who had just come in by the stranger's door, and was now with his back towards us, shoving the people aside and making his way towards the bar.

"Who the deuce can that be," said my friend, "who forgets to take off his hat, and comes here with a thing over his shoulders, which I suppose he intends for a cloak, but I think it is his wife's old blue petticoat, cut short.—See how he pushes on as if he intended to take the body of the house, by storm.—By Jupiter he is lifting up the bar, sure enough, and going into the house."—"As well he may, I know his walk now, it is the Duke of Wellington, and why he thought proper to come in that way he knows best himself—there now, you see him sitting down on the treasury bench, without speaking to, or looking at any body."

The Duke's natural manner of speaking is abrupt and rapid, and his utterance is thick and indistinct; of these defects he seems to be aware, for he labors to overcome them when addressing the House of Lords. His utterance is still thick, as if his mouth were too full of teeth, but he speaks deliberately, and expresses his ideas with clearness, brevity, and force. Yet were he nothing more than he appears in the House of Lords, the trumpet of fame would not proclaim the name of Wellington to the four corners of the world, nor would the goddess write it on her roll, for posterity to read and wonder; but when we see him on the treasury bench, listening to the tedious wrangling of a spiritless debate, we feel that we behold the man whose cool and searching eye, ere now surveyed those dreadful battle fields planned by his own victorious genius, and won by the gallant troops who rushed into the jaws of death, at his brief bidding; and when we hear his voice dwelling, with somewhat painful deliberation, on matters relating to corn, or currency, we think of the "*up guards and at them*," which let loose the fury of ten thousand armed men, and swept, as with the besom of destruction, the vaunted invincibles of France. We wonder, as we look at his present employment, that one who has moved the guiding spirit of events, full of such vast import, and immediate peril, can bring himself to the dull details of parliamentary warfare. It is, perhaps, matter of regret for many reasons, that I shall not now trust myself with detailing, that his services, in such a way, should be found necessary; but I seek not to deprive him of even one leaf of his nobly earned laurels.

——— "Neque ego illi detrahere ausim
Haerentem capiti, multa cum laude coronam."

Sometimes, but very rarely, he seems to grow impatient of his civilian occupation, and when he marches from his seat, to the fire, in the House of Lords, turns his back to the grate, and gathering the skirts of his short frock coat under his arms, calls aloud to some noble peer, who is on his legs, to "speak up," we perceive that the soul is still the soul of the Field Marshal, though the voice is the voice of the first Lord of the Treasury.

The Duke's conversational manner is more indicative of the man, than the manner of his speeches. Instead of "filling up" the conversation, as the phrase is, with questions, or replies, in which the fruit of the sense lies but scantily scattered beneath the leaves of the words, he suffers pauses, or gaps of absolute silence in the colloquy, and then bursts forth with his thought, in the abrupt and rapid manner we have before mentioned. Apart from military affairs, in which it will be readily conceded that no man sees farther or more clearly than the Duke, I should be inclined to say, that his mind is deficient in extent and profoundness of observation. No man grasps with more firmness, clearness, and certainty, that which his mind reaches at all, but habituated, as he has been from his profession, to act promptly and decidedly upon the knowledge he had received, he does not (it would seem) trouble himself to ponder upon remote consequences in his political deliberations.

Educated at a military school in France, and advanced to rank in his profession at an early age, he very soon distinguished himself for his skill in strategy, and for the fearless boldness of his tactics. He had studied the various duties of an officer with unwearied assiduity, nor was he less remarkable for caution in difficulty, and strict attention to the discipline and organization of the troops under his command, than for the quickness and the energy with which he availed himself of every possible advantage. The French, and other enemies at home and abroad, have ventured to insinuate that his successes were only a series of fortunate accidents; perhaps there never was a man against whom such a charge would be more obviously groundless. Cicero enumerates good fortune among the indispensable requisites of a great General,* yet we know not the instance in which the Duke's success can be on any reasonable grounds ascribed to accident. He inspired in others the confidence he felt himself, because that confidence was known to result from a rational consideration of his own and the enemy's resources, and not from heady rashness or presumption.

Yet withal I own my doubts whether the very highest order of intellect is necessary, or even useful, in military transactions. Judging from Buonaparte and the Duke of Wellington, I should certainly say not. One man may see a *certain length*, as it were intuitively, and decide and act upon the instant, while others, whose powers are of even a higher order, would require time and deliberation to arrive at a conclusion at all, and characters of the latter class are undoubtedly less fitted for conducting military operations. I own I should not have thought, however, of ascribing to the Duke of Wellington the quality of

"Calm heroic *magnitude of mind*,"

upon which he has been so prettily complimented.

It is perhaps impossible that a mind should be so constituted as to possess the useful qualities which distinguish that of the Duke, in conjunction with very deep deliberative faculties—for such faculties lead to doubt, and to slowness of execution, and are incompatible with that decision and rapidity, which may accompany acute and vigorous, but less profound views.

I have a reason to believe that the Duke's mode of judging on general subjects is sometimes chargeable with that fault which frequently belongs to those who are more remarkable for cleverly using the knowledge they have, than for knowing very much. He is apt to draw general conclusions, from particular instances, that have happened to come within his own observation, and is too easily satisfied of the good or evil of a system, by his knowledge of the good or evil of its effects in a few isolated cases.

To men of warm feeling generally, and therefore to his own countrymen, the Irish, in particular, the Duke's character will appear such as one as may be respected and perhaps admired, but cannot be loved. His cold and stern *propriety*, seems never to be warmed by a flow of feeling, or kindled by the access of enthusiasm—he dismisses a minister, with the same apparent indifference as he unbuttons his coat; and goes to fight a duel, or to eat a dinner, with apparently the same absence of emotion. He appears to do every thing, because he has previously made up his mind that it shall be done; and this motive from his reason, being sufficient, none of the other ordinary impulses of humanity, seem to be called into action.

The Duke's peculiar habit of applying himself exactly to the matter before him, without the least reference to other things in connection with it, which most men would think it necessary to touch upon, for the sake of avoiding barenness and abruptness of style, is strikingly apparent in his epistolary correspondence. His letters, without being absolutely laconic, contain the whole matter which it is *necessary they should contain*, in a wonderfully small compass, and are as clear and decisive, as they are compact. His letter to Doctor Curtis indeed, is one of the inexplicable things, which even he himself, can only account for, by giving it the name, which he would not suffer poor Mr. Huskisson to bestow on his unfortunate epistle, viz. that, a "mistake"—but even this letter was candid and concise enough in style; whatever might be its merits, or demerits, in another way; and generally, it must be allowed, that the Duke's letters are almost perfect models for business correspondence; the great improvement in the style of modern diplomatic communications, is mainly attributable to him.

I wish I could have followed the example which I have frequently admired in his letters, in this too meagre sketch, in which I fear the matter may be thought to bear but small proportion to the length; but have I not Pascal's celebrated excuse? Had I more time I should have made it shorter—I have only sought to give, as far as I was able, that kind of acquaintance with the remarkable man of whom I have ventured to write, which strangers to the scenes with which I happen to be familiar, cannot be supposed to possess; and if I have succeeded in making the readers of this paper, *personally* acquainted with the Duke of Wellington, or more so than they were before, the object which I had in view has been accomplished.

OUTIS.

* Ego enim sic existimo, in summo imperatore quatuor has res inesse oportere, scientiam rei militaris, virtutem, auctoritatem, *felicitatem*.
Cic. pro leg. Manil.

Every one will remember the disastrous and disheartening state of affairs in the Peninsula, when Sir Arthur Wellesley resigned the Chief Secretaryship of Ireland, to take the command there in the Spring of 1809, and effected the liberation of Portugal in a brilliant and glorious campaign of scarcely ten days duration. We have heard, but we cannot positively vouch

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

The Cabinet Cyclopædia. Conducted by the Rev. Dionysius Lardner, M. R. I. A. &c. assisted by eminent literary and scientific men. Vol. 1. History of Scotland, by Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Vol. 2. The History of Maritime and Inland Discovery.—London, Longman, Rees, Orme, Browne and Green, and John Taylor, 1830.

THE practical direction lately given to scientific pursuits, may almost be considered as the discharge of a debt long and fairly due. For centuries, the great body of the people, the working classes, both agricultural and mechanical, have contributed largely and freely to maintain, in comfort and respectability, that portion of their fellows who devoted themselves exclusively to enlarge the sphere of human knowledge. The studies of this so highly favoured portion, are now chiefly devoted to repay the loan, by supplying, from the fulness of the intellectual stores they have acquired, their former benefactors with the means of improving their condition, through the direct application of the principles of science to the several departments of industry.

The characteristic feature of the literature of the present day, is certainly the wide diffusion of knowledge, among a class of society which formerly sought little more than the means of living. Cyclopædias have become one of the great means towards effecting this important end. Ponderous at first, and in a great degree unmanageable, and indeed unattainable by those who would have derived most benefit from their contents, they have gradually accommodated themselves to the wants and wishes of those for whom, as affording the great body of readers, they are now intended, and instead of continuing, as heretofore, from their size and costliness, almost a sealed volume to the many, they are placed within the reach of most of the middling and even of the humbler classes.

To come at once to the immediate object of the present notice, the new Cabinet Cyclopædia, we shall not pause to question the propriety of its title. If it really prove what it professes to be, an useful and agreeable family library, presented in a convenient form and at a moderate price—a popular compendium of whatever is useful, instructive, and interesting in the circle of human knowledge, then it is of little consequence whether it comes precisely under the preconceived notion usually attached to the technical term by which it is announced or not. Passing at once, therefore, from the name to the substance, it remains only to consider, whether the work now laid before the public, justifies the preconceived expectations concerning it, and redeems the pledge given by its editor in his prospectus; on this point we cannot give a conclusive answer. The merits of a work, consisting of a number of detached and consecutive parts, can only be estimated in detail and by degrees. But in pronouncing a judgment on what has been already performed, and on which, therefore, we are bound to speak decidedly, we should be fastidious critics indeed, did we not express ourselves in terms of equal praise as to the selection of the general subject with which the work has opened, and with the manner in which the portion of the chosen department now before us, has been executed.

Philosophers have divided science into two great departments, physics and ethics, the science of matter and the science of intellect, or natural and moral philosophy. Of the two, the former has been, since the period of the revival of knowledge, the more general favourite, indeed, we think, in rather an undue degree.

The workings of the human intellect, even when considered merely as an object of curiosity, we conceive to be, at least, equally worthy of investigation as those of the most ingeniously constructed, or the most stupendous engine. If man be rightly defined a reasoning animal, the developement of the faculties through which this, his essential attribute, operates, must be a subject of paramount importance. We are glad, therefore, to see intellect take the place of matter in the arrangement of a new popular work of general information. History, which has been defined philosophy teaching by examples, we conceive to be morality viewed through the telescope of time. It is a series of moral lessons, stamped by experience with the test of truth. A theoretical conclusion, however plausible, may be unfounded; however true, may, from circumstances, be impracticable; but history tells us what has been, and therefore, what may be done, by developing for us the whole train of past causes and effects, it guides us to a correct inference of future probability from actual existing fact.

So far for the general subject: as to the writer himself to whom the composition of this introductory department has been entrusted, it affords us a gratification of no ordinary kind, to perceive the general bias now prevailing towards useful information, so powerful as to make it worth the while of a genius like Walter Scott, to descend from the fascinating heights of freely indulged imagination, to the rigid detail of sober facts. It was the boast, and a noble boast it was, of Pope—

> "That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,
> But stooped to truth and moralized his song."

and it may now be the equally proud boast of the readers of the present day, that they have lured the falcon wing of genius from its soaring flight, to descend in quest of wholesome food for the gratification of their intellectual appetite.

The history of Scotland, if fairly told, must be read with pleasure. It is a history of much romance, the history of a people near akin to ourselves: of a people who have, by a succession of happy advantages, wrought themselves into a position of intellectual pre-eminence, certainly enviable, perhaps unrivalled, a pre-eminence the more to be admired and courted; because it indicates the certainty of its existence, by the moral influence it has exerted upon the great mass of the people, who can be only indirectly brought under the action of its influence. A sober, a well conducted and improving population, is the best practical proof of a well founded system of theoretical acquirements. We are also pleased with this history, or rather with the portion now published of the Scottish history, upon another account. We did apprehend, that when Walter Scott undertook to write history, he would be apt to forget the historian in the romancer. We have been disappointed. The book before us presents a lively well digested train of causes and events, in which ancient tale and animated description are introduced, as they ought, to enliven, not to mislead. When this veteran war-horse puts himself into matter-of-fact harness, he moves forward with a due regard to the consistency of his new character: and, if at the well known sound of the war trump, he *does* prick up his ears and curvet a little, if his spirit stirs within him, at the names of a Douglas or a Graham, if he expatiates with a glow of triumph, when leading us through the plain of Bannockburn, or if he fixes the eye of lingering sympathy upon the wreck of Flodden field, cold must be the heart that does not glow, chill must be the feeling of patriotism that does not swell in unison with his recital.

Descriptions such as these, on which a mind like Scott's delights to dwell, are not only not without their use, but, when well selected and judiciously applied, are most instructive. We know of no lesson in history now so truly valuable, as that which depicts the effects of war in their true colours, which, while it describes, as no doubt it ought to describe, the pomp and plume, and circumstance, of "glorious battle," does not pass over the slaughters, the burnings, the desolation, the individual misery, the merciless annihilation of all the charities of domestic life, that constitute the whole of the peasant's, and therefore by much the greater portion of a nation's, happiness. These are the bitter fruits of war of every kind, but in civil war, or what are nearly similar, the wars of adjoining nations, they assume a character inexpressibly terrific.

The raids or border forays which occurred continually, as long as Scotland remained an independent kingdom, under a separate monarch, afford but too numerous and appalling examples of this calamity, and they are described, in the present volume, in such a manner as to lose nothing of their real horrors. We had marked one of those in the reign of "the Bruce" of Scotland, and of Edward III. in England, to extract; but the unexpected length to which our remarks have been protracted, induces us to hurry on to matters more especially interesting to us, as Irishmen.

We have already pointed out the connection between the histories of Scotland and Ireland, as one of the causes which renders the former to us peculiarly attractive. Where this connection is touched upon, in the early part of the

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for the authenticity of the anecdote, that on the evening of the day on which he forced the passage of the Douro, in the face of the supposed invincible enemy, (an operation which Napoleon always spoke of as the most difficult achievement in war) Sir Arthur, after he had completed his despatches and before he slept, proceeded to draw up the heads of the Dublin police bill, a subject to which his attention had been directed immediately before he left this city.

That buoyancy of spirits, which is rather stimulated than depressed by perplexity and disappointment, was of signal service to the Duke.

In circumstances under which the mind of the illustrious but unfortunate Sir John Moore, was puzzled and disqualified for action, Lord Wellington was watchful, decided, and alert, and would avail himself of the first hour of leisure to order out his pack of beagles, and refresh his own and his officers' spirits with a hunt.

We may add that during the debates on the Catholic question, in the Lords, last session, when every one supposed the Duke's mind was so engaged that he could not give a thought to any other subject, Col. Napier, who was then writing his celebrated account of the Peninsular campaigns, sent him a note, in which with many apologies for trespassing a single moment on his precious time, he begged his Grace's answer aye or no, upon a particular point which he could not ascertain from any other authority. The Duke without an instant's hesitation, sat down and wrote him back a full and detailed explanation of the point at issue, containing, as the author of Tom Jones would say, "five pages of paper."

During the same busy and anxious period, he found time to be a regular attendant at the brilliant levees of the fashionable and fascinating Lady J——. But with the reasons assigned for this in certain private coteries of the court circle, we shall not trouble our readers.

The Duke of Wellington was born at Dangan, in the county of Meath, on the first of May, 1769, three months and a half before Napoleon Buonaparte; he is consequently now in the sixtieth year of his age.

Ed.

volume, we are pleased to see the Hibernian origin of the Scottish people freely acknowledged. We must confess, however, we were somewhat startled to read, at the very outset, that "The history of every modern European nation must commence with the decay of the Roman empire!"—for that from the dissolution of that immense leviathan the other states arose. Though the long vaunted fables of the extreme antiquity of his own country have been detected and exposed—though Wynton is found a story-teller, and Hector Boethius no better than he should be, Sir Walter cannot but be aware of the undoubted claims of other and older nations to an origin long anterior to the fall of the empire of the West. So profound an antiquary cannot be unacquainted with that noble monument of learning and research, Dr. O'Conor's Rerum Hibernicarum veteres Scriptores, for which we are indebted to the munificence of the Duke of Buckingham, and which affords irrefragable evidence of a clear, unbroken, and unimpeachable history of this country, extending to at least three centuries and a half before the christian era, when Cimbaoth, son of Phintain, built the palace of Eamania, and reigned in Ulster.

In the description of ancient Scottish customs, the reader will find many recapitulated, which, if at all acquainted with the antiquities of this country, he will at once recognize as borrowed immediately from Ireland. Thus the institution, for we can scarcely call it the coronation, of the chieftain, and of his tanist, or heir apparent, is precisely that which our ancestors have so often witnessed on the hill of Tara.

"Malcolm IV., at the age of twelve years, succeeded to his excellent grandfather, David I., 1153. Being a Celtic prince, succeeding to a people of whom the great proportion were Celts, he was inaugurated at Scone with the peculiar ceremonies belonging to the Scoto-Irish race. In compliance with their ancient customs, he was placed upon a fated stone, dedicated to this solemn use, and brought for that purpose from Ireland, by Fergus, the son of Eric. An Iro-Scottish or Highland bard also stepped forward, and chanted to the people a Gaelic poem, containing the catalogue of the young king's ancestors, from the reign of the same Fergus, founder of the dynasty. The poem has been fortunately preserved, and must not be considered in the light of one of Cibber's birth-day odes. On the contrary, it was an exposition from the king to the people of the royal descent, in virtue of which he claimed their obedience, and bears a sufficiently accurate conformity with other meagre documents on the same subject, to enable modern antiquaries, by comparing the lists, to form a regular catalogue of these barbarous kings or kinglets of the Dalriadic race.

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"At the earlier term we know that the manners of those descended of the Dalriads, Scoto-Irish, or pure Scots, properly so called, must have been, as they remained till a much later period, the same with those of the cognate tribes in Ireland, the land of their descent. Their constitution was purely patriarchal, the simplest and most primitive form of government. The blood of the original founder of the family was held to flow in the veins of his successive representatives, and to perpetuate in each chief the right of supreme authority over the descendants of his own line, who formed his children and subjects, as he became by right of birth their sovereign ruler and lawgiver. A nation consisted of a union of several such tribes, having a single chief chosen over them for their general direction in war, and umpire of their disputes in peace. With the family and blood of this chief of chiefs most of the inferior chieftains claimed a connection more or less remote. This supreme chiefdom, or right of sovereignty was hereditary, in so far as the person possessing it was chosen from the blood royal of the king deceased; but it was so far elective that any of his kinsmen might be chosen by the nation to succeed him; and as the office of sovereign could not be exercised by a child, the choice generally fell upon a full-grown man, the brother or nephew of the deceased, instead of his son or grandson."

"This uncertainty of succession, which prevailed in respect to the crown itself, while Celtic manners were predominant, proved a constant source of rebellion and bloodshed. The postponed heir, when he arose in years, was frequently desirous to attain his father's power; and many a murder was committed for the sake of rendering straight an oblique line of succession, which such preference of an adult, had thrown out of the direct course. A singular expedient was resorted to, to prevent or diminish such evils. A sort of king of the Romans, or Cæsar, was chosen as the destined successor, while the sovereign chief was yet alive. He was called the Tanist, and was inaugurated during the life of the reigning king, but with maimed rites, for he was permitted to place only one foot on the fated stone of election. The monarch had little authority in the different tribes of which the kingdom was composed unless during the time of war. In war, however, the king possessed arbitrary power; and war, foreign and domestic, was the ordinary condition of the people. This, as described by Malcolm, is the constitution of Persia at this day."

We regret that the venerable Vallancy is not alive, to peruse the concluding sentence of the latter of these extracts, as it would add one more to the many ingenious arguments by which he endeavours to establish the eastern origin of the Irish nation.

There is another "custom" ancient alas! only in Scotland, in which the resemblance of our Irish habit is but too striking. Speaking of the state of society in Scotland, in the beginning of the 16th century, he observes—

"If a farmer took a lease over the head of another, at a rent which his poorer neighbour could not afford, the dispossessed agriculturist would kill his successor, to be revenged of his avaricious landlord. Numerous laws were made for repressing these evils, but in vain; the judges seldom had power, and often wanted will, to enforce them. The Scottish parliament saw the disease and prescribed the remedy, but the difficulty lay in enforcing it."

We are indebted to this book also, for bringing into general notice an historic fact relative to the unfortunate Richard II. of England, long unobserved, and which, but for this popular work, might have remained still longer concealed, or known to those only who dive deep in antiquarian lore. It is gleaned from Mr. Tytler's excellent history of Scotland.

"There is a story told by Bower, or Bowmaker, the continuator of Fordun's Chronicle, which has hitherto been treated as fabulous by the more modern historians. This story bears that Richard II., generally supposed to have been murdered at Pontefract castle either by the 'fierce hand of sir Piers of Exton,' or by the slower and more cruel death of famine, did in reality make his escape by subtlety from his place of confinement; that he fled in disguise to the Scottish isles, and was recognized in the dominions of the lord of the isles by a certain fool or jester, who had been familiar in the court of England, as being no other than the dethroned king of that kingdom. Bower proceeds to state, that the person of Richard II. thus discovered was delivered up by the lord of the isles to the lord Montgomery, and by him presented to Robert III. by whom he was honorably and beseemingly maintained during all the years of that prince's life. After the death of Robert III. this Richard is stated to have been supported in magnificence, and even in royal state, by the duke of Albany, to have at length died in the castle of Stirling, and to have been interred in the church of the friars there, at the north angle of the altar. This singular legend is also attested by another contemporary historian, Winton, the prior of Lochleven. He tells the story with some slight differences, particularly that the fugitive and deposed monarch was recognized by an Irish lady, the wife of a brother of the lord of the isles, that had seen him in Ireland—that being charged with being king Richard, he denied it—that he was placed in custody of the lord of Montgomery, and afterwards of the lord of Cumbernauld—and, finally, that he was long under the care of the regent duke of Albany. 'But whether he was king or not, few,' said the chronicler of Lochleven, 'knew with certainty. The mysterious personage exhibited little devotion, would seldom incline to hear mass, and bore himself like one half wild or distracted,' Serle also, yeoman of the robes to Richard, was executed, because, coming from Scotland to England, he reported that Richard was alive in the latter country. This legend, of so much importance to the history of both North and South Britain, has been hitherto treated as fabulous. But the researches and industry of the latest historian of Scotland have curiously illustrated this point, and shewn, from evidence collected in the original records, that this captive, called Richard II., actually lived many years in Scotland, and was supported at the public expense of that country.

"It is then now clear, that to counterbalance the advantage which Henry IV. possessed over the regent of Scotland by having in his custody the person of James, and consequently the power of putting an end to the delegated government of Albany whenever he should think fit to set the young king at liberty; Albany, on his side, had in his keeping the person of Richard II., or of some one strongly resembling him, a prisoner whose captivity was not of less importance to the tranquillity of Henry IV., who at no period possessed his usurped throne in such security as to view with indifference a real or pretended resuscitation of the deposed Richard."

Whether this romantic anecdote be true or false, we have not, as yet, the means of determining, for Mr. Tytler's Work is only now publishing in Edinburgh, but we are pleased not only with the statement, as a subject of gratification for laudable curiosity, but with the political interest with which the historian has invested it, by shewing its effects on the political relations of the two rival monarchs of the day.

In concluding these remarks on this portion of the history of the three great parts of the British Empire, and dismissing the first volume of the work, we shall only add, that the manner in which it has been executed cannot fail to stimulate the two other great names, who make up the "Tres juncti in uno," to render the histories of England and Ireland equal to that of their predecessor, in interest and value.

From the length to which this general introduction has extended, and which we thought due to so important a work as the Cabinet Cyclopædia, brought out under the superintendance of a Dublin man, we have little room to speak as we should wish of the second volume, which treats on the History of Maritime and Inland Discovery; we trust, however, to return to it in an early number, and treat more satisfactorily of the subject. It is to consist of two volumes; the first extends from the history of the earliest geographical records contained in Holy Scripture, to the discovery of the new world by Columbus, on the 12th of October, 1492. It is a work of prodigious labour and learning, and as far as we have been able to judge, of accurate research, affording an immense body of valuable information, in a clear, unembarrassed, and agreeable style. Passing from what a reverend and learned friend of ours usually designates "the Cosmogolic portion of the Pentateuchal records," the historian proceeds to the extensive but obscure discoveries of the Phœnicians, the greatest and most enterprising maritime people of antiquity. The numerous colonies which they planted on the shores of the Euxine, the Mediterranean, and the Atlantic, beyond the Straits of Gibraltar, attest the extent of their early voyages. Utica, Carthage, Cadiz, and we may add, after a long and careful examination of the proofs and authorities upon the subject, *Ireland*, which was previously inhabited by other Celts, were colonized by them between the twelfth and eighth centuries before the Christian era. A jealousy of interference with their trade induced them, for the most part, carefully to conceal their discoveries. In the account of the Argonatic expedition, however, attributed to Orpheus, and universally admitted to be of very remote antiquity, distinct mention is made of Iernis or Ireland; it is called the sacred island Ierne, by Himileco, and is mentioned in conjunction with Albion, by Aristotle. The whole of the geography of the Greeks is extremely interesting and most ably and perspicuously given by our author. Passing the mines of information explored in Homer, Hesiod, and Herodotus, and the discoveries of Scylax, Pytheas, and Xenophon, we shall conclude for the present, with the following notice of the geographical attainments of Aristotle.

"But the benefits which accrued to science from the activity of its followers, were not confined to the invention of these vague theories. The discoveries and observations of Herodotus, of Scylax, of Hippocrates, and of Pytheas, were weighed by one of those master minds on whom nature seems to confer the right to theorise; for Aristotle was among the number of those extraordinary men, who by the strength and universality of their genius are fitted to be the architects rather than the builders of the edifice of knowledge. The boldness and variety of his speculations recommended him to the subtle temper of the Arabians, by whom he was first made known to modern Europe; and as the features of a deified hero are deformed in the idol fashioned by his rude adorers, so the fame of Aristotle has hardly yet recovered from the multiplied perversions to which his writings were subjected by the ignorance of past ages.

"Aristotle possessed a great fund of geographical knowledge. He maintained that the earth is a sphere, having a circumference of 400,000 *stadia*, a calculation which may be correct; but the uncertainty, as to the *stadium* employed, renders it impossible to appreciate its merit. Reasoning firmly on the hypothesis that the earth is a globe, Aristotle appears to have suggested the voyage across the Atlantic eighteen centuries before Columbus; for he observes, that the coasts of Spain cannot be very far distant from those of India. The happy boldness of this thought, was all his own, the errors of calculation belonged to his age. In his nomenclature, too, we see evidence of a juster geographical conception than was possessed by many writers of a much later age. His knowledge of the earth was bounded by the *Gallic* and *Indian* gulfs on the West and East, by the *Riphæan* mountains on the North, and on the South by the great river *Cremetes*, 'which, having its source in the same mountain as the Nile, flows westward into the ocean.' This great river must be the Senegal. Aristotle knew but little of the north of Europe, yet he is the first who mentions the *Hercynian* mountains; a designation which, probably, extended over the lofty ranges on the west and north of Bohemia, but which is at present retained only by the insulated mountains of the *Hartz*. He also makes express mention of two large islands, *Albion* and *Ierne*, situated to the north of *Celtica* (and he is the first writer who mentions them together, and with the common name *Brittanica*;) but he adds, that they are not by any means so large as *Taprobane* beyond India, or *Phebol* in the Arabian sea. Here we have a proof of his extensive information in his early mention of *Taprobane* or Ceylon, and *Phebol*, which is generally supposed to be Madagascar; but which, as *Saibala* is an Indian name, ought, perhaps, to be looked for more towards the east.

"Aristotle had many scholars who devoted themselves to geographical studies, and some of whom, as Dicæarchus and Theophrastus, obtained distinction by their writings; but he had the singular honour of infusing the love of knowledge into the future conqueror of Asia. The spirit of the royal pupil corresponded with the intellectual eminence of the great teacher; and the expedition of Alexander produced a greater revolution in the knowledge of the globe, than almost any other event recorded in ancient history; and more designedly, perhaps, than is generally imagined."

Memoirs of Rear Admiral Paul Jones. Compiled from his original journals and correspondence, including an account of his services under Prince Potemkin, prepared for publication by himself, 2 vols. 8vo. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh, and Simpkin & Marshall, London, 1830.

THOSE who have hitherto regarded Paul Jones merely as a traitor, or an audacious pirate and robber, and we believe that is the light in which his character is very commonly viewed by Englishmen, will have their opinions modified, and some prejudices removed, by a perusal of these volumes, which contain the first authentic and detailed account of his life, that has been presented to the public. They are compiled principally from Jones' own papers; and as he was by no means the man to hide his candle under a bushel, there is a good deal of egotistical rhodomontade and disgusting personal vanity frequently displayed in them, but still there is somewhat more of the half Cæsar, mixed with the whole dandy, in this fighting, letter-writing, verse-making, intriguing sailor, than the majority of readers will be prepared to expect.

John Paul, (for the name of Jones was assumed, probably to conceal his Scottish birth and family, when he took up arms against his country,) was the son of a Scotch gardener; at the age of twelve he became a ship-boy at Whitehaven; by his good conduct, intelligence, and knowledge of his profession, he obtained the place of third Mate in a Whitehaven slaver, and at the age of nineteen was appointed chief Mate of a brigantine, also engaged in the same traffic; during this period of his life, he is said to have studied navigation and other branches of education connected with his profession, very assiduously. After some time he quitted the brigantine, and returned to his native place, and we next find him in command of a London West India trader. He subsequently retired for a while from the sea service, and lived in inactivity and discontent, until in 1775, being then in his 28th year, he solicited and obtained from Congress, the appointment of first lieutenant in one of the two ships which the American navy then boasted. He soon rose to the command of this ship, but was afterwards superseded by the official authorities on shore, of whose conduct, both then and subsequently, his complaints are numerous, loud, and long; by dint of remonstrance, however, with the Marine board in Philadelphia, he obtained letters to the American commissioners at the court of France, to purchase and equip a frigate for him, and with this introduction he repaired to Paris.

The compiler of these memoirs remarks with much naiveté—"It must be owned that Capt. Jones at no time slipped any opportunity of bringing himself forward, and placing his services in a fair light."—He gave the commissioners (Franklin, Deane and Lee,) no peace, until he was appointed to the Ranger, the American ship of war in which he came over, but which had been damaged on her voyage, and was now refitted at Nantes. In this vessel he sailed to Quiberon, and had the address to secure the full recognition of the American flag, for the first time, by the French admiral there, whom he induced to give him the usual honorary salute. On the 10th of April, 1778, he sailed from Brest on that brief and daring cruise, so celebrated for the assault on Whitehaven, the robbery of the Earl of Selkirk's plate, and the capture of the Drake. The plate, Jones subsequently restored at considerable personal trouble and expense, and with so much exactness, that although seven years had elapsed, the tea leaves, it is said, still remained in the silver tea-pot. The engagement with the Drake was fought in Belfast loch. The news of Paul Jones' attempt on Whitehaven, had reached Belfast on the night of the 23d April, and on the morning of the 24th, when his vessel was descried off Carrickfergus, the Drake, a twenty gun sloop, sailed out of the harbour to take her; the Drake's boat was sent off to reconnoitre the Ranger, but when the officer

boarded her, he was seized and detained prisoner with his boat's crew, by Jones, whose account of the action is as follows:—

"The Drake was attended by five small vessels full of people, who were led by motives of curiosity to see an engagement; but when they discovered the Drake's boat at the Ranger's stern, they wisely put back. Alarming smokes now appeared in great abundance, extending along both sides of the channel. The tide was unfavorable—so that the Drake worked out but slowly. This obliged me to run down several times, and to lay with courses up, and main-topsail to the mast. At length the Drake weathered the point, and having led her out to about mid-channel, I suffered her to come within hail. The Drake hoisted English colours, and at the same instant the American stars were displayed on board the Ranger. I expected that preface had been now at an end; but the enemy soon after hailed, demanding what ship it was. I directed the master to answer, the American continental ship Ranger; that we waited for them, and desired they would come on. The sun was now little more than an hour from setting, it was therefore time to begin. The Drake being rather astern of the Ranger, I ordered the helm up, and gave her the first broadside. The action was warm, close, and obstinate; it lasted an hour and five minutes, when the enemy called for quarters, her fore and main-top-sail yards being both cut away, and down on the cap; the fore-top-gallant-yard and mizen-gaff both hanging up and down along the mast; the second ensign which they had hoisted shot away, and hanging over the quarter-gallery, in the water; the jib shot away, and hanging into the water; her sails and rigging entirely cut to pieces, her masts and yards all wounded, and her hull also very much galled."

The captain and lieutenant of the Drake were both mortally wounded. On his return from this expedition, Jones underwent a series of losses and crosses and disappointments from the American authorities—indeed, a great part of the book is taken up with a recital of the injuries and wrongs that were put upon him, and the remonstrances and other means he used to right himself with the Congress, the Plenipotentiaries, and others. At length, however, he was appointed commodore of a small squadron of five vessels, which, partly from the wavering councils of the French government, who were joined in the expedition, and partly from the mismanagement of some of the persons connected with it, effected nothing. Afterwards, at the head of a larger squadron of seven sail, he beat about the coast of Scotland during the month of September, 1779, and raised a dreadful alarm in the seaports of Leith and Kirkaldy, by sailing up the Frith of Forth right betwixt them. His intention was to seize the shipping in the harbour, and burn all that he could not carry off. A violent westerly gale fortunately sprung his mast, and blew him out of the Frith, but not before the terrified inhabitants had been thrown into the utmost consternation. Jones returned to the Texel, without having accomplished anything of importance in his long cruise—owing, as he states, to the want of secrecy and due subordination, on the part of his French officers. The capture of the Serapis, a 44 gun frigate, convoying the Baltic fleet, by Paul Jones, in le bon homme Richard, (which last, however, sunk soon after the engagement,) is too celebrated, and too familiar to our readers, to admit of repetition here, though the narrative is simply and strikingly given in the work before us, and in the words of Jones.

Nine years after—in 1788, he was offered, by the Russian government, a command in the Black Sea, under Prince Potemkin, against the Turks, and proceeded from Copenhagen, (where he was then engaged on a political mission, to effect a treaty between that Court and the United States) to St. Petersburgh, where he was regularly lionized for a fortnight, and the empress conferred upon him the rank of Rear-Admiral, and Prince Potemkin wrote to request he would repair to head-quarters immediately, that he might employ his talents at the opening of the campaign.

We have no intention of analysing Paul Jones' journal of the campaign of the Liman, which forms the leading feature of the second volume of the present work. To give some idea, however, of the extreme *modesty* of the hero who here becomes his own biographer, we shall only mention, that passages like the following abound: "Every one to whom I have the honour to be known is aware that I am one of the least selfish of mankind. Have I not given proofs sufficiently striking that I have a heart the most tender—a soul the most elevated? I have done more than all this.—So far from being harsh and cruel, nature has given me the mildest disposition." He represents himself as having been the victim of injustice, mortification and persecution, in the American, the French, and Russian services; in short, throughout his whole career—and by these his death is represented as having been prematurely hastened. He died at Paris in 1792, in the 45th year of his age.

To the plan and arrangement of these volumes we cannot give much praise. There is considerable want of clearness, and of method; dates are mixed up, and letters on love and on business come upon one in a very disjointed and unsatisfactory fashion. In his own remarks, however, the Editor is generally moderate and sensible; and, as a specimen of these, we shall conclude with an extract of what he says respecting the manners and disposition of his hero.

"In manners Paul Jones has been described by one party as stiff, finical, and conceited; by another as arrogant, brutal, and quarrelsome. The first statement may have some colour of truth, the last is impossible. He had reached manhood before he could have had much intercourse with polite society; and manners, formed so late in life on the fashionable models of Paris and Versailles, may have sat somewhat stiffly on the Anglo-American, who, in giving up his own republican simplicity, and professional openness and freedom, might not have acquired all the ease and grace, even if he did attain the elegance and polish of French manners; but his appearance and manners must have been those of a gentleman. *Mauvais ton*, to a certain degree, might have been tolerated in a seaman and a foreigner; but "rudeness, arrogance, and brutality," must have proved an effectual barrier of exclusion from those polite and courtly circles where Paul Jones was not only received but welcomed; and into which he made his own way, and maintained his place, long after he had lost the gloss and resistless attraction of novelty. The letter of Madame Rinsby, and other published documents, prove the footing he held in respectable French female society to his death, and are quite conclusive as to the propriety of his manners. He has again been described as 'grossly ignorant.' No one who pursues his career, or peruses his letters, can for a moment believe a charge so absurd. From his first appearance as a ship-boy he must have been set down as a very clever and promising lad; and if not a prodigy of learning, which was an impossibility, he had far more literature than was at all usual in his day, even in the very highest ranks of his profession. His verses are far from despicable. Baron Grimm, we think, overrates them, yet he was an admirable critic. They were found amusing and agreeable in polished society, which is the very best test and use of occasional verse—namely, of all such verse as the public can well spare, and his muse was humanizing to his own mind. We like his prose better than his verse. It is often admirable if struck off at one hit, particularly when the writer gets warm, and gives way to his feelings of indignation. It is said, that a minister, in reading the despatches of Lord Collingwood, who went to sea at twelve years of age, used to ask, 'where has Collingwood got his style?—He writes better than any of us.' With fully more propriety many of the members of Congress, so far as regarded their own compositions and *resolves*, might have put a similar question in relation to Paul Jones. He is allowed to have been kind and attentive to his crews, and generous and liberal in all pecuniary transactions of a private nature; though his correspondence shows that he was commendably tenacious of his pecuniary claims on states and public bodies. His memoirs afford some pleasing instances of his kindness to his prisoners, and of his desire to rescue them from the fangs of agents and commissaries. So far as discipline *descends*, Paul Jones was a rigid and strict disciplinarian. In his own person he appears to have been so impatient of all controul and check as to be unfit for any regularly-organized service, though admirably adapted to the singular crisis at which he appeared. To his dress he was, or at least latterly became, so attentive as to have it remarked. It was a better trait that his ship was at all times remarkable for cleanliness and neatness, and for the same good order and arrangement which pervades all his private affairs. He is said to have been fond of music, and to have performed himself.

"The acute understanding of Paul Jones perpetually conflicting with his natural keenness and warmth of temper, gave at times the appearance of vacillation to his conduct, and the unpleasant and unwise alternation of bold defiance with undue submission. This is painfully conspicuous in his unhappy and heartbreaking connexion with Potemkin. On other occasions, as on the sailing of Landais in the mutiny, he showed a remarkable degree of self-command and forbearance. On many occasions he betrays the jealousy and dislike of England, which mark the half-conscious renegade. Franklin confines his vituperation to the Sovereign; Paul Jones extends it to the whole nation. The extravagant self-eulogium which so frequently obtrudes itself in his writing, and which must be very offensive to English readers, was, it should be recollected, generally called forth by peculiar circumstances. A man has every right to bring forward his services, when those who should remember appear disposed to forget them.

Besides, what is here concentrated into two small volumes, was in reality diffused over the correspondence of twenty years of an active life. Boasting, for some reason which we have to philosophy to investigate, appears an inherent quality in great naval commanders. Nelson, Rodney, Drake, were all, in one sense, arrant braggarts."

Memoirs of Simon Bolivar, President Liberator of the Republic of Colombia, and of his principal Generals; comprising, a Secret History of the Revolution, and the events which preceded it, from 1807, to the present time. By Gen. H. L. V. Ducoudray Holstein, Ex-chief of the Staff of the President Liberator, 2 vols. 8vo.—London, H. Colburn and R. Bentley, 1830.

The situation in which Gen. Holstein was placed, with respect to Bolivar, give these volumes an interest, of the same kind as that which imparts so much zest to De Bourienne's Memoirs of Napoleon. To the execution of them, however, we cannot, by any means, concede high praise. The book is poorly and tediously written, nor in the long detail of public events, do we find any thing sufficiently novel or piquant to reward us for the labour of the perusal. The following notice of the private life, the character and appearance of Bolivar, as coming from one who lived on terms of intimacy with him, though not, we think, unprejudiced, will interest our readers:

"From Spain, Bolivar passed into France, and resided at Paris, where he remained a number of years, enjoying at an early period, all the pleasures of life, which a rich young man, with bad examples constantly before him, can there easily find. I have remarked, that whenever Bolivar spoke to me of the Palais Royal, he could not restrain himself from boasting of its delights. It was on such occasions that all his soul was electrified; his physiognomy became animated, and he spoke and gesticulated with such ardour, as showed how fond he was of that enchanting abode, so dangerous to youth.

"His residence in Paris, and especially at the Palais Royal, has done him great injury. He is pale, and of a yellowish colour, meagre, weak, and enervated.

"I have spoken of Bolivar's residence in Paris; and I ask, if such a school could inspire him, or any other young man, with an inclination for continued, deep, and laborious study; to that school I apprehend it to be in a great measure owing, that he cannot attend with assiduity to business for more than two or three hours in a day; during the greater part of which he is sitting, or lying down upon his hammock, talking about indifferent matters with his favourites and flatterers. The answer of aides-de-camp on duty, to those who wished to speak to him, while he was thus occupied, generally was, that he was very much engaged in his cabinet. He scarcely ever writes at all himself, but dictates, or indicates to his secretary, what he wishes to have written. In consequence, as I apprehend, of the flattery, to which he had been accustomed, since his residence in Paris, he is very fond of adulation, and very vain. But in the school where he acquired these two faults, (I mean those circles in Paris which call themselves *bon ton*,) he learned also the dissimulation to conceal them.

"Bolivar returned in 1802 to Madrid, where he married one of the daughters of Don Bernardo del Toro, uncle of the present Marquis of that name. His father-in-law, who was born in Caracas, resided in Madrid. Bolivar was but 19 years of age, and his lady 16. They returned, in 1809, to Caracas, and lived in a retired manner on their estates. Shortly after, his lady was taken ill and died, without leaving any offspring.

"Bolivar acquired, in the course of his travels, that usage of the world, that courtesy and ease of manners, for which he is so remarkable, and which have so prepossessing an influence upon those who associate with him."

The Family Library, No. IX. The History of the Jews, 3 vols. Vol. III.—London, Murray, 1829.

The preceding volumes of this valuable and important work have already attained so high and deserved a celebrity, that it is scarcely necessary for us to add the meed of our approbation to the general manner of its execution. The narrative is close, nervous, and vivid, at once filling the mind with rich materials of thought, and pleasing the imagination with a rapid succession of well chosen imagery and felicitous language. Our readers are aware, however, that Mr. Milman has been charged with a fondness for explaining several miracles of the Old Testament by natural causes—and in a word, with too lightly regarding the inspiration of Holy Scripture, and the supernatural powers of divinely inspired agents.

To this charge he has entered his defence, in the preface to the present volume. We must confess our serious apprehension, that Mr. Milman does not come forth from the ordeal scathless. We fear, indeed, his preface to the third volume is rather an aggravation, than extenuation, of the offence. He here advocates a certain "rational latitude of exposition," in interpreting the sacred writings, to which we, as orthodox christians, entertain the strongest repugnance. We have no love for that miserable little philosophy of second causes, which delights in smoothing down the imagined difficulties of divine interposition, or paring away the corner of any miracle recorded in the sacred volume. If a miracle be a contravention of the general laws of nature, in a particular instance, by the author of these laws, then it is its opposition, and not its conformity to natural causes, that constitutes its essence. And if we once break down the strict limit of literal interpretation, we know not where to fix the boundary of divine truth. Mr. Milman is also, we think, so erroneous as to ascribe to what he is pleased to term "the savage and unchristian spirit," inseparable from the early period of the social state among the patriarchs, and their descendants, certain acts chronicled in the Hebrew annals, which, if we have read our bibles aright, proceeded from the immediate command of God himself, and for very sufficient and satisfactory reasons, even to human intelligence, when they are properly investigated and considered. To the contents of the third volume, however, none of these observations can apply, as it does not relate to the working of miracles. It begins with the siege of Jerusalem, in the year 69 of our era, and brings the history down to the 19th century. Often and ably as the siege of Jerusalem has been described, we think our readers cannot fail to be pleased with the following passage:

"The Romans, in the mean time, laboured hard at their military engines. There was great scarcity of timber; they were obliged to bring it from a considerable distance, so that not a tree was left standing within above ten miles of the city; all the delicious gardens, the fruitful orchards, the shady avenues, where, in their days of peace and happiness, the inhabitants of the devoted city had enjoyed the luxury of their delicious climate, the temperate days of spring, and the cool summer nights, were utterly destroyed. It was a lamentable sight to behold the whole gay and luxuriant suburban region turned to a frightful solitude.

"At length, the tall and fearful engines stood again menacing the walls. Both the Jews and Romans looked at them with apprehension: the Jews, from experience of their tremendious powers; the Romans from the conviction that if these were burned, from the total want of timber, it would be impossible to supply their places. Josephus confesses that at this period the Roman army was exhausted and dispirited; while their desperate enemies, notwithstanding the seditions, famine and war, were still as obstinately determined as ever, and went resolutely and even cheerfully forth to battle. Before the engines could be advanced against the walls, the party of John made an attempt to burn them, but without success; for their measures were ill combined; their attack feeble and desultory. For once, the old Jewish courage seemed to fail; so that advancing without their customary fury, and finding the Romans drawn up in disciplined array, the engines themselves striking down their most forward men, they were speedily repelled, and the Helepolis advanced to the wall amid showers of stones and fire, and every kind of missile. The engines began to thunder; and the assailants, though sometimes crushed by the stones that were hurled upon them from above, locked their shields over their heads, and worked at the foundation with their hands, and with crow-bars, till at length they got out four large stones. Night put an end to the conflict.

"During the night, the wall suddenly fell in with a terrific noise; for it happened to stand over that part which John had formerly undermined, in order to destroy the enemy's engines. But when the Romans, rushed in the morning, to the breach, they found a second wall, which John, with true military foresight, had built within, in case of such an emergency. Still this wall was newly made, and comparatively weak. Titus assembled the officers of the army, and made them an energetic address; in which, among other topics, he urged the manifest interference of divine Providence in their favour, in the unexpected falling of the wall. They listened in silence, till at length a common soldier, a Syrian, named Sabinus, a man of great courage, but slender make, and very dark complexion, volunteered to lead a forlorn hope. He threw his shield over his head, grasped his sword, and advanced deliberately to the wall. Only eleven men had courage to follow him. Javelins, weapons of all kinds, and huge stones, came whizzing and thundering around him. Some of his companions were beaten down, but though covered with darts, he still persisted in mounting, till the Jews, panic stricken at his boldness, and supposing that he was followed by many more, took to flight. He had actually reached the top of

the wall, when his foot slipped, and he fell. The Jews turned and surrounded him. He rose on his knees, still made a gallant defence, wounding many of the enemy; and at length expired, buried under a thousand spears. Of the eleven, three reached the top of the wall, and were killed by stones; eight were carried back, wounded, to the camp. This was on the third of July. Two days after, at the dead of night, twenty soldiers of the guard, with a standard bearer of the fifth legion, two horsemen, and a trumpeter, crept silently up the breach, surprised and slew the watch, and gave orders to the trumpeter to blow with all his might. The rest of the sentinels, without waiting to see the number of assailants, fled in terror. Titus, directly he heard* the sound of the trumpet, armed his men, and scaled the Antonia. The Jews fled on all sides, some fell into the mines which John had dug under the Roman embankments; but Simon and John, uniting all their forces, made a resolute effort to defend the entrance to the Temple. A fierce battle ensued, with spears and javelins; the troops of both parties were so mingled and confused that no man knew where he was. The narrow passages were crowded with the dead, so that those engaged were obliged to scramble over heaps of bodies and of armour to get at each other. At length, after ten hours' hard fighting, Titus, contented with the possession of the Antonia, recalled his men. But a Bithynian centurion, named Julian, of uncommon strength and skill in the use of his weapons, sprang forward from the side of Titus, where he was standing, and singly charged the Jews with such extraordinary resolution, that they fled on all sides; and Julian forced his way, committing dreadful slaughter as he went on, up to a corner of the inner court of the Temple. Unfortunately his shoes were full of nails, and slipping upon the smooth pavement, he fell with his armour clattering around him. The fugitives turned upon him. A loud shout of terror arose from the Romans in the Antonia, answered by a fierce and exulting cry from the Jews. They surrounded the gallant Julian, and though he covered himself with his shield, and repeatedly struggled to rise, he was overpowered by numbers. Still, however, his breast-plate and helmet protected the vital parts, till at length, his limbs having been hewn off, he received a mortal wound, and fell dead. The Jews, to the great grief of Cæsar, dragged the body into the Temple, and again drove back the Romans into the Antonia.

"It was now the 5th of July. Titus commanded that the fortress of Antonia should be razed to the ground. He had heard that the daily sacrifice was now intermitted, from want of persons to make the offering; and understanding the deep impression made on all the Jews by the suspension of that rite, he determined to make another attempt on their religious feelings. Josephus was sent to offer free egress to John, if he would come forth to fight, that the temple might escape defilement. Josephus placed himself so as to be heard by all the Jews; and communicated, in the Hebrew language, the offers of Titus. John replied, in language of the fiercest bitterness, imprecating curses on the head of the renegade Josephus; and concluded, that "he feared not the taking of the city, for it was the city of God." Josephus broke out into a vehement invective; but neither his words, nor the tears or sobs by which he was interrupted, had the slightest effect on John or his soldiers; they rushed out and endeavoured to seize him. Some few, however, were moved.

"There were some men of distinction, who, from time to time, had seized an opportunity of desertion. Among these were Joseph and four chief priests; three sons of Ismael, the high priest; four of Mathias; one of the other Matthias, whom Simon put to death with three of his sons. Titus had received the fugitives with kindness, promised them his protection, and sent them to Gophini. These men were sent for, and with Joseph attempted to persuade the people, if not to capitulate, at least to spare the temple from inevitable defilement and ruin. But all in vain: the sacred gates were blocked up with balistas and catapults. The peaceful temple, with its marble courts and gilded pinnacles, assumed the appearance of a warlike citadel. Its courts were strewn with the dead—men with swords reeking with the blood of the enemy, or even of their countrymen, rushed to and fro along the holy place, or even the Holy of Holies. Even the Roman soldiers, it is said, shuddered at the profanation. Titus tried a last remonstrance. 'You have put up a barrier,' he said, 'to prevent strangers from polluting your temple: this the Romans have always respected; we have allowed you to put to death all who violated its precincts. Yet ye defile it yourselves with blood and carnage. I call on your gods; I call on my whole army; I call on the Jews who are with me; I call on yourselves; to witness, that I do not force you to this crime. Come forth, and fight in any other place; and no Roman shall violate your sacred edifice.' But John and his zealots suspected (it may be with justice) the magnanimity of Titus, and would not surrender a place, the strength of which was their only trust. Perhaps they had still a fanatic confidence, that, reeking as they were with blood, steeped to the lips in crime, they were still the chosen people of Jehovah; and that yet, even yet, the power which smote Pharaoh, and Sennacherib, and the enemies of the Maccabees, would reveal himself in irresistible terror."

* We wish the author had eschewed this favorite Cockney phrase.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Historical Miscellany; or Illustrations of the most important periods in Ancient and Modern History; with a particular account of the British Constitution and Commerce—forming a Supplement to Pinnock's Grecian, Roman, and English Histories. By W. C. Taylor, A.M. of Trinity College, Dublin.—Whittaker and Treacher, London.

We remember Mr. Taylor in the University, famous for his love of snuff and skill in composition, in which he carried away many prizes. There were strange stories afloat then-a-days, of certain extracts from the Rabbinical writers, which he subjoined, in the form of notes, to a poem, in which he contrived to introduce an incidental mention of Solomon's ring. The deep research which these displayed, won the warmest applause of the learned pundits, to whose critical acumen they were submitted—and, luckily, no question as to their genuineness was ever raised, as no doubt on that subject arose in the minds of the examiners.

In the work before us, Mr. Taylor has well sustained his former high character for knowledge of English composition. We know of no work which embodies a greater quantity of sound and important information, put together, in a luminous and engaging form. Every page is pregnant with matter, and the manner is scholar-like, without being pedantic—so that we can heartily recommend it as an excellent manual for the purpose for which it is intended.

The British Naturalist, or Sketches of the more interesting productions of Britain and the surrounding sea, in the scenes which they inhabit, and with relation to the general economy of nature, and the wisdom and power of its author, 1 vol. 8vo. London.—Whittaker, Treacher and Co. 1830.

We are glad to perceive the number of valuable works of this class, which are now continually issuing from the press; there are few branches of education which we deem more important, than the cultivation of a love for nature in her simple unadorned beauty, and of habits of attention to her most curious and interesting phenomena. The present is a somewhat rambling unsystematic sort of book, but not perhaps less suited on that account, to engage and please the mind of those who would shrink from the appearance of scientific system, and technical arrangement. Much too of that amiable feeling, which seems the natural concomitant of those who treat of trees and lakes, and wet way-sides, and pebbly springs, pervades this volume, and is unobtrusively and not ungracefully introduced.

The Olive Branch.—Edinburgh, Baynes, 1830.

The last of the annuals, a cheap little religious present, adorned only with a portrait of the minister of the new north-church, Edinburgh, to whom it is dedicated, and with a vignette of the dove. It would seem that the design of this publication was not formed till very recently, which accounts both for its late appearance and the want of that variety which is naturally looked for in such a volume. Its contents are confined to religious contributions in prose and verse, chiefly, we believe, by presbyterian clergymen.

Evils and Cure of Intemperance. Printed for the Dublin Temperance Society.

We have received a number of pamphlets published by this society. It is a curious fact, that in Scotland, where they have the character of being a sober people, the inhabitants drink of whiskey alone, two gallons for one that is consumed in Ireland, taking the relative numbers of the two countries into account, besides a still greater proportion of the heavier malt liquors. Paddy must mismanage matters sadly, to get so bad a character without even the pleasure of deserving it.

Seriously, if the temperate societies succeed in banishing, or diminishing the vice and folly of drunkenness from among the people, we shall have to thank them for conferring the greatest possible boon on Ireland; but for ourselves, as we have never indulged in excess of that description, we do not see that we are called upon to give up our two or three glasses of port or sherry after dinner, which we find useful as well as pleasant these cold damp evenings.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The British Magazine, a Monthly Journal of Literature, Science, and Art. Being a continuation of "The Spirit and Manners of the Age." No. I. January 1830.—London, Westley and Davis.

This is a new series, with many additions and improvements of the "Spirit and Manners of the Age," a Magazine less known in this country than its great intrinsic merit, and the particular attention it has always paid to the interests and institutions of Ireland, justly entitled it to be. Judging from the past efforts of the same conductors, and the present number of the British Magazine, we have no hesitation in pronouncing it the most interesting, as well as the cheapest Monthly Miscellany of the many we receive from London. The list of contributors is numerous and imposing, nor do their productions disappoint the expectations to which their names naturally give rise. Reminiscences and anecdotes of the North American Indians, by Dr. Walsh, Physician to his Majesty's Forces, we are happy to perceive is marked No. I., as it promises a series of highly curious and valuable articles. *The Vale of Llangollen*, by an anonymous writer, affords so interesting an account of the well known friends, lady Eleanor Butler, and Miss Ponsonby, whose extraordinary story, and enduring attachment, have long been a familiar subject of admiration to the world, that we cannot deny our readers the pleasure of a part of it:—

"One of these ladies is of the family of the Marquis of Ormond, and the other of the Earl of Besborough; and from their station, accomplishments and fortunes, might have expected to realize all the flattering prospects which rank, beauty, and wealth could promise; but they formed an early and romantic attachment for each other, which grew with their years to the exclusion of every other tie, and they made the extraordinary determination of leaving the world, where the necessary intercourse of society abstracted and divided that attention which they wished to bestow exclusively on each other. In the prime of youth, therefore, and in the flush of beauty, they gave up all those enjoyments which rank and wealth presented to them; and, without any of the religious enthusiasm which renounces the goods of this world to ensure those of the world to come, they determined to search for and find that seclusion in some wild mountains, which, as one of them was a member of the Protestant faith, they could not look for in a convent.

"Their history is briefly as follows: By a singular coincidence, which struck their imagination, they were both born in Dublin, on the same day, in the same year: and they lost their parents at the same time; so that these orphans seemed intended by the hand of Providence for mutual sympathy. They were brought up together, and, as they grew in years talked over the similarity of their fates; and easily persuaded themselves they were designed by heaven to pass through life together. They spent much of their time at the castle of Kilkenny, the seat of the Ormond family, where they were observed to shun the society of others, and always to seek retirement with themselves; and as they were now about eighteen, at a time of life when their settlement in the world might be looked for, it was the anxious wish of their friends that they should mix with company, as other young persons of their age and sex. One morning, however, they were missing, and no enquiry could trace them in the neighbourhood; but at length they were discovered, in disguise, on board a merchant's vessel, about to sail from the harbour of Waterford. They were brought back, and separated, and every means taken to wean them from this extraordinary, and as it appeared to their friends, most injurious attachment for each other—but it seemed fixed and unalterable; and in some time they were allowed to pursue the bent of their own inclinations. They again proceeded to a seaport, embarked in a Welsh trader, and were landed among the romantic mountains of North Wales. From hence they proceeded from the coast, through the chain of vallies I have mentioned, at that time, all but closed from human intrusion, and nearly impassable, except by goats and mountain ponies. Here they searched in vain for a retired spot in which they could fix their residence. The dreary and desolate region presented no habitation which could afford them even a temporary shelter; and they had passed through the last valley of Llangollen, and were about to leave, in despair, a secluded district, where they had fondly expected to settle themselves. 'While leaving this last hope with heavy hearts,' said Miss Ponsonby to me, when communicating her history, 'we turned round to take a last look at this land of our promise; the setting sun was then shining on the romantic ruins of Dinas Bran, and its sloping beams gave to the wooded sides of the glens so lovely an aspect, that it seemed to invite our return; so we determined to go back and again search for a residence in the shadow of the mountains.' They could find none for the night but a mean hovel, on the naked side of a hill, and in this they sheltered themselves, and the next morning agreed with its poor inmates for their hut. Here they set themselves down, and began those improvements on the bleak and bare rocks which now adorn this lovely valley.

"When their absence was known, the nurse of one of them, Mary Carryl, was inconsolable for their loss; she too set out in search of them through the mountains, and, after a long and weary pilgrimage, found them in this comfortless cabin. She determined not to leave them, and was the only attendant that for years supplied them with necessaries. Their friends now finding their resolution of abandoning the world unalterable, no longer pressed their return, and they began to improve and beautify their rugged residence. But when they had effected much, it was notified to them by the proprietor of the mountain that they must leave it. While very disconsolate at this notification, their faithful Mary Carryl disappeared; and it was supposed she was tired of their solitude, and had returned to her own home: but in some time she came back, and, throwing a paper on the table, 'Now my dear children,' said she, 'you are settled for life.' The paper was a lease of a large tract of the mountain, which she had obtained from the proprietor, having gone to London and purchased it with all her own earnings. From that time the grounds rose in great beauty, and a cottage, distinguished for its taste, elegance, and seclusion, rose in the bosom of the plantation. The fame of these elegant but eccentric girls now expanded, and several persons of the highest rank sought an introduction; but they persevered in their determination, and for twenty years, I believe, never slept out of their own cottage, nor admitted a stranger into it. At length, however, some foreigners of rank, who came from the Continent, sought their society, and were admitted.

"Among the first persons who were permitted to visit them, was Madame de Genlis, who has done them but justice in her 'Souvenirs de Felicie.' She was at Bury St. Edmund, accompanied by Mademoiselle d'Orleans, when she met Lord Castlereagh; and having observed that she would travel very far to visit two persons united by the bonds of sincere friendship, 'Then,' said his lordship, 'visit Llangollen, and you will see a perfect model of friendship.' She went, and, with her young protegée, was kindly received. She, as a French woman, was quite surprised to see nothing in them of that vanity which is gratified by exciting astonishment in others; and that, having been a subject of universal interest and curiosity from their conduct, their manners were as simple as they were elegant, and their attachment as unaffected as it was ardent and sincere. They possessed an elegant library of books on every subject, and were as well acquainted with the literature and other elegant topics of the day, as if they had lived in the midst of London. Their apartments were ornamented with paintings of the surrounding scenery from the elegant pencil of Miss Ponsonby; lady Eleanor excelled in music; and their furniture was covered with embroidery of their mutual manufacture. All the elegant arts of life were cultivated with equal modesty and success, and their edifice was a temple in which they were tastefully displayed. She was rather astonished at night by certain sweet and mysterious sounds which floated on the air, and carried with them something visionary in the wild region in which she found herself. The next morning she learned it proceeded from an Eolian harp, which she then first had heard, and it was among the curious and elegant inventions which the friends were always the earliest to receive and encourage.

"They were afterwards visited by several literary persons of this country, among whom Miss Seward has paid them a beautiful poetical tribute, of which the following are the concluding lines:—

'Through Eleanora and her Zara's mind,
Early though genius, taste, and fancy flowed;
Though all the graceful arts their powers combined,
And her last polish brilliant life bestowed;
The lavish promises in life's soft morn,
Pride, pomp, and love, their friends, the sweet enthusiasts scorn.'

"It was a few years ago that I was first introduced to these very extraordinary and interesting ladies. I went to their beautiful cottage with the highest feelings of admiration, and an expectation prepared for the meeting of all that was elegant in mind and lovely in person. I was introduced to two women far advanced in life, whose altered persons and gray hairs conveyed any idea but that of loveliness. I had forgotten that it was in the year 1778 they had first eloped, and that they had now lived half a century in this place, and among majestic forests, of which they had planted the saplings with their own hands; and they were as venerable as the coeval vegetation. I was received with the kindest cordiality, and had ample reason to appreciate their high accomplish-

ments. Lady Eleanor was of low stature, and her manners, though highly polished, had a certain inquisitiveness which rendered her full of interrogations, and never satisfied with the information she sought. In order to assist the family of a person who had served them, she established them in an inn in the village of Llangollen, and caused it to be understood that they would admit no visitors who did not stop at that house. The first question lady Eleanor asked me was, what inn I had put up at. I was aware of the question, and able to give a satisfactory answer. 'It is well,' said she, smiling, 'or we could not have let you in!' Miss Ponsonby was tall and majestic, and her dignified manner corresponded;—she asked few questions, but told what I enquired about with an elegance, propriety, and sensibility, which distinguished her accomplished mind. Among the singular circumstances of their connexion was the fact, that they were of different religions; and while lady Eleanor paid her orisons in her elegant little chapel, which I was shewn, and knelt at the shrine of the beautiful Madonna which adorned it, Miss Ponsonby was visited by the clergyman of the parish, and, when their rigid seclusion relaxed, was seen every Sunday in the parish church of Plassnewid. I took the liberty to ask Miss Ponsonby how it happened that a subject which excited so much animosity abroad, and had divided the most intimate friends in Ireland, had never interfered with their mutual attachment. She replied, with great simplicity, 'I believe, because we never argued on the subject.' I wished to see their faithful Mary Carryl, and they walked with me to the church-yard of Plassnewid, and pointed out a tomb. It was a triangular pyramid, having three faces for tablets of inscription. 'Here,' said Miss Ponsonby, 'our faithful friend is laid, and this tablet is sacred to her memory; the other two are intended for ourselves.' I read on it the following inscription, written by Miss Ponsonby:—

'This monument was erected by Eleanor Butler and Sarah Ponsonby, of Plassnewid, in this parish, to the memory of Mary Carryl.

'Released from earth and all its transient woes,
She, whose remains beneath this stone repose,
Steadfast in faith, resigned her parting breath,
Looked up with Christian joy, and smiled in death;
Patient, industrious, faithful, generous, kind,
Her conduct left the proudest far behind;
Her virtues dignified her humble birth,
And raised her mind above this sordid earth,
Attachment, sacred bond of grateful breasts,
Extinguished but with life, this tomb attests;
Reared by two friends, who will her loss bemoan,
Till, with her ashes, here shall rest their own.'

"I took leave of those interesting ladies with a kind invitation to visit them again; and some time after I made Llangollen my way, for the purpose of delivering letters with which I was charged by a mutual friend.—Lady Eleanor's health had been long declining, and her sight, which was never strong, had totally failed. It was now that the friend of her youth and age, whose faculties God had spared, exerted them for both their use, and performed all the offices of love and duty for her blind campanion. She watched over her with maternal tenderness—she read for her—worked for her—and did every thing for her which would not be so grateful from any other's service. When I paid my visit, I found Miss Ponsonby leading her friend round the lawn, as a fond mother leads a child; and it would have stopped an angel, on his errand of mercy, to see them walking hand in hand through the shrubs and trees—while the friend who could see was explaining to the friend who could not see, all the budding beauties of the spring, in which they both were wont to take together such pure delight. 'Alas!' said Miss Ponsonby, while she looked with the tenderest emotion on those sightless orbs which she was endeavouring to enlighten,

'Seasons return; but not to her returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose.'

"A few months after, lady Eleanor died, and her accomplished and desolate friend is now patiently waiting the moment when she shall be called on to join her in a better world; and the triangular monument in Llangollen Churchyard will be filled up with the most romantic and interesting story in existence." W.

New Monthly Magazine. No. CIX. January 1830.—London, Colburn.

There is nothing particularly new or attractive in this Number. However, from our acquaintance with the *locale*, we turned with somewhat of pleasure to an article on the University of Göttingen: we were disappointed to find it a dull detail of literary regulations, with a prolix account of the birth, parentage, and education of the Riding Master of that University, while the names of Gauss and Harding, so well known in the annals of astronomical discovery, are disposed of in a sentence! Ere we leave the writer to his "recollections," we would merely observe, that the gentleman he is pleased to call a "dirty and eccentric man from Bristol," might have been spared the unhandsome allusion, were it only that he is the talented author of the "Bride's Tragedy," a work so favourably spoken of by the Quarterly Review.

The article upon Rossini is cleverly written, and displays an intimate acquaintance with the laws of musical composition.

The London University Magazine. January 1830.—London, Hurst, Chance and Co.

This is a very good and amusing number. The advancement of useful knowledge is, we think the professed object of this Magazine; but the prevailing taste for light entertaining matter in these miscellanies, is certainly more attended to in the details. We think the future exclusion of articles of a strict professional nature, is a judicious arrangement of the editors, and one which will ensure more general popularity to the work.

La Belle Assemblée. January 1830.—London, Whittaker.

We are glad to perceive that a decided change for the better has taken place in the literary department of this repository of fashion, for some time past. It marks an improvement in taste, in a quarter where it is particularly desirable that good taste should exist, for we presume the nature of the demand, may be fairly judged of by the character of the supply. The portrait advertised for this number, was that of the Duchess of Cumberland: the engraving, it appears, could not be got ready in time, and that of the Marchioness of Caermarthen, painted by Mrs. Mee, and engraved by Thomson, has been substituted in its place. The face is very lovely, but we cannot praise the engraving as a highly finished performance.

The Monthly Magazine of Politics, Literature, and the Belles Lettres. New Series.—Jan. 1830. London, Whittaker and Co.

We cannot say the periodicals appear to us in very extraordinary force for the beginning of the year. The Monthly is always good, but there is nothing in it this time that struck us as very particularly racy. There is no one article sufficiently solid, to carry the lighter papers on its shoulders, unless we except the article on the progress of physical discovery, which is too purely scientific for the general reader. From the biographical sketch of the late Mr. St. Leger, we willingly abridge the following account, instead of the notice we had ourselves intended, which was perhaps derived from sources less minutely accurate:—

"Francis Barry Boyle St. Leger was the son of a most respectable Irish family of that name, and very nearly connected with several distinguished families, both in England and Ireland. The youngest child, he was from his infancy rather the favourite of his mother, the honourable Mrs. St. Leger; and to this circumstance, as well as to the precocity of his own mind, that very early introduction to society which gave such a character to his future life and manners, is perhaps to be attributed. His father, being the intimate friend of Francis Lord Guilford, introduced Mr. Barry St. Leger, even while an infant, to the distinguished circle at Wroxton. This circle consisted of the principal of the whig party in politics, and of all that was eminent for genius and literature of the day. Here it was that Sheridan let loose the flood-gates of his wit; and that John Kemble condescended to play the inferior parts in the pieces which were got up in their private theatricals; and the subject of our present memoir frequently acted, as a child, the most prominent part in the piece in which Mr. Kemble took the inferior character.

"He commenced his education at Rugby, in the expectation of completing it at college; a high civil situation in India, however, being offered to his friends, it was accepted for him; and thus entering early into active life, he completed his education in the world. At seventeen he went to India, where unforeseen circumstances threw him into the performance of more arduous duties, and into situations of so much consequence and responsibility, that his life in India used to be a subject of wonder to himself, when additional experience made him more sensible of the high offices he had performed at so early an age as seventeen. The customs of the country, however, as ill accorded with his recollections of Wroxton comforts, as what he called the tyranny and the injustice of the Eastern government, did with the principles of liberty which he had imbibed in that circle. He now therefore determined to throw up his situation; and with the full knowledge of the arduous task before him in this country, of fighting his way even to competence, through all the fag of the English bar, he sacrificed the certainty of a large fortune to his independence of principle, came back to England, and entered himself a member of the Inner Temple. From this period his literary labours commenced. Independently of writing for various periodical publications, he became the editor of *The Album*, a work set on foot, and published by Mr. Ascham, the librarian, of Bond-street, to whose kindness in this early stage of his short career, Mr. St. Leger has frequently expressed himself as being greatly indebted.

"In 1823 he wrote Gilbert Earle, which was published by Mr. Charles Knight, of Pall Mall East, another esteemed friend of the author. This book at once ranked him among the highest of his contemporaries in works of fiction. It displayed an intensity of feeling, and a knowledge of human nature far above his years, and became so generally read and admired, and so much talked of in the highest circles, that it induced him to proceed in the same path; and Blount's Manuscripts, published by Knight, and Tales of Passion, lately published by Colburn, were other productions of his pen in the same walk of literary composition.

"He was cut off amidst a number of projects, which, if accomplished, would have placed him very high in the literary annals of our country. He had long determined to write no more works of mere fiction; but to devote himself to historical composition. At the time of his death he had nearly completed and printed a work, founded upon the old chroniclers, which we trust will be still given to the world. He had projected a History of the Wars in Spain, and of the Reformation in France; both of them very interesting branches of general history; and had made some progress in the first, a specimen of which had been submitted to the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. These, with the other works, had occupied a great portion of his time in the year previous to his death; and it is to be feared were so much thought upon even during his last illness, as to impede his recovery. His mind was too active for his friends to keep it in that passive state so necessary to his con-

valescence. As a writer, Mr. St. Leger displayed great intenseness of feeling, and a deep knowledge of the secret workings of human nature. His descriptions were vivid, and pictures of passion powerful. His Gilbert Earle, and his tale of the Bohemians, rank among the best efforts in this department of literature."

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

We mentioned in our first Number, the recent additions made to *Memoirs* connected with late events; France, also witnesses the publication of the "Memoires complets et authentiques du duc de St. Simon, &c." which are to be completed within this month. These memoirs are called *Complets*, because this is the first time of their appearing in full, as the Duke wrote them; large portions of the original papers had been suppressed by Government, and through family motives; they refer to the reign of Lewis XIV. and the Regency of the Duke of Orleans, whose intimate he was. They abound in curious particulars and descriptions of historical characters—and on the whole give the French people no very great cause to regret the "*bon vieux temps.*" By the extent of the work, (16 vols.) and the anticipation of a yet greater prolongation, we may form an idea of the copiousness of these memoirs. The English Novels, by Scott, Cooper, and even Banim, are presented, as soon as published, in a French dress, and with other importations from England and Germany, give birth and currency to a much more general and varied literature, than was in vogue previous to the Revolution. The French philosophy is also partly influenced by the Scotch; there has lately appeared a translation of Maceulloch, the economist,—but, to that subject we shall recur in a future number.

Dietrich Hüllman has published a work in German, on the police and condition of cities in the middle ages, (Städtewesen des Mittelalters,) in which he displays a great deal of erudition on a period, which has, of late years, been so successfully illustrated in this country by Hallam, and in France, by Sismondi, of one of whose works, (Littérature du midi,) a new edition (the third,) has lately appeared.

In *Russia* there would be found a great deal of talent, were it not, unfortunately, checked by a rigid *censure*, which interferes with the publication even of *Almanacks*. The late Emperor was so well aware of the injury done to literature, by submitting the fruits of genius and learning to the scrutiny of any number of men, who may be biassed by other motives than those of justice, that (although he would not abolish it, from fear, we presume, of too much enlightenment,) he took an individual author, (the celebrated *Karamzine*, the writer of a history of Russia,) under his special protection, taking on himself the office of censor, which he certainly exercised with less partiality than any other would have done. In like manner, his present Imperial Majesty has taken under his personal *surveillance*, the poet *Pouchkine*, whose writings are much admired by his countrymen, and to whom it was intimated, that it was his Majesty's pleasure to examine whatever works he might be disposed to publish hereafter. The censorship extends especially to Foreign books and Journals, which are to be examined at the post offices—it is strict with novels, with respect to morality, religion, and, we presume, chiefly politics. The Russians possess an author particularly distinguished in the last mentioned style, and, it seems, not unworthily so; we mean, *Basil Narejny*.

T. G. A.

DUBLIN *versus* LONDON.

BY A JUNIOR PENTAGONAL.

Here we go up, up, up—
There we go down-a-down downie;
Now we go hither and yonder,
And hey! for Dublin townie.

Of all cities, at home or abroad, of hill or plain, main-land or island, commend us to the capital of our fatherland—the metropolis of ould ancient Ireland. Who that remembers the well known Lord L——— who stood on the steps of his splendid mansion in Stephen's-green, to watch, as he said, "the predestinarians perambilatin' the Beau-walk, and pronounced Dublin the most fashionablest, car-dhrivinest, saybathinest, tay-dhrinkinest, pleasantest, dissipaytinest, place in the worlt," but must concur in the justice and acuteness of his Lordship's commendation, and proclaim Eblana the beautiful and delightful, the queen of cities. When Englishmen speak slightingly of our country, (as those *who have not visited us too* frequently do,) we only pity their ignorance, or reason them (in our native way) into good manners: but when a fellow-countryman—our familiar friend, in whom we trusted—assails our land or people, he raises in us stronger feelings of pain and indignation. Yet Irishmen may generally be known by their abuse of Ireland, and every thing Irish, as easily as by that musical and ear-soothing intonation which our maligners call the brogue. But, laying all national feeling and prejudice completely aside, let us, for a moment, calmly contemplate the comparative advantages of the two capitals.

In London, in all years generally, and this year (we speak of 1829) in particular, not only does summer set in, as Lord Dudley phrases it, "with its usual severity," but from the commencement of the winter, till the sitting of the House, you have nothing but one long, cold, guttery, snowy, blowy, dark, dreary, ill-scented November fog, during which you speak sour and sharp to your wife—scold and skelp your children—snap and snarl at your friend—until, at length, on a stern sleety morning, remaining in your chamber long beyond the usual hour, the door is at last thrust open, and you are discovered, by your agonised relations, hanging from the bed-post in a state of suspended animation—with your nose as green as a welsh leek—your tongue protruded five inches over your teeth, and a letter in your waistcoat pocket from your coal-merchant's solicitor—threatening instant proceedings, if payment be not made, with costs, and without delay.

Besides, the size of London is quite absurd. For example—you live in Sloane-street, and want to call on your particular friend in Islington Terrace, who has caught a quinzey and the snuffles, from "the cold, wet, and mire." Intervalla vides humané commoda, as Dan Horace somewhere inditeth of the hardships of the Roman metropolis, and which the sage commentator, in loco, interprets in his critical and idiomatic acquaintance with our native tongue, "a pretty civil distance."—In English, it is nine miles off. If a man walks he is tired to death, and worse; the legs of his ineffables, crusted with liquid Macadam, till they resemble pillared supporters for that Colossus of roads, while the Stultz premier, the cravat, and even the human face divine, are only less profusely spattered than the troisiémes, with the same congealed consistency of claubery clay. Then you are jostled and knocked about by butchers, porters, sweeps, pot-boys, dogs, draymen, and other two and four-footed beasts, and that too as often by mere malice prepense as by accident; and when you, (Patrick) accustomed to the better subordination of ranks observed in Ireland, proceed with becoming spirit to knock your assailant civilly over in the kennel, as a matter of course, by a left-handed facer, judiciously planted on the nether jaw; you are astonished to find yourself snapped up by a party of *Peelers!* what think you, to answer a charge of assault before Sir Richard Bernie?

——— Feriunt: vadimonia deinde
Irati faciunt.

They kick you first—then charge you on the watch, as Juvenal describes two thousand years ago.

But, with the fear of calcitration and incarceration before your eyes, you prefer taking a Cab; scarcely have you proceeded above seventy or eighty *streets*, when the thing the driver calls a horse starts, stumbles, runs away, and falls:—you are pitched out upon your head in the mire—crushed under a coal waggon, and the Crowner's quest returns a verdict of 'found dead, and buried in a cavity of the pavement.' But you are light, and Irish, and not easily killed; and accordingly you come off with only your left shoulder put out, and a compound fracture in your right leg; the horror-struck spectators, in a transport of benevolence and enthusiasm—no—not in either transport or enthusiasm—for it is in London, but in a dirty blanket, placed on an old door, bear you off to Middlesex Hospital, or Guy's, where you recover sensation barely in time to hear the consoling tidings that amputation is indispensable, and in the *Morning Herald* of the following day, under the head of "fatal accident," appears the mournful intelligence that "Mr. Garrat Mahaffy, a gentleman from Ireland, was yesterday thrown from his Cabriolet, in Fleet-street, and so severely contused, that, after suffering amputation, and lingering in unspeakable agonies till midnight, the unfortunate gentleman breathed his last. His friends are not known!"

We manage things better in Dublin. Here we have one delicious range from Harcourt-street South, by Stephen's-green, Grafton, Westmorland and Sackville-streets, through Cavendish-row, and on to Blessington-street Basin in the polar regions, which, with a few lateral divergencies to Merrion, Fitzwilliam and Mountjoy-squares, includes nearly the whole habitable globe. Then our Quays, and our Phœnix-park; where will you match them. The atmosphere is clear, serene and mild, and the streets airy, and wide, and well and cleanly kept, to ride, drive, or walk in, and ladies, absolutely ladies, beautiful, well dressed and unattended, walking securely without fear or thought of insult, for—

"Though we love beauty and golden store,
Sir Knight, we love honour and virtue more."

Now go to London and "fellow me that if you can," as widdy Brady challenges Captain Bell in the song. And though our ladies can walk in safety when they like, they have handsome well appointed equipages to drive in too, nor have we any lack of all the stir and bustle of a great metropolis.

Again, a man has four hundred a year, lives single and is rich, or, being a Benedict, is put to his shifts on three thousand per annum, with eleven daughters and two sons. In either case, if he be sapient, let him eschew the English metropolis, (as a residence) and live in Dublin, where he will have value and consideration for his money, and the men set Malthus at most chivalrous defiance. Pray Sir, what would you desire that you cannot have in Dublin? You answer, the Opera, and the House.—We admit and mourn the fact, but thus far, and no farther shalt thou go. In church music—but of that one of us hath said or sung in another place. Once we *had* a House of our own, and more recently a Cat. Ass. in which to argue by platoons, and when the Great Counsellor repales the Union, we shall again, and fools shall sport and wise men listen, to their hearts content. But even as it is, our courts of law beat the Houses of Parliament all to sticks. It is two to one on the Four Courts.

The Londoners would no more dream of straying into Westminster Hall in search of an hour's diversion, than we of Dublin, should think of seeking amusement at a fancy ball in the Rotunda, where the characters of sweeps and tinkers are done to the life, or instruction at a sitting of the Royal Academy, where the members commonly have nothing to say, and they say it. With us of Dublin, it is very different: instead of the cold, dry, arugmentative prosing of the English lawyer, who has a dull matter of fact fashion of speaking always to the point, our ears are regaled with flashes of wit and imagination, and sportive fancy, intermingled with peals of laughter and delight, to enliven and relieve the sober sadness, and the solid sense of legal disquisition. Heavens! how Lord Tenterden would have stared, and loured and frowned, until the cloud burst forth in one overwhelming storm of annihilation on the devoted head of the luckless speaker, had any of the gentlemen of the bar ventured to amuse t'.e court, over which his lordship so efficiently presides, with such an effusion as that listened to, and applauded with so much rapture by lawyers and ladies on a recent occasion, in our court of King's Bench. Seriously we have many a time and oft paid our divided allegiance, in the shape of half-a-crown, for leave to listen to orators "in another place," who have pleased and entertained us infinitely less, than the displays of wit and humour, and we will add of manly reasoning and forensic eloquence, that have greeted our ears, "free gratis for nothin," in our own courts of law. But we intend to visit the Hall, and pay our respects to the more eminent lawyers in detail in our professional sketches, therefore more of this anon. But in developing the resources of interest and occupation to be met with in Dublin, who can forget the five great libraries?—The University—the Dublin Society—the Institution—Marsh's in the Cathedral—and, though last, not least in convenience and utility, the Dublin Library, which shines in the reflected glory of the Star of the West—even the Dublin Literary Gazette, to the local habitation of which it has the happiness to be exactly opposite. The Botanical Gardens of the Dublin Society, and the College, deserve a separate notice, and when sweet spring returns, we shall inhale their balmy and fragrant airs in the fresh sunny mornings, and listen to our friend Litton's perorations, and enlighten our beloved and sympathising Public with the result of our observations, under the taking title of "Walks to Glasnevin." But the learned Societies abovesaid, which furnish us with these pleasant retreats for mind and body, in the shape of libraries and gardens, likewise offer to every living wight who chooses to sit and listen, regular courses of lectures in Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Botany, Mineralogy, and Mining, by competent Professors; with a glorious climax of Astronomical Lectures, by Hamilton, the prodigy. What shall we more say? Are there not two public Museums—as many Academies of Arts—a Zoological Society that is to be—an unrivalled Phœnix Park, to take air and exercise in by day, with access thereto by the Military-Road, and the new Iron Bridge, to which we shall give a special notice one of these days—and a Theatre-Royal to recreate in by night—and an Adelphi, where the Diorama was—and good paintings in private houses, which we shall also notice by-and-bye—and Exhibitions, and delicious Concerts, when one wants to get rid of a few shillings, and many yawns, and a general taste for music, and exceedingly pleasant and intellectual society, and the most beautiful environs in the world, to say nothing of the arcade and the bazaar, and the most splendid shops of every description, booksellers included; witness the preeminent laudation of Mr. Curry's painted window in last week's newspapers, (and every other aid to facilitate the progress of the march of intellect in the matured as well as infant mind,) meeting one at every step, 'thick as the leaves that strow the brooks in Vallambrosa,' to make the week pass pleasantly and swiftly; and is there where one can go with more pleasure and profit to church on Sunday? Certainly not where. "Let's aye be thankfu," as Sawnie says in the play, "let's aye be thankfu, for our mercies are mony."

In sadness, Dublin is an exceedingly pleasant city to any one who knows it, and who has good sense enough to be superior to the yearning after London, which possesses some men as a mania. A period of despondency and local stagnation followed, naturally enough, after the legislative union, which deprived the capital of so many of its principal residents, and most powerful attractions, but we have watched its progress with anxiety and interest, and we have no hesitation in stating our belief, that this city has reached and passed its ultimate point of depression, and is now slowly, but surely, rising in the scale.

Leaves from the Note-book of a Peripatetic Philosopher of Westminster.

December 29.—Went out with the intention of spending the evening in the pit of Covent Garden Theatre.—A dense fog, having "an ancient and most fish-like smell" pervaded the atmosphere—the ground very inconvenient for Peripatetics, being soft, slippery, and unclean, like the minds of certain pretenders to philosophy who deny religion. Descried through the haze in Coventry-street, a butcher's cart going at the rate of ten miles an hour, driven by two boys in blue frocks, without hat or cap. Admired the daring of the youths, and the heroic courage with which they risked their own lives, and the philosophic indifference with which they perilled the lives of others—Meditated on the assistance which one sense gives to another, and doubted whether even looking in the exact direction of the cart, I should have seen it, but for the horrid din it raised.—Mem. There is a mixture of good and ill in almost every thing; not excepting *macadamization*.

Meditations disturbed by a scream—found that the butcher's cart had run over two women, as they passed down Prince's-street. Butcher's boys stopped by one of the new Police—justified themselves in a very clear and argumentative manner, maintaining that as they had cried "oy," it was the business of the women to have got out of the way, and not their business to pull up, or turn to one side; the crowd were divided on the subject, but the majority appeared to be of opinion that if the lads cried "oy," the two fractured females were much to blame for being hurt.

Meantime, I, having some small smattering of surgical knowledge, stepped down to examine the wounded, of whom one groaned piteously, and the other was insensible. While I busied myself endeavouring to restore suspended animation, a very serious, respectable looking gentleman, in black clothes, came to my assistance, who spoke very pathetically of the case of the unfortunate women, and at the same time, I found both his hands plunged to the very bottom of my breeches pockets, his fingers groping their way through emptiness; for, having a presentiment of such polite attention, I had placed my sovereign, which was all the money I carried about me, in a secret and inscrutable receptacle in my waistcoat.

My friend's urbanity was not increased by this pocket discovery, which I did not think it needful to disturb; his conversation died away in the following manner—"Poor creatures," "God help them" "damn the fellow, not a sixpence, some starved apothecary, fishing for a job." The last words were uttered in the low tone of a soliloquy, and the respectable looking gentleman disappeared.

After an argument ably maintained for some time between two fat persons, with very large thick great coats, as to the point of law respecting their duty, in the event of such a casualty, it was finally decided, that the butcher's boys should go to the watch-house, and the wounded women to the hospital, and I departed, admiring at the perfection of civilization in this favoured part of the world, and the philosophic coolness with which the aid of reason was continually invoked.

When I arrived at Covent-Garden theatre, found an immense crowd at the pit door, with which I got presently mingled; the constable under the Piazzas calling out as usual in a loud voice "take care of pick pockets," "turn your seals into your fobs, going into the house." A young gentleman, whom by his accent I recognized to be a Dublinite, asked a stranger who stood next him, what was the meaning of the shouting, as he had not heard the words distinctly? "Meenin," replied the stranger—"haw—haw—you're a young 'un I take, it ha'nt been 'ere before I reckon—haw—haw—I should so like to see you find out the meenin when you found you ha'nt got no watch inside the pit—only way to teach young 'uns."

Who could help admiring the philosophic disregard of ceremony displayed in this reply, and the contempt of that refined hypocrisy called politeness? This man expressed the feelings of his mind with true English bluntness, and that rough sincerity, the excellence of which the young gentleman from Dublin was probably not able to appreciate.

Going in, I lost only one of the skirts of my coat, and would have possibly reached the pit in my monoskirted costume, but that on the steps, as we went *up* to the *pit*, a man, who smelt strongly of cheese and onions, requiring a purchase, by which to force himself up the steps, placed his elbow against the stomach of a French lady who was next him, and by this ingenious contrivance, which another man might not have thought of, pressed forward. The lady fainted with the pain, and fell back into my arms; the cheese-iverous man got into the pit, cheered by some of his companions, while I retreated to get cold water to recover the fair foreigner. By the time she had got sufficiently well to be put into a coach, and sent home, the announcement of "Pit full," was stuck up at the door, and I walked home, meditative and skirtless, revolving in my mind, the peculiar nature of the amiableness of the English common people.

THE DRAMA.

In the last week the theatre has been dull, stale, flat, and (what is no doubt far worse in the opinion of the manager) unprofitable. Massaniello has been succeeded by "Love in Wrinkles," a piece of very inferior merit; it seems, as far as we could judge, a poor translation from the French. The music is the composition of an amateur, Mr. Fetis, the author of several clever letters on the English composers, published in the Harmonicon. Our limits will not permit us to go into minute criticism on either the piece, or its performance; in fact, though Braham and Fanny Ayton were to sing, the theatre was empty, and we left it, fearing to catch cold.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The forthcoming volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, will contain a very important essay on the History, Literature, and Antiquities of ancient Ireland, by John D'Alton, Esq. Barrister at Law. This essay obtained the Cunningham medal, and the full premium of eighty pounds from the academy.

It will be gratifying to the medical profession to learn that a new volume of Dublin Hospital Reports, is now in course of publication, under the able superintendance of Dr. Graves.

Mr. M'Gregor is busily engaged upon a third series of Stories from the History of Ireland; comprising the period from the accession of James I. to the Legislative Union in 1801. We believe the series will be completed in two volumes.

The new Greek-English Lexicon, which we announced in our last number, is not by Dr. Hincks, but by his father the Rev. Thos. Dix. Hincks, formerly of the Cork Institution.

A volume of Poems, entitled "Leisure Hours," by James Moore Shelley, is stated to be in the press, and nearly ready for publication.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Some inhabitants of Belfast and the neighbourhood, have lately commenced a Botanic Garden. The ground taken is most eligibly situated, having its entrance from the old Dublin road, and it has been laid out under the direction of Mr. Thomas Drummond, who was assistant botanist to Dr. Richardson, and spent several months in exploring the Rocky mountains. This society is under the patronage of the Marquis and Marchioness of Donegal, and has lately received a most liberal and valuable present of young trees and shrubs from the nurseries of Collon, the gift of the Lord Viscount Ferrard, as well as several rare plants from Lady Dufferin.

The number of matriculated students in the Belfast institution, during the present session, exceeds two hundred, which is more than in any preceding session. The lectures of Mr. Ferrie, the newly elected professor of moral philosophy, are well attended and much admired.

There has been nothing further decided yet as to the Munster College.

It is proposed to establish a College, on the London University plan, at Bristol. The citizens have come to the resolution "That some public provision and establishment, for literary and scientific education, on an enlarged scale, and at a moderate expense, would be a most valuable acquisition to the City of Bristol and its vicinity."

It is proposed to raise 15,000*l.* in 300 transferable Shares of 50*l.* each, to begin with.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

On reading over again Letters of the Dead.

Oh! heart-poured thoughts! that now have grown
Too sculpture-like in form;
Freezingly beautiful, to us
Who knew the fountain warm:
Who clasped the hand that left you here
When life was in its language dear;
Who lived upon its fondness mute,
Who saw hope's flower, and see its fruit

Oh breathless words! that take
Amid the stillness round
The very voice that earth has lost,
A sweet but startling sound,
From lips that seem again to move
Before us in their laughing love;
As then when yet this sunny earth
To us seemed only made for mirth.

* * *

Fond feelings! left behind
Like the delicious breath,
Of a last summer's rose
Faded by wasting death;
Its form, its colour fled away
With earth's stern wanderer decay,
While, rich as life, its lingering scent
Of summer yet is eloquent.

Sad fragrant essence of the soul
Thus severed from the clay!
Twilight of love! whose sun has set
Upon our earthly day,
Yet for a little takes not quite
Away from us its blessed light,
Which upwards through the darkness still
Streams soft, (itself invisible.)

* * *

Alas! we know at last
Too vividly, the worth
The shallowness of all that's sweet
That's beautiful on earth:—
Ever like mockery of our tears,
The volume of departed years
Opens its iron page before
Our eyes; and they are young no more.

Yes; we are wiser than we were
We wish no lost one back;—
Plunged deeper in our being's dream
The starless midnight black
Of drowning mystery, leaves the mind,
To faith's calm moonlight half resigned;
And over us your accents come
Like music of the exile's home.

* * *

But thanks to truth's pure light severe,
We have not lived in vain,
Since there is left a peaceful health
Upon the wakened brain;
Nor will we think too deeply now,
On *how* we reached this calm—or how
The change was wrought in us—enough
Life's veil is torn for ever off.

And ye! whose seals in trembling joy
Were broken in the years,
Ere minds that were too high for earth,
Had done with hopes and fears;
Ere grief-bowed heads were laid at last
Too low to heed the unkind world's blast,
We fold you to your rest again,
With one mute kiss—one lingering ken.

Z. Y.

TO OUR READERS.

We this day present our readers with an impression of our paper, every copy of which is stamped. Before entering into the expensive arrangements requisite for undertaking a new paper on a novel plan, we naturally sought an explicit sanction from the Stamp Office, as that was indispensable before we could commence. We certainly expected that the privilege enjoyed by similar Literary papers in London and Edinburgh, would have been conceded to ours, namely, that of publishing a part of our impression unstamped, for town circulation, and the remainder stamped, for transmission by post. This, however, we were assured at the Stamp Office was contrary to law, and to that decision, after every effort, we were finally compelled to submit. So far we were purchasers with notice. But we were distinctly and repeatedly informed, that we might exercise a free choice as to whether we should stamp the whole impression, or publish the whole unstamped. We preferred the latter alternative, on account of the saving of expense to our readers; and to make assurance doubly sure, we solicited the written permission of the Office, to publish our Paper with Advertisements, on an unstamped sheet. We were desired to furnish our request in writing, which we did; and, after the lapse of many days, we were favored with an official letter from the highest officer of Stamps in Ireland, containing the permission in the precise terms in which we had sought it. On this we acted; but when our first publication was taken to the office to be registered, on Saturday last, we were told it was a Newspaper, and that every copy must be stamped. We sent for our letter, as a triumphant refutation of this assertion—but, on producing it, we were informed, that though our publication was in strict conformity to the terms there prescribed, yet as that letter was in contradiction to law, we had been led into an error which was now to be corrected—and, in a word, that we must either stamp or stop.—The latter was impossible, as we were already under obligations to the Public, which it was our duty to fulfil; and property to a large amount was embarked in the undertaking. We have, therefore, chosen the other horn of the dilemma—and shall, in future, publish every copy stamped. This is an addition of twopence to the cost price of the Paper, which, under the painful circumstances of having this unexpected change thus forced upon us, we shall divide with the Public, and add only a single penny to our price—depending solely on a very extended circulation for repayment of our heavy expense.

The Paper can now, of course, be transmitted through the Post-Office by any one, like an ordinary Newspaper.

It is but justice to the Officers of Stamps to add, that in our personal intercourse with them, we were uniformly treated with the utmost courtesy and attention. They at once admitted and bewailed that we had been grievously misled; but having satisfied themselves of the law, they could not swerve from its enactments.

The present explanation, however, was imperatively called for, in justice to our readers, and to our own character, for consistency and plain dealing.

We are compelled to postpone our notices of Learned Societies; the paper on the past and present state of the Fine Arts in Ireland will form the leading article in our next Number; the subject is so important, that we thought it more advisable to defer it altogether for a week, than to treat it in a slight or insufficient manner. We have been so variously occupied, this week, with matters foreign to our natural occupation, that we must plead our hurry in apology, for the want of the variety and completeness we could wish. After this, when we have got regularly into harness, we trust we shall not be found wanting.

We shall not vapour one word about the high and authentic source from which our sketch of the Duke of Wellington is derived. The article will speak for itself, it is with feelings of no ordinary satisfaction, however, that we are permitted to announce the constant cooperation and support of the same vigorous and able writer. The Londoners will, no doubt, be surprised to find us turning into their own quarters, and doing for them what they would find it rather difficult to accomplish for themselves.

We have naturally selected the greatest Irishman of the age for the subject of our first essay; but the leading members of the bar, and of the other liberal professions, will occupy, from time to time, a place in our personal sketches.

For the numerous and convincing proofs evinced of warm and active interest in our success, we have to return to each and all, our best and warmest thanks. Amid the vexations and anxieties of Editorship, it cheers one's heart to meet the right hand of friendship and support stretched forth in pure sympathy and good nature, by the highly-gifted and the good. It is this that stimulates while it rewards exertion, and the example will not, we trust, be lost, nor the call remain unanswered, by the native talent of our country.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A certain fair Correspondent, whose initials reverse the terminational consonants of the alphabet; need not entertain any dread of savage treatment from the members of the Literary body she refers to. However lion-like on ordinary occasions, before the Ladies we can roar you, like Billy Bottom, as soft as a sucking pigeon. Like the gods of the heathen pantheon, however, even we are compelled to bow, sometimes, to the dictates of that stern arbiter, Necessity, which often makes wild work with the dainties that are bred in our book. To Caius, and Julius, and Charles Doyne Sillery, we owe our acknowledgments. To the first we shall address a private note of friendly advice, if he intimate a wish for it, by leaving his address in our letter-box.

Hakaf must test the antiquity of his relique, if he would have us embalm it; it amused and pleased us, however. We are indebted to H. K.—His paper, with many others which we cannot now enumerate, is under consideration.

ADVERTISEMENTS

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NICHOLAS MARTIN respectfully announces that he has commenced business on his own account, and trusts from his experience of the Stationary business in its several branches, and more especially of the Manufacturing Department, (which is conducted under his own immediate inspection) to give satisfaction in the execution of all orders with which he may be favoured.

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LONDON ENCYCLOPÆDIA, that, as it is drawing to a conclusion, he is making arrangements for Binding the Work in a manner which he trusts will meet with their entire approbation. The utmost attention shall be paid to the proper arrangement of the Letter-press and plates, and any imperfections which may occur will be immediately supplied. He begs to state, that from the extensive manner in which he is enabled to carry on his Business, combined with the facilities he possesses in procuring the best materials, he can offer to his Subscribers advantages both as to charges and despatch in the Binding of the Work, which cannot be equalled in this country.

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OR

WEEKLY CHRONICLE OF CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES, AND FINE ARTS.

No. 3. SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1830. PRICE 9d.

FINE ARTS.

On the past and present state of the Fine Arts in Ireland.

No. I.

WE have already informed the public of our intention of giving to the promotion of the Fine Arts in Ireland, the zealous assistance of our Journal. We now repeat the promise more explicitly—we shall do so to the very utmost of our ability, animated by the pleasing hope that our exertions will be found eminently useful.

The Fine Arts properly so called, or the arts of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, have never hitherto, in Ireland, had their chronicle, or indeed, received the slightest aid from the literature of their country. It would be easy to assign probable and sufficient causes for such neglect, but in this place it is enough to state the fact, coupled as it is with its melancholy consequence, that whenever genius of a higher order has appeared among us, and such instances have not been uncommon, we have rarely discovered how it should have been appreciated, till it had fled for ever from our shores.

But brighter prospects appear to be at length opening: great changes have recently taken place in the political world, and if the expected results be realized, as we trust they will, the Fine Arts must participate in the blessing, and their amiable professors see better days. Our minds, no longer engaged in the harrowing broils of political and religious strife, will seek the soft and humanizing enjoyments which the cultivation of the taste can alone impart, and we shall find our reward in the acquisition of a new sense more ennobling to our nature, and more closely allied to the Divinity, than those already enjoyed in common with the lower animals. A green field will be no longer a green field "and nothing more" to us, for we shall have acquired the power of seeing the unspeakable beauty as well as wisdom exhibited in all the works of the Creator; and that beauty cannot fail of entering deep into our souls, and of aiding our exertions to become worthy of a higher state of existence.

We commence in our present number, a brief review of the past and present state of the Fine Arts in Ireland.

The early civilization of Ireland has been a favorite theme with the Irish writers of Milesian origin, for nearly two centuries, while all claims to any removal from utter barbarism previous to the arrival of the English, have generally been denied with equal warmth by Anglo-Irish and other writers. Prejudices, springing chiefly from political feelings, have equally blinded both sides, and an able and impartial work on the ancient state of Ireland is still a desideratum. We may smile at the description of the "Architectonical magnificence" of the Palace of Eamania, erected 354 years before our æra, given on the authority of a Bardic writer in the magniloquent pages of O'Connor, or laugh outright at the visionary O'Halloran's account of the sculptured effigies on the tombs of the Pagan Kings at the Royal Cemetery of Cruachan, derived from the poem of Torna Egeas, a bard of the fourth century. The very passages cited, so far from being evidence for the circumstances they relate, are only stubborn proofs of the comparatively modern manufacture of the poems in which they occur. Yet we are not rashly to infer that the ancient Irish must necessarily have been savage, because enthusiastic writers have endeavoured to prove them civilized on insufficient data. Let us look at the other side, and we shall find the charges of ignorance and barbarism resting on no better foundation. One or two examples will suffice. "There is at this day," says Sir William Petty, "no monument or real argument, that when the Irish were first invaded, they had any stone housing at all, any money, any foreign trade, nor any learning but the legend of the Saints, Psalter, Missals, Rituals, &c. viz. no Geometry, Astronomy, Anatomy, Architecture, Engineery, Painting, Carving, nor any kind of Manufacture, nor the least use of Navigation or the Art military." We cannot laugh at this tirade, for we confess we have some drops of Milesian blood in our veins, but in Sir William's own style, we shall for the present observe, that we have abundant monuments and real arguments, to prove that the above remarks, as applied by him to the period immediately preceding the arrival of the English, are a tissue of falsehoods, without any the least admixture of truth. Yet his is moderate language compared with that of the learned, but dogmatic John Pinkerton. "The contest," he observes, "between those Irish writers and the literati of Europe, is the most risible in the world. The former say, their country was highly civilized, had letters and academies as the Greeks and Romans. The latter say, the Greeks we know, and the Romans we know, but who are ye? Those Greeks and Romans pronounce you not only barbarous, but utterly savage. Where are your authorities against this? In the name of science, of argument, of common sense, where are the slightest marks of ancient civilization among you? Where are ruins of cities? Where inscriptions? Where ancient coins? Where is the least trace of ancient art or science in your whole island? The old inhabitants of your country, the wild Irish, the true Milesian breed, untainted with Gothic blood, we know to be rude clans to this day. Can a nation once civilized become savage? Impossible.—Such a nation may be lost in effeminacy, as the modern Italians and Greeks, but will ever bear marks of the excess, not the want of civilization." Milesian reader, what say you to all this? You are struck dumb. Well, we shall take up the shillelagh in your defence for a few moments. You, John Pinkerton, say, that "the Greeks and Romans pronounce us not only barbarous, but utterly savage." We answer—it is perfectly certain that the Greeks and Romans knew hardly any thing about us. Tacitus, the only early writer who had any authentic information, says, that our harbours were better known to merchants than those of Britain. You ask, "In the name of science, of argument, of common sense, where are the slightest marks of ancient civilization amongst us?" We answer, in our ancient monarchy, which, you yourself acknowledge, has higher claims to antiquity than any other in Europe. In our ancient institutions, our Brehon laws, our music, our poetry, and our monumental remains. "Where are ruins of cities?" Ptolemey, a Greek geographer of the second century, marks nine cities of note in his map of Ireland, and considerable remains of some of these are yet to be seen. "Where inscriptions?" Many have been discovered, not including the impudent forgery on Callan mountain. "Where ancient coins?" We acknowledge we have none. But you yourself tell us, that it was perhaps a thousand years before our era, that the Phœnicians traded to Britain and Ireland, (agreeing pretty nearly with the calculations of our native writers,) and you elsewhere say, that the Phœnicians did not coin money till six hundred years later. Do you expect our Phœnician ancestors should have had coins 600 years before they had learned how to make them? You also say elsewhere, that "had the Phœnicians settled in any part of Britain or Ireland, their usual splendour would have attended them, a few Phœnician coins," you add, "may perhaps be found in Britain and Ireland, a circumstance naturally to be expected from their trading there, but had there been any settlements, there would have been ruins and numerous coins struck at the settlement, as at all those in Spain." To all this, it is only necessary to reply, that there are no remains of Phœnician cities now to be found in Spain, and that the Punic coins and inscriptions found there, are clearly of Carthaginian origin, and consequently cannot claim a very remote antiquity. Had the Irish asserted a descent from the Carthaginians, the want of such inscriptions and coins would be conclusive against them; but as the learned Lord Ross, (then Sir L. Parsons,) observes, no writer of note has ever said so, and we refer the reader to that distinguished nobleman's "Defence of the Ancient History of Ireland," for conclusive arguments on that point. Mr. Pinkerton finally shouts, "Where is the least trace of ancient art or science in your whole island?" We respond, they are exhibited abundantly in the numerous antiquities of gold, silver, and bronze, dug up every day in all parts of Ireland, and similar to the most ancient remains of the Greeks, Egyptians and Phœnicians. Our gold crowns, collars, bracelets, anklets, our brazen swords, spears, and domestic

vessels—our cinerary urns, our cairns with sepulchral chambers, which are not to be parallelled in the British isles—and lastly, in those Cyclopean works, agreeing identically with those in the islands, and on the shores of the Mediterranean, universally attributed to the Phœnicians.—These are the evidences of the early colonization of Ireland, by a civilized people, which her antiquaries should chiefly rely on, and not the dreams of visionary etymologists, or the traditions preserved, and perhaps distorted, by monkish chroniclers, and ignorant bards. If a judicious selection of the antique monuments and other remains found in Ireland, were carefully drawn by some capable artist, and published, our claims to an early civilization would be instantly conceded by the unprejudiced and learned.

But while we thus support the theories of the Milesian writers, we are far from asserting that a knowledge of the Fine Arts was introduced into the country in those remote times. It would be folly to ground such a supposition upon idle conjecture; and there is little else on which to found it. Infant colonies do not often carry a knowledge of the Fine Arts along with them; they are only to be found where wealth, luxury and peace have fixed their abode. The domestic arts, the traditions, the religion, the poetry, and the music of a people, will accompany them every where, because these are fixed in their minds, and transferred from generation to generation. The Irish colonists, we are told, brought with them their priest, their artificer, their bard, and their musician; but we hear nothing of their painter, their sculptor, or their architect. What remains of the Fine Arts have the Romans left in Britain? Their relics are only monuments of barbarism. Yet, unquestionably, they colonized that island at the period of their greatest refinement. What knowledge of the Fine Arts have the British colonies of America, at the present day? Besides, we are in great ignorance as to the length the Phœnicians themselves had proceeded at this early time, in the cultivation of those arts. Idolatry, or image worship, which may be called the parent of sculpture, was as yet unknown to them, and the column and the arch were not introduced into architecture for ages after. The existing remains of ancient edifices in Europe, attributed to the Phœnicians, are remarkable only for a rude and simple grandeur. The only indications of taste in the arts of design, previous to the introduction of Christianity, discoverable in Ireland, are those which our antiquities exhibit. Our gold and silver ornaments, bronze weapons, and domestic vessels, are often elegant in design and workmanship; and some of our sepulchral urns, ornamented with mouldings in bas-relief, shew, at least, an acquaintance with the forms in use among a refined people. A few small bronze figures have been found in our bogs, and ignorantly called idols, but most of them are evidently christian; and the one or two which are not so—figures of victory on a globe, the ornament of a standard—look like imitations of Roman-British work, or were, perhaps, actual spoils of the Scots in Britain.

The introduction of Christianity commences a new era in the history of the Fine Arts in Ireland. Whether it proceeded originally from Rome, or elsewhere, is still a mystery, notwithstanding all that has been written on the subject. This, however, is an enquiry foreign to our purpose; but we may observe, that *the bloodless conversion of a people to a new mode of faith*, gives strong evidence of their being at the time, far removed from utter barbarism. The oldest accounts of the progress of Patrick through Ireland, present us with many particulars tending to that conclusion. How interesting is that passage in the collections of Tirechan, a writer of the seventh century, in which we learn, that the Saint on paying *the sum ordained by law*, was furnished by a Pagan king, who would not renounce the religion of his fathers, with a passport and an escort of twelve men, to enable him, with his little army of bishops, priests, and laymen, to traverse Ireland from one extremity of the island to the other. This tolerant spirit, and the subsequent conversion of the nation to the Christian faith, soon drew a crowd of foreigners from the most civilized parts of the globe, to lead a life of religious peace and seclusion in the Western isle, and procured for her the epithets of "Insula Sanctorum" and "Insula Sacra." Of the great extent of this influx we have abundant testimony, particularly in the ancient litany used in Ireland, in the sixth and seventh centuries, as preserved by St. Engus, in which the holy foreigners interred in Ireland, are invoked. For example:—

"Sanctos Romanos, qui jacent in Achadh Galma in Ybh Echla, invoco in auxilium meum per Jesum Christum, &c.
"SS. Romanos de Lettir erca, invoco, &c.
"SS. Peregrinos de Cluain mhoir invoco, &c.
"SS. Duodecim Conchennacios qui cum utroque Sinchello jacent in Kill Achuidh, invoco, &c.
"SS. Septem monachos Ægyptios qui jacent in Disert Uledh, invoco, &c.
"SS. Centum quinquaginta Peregrinos Romanos et Italos, qui comitati sunt S. Abbanum in Hiberuiam, invoco, &c.
"SS. Gallos de Sallidnie, invoco, &c.
"SS. Saxones (i. Anglos) de Rigair, invoco, &c.
"SS. Quinquaginta Monachos de Brittania socios filii Mainani in Glenloire, invoco, &c.
"SS. 510, qui ex partibus transmarinis venerunt cum S. Boethio Episcopo, invoco, &c.

with many more enumerated in that curious little book.

In this litany we find no mention of Greeks, a circumstance which may be attributed to the differences between the Greek and Roman churches in those ages, and the triumph of the latter in Ireland after the preaching of St. Patrick; but we have abundant evidence, elsewhere, that many came into Ireland, and that the Irish, who probably received their first knowledge of Christianity from the East, were not unacquainted with Greek literature.

It is to these circumstances that we are to attribute the subsequent celebrity of Ireland for piety and learning, when the Continent of Europe became involved in almost total darkness, and that the Western island was enabled to send forth to the benighted regions, what Gibbon calls, perhaps justly, a feeble ray of science and superstition, but strong enough, however, to endure and to illuminate, and ultimately to kindle into a blaze, that lighted up all Europe.

The arts thus propagated in Ireland were corrupt and debased, but they had still a touch of the Greek and Roman glory. They were circumscribed too, in their influence, for the clergy were their sole depositaries, who employed them, perhaps exclusively, to the service of their religion. The building and decorating of churches and other religious edifices, the illuminating of religious books, the carving of tombs and crosses, and above all, the manufacture in brass and other metals of shrines, crosses, croziers, and other sacred utensils—such were the chief objects on which the arts were employed, and to what other purposes in those ages could we expect them to have been applied?

Till this period, the Irish were apparently unacquainted with the use of lime cement in building, together with the arch, the column, and other architectural ornaments; and in their earliest churches, which are characterized by an uniformity of plan of extreme simplicity, these novelties were very sparingly employed. Those edifices were of an oblong form, with a smaller oblong branching from it towards the East, and connected with the former by a choir arch, or Arcus triumphalis; this arch, as well as the door way entering from the West, were frequently ornamented with pilasters or three quarter columns and ornamented mouldings, and the chief, or sometimes only light which the building received was from small open apertures or windows in the East end, or sanctuary, in which the altar was placed: the use of glass in windows was not introduced till some centuries later. Simple as was this plan, it was not inconsistent with the suggestions of good taste, or unmarked by the characteristics of propriety and fitness, and the model appears to have been derived from the most ancient temples of the East. Occasionally, however, the churches exhibited a greater variety in their form, as well as richness in their decorations, as appears from the description of St. Bridgid's church at Kildare, by Cogitosus.

The Sculptor's labor in those early ages was chiefly employed on the stone crosses, erected for various purposes in the vicinity of the churches, or the capitals of columns and other architectural ornaments: statues, properly so called, were not generally introduced for some centuries later, the prejudices of the people being opposed to them. Monumental effigies earlier than the twelfth century are not found in Ireland, and appear to have been introduced by the Anglo Normans; the ancient Irish tombs present only ornamented crosses. The stone crosses have little variety in their general form, but are frequently rich and elaborate in ornament, or loaded with scriptural subjects in bas relief: the latter, though rude in design, often exhibit an acquaintance with classical forms and costumes, and such an agreement in style with the Greek and Roman sculptures of the same ages, as leave little doubt of their being the work of foreign hands. The same remark may be applied to the croziers, shrines, and other works of the carvers and workers in metal, many of which are still preserved in the cabinets of the curious. Ainicus Bishop of Elphin, the worker in metals for St. Patrick, betrays apparently in his name a Roman origin. Many of those interesting relics exhibit such an extraordinary acquaintance with the art of jewellery, as would excite admiration in the mind of a skilful artist of the present day. They are usually carved with great delicacy, inlaid with gold and silver, enamelled, and ornamented with precious stones of foreign production.

The works of the painter are generally less enduring than those of the sculptor or architect, and but small vestiges of their skill in those times, have descended to us. Cogitosus, a writer of the 7th century, speaks of the painted pictures (ac decorata *pictis tabulis*) which decorated the Church of St. Bridgid, at Kildare, and but for that notice we should now, perhaps, be ignorant that the art was thus employed at so early a period. The most ancient

remains of frescos, to be found in Ireland at present, are those in the choir of Cormac's Chapel, at Cashel: they are merely ornamental in their design, but exhibit still a great richness in their colours. Such examples, however, it is probable, were always rare; the chief purpose for which the skill of the painter was required being the illumination of religious books. Giraldus Cambrensis speaks in terms of astonishment and admiration of the copy of the four Gospels, which he saw at Kildare, and which, in the fashion of those days, was supposed to have been dictated by an angel to a scribe, in the presence of St. Bridgid, and for her use. After dilating on the variety in the designs, the delicacy of the execution, and the richness of the colouring, in the embellishments of this book, he adds, that they appeared rather to be the work of an angel, than of a man; ("ut vere hæc omnia angelicâ potius quam humanâ diligentiâ jam asseveraveris esse composita." Hæc equidem quanto frequentius et diligentius intueor, semper quasi novis obstupeo, semperque magis ac magis admiranda conspicio; nec Apelles ipse similia efficere possit, et manu potius non mortali efformatæ, ac depictæ videreatur.") St. Bridgid's book is unfortunately no longer to be found; but we have some works of nearly the same age, from which we may learn the character of art which had been deemed worthy of such enthusiastic approbation. In the copy of the four gospels, written by St. Columbkille,* still preserved in the College library, there are two or three pictures, which have an elaborate minuteness, and a certain Byzantine richness, that might well excite the wonder and admiration of a rude age.

We have thus traced with a rapid, but not careless hand, the first dawnings of the Fine Arts in Ireland. The subject is an interesting one, and capable of much curious illustration, but which the nature of our Journal prohibits our indulging in. Their subsequent progress, from the 8th to the 12th century, may be noticed in a few words. Whatever change they underwent was for the worse. The country, overrun by the Danes, a barbarous and unlettered race, became an arena of rapine and of blood; and while the people were so long engaged in perpetual warfare, that they acquired the ferocity and lawless habits of their invaders, they necessarily ceased to practice, if they did not wholly forget, whatever they had previously learned of the arts of peace.

Thus far we have treated of the condition of the Fine Arts in the remoter periods of antiquity, and vindicated, we trust successfully, the early character of our country, from the aspersions which have been so causelessly and ignorantly cast upon it. The remaining portion of our task, to which we shall return with pleasure and alacrity, will, doubtless, prove more deeply interesting to the general reader, as it will no longer be exclusively conversant about antiquarian remains, among which, however we ourselves may delight to linger, we are well aware we cannot be so sure of carrying our reader's sympathies along with us, unless indeed in the investigation of an important national question, his patriotism may happily lend strength to his patience.

* We were much amused to observe, some time ago, in a number of the Edinburgh Review, that the critic in reviewing a Work on the History of Ireland, to which he gives a much higher character than it deserves, makes merry over the "odd slip" of the writer, because he speaks of Columbkille *as a man, instead of a place.*

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Third Series of Tales of the Munster Festivals.—The Rivals.—Tracy's Ambition. By the author of the Collegians. 3 vols. 8vo. London, Saunders and Otley, 1830.

We have just received, in sheets, a copy of these two rather unhappily named tales, and hasten to present our readers with some account of a Work, which if, as we trust, it meets its deserts, will soon be in every body's hands. Since the publication of the first series of Tales of the Munster Festivals, containing the Half Sir and Suil Dhuv, the Coiner, we have considered Mr. Griffin, the author, as by far the most capable writer who has undertaken to delineate the character of the Southern Irish in the present day. Mr. Griffin evidently describes from a thorough, intimate, and personal acquaintance with the people and the scenes which he pourtrays, and it is not too much to say, that his stories evince true genius, and that of no subordinate character, in their admirably faithful exposition of the manners, the habits, the peculiar modes of thought and expression, the lively impulses, the vices and the crimes, of our wayward, yet very intelligent, fellow countrymen.

The Collegians, which formed the second series of these tales, fully sustained the author's previous high reputation. In his earlier efforts, Mr. Griffin betrayed deplorable want of skill in the art of managing his story. His narratives were confused and obscure, and his descriptions of natural scenery, which are always excellent in themselves, were often brought in by him in the most unartificial way, besides that he had an unhappy knack of breaking the thread of the story, and destroying all possibility of illusion, by speaking in his own personal character as author; a species of parabasis which, whatever good purpose it may have answered in the ancient Greek comedy, is, in modern novel writing, exceedingly clumsy and disagreeable. These faults our author has gradually and greatly amended, though we cannot, even yet, compliment him upon having attained the requisite degree of acquaintance with the art of concocting, arranging, and developing a complete and highly wrought story. From the glaring defects, in this respect, of most cotemporary Irish writers of fiction, he is, however, in a great measure, free, and since Miss Edgeworth seems resolved to favour us no more with national tales, we hesitate not to assign the Irish championship of the pen to Mr. Griffin, at least till some more sturdy competitor, than he has yet had to encounter, shall arise.

Of the two tales which constitute the present volumes, the scene of the first is laid in our well known and romantic county of Wicklow; and our author tells us, that he gathered the groundwork of the story, from the relation of a guide who escorted him through the vale of Glendalough, or to use the designation by which it is more generally known to strangers, the valley of the Seven Churches. It is, no doubt, the privilege of genius to draw materials for its exercise from sources which to others would afford occasions only of weariness or annoyance, as the bee is said to sip honey from the most unsightly weed; but for our own parts, the recollections with which the garrulous and mercenary loquacity of county Wicklow guides are associated in our minds, have, until now, been any thing but pleasing. Nor do we think that Mr. Griffin himself, has been particularly happy in the selection of his story. Growing as it does out of the peculiar political relations of our people, there is a great deal too much, as we conceive, relating to magisterial duties and title-proctors, and process-servers and policemen, as well as of a querulous tone respecting the existing state of affairs in the Irish nation, which does not please our fancy in a work of fiction; and the numerous dialogues and remarks upon the efforts employed of late years for the conversion of Roman Catholics to the Protestant faith, and the air of ridicule that is thrown over them, appear to us in a very questionable taste, coming, as they do, from the pen of a Roman Catholic novelist. We may add, that the most prominent incident, upon which the action of the story turns, seems to us in a high degree unnatural, we had almost said revolting. Still the master-hand of genius is clearly discernible throughout, and more, far more, than redeems the defects which we have censured. Mr. Griffin does not venture on a full length portraiture of female character in any of his works; and in this, perhaps, he shews his judgment, for we think him much more happy in the delineation of wit and humour, and shrewdness, in short of the whole character of the Munster peasant, than in that of the more delicate, and to the unpractised eye, almost imperceptible traits, which distinguish the characters of persons of a higher grade, and still more, those of our fair countrywomen.

In his "parables" or stories introduced in the mouth of some native original, our author stands unrivalled; and as we do not intend to forestall the reader's pleasure in the perusal of the work itself, by any analysis or meagre outline of the plot, we shall present him rather with the following episode, which is perfectly independent of the story. It is only necessary to premise, that the legend is told in answer to a query as to the origin of the couplet familiar to Irish ears,

> Happy is the bride that the sun shines on,
> Happy is the corpse that the rain rains upon.

and that we have joined together the parts, which, in the story, are severed by a very portentous and important interruption:—

'Why then I will sir, tell you that:' said David, crossing his feet at full length, and lowering his head upon his breast. 'A couple, sir, that was there of a time, an' they had'nt only the one son, an' plenty of every thing about 'em. Well, himself was a very good man, he never sent a beggar away empty-handed from his house, he gave clothes to the naked, and food to the hungry, an' dhrink to to the dhry, an' every whole ha'p'orth, all to one thing alone, an' that was, that he never allowed any poor person to sleep a night inside his doore, be they ever so tired, because his wife was a terrible woman, an' he was in dhread of her tongue. As for her, the only thing she ever gave to any one in her life was an ould tatther'd skreed of a flannel petticoat she gave to one poor woman, an' the sheep's trotters that she used to have thrown out in the doore to 'em when they'd be crowdin' about it afther dinner.

'Well, it so happened, as things will happen, that the man died; an' if he did, the day he was buried, the rain kep powerin' down equal to a flood, until they had him laid in the grave. An' it is'nt long after until the woman

died likewise, an' a finer day never came out o' the sky than what she had goin' to the church-yard. Well, the son was thinkin' greatly, day an' night, about this, for he thought betther o' the father, a deal, than the mother, an' he wondhered to say she should have all the sunshine intirely, an' he to be drownded wet, an' his people after him, berrin'. Be this, an' be that, says the boy, says he, sthrikin' the jamb o' the doore this way with the flat of his hand, I never'll stop nor stay, says he, 'till I find out the raison o' that, or why it should be at all, says he. An' out he marched the doore.

'He walked a sighth that day, an' it was just about the dusk of the evenin' when he found himself in the middle of a lonesome wood, an' the sun goin' down, an' not havin' a place to turn to where he'd get shelter for the night. He went in farther an' deeper into the wood, but the farther he went the more lonesome it grew, an' a quare sort of appearance was in the air, an' on the threes, an' bushes, an' the sky, an' all about him. By an' by, there was no birds singin', nor a breath o' wind stirrin' nor a lafe movin' on the boughs, nor one thing showin' a sign of life, an' still it being the finest counthry ever you seen, only quare an' silent that way. He walked on farther an' farther, an' at last he seen a place among the threes that he thought was a church, only it had a little curl o' smoke comin' up through the boughs as if somebody was livin' there.

'He made towards the house, an' walked in the doore. Well, it was the finest place he ever seen in his life. There was a table laid out, an' a fine fire in the grate, an' all sorts o' cookery goin' on, an' a hale-looking old man sittin' near the table, preparin' his dinner, an' lookin' very pleasant and happy. Well, this boy, he up and told him what he wanted a night's lodgin', an' the old man made him come in, an' sit down and tell his story, what it was he was goin' lookin' for, an' afther he heerd it all: "Well, do you know who is it you have there now?" says the old man. "I don't," says the boy, "how should I know you when I never seen you before?" "You did see me, many's the time," says the old man, "an' why would'nt you? I'm your father," says he.—"O murther!" says the boy, "see this!"

'Well (not to make a long story of it,) they sat down, an' ate their dinner. They past the evenin' talkin', an' when it was bed-time, the father got up an' walked out, biddin' the boy not to mind him, an' left him alone be the fire. The night past away, an' he did'nt return, an' at last the boy got so sleepy, he said he'd thry about the place for a bed to sleep on. He made towards a door, an' opened it, an' if he did, what did he see within, only a fine feather bed an' curtains, an' a terrible big dog sittin' down upon the floore, an' lookin' him straight in the face. Hardly he offered to go a foot into the room, when the dog flew at him, an' was ready, I declare to you, Masther Francis, to tear him upon the spot. Well an' good, if he did, well became the boy, he moved backwards, an' left the place to the dog, an' took his seat again be the fire, as it might be this way, an' slep away till mornin'.

'When the old man came in, in the mornin', "Oh, then, father," says the boy, "was'nt it a dhroll thing o' you," says he, "to lay me in this way all night alone, without a bed to rest upon, or a ha'p'orth, an' I so tired." "Ah, my child," says the old man, "I could not give you what I had'nt myself'" "Why so," says the boy, "I thought you were in glory, father, ar'nt you happy?" "I am happy, my child," says the old man, "in all but one thing, as you may see. I can never stretch my limbs upon a bed, nor sleep under a roof, for ever, during duration, an' the raison is, because I never once gave a night's lodgin' to a poor man in my days on earth, an' all on account of your mother," says he. "Oh, father, father," says the boy, "an' is'nt that a poor case with you?" "It is," says the old man.

"An' I tell you now," says he, "what's the raison o' the different weather we had the time we were buried, the both of us. Your mother had a fine sunshiny day, for there was an awful judgment waiting for her, an' that was all the pleasure she was ever more to have, the light of the bright sun shinin' down upon her coffin until they put her in the earth. An' I, for my sins, had it rainin' heavy all that day, for that was all the ill usage I was ever to receive, besides the want of a bed." "An' is my mother here, father?" says the boy, "Put on your hat," says the father, "an' follow me."

'He did; he went afther him into a sort of a back yard, an' there he saw his mother, sittin' down on the bare stones, an' gnawin' sheep's trotters, with nothin' on her, to shelter her old bones from the cold, but a little skreed o' flannel, the image o' the one she gave the poor woman. "There's her fate for ever," says the old man, "an' the fate of all that has no charity on earth. But don't cry, my child, until you have more raison; come along, an' profit by what you see."

'They walked on a piece, an' it was'nt long until they came to a gate, where the old man knocked a while before it was opened. They past in, an' there the boy seen a great field, with a fog restin' low upon the ground, an' the place all still an' quiet, except that, now an' then, they could hear the cry of young childhren comin' through the fog. They went on, an' came to a well that was in the middle o' the field, an' there they saw, through the fog, a great multitude o' childhren pressing about the well, an' drinkin', an' sprinklin' themselves with the wather, out o' little mugs they carried in their hands.*

"Those" says the old man, "are the souls of the childhren that died without baptism," says he, "an' here they spend their time, without sufferin' pain or havin' any pleasure."

'They passed on through the field, an' came into another, where they saw a sighth of fine ladies an' gentlemen, walkin' arm in arm, under the shade of trees, an' the sun shinin', an' the place adorned with flowers an' shrubs of all sorts, an' streams, an' every whole ha'p'orth, in grand houses in groves, an' music, an' laughin', an' dancin', an' the best of atin' an' dhrinkin'. "Who are these, father," say the boy, "that seems to agree so well, an' live so happy?" "They are the married people," says the father, "that lived up to their duty in the world, that was constant an' thrue to one another in their troubles, that never changed their mind, nor looked afther other people, nor misbehaved in any one way.' "O vo!" says the boy.

'Well an' good, they passed through that place, an' they came to another, an' as they were comin' near it, they heard the greatest wrangling an' racketin' in the world, callin' of names, an' poll-talkin', an' cursin' and swearin'. In they come, into a great field, an' there they seen a power o' people, men an' women, haggin' at one another, an' pullin' caps, an' quarrellin' most disgraceful." "Alilu!" says the boy, "father, who in the world are these?" "They are the married people," says the father, "that could'nt agree upon earth, an' as they were so fond of bein' in hot wather in the world, they'll have plenty of it here for ever more."

'Well became 'em, they hurried through that field, an' came to another gate, an' passin' in, they found themselves in a fine shrubbery with herbs, an' furze, and underwood of all sorts in great exuberance. There was a tall rock in the middle o' the place, and on the very top of it was a goat with goolden horns, and a long beerd, and the hair sweeping down to his hoofs, an' he browzing for himself on the sweetest of herbage. "What goat is that, father?" says the boy. "Ask himself, child, if you wish to know." So the boy med up to the goat, an' axed him. "If I might make so bould,' says he, "who are you that has them fine goolden horns upon your head?" "Femoor-na-mown," says the goat. "Is it the common robber an' highwayman, that I seen prepared for death, myself, in our village," says the boy, "an' that the priest had so poor an opinion of?" "The very same,' says the goat, "I'm here for ever with plenty of provisions, and a house to sleep in," says he. "I never turned a poor man out of my house, while I was in the world, and the Almighty would'nt turn me out of his house afther I left it."

'Well, the next field they came to, there was'nt so much as a daisy or a blade o' grass upon the ground, and the place looking very lonesome, an' a fat elderly man tied in chains in the middle of it, cryin' an' bawlin,' an' dressed in the dirtiest rags, except the cravat that was about his neck, an' that was as white as the snow. "That's a methodist preacher, that's tied there," says the father, "an' that's all the clothin' he'll ever get for all eternity." "An' tell me father," says the son, "what is it makes the cravat so clean an' nice, an' the rest of his clothes not fit to be seen?" "Of a day," says the old man, "when he was out preachin," his servant maid put that cravat upon her, as a handkitcher, goin' to mass, an' it got a sprinklin' o' the holy wather in the chapel, an' that's the only clane tack he has on him," says he, "for all eternity."

'Well an' good, they passed out o' that field, an' they came, all at once, into a lonesome wood, with a lake as black as a cloud in the middle, an' threes as high as castles hangin' over it, an' not a sound in the place, except a poor man that was wanderin' to an' fro on the bordhers o' the lake, an' cryin,' as if all belongin' to him were stretched. "Oh, the day!" says he, "that I sold my child! Oh, brother, give him back to me again! Oh, who will spread my bed, or sing to me, or keep me company, in this lonesome wood, for ever?"

"Do you see that man?" says the father, "I do to be sure," says the boy, "what is it, ails him, his cries would move the Danes?" "That's Peter Duhig," says the father, "that lived a-near you formerly. He had a brother that was very rich, an' dhrove in his gig, while Pether had'nt so much as would buy *kitchen*,

* Probably from some superstition, having the same origin as this portion of the curious, and in many instances beautiful, legend above given, the peasantry usually place a small vessel in the coffin with the body of an infant.

for the piaties with his wife an' children. One evening, afther his eldest boy's death, his brother's servant was going for wather, an' he heerd some one singing most beautiful in the wood. He looked in among the threes, an' there he saw Pether's child, that was buried the week before, rovin' about, singin' and pullin' rushes. "Erra, is that you, Johnny?" says the servant boy. "To be sure it is," says he, "What are you doin', Johnny?" "Pullin' a bed for my father, the way he'll have it to lie upon in heaven, when he dies," says the child. So the servant went home, an' told it to his masther. "O, then, what luck I had," says the masther, "that did'nt marry, like my poor brother, an' have childher to spread a bed for me in heaven." Well, he went himself to learn was it fact, an' when he did, he med off at once to the brother's cottage, an' offered him a farm, an' money, if he'd only sell him the child, an' never left him pace or quietness, until he took the offer. Well, the next time the servant went out, in place o' hearin' him singin', 'tis cryin' he heerd the child. "E' what ails you, Johnny?" says he. "Its little admiration I should cry," says Johnny, "an' my father to sell me to my uncle, so that I can't do anything now for him, but the bed that was laid for him must be given to my uncle." An' sure 'twas thrue for him, for when the father came to hear of it, he got a stitch an' died, and there's the way with him now."

"An' now, my good boy," says the father, "it is betther for you to go no farther, for you'll see sights, an' hear sounds, beyond this place, that would make you a mournful man for ever. Return now to your house, do all the good you can while you live on earth, give alms to the poor, never turn away a beggar from your doore, never gridge a night's lodgin' to a weary thraveller, be regular at mass every Sunday, and at your duty o' Christmas an' Easther, beware of dances and tents at the pattherns, an' jig-houses, an' benefits, say your prayers mornin' an' evenin', an' hearken to your parish priest; do your duty by your family an' those dependin' on you, take care how you lay out the mains the Almighty gave you, an' my hand to you, the finest bed of down that was ever spread in a king's palace upon the earth is a flinty rock in comparison of the bed that 'll be spread for you by the angels in heaven."

'He said the word, an' led the boy back by another way to the gate of the house where he entered first. He opened a door in a high wall there, and what was the surprise o' the boy to find himself in his own garden, with the birds singin', an' the sheep bleatin', in the paddock. He went into his house, sayin' nothin' to anybody, an' he led such a life afther, that the priest himself was'nt a patch upon him for piety.'

So much for an Irish version of the Inferno.

Of the numerous conversations respecting the progress of the Reformation among the Roman Catholic peasantry, the characteristic dialogue which follows, is, we think, decidedly the best:—

'About a fortnight after this event, Francis was returning late in the evening through the village of Roundwood, when a sudden and heavy descent of rain compelled him to take shelter at an inn on the right hand. There had been a fair in the neighbourhood, and the house was full of guests. The light, from the windows and the open door, streamed across the street, making the rain drops sparkle as they fell into its beams. The sound of mirth was loud within the house, and the uproar was but slightly diminished when Francis made his appearance. Wrapped in a white great coat, and with his hat drawn low upon his brow, he passed unrecognized among the crowd, and gained a distant corner, shadowed by the projecting porch of the fire-place, whence he might contemplate all the company, without incurring the observation of any.

'The landlord was busy in his shop. A large fire sent light and heat through the room, and shone on many a merry countenance. On one side of the fire-place were [was] a number of young men and girls, laughing loudly, while on the other sat a number of middle-aged men, who were carrying on a graver conversation, in which, nevertheless, many appeared highly interested. The usual centre of attraction, in such scenes, a table and vessels for drink, was not forgotten here, though many preferred to sit apart, each with his own brown fount of inspiration, and worship Bacchus in Montmellic Ale.

'No Saint Pathrick!' exclaimed one old man in a tone of surprise, while he gently moved the liquor in his pewter drinking vessel, 'that's a dhroll thing.'

'Why then it is,' said another, 'an' I heerd it, for all. I heerd Mr. Damer, over, prove it out of a book, that there was'nt such a man at all there, nor no talk of him, at the time.'

'What's that you're sayin', Phil?' asked a hoarse voice from the corner.

'That Saint Pathrick was never there at all, he's sayin',' replied the old man, turning round with a smile, as if in hope of finding some successful counter-argument.

'Saint Pathrick, eroo?'

'Iss, then.'

'Erra, howl.'

'Faix, I'm in airnest.'

'An' what's more, I believed him too,' continued the retailer of the paradox, 'until I was talkin' of it, afther, to Misther Lenigan, the Latin taicher, an' he made light of it in a minute, for sure, says he, if there was no Saint Pathrick, what did they build the ould ruins for? an' if they were built by any body, might'nt it as well be Saint Pathrick as any body else? Eh, now, Jerry?'

'It stands to raison, what you say.'

'Erra, I would'nt mind a word one o' them convarthers would be sayin' to me,' said a young man who had got his arm round his sweetheart's waist, 'they have arguments that would bother the Danes, an' you'd think the world could'nt gainsay what they'd tell you, an' when you'd be listenin' to the Priest, afther, before two minutes, he would'nt lave 'em worth a button. I'd rather be talkin' to Mary here, be 'r two selves, a-near the fire-side, than to hear all the convarthers in Europe.'

'Ayeh,' said Mary, tossing her head incredulously.

'Tis thrue, I tell you.'

'Ayeh, talkin' is aisy, Jim.'

'M' asthora you wor—

Your eyes, 'tis true, are a sweet sky blue,
Your cheeks the hue of the crimson rose;
Your hair, behold, does shine like gold,
In flowing rolls, it so nicely grows.
Your skin is white as the snow by night,
Straight and upright is your portly frame;
The chaste Diana, an' the fair Susanna,
Are eclipsed in grandeur by my lovely dame.'

'Well, it's all one,' said an old flax-dresser, in a corner, 'these converts—'

'Perverts, you should call 'em,' interrupted a new voice, which was no other than that of Lenigan, 'tisn't converted they are, but perverted, the heavens look down upon 'em.'

'Perverts, then, if it be perverts. I say there isn't one o' them but what comes round again in the latter end. When the world is slippin' away from undher us, heaven save us, it is then the truth will break out for all.'

'It's true for you,' observed a smith, taking a pipe from his mouth, and knocking off the ashes with the tip of his little finger, 'there's that Tobin, that turned to plase Lacy, the magisthrate, he's for turnin' again now, to plase himself. He came to me a couple o' days ago, down to the forge, to get a nail dhruv in a loose shoe, an' I never heerd but how he talked o' Lacy. Some argument they had about money, that Tobin said was owin' to him, an' Lacy wouldn't pay it.'

'Shasthone!' said the first speaker, it's a good sign for the counthry to have 'em breakin!'

'Indeed,' ejaculated the smith, 'that same Misther Lacy will be in a place yet where the tip of his finger will light his pipe for him, if he does'nt change his behaviour.'"

The descriptions of scenery are, for the most part, exceedingly good, and afford additional pleasure from the circumstance of their relating to places with which we are all so intimately acquainted.

Tracy's ambition is perhaps a better organised story than the other, but on the whole, is one of less absorbing interest. More than one of the principal incidents in it, we recognize as embellished versions of circumstances, which actually occurred during the disturbances in the South of Ireland. The murder of a son on one occasion, and of a wife on another, of the parties who had incurred the hatred of the murderers, is probably still fresh in the memory of most of our readers.

The whole of this story bears relation to the unhealthy, horrible condition of society in the South, during that dreadful period of insurrection in 1821-22, in a manner of which our readers will easily be able to form a judgment from the extracts that follow, without trenching on the interest with which he will afterwards peruse the story at length. The interlocutors are a trading magistrate, and his hired informer:—

'Come in, come in, and shut the door,' he said, addressing a tall man in a frieze riding coat and standing collar. He then threw himself into the chair, and glanced his eye over his note book, while his companion took his place modestly at the end of the table, where he stood, with his hat in his hand, awaiting the pleasure of his patron.

'Five and nine pence a week they have allowed you, Mihil,' said the latter, commencing from the day of the information against the Hennessys.'

'Five an' nine-pence, sir? Why then it's little enough, is'nt it, Mr. Dalton?'

'It all depends upon your own diligence, Mihil. Stir yourself and look about you, and you may double it, may-be, before long. Are you sure none of the lads below stairs recognized you?'

'Oh, not one of 'em, sir. I kept the collar up about my ears, so that they could'nt tell from Adam, who is it was there.'

'So much the better, for there should not be the slightest appearance of any understanding between you and our people, or the whole scheme would be destroyed at once. Well, did you swear many these two last weeks?'

'A power. The whole country is running into it with their mouths open, like ducks to a grain of oats.'

The magistrate listened like a sportsman receiving a description of a good *cover*, while he touched his lip with the tip of his Bramah pencil and prepared to write.

'Well, come, give me the names of your recruits.'

'I heard one of 'em spake of a place where they had as good as fifteen stand of arms together one night last week.'

'Who was that?'

'Any thing for the liquor! That's the way with the Gutyragget boys. Distress and hardship and the want of meat and drink drives a deal of 'em into the business. But the whiskey finishes the job for 'em, when once they're in. The whiskey destroys more souls in Ireland than either rope or gun.'

'Come, you scoundrel,' said Dalton, 'do you think I am to sit here listening to you moralizing on the state of the country? What were the names of the men who took the croppie oaths, I ask you again?'

'I ax your worship's pardon if I done any thing contrary, but I was only saying that if it was a thing a man had a trifle to throw away on 'em by way of a treat, as it were, what a sight he could get out of them.'

'I understand. You want money from me before you will condescend to reveal. For a ruffian who knows that his life depends upon the breath of my lips, you are a daring fellow. But I like your audacity. It gives me some promise that you will not flinch when your fear clashes with your interest on some future possible occasion. There is a sovereign for you.'

'Long may your honour live! I'd sooner take a sovereign o' your money any day than five pound of another man's.'

'That's a confounded falsehood, and you know it is, you rascal. But let me hear your names.'

The spy accordingly furnished, with much precision, a list of names and residences which were copied with various accompanying circumstances of Indentification, by the Chief Magistrate.

'Shanahan!' he suddenly exclaimed, starting with a look of strong interest, as he repeated one of the names—'Was *he* sworn? Did *he* join ye?'

'As fast bound as a spancelled goat. Oh, that's a wild, tearing boy, that won't be long without getting himself a lodging free of expense.'

'I am glad of it—I'll plague the dog!—Shanahan—Morty Shanahan of Abel Tracy's farm you mean, don't you?'

'No, I don't, but Tom Shanahan of Rath-Danaher in the mountains, above.'

'Psha!' Dalton exclaimed, flinging down his book in disappointment, 'you are a blockhead. You knew I only cared about *one* Shanahan.'

'Oh, then, I m afeerd it is in vain for us to hope to make any thing of him.—He is too regular, too watchful. Unless it were a thing one could carry a point, by dropping an old pistol or a thing o' the kind behind his doore.'

Dalton here fixed upon the speaker one of those piercing looks by which he was frequently apt to betray himself, and to put others out of countenance. Apparently, however, he found the leathern phisiognomy of the informer to be composed of no penetrable stuff, for he returned to the contemplation of his pocket book without making any reply.

'And this is all?' he said, after the spy had concluded his information.—'Did you hear nothing since about that strange tall yellow man?'

I listened here with a strong interest.

'He's rather out o' my line,' said the ruffian, 'being a gentleman, and never mixing with any o' the lower order. No one could tell me any thing about him: nor was there one in the place that knew any more of him than I did myself.'

''Tis very strange. A person of his singular appearance coming suddenly into the country, at so suspicious a conjuncture, without a single respectable acquaintance, and without, as you say, any apparent want of money.'

'Want? He rowls upon it. He's as off hand with a guinea or a pound note as another would be with a sixpence.'

'Does he exercise any remarkable liberality amongst the people?'

'He laves his token afther him, wherever he goes, and them that meet are sorry to part him. He does'nt to say fling his money away, as a gentleman should, but he gives it in plenty, and where he sees 'tis wanting.'

Dalton here wrote for a moment in his notebook, while this disinterested observer of human character followed up his communications.

'The nearest guess I could make at the business was this. You know Mr. Purtill of the mountains, behind?'

'Well? I do—He owes me money.'

'That Purtill, I'm tould, had a brother here in the country before he went abroad; an' having a difference with him about some part o' the farm, I hear the brother went off greatly vexed, to the paytriots in South America, where they said after that he made a power o' money. Well, sir, you see, I'm thinking 'tis like enough this tall yellow man is neither more nor less than Purtill's brother come home again; and having the spleen in still again this man, he does'nt like to show himself at the house, but prefers going roving about the country, to see what changes would be in the place since he left it.'

The interview with the process server, which follows soon after, may afford a further illustration of our meaning, and cannot fail of amusing our readers:—

'Well, who are you?' said Dalton, suddenly raising his head and staring the new comer in the face.'

''Tis I, Sir, Maney Kennedy, plase your honour,' the man replied, ducking his head two or three times, and grinning in mingled fear and courtesy.

'Oh, Maney, my little terrier, is that you? Well, did you take my message to O'Decimum, the tythe proctor?'

'I did, Sir, plase your honour,' with another duck of the head, 'an' tis the answer he made me to come with me himself, an' he's below in the parlour, waiten to spake to your honour, Sir, I was afeered to say a word to him about the bizness when I heerd he was coming to your honour, in dread I might spoil the bizness.'

'You are a cautious, fine fellow. You are always 'afeerd,' and, 'in dread,' but your fear is a brilliant fear, and your dread is the dread of a man of intellect. Did your prudent fear enable you to do any thing with respect to my process against Mr. Paul Purtill?'

The 'little terrier' of the Magistrate's human pack twisted his wiry countenance into an expression of excelling shrewdness at this question, shrugged his shoulders, and shook his head with much archness.

'Your honour never gav me a more contrairy job than that yet. I was afeerd I never could do it, for Mr. Purtill is a wild jettleman that does'nt much care what he does, an'he has a strong back in the boy sof his neighbourhood, who won't see any branch o' the family *insulted*. Well, I was very unaisy in myself, for I remembered well that Tim Ready, a man that would make four of myself, tried to sarve a process on the same gentleman, and was fairly murthered three times running (heaven save the mark) upon his lawn out before the hall doore, an' sure, says I to myself, if he was'nt able for 'em, what could I do? lord sa' me, says I. Well, what did I do? Easy now a minute, an' I'll tell your honour the whole story. I got up in the morning, to-day morning, an' I said to myself an' I drawin' on my stockings, 'Now,' says I, 'Kennedy, mind yourself. You know,' says I, 'that Mr. Purtill is no child's play to have to do with, an' if you don't take care o' yourself, I'm afeerd—I'm afeerd' says I, 'something that's not good will happen you. You know,' says I, "he 's up to all the law in Europe, an' keeps no man servant, only one old woman an' a Newfoundlan' dog, an' lives by himself in a small cottage in the mountains, where he's ever an' always on his guard again all manner o' writs, an' summonses, an' processes, an' law papers of every nature. So take care o' yourself, I advise you,' says I, 'an' look about you, or you may have a quare story to tell before night,' says I. Well what did I do? I got an old bag, an' rowled a couple o' sugans about my ankles, an' put an old tattered coat belonging to a bucaugh [lame beggar] in the neighbourhood upon my back, an' I stuck a short pipe in the side o' my mouth, and thrun (threw) the bag, with a few praties in the bottom of it, up over my shoulder, an' off I set to the mountains, taking a blackthorn stick in my hand, in dread the Newfoundlan' dog would be conthrairy with me. So when I came a near the place, in dread they'd suspect something wrong if I went sthraight to the house, I called at a few o' the neighbour's cabins, axing a charity (I have a good face for it, they tell me, Sir,") here he made another grin—'an' done my business so well that it was'nt long till I had the bag a' most full. Well, in dread it would be late with me, I took a short cut across the fields, an' waited a while behind the haggart till I seen the ould woman going down the lawn for a can o' spring water, an' the dog afther her. I got up: an', afeerd that Mr. Purtill, if he saw a paper in my hand, would slap the doore in my face before the process could be duly sarved, I rowled an' twisted it up tight, an' putt it in my pocket, an' came and knocked at the hall-doore. There being no one in the house, Mr. Purtill himself kem (came) an' opened it. 'Well, what do you want? there's nothing here for you,' says he. 'Eyah then, wisha, nothen in the wide world, Sir,' says I, 'only I thought may be the ould woman would be within, that she'd putt this bit of a match in the ashes for me, till I'd light my pipe again the road.' 'Oh, if that's all,' says he, 'I'll do it myself my poor man, an welcome,' says he. So he tuk the paper to light it. 'Wisha, then, the heavens bless your honour,' says I, 'an'

mind, Mr. Purtill, you have it, now.' 'What have I?' says he, 'Mr. Dalton's process, says I; 'an he expects you'll answer it-a' Monday.' Well, I never seen a man in such a born rage. He hullooed the dog an' the people afther me, but there was nobody in hearing; and I *thrus* my fine bag o' praties, more was the pity, upon the gravel (afeerd they'd be too heavy for me,) and I cut, and I run, an' I pelted away over the rocks an' stones, hedges and ditches, driving an' pushing for the bare life, until I came to the head o' the sthreet above, where I was tould your honour was stopping at Mc Gawyl's, here.'

To this second tale, Mr. Griffin subjoins a conclusion in which he closes his notice of the Munster Festivals, in the following terms.

"And here, indulgent reader, we proceed to let fall the curtain on this series of national dramas, which your gentle favour has enabled us to prolong, unbroken, to the ninth weary volume. We proposed at the outset, no more laborious task than that of furnishing a number of Tales, comprising some account of those annual feasts, which are still celebrated, with a religious care in the southern parts of Ireland. That plan is now completed. We have done honour to Candlemas-day, on the shores of the since far-famed County of Clare, at the return of Duke Dorgan—we have heard from the lips of Remmy O'Lone, an ample historical explanation of the rustic ceremonies of St. Stephen's day—we have lighted the fires of St. John, for the dismay and the destruction of the Coiner—we have followed the fickle Hardress Cregan, among the city revellers of St. Patrick's-day—and the May-day mummers in the country—we have sat with Eily O'Connor by her lonely Christmas candle—we have called Esther Wilderming from the grave, to catechise the white robed votaries of St. Bridget—and, finally, we have witnessed the distribution of palms, under the guidance of the ambitious Abel Tracy. Our task is therefore ended, and nothing remains for us, but that, until the lapse of some further time and observation shall enable us to present ourselves before you with something more worthy of your attention, we bid you indulgent reader, kindly farewell."

But though our author thus courteously "takes leave," he is still "loth to depart," and treats us to a short additional disquisition, ex professo upon politics, before closing the volume. This final conclusion, in which nothing is concluded, is temperately written, but rather out of place. It states, that the first step towards the amelioration of the condition of the Irish peasant, "must be such an improvement in his political position, as will place him beyond the influence of that sordid motive, which is the offspring of want." The means of effecting this, our author, if we understand him rightly, conceives to be by compelling the residence of the absentee landlords, but with his political opinions we do not wish to intermeddle.

We have to remark that these volumes are defaced by gross typographical errors, in almost every page, and had they issued from the *Irish* press, we should have denounced them as a disgrace to the mechanical accuracy of the country. To the English printing, however, we must in courtesy, be more indulgent. It will be pleasant by and bye, to see the London publishers sending to Dublin to get their works correctly printed. At all events, it will not be the first time.

We cannot conclude this Review, without favouring our readers with some specimens of a poem on the well known story of Kevin and Cathleen, with which Mr. Griffin prefaces his first volume. Often as the romantic legend has been versified, we know not that such ample justice has ever before been done to its simple beauty.

THE FATE OF CATHLEEN,
A WICKLOW STORY.

I.

In Luggelaw's deep-wooded vale,
The summer eve was dying;
On lake, and cliff, and rock, and dale,
A lulling calm was lying;
And virgin saints and holy men
The vesper song were singing,
And sweetly down the rocky glen
The vesper bell was ringing.

II.

Soft gloom fell from the mountain's breast,
Upon the lake declining;
And half in gentle shade was dress't,
And half like silver shining—
And by that shore young Kevin stands,
His heart with anguish laden;
And timid there, with wreathed hands,
A fair and gentle maiden.

* * *

XXXIII.

In Luggelaw's deep-wooded vale,
The summer dawn was breaking,
On lake and cliff, and wood, and dale,
Light, life, and joy were waking,
The skylark in the ear of morn
His shrilly fife was sounding,
With speckled side, and mossy horn,
The deer were up and bounding.

XXXIV.

Young Nature now all bustlingly
Stirs from her nightly slumber,
And puts those misty curtains by
Her mighty couch that cumber.
And dews hang fresh on leaf and thorn,
And o'er each eastern highland,
Those golden clouds at eve and morn
That grace our own green island.

XXXV.

Light laughed the vale, gay smiled the sun,
Earth's welcome glad returning,
Like valour come when wars are done,
To beauty in her mourning.
The night calm flies, the ruffling breeze
Sports on the glancing water,
And gently waves the tangled trees
Above the chieftain's daughter.

* * *

KEVIN'S DREAM.

XLVI.

He dreamed that at the golden gate
Of heaven, flung wide and gleaming,
He heard soft music as he sate,
And saw bright pinions beaming:
Millions of sainted shapes he saw,
In light and fragrance ranging,
And calm delight, and holy awe,
In speaking looks exchanging.

XLVII.

He strove to join that angel band,
But in the porch before him,
With mocking eye and warning hand,
Cathleen stood glooming o'er him;
She thrust him from the sainted crowd,
The gates rung clanging after,
And on his ear came long and loud
A peal of fearful laughter.

XLVIII.

Again it opes, again he tries
To join that glorious vision,
Again with lifted hands, and eyes
Deep fixed in keen derision:
That minion of the burning deep
Stands wrapt in gloom before him,
Up springs he from his broken sleep,
And sees her trembling o'er him!

XLIX.

"Vengeance!" he yelled, and backward tess'd
His arms, and muttered wildly:
The frighted maid her forehead crossed,
And drooped before him mildly.
"Oh, slay me not—Oh, Kevin, spare
The life thy Lord has given!"
He paused, and fixed that barren stare,
Upon the brightening heaven.

L.

"Cathleen," he sighed, "that timely word
Has left my hands unbloody;
But see, the early morning bird,
Sings in the sunshine ruddy.
Before that matin strain be o'er
Fly far, sad-hate, and fear me;
For death is on this gloomy shore,
And madness haunting near me."

LI.

"With clenched teeth, and pallid cattle
(Love's last despairing token),
She flung her arms around him, while
Her heart beat thick and broken.
She clasp'd him as she would have grown
Into his breast for ever:
Then fixed her gaze upon his own,
And eternally whispered—"Never!"

LII.

Again, again! those madding dreams
Upon his soul awaken,
The fiend athwart his eye ball stirs—
Those golden gates are shaken!—
Again he hears that wringing mock
The vision'd stillness breaking,
And hurls the maiden from the rock
Into the black lake, shrieking!

Recollections of Travels in the East; forming a continuation of the Letters from the East. By John Carne, Esq. of Queen's College, Cambridge. 1 vol. 8vo. p. p. 348.—London, Colburn and Bentley, 1830.

We remember three or four years ago reading with very considerable pleasure, Mr. Carne's Letters from the East, to which the present volume is intended to form a sort of supplement. Mr. Carne's style is always light, harmonious, and agreeable, often picturesque and brilliant, and we can safely recommend his volume as very pleasant reading. Novel information is scarcely to be looked for, in the description of scenes already so familiar to the mind of every reader, as the topography of the holy land. Still the power of association over the human mind is so strong, that every the minutest detail relating to

——Those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nail'd,
For our advantage, on the bitter cross,

is seen or listened to with an intensity of interest, proportionate to the heart-engrossing importance of the circumstances and events with which the scene is naturally connected in the mind of every sincere believer in the sublime truths of Christianity. That one should linger with awe and wonder, and pleasing sadness, among the scenes which the divine founder of our faith dignified by his presence, and adorned by his acts of love to our species, that one should tread, with reverential fondness, the paths consecrated by the wanderings of the early champions of our own religion, and visit with eagerness and care the districts proudly distinguished, even before that era, as the land marked out by God himself for the chosen residence of his peculiar people, is almost a part of the religion of human nature. The country of the four gospels is sacred and familiar to the mind from childhood. The Mount of Olives, and the Mount of Calvary—the river and the lake, and the brook Hebron, and the garden, are brought so distinctly before us, in the narratives of the evangelists, that when the spot is visited, the spectator unconsciously forgets its actual existing circumstances,—its 'ruined arch and broken wall,' and peoples his imagination with the deeds and the beings that have been, which now seem to assume a local and a tangible existence, that they never had before. Accordingly we find, that in every age, since christianity was established in the world, the desire to visit and examine the country of Palestine has prevailed; and many have been found at all times eager to present such as remained at home, less favored than themselves, with minute descriptions of these interesting scenes. Nor has the frequency of these accounts entirely destroyed their novelty or zest. Different

men have different experiences; nor would any two, perhaps, in existence, feel or express their feelings in exactly the same way, were travellers visiting the same spot, and writing stories of their travels, till the day of judgment.

When we say Mr. Carne is a light and pleasant writer, we think we have said all.—His present volume, too, is, perhaps, somewhat *de trop*. It is too like the weedings of the portfolio out of which he had supplied his letters from the East; and he unfortunately sometimes forgets, and almost repeats himself. He frequently hazards opinions also, which are closely connected with important religious doctrines, in a manner always superficial, and generally we think unsound. If he had only steered clear of such matters altogether, we should have been infinitely better pleased, than to hear him uttering crudities on such an awfully important subject. We shall show more precisely what we mean, at the close of our extracts, which we shall commence with the following interesting account of the tomb of Rachel.

"The western path from the city is extremely bare and desolate; it passes over the valley, or rather plain of Rephidim, that extends for many miles, having scarcely a single habitation on it. One dwelling only on the left, meets the passenger's eye, and sometimes tempts his footsteps, in search of refreshment in the sultry waste; it is a mean Turkish coffee-house, where the reviving berry and the pipe are ready at a moment's call. The Arab, prowling cautiously in the neighbourhood, or hastening to the banner of some chief, turns aside to this solitary auberge, as it might be called; but the pilgrim more rarely and warily approaches, for it has rather a suspicious look.

"A few miles farther on, are the ruins of the village of Rama; fragments of walls, only a few feet high, are now the vestiges of the place where the prophet so beautifully predicted the mourning for the Innocents. There is a spot on the plain, at no great distance from this ruined village, of much higher interest,—the tomb of Rachel. It is one of the few places where the observer is persuaded that tradition has not erred; as it fulfils literally the words of Israel in his last hour, when dwelling on the only indelible remembrance that earth seemed to claim from him. The long exile, the converse with the angels of God, the wealth and greatness which had gathered round him, all yield to the image of the loved and faithful wife: 'And as for me, Rachel died by me, in the way from Bethlehem, and I buried her there.'

"The spot is as wild and solitary as can well be conceived; no palms or cypresses give their shelter from the blast; not a single tree spreads its shade where the ashes of the beautiful mother of Israel rest. Yet there is something in this sepulchre in the wilderness, that excites a deeper interest than more splendid or revered ones. The tombs of Zacharias and Absalom, in the valley of Jehosaphat, or of the Kings in the plain of Jeremiah, the traveller looks at with careless indifference; beside that of Rachel his fancy wanders 'to the land of the people of the East,' to the power of beauty that could so long make banishment sweet; to the devoted companion of the wanderer, who deemed all troubles light for her sake.

"The Turks have surrounded most of the burial-places of the chief characters of the Old Testament, with more pomp and stately observance than this; over that of David and Solomon, on the declivity of Zion, a mosque is erected; the cave too of Machpelah, at Hebron, is covered by a large and ancient mosque, and all around, the soil is held inviolable. The cave is in the middle of the interior of the edifice; its dark and deep entrance only is visible; and it is rarely entered, even by the steps of the faithful. For more than a century, not more than two or three Europeans are known, either by daring or bribery, to have visited it; the last was an Italian Count, a traveller, who, by paying very high, was allowed by his guardians to tread the floor of the mosque, and descend into the obscurity of the hallowed cavern; this was thirty years since. It is a great pity that so memorable a scene should be closed to the curious eye; the bold valley in which the ancient town of Hebron stands is often visited by the steps of the pilgrim and the traveller; but the penalty of death to every Christian who enters within the walls of the mosque, is too dear a payment for the gratification. The cave is said by the Turks to be deep and very spacious, cut out of the solid rock; and that the resting-places of the celebrated patriarchs still exist, and are plainly to be discerned.

"The tribute paid, however, by the followers of the Prophet to the burial-place of Rachel, is far more sincere and impressive, than walls of marble or gilded domes: the desire which the Turks feel that their ashes may rest near hers, is singular and extreme. All around this simple tomb, lie thickly strewn the graves of the Mussulmans. A trait such as this, speaks more for the character of this people, than many volumes written in their praise; for it cannot be for any greatness, or wisdom, or holiness, in the character of her who sleeps beneath, (for which qualities they show so much respect to the sepulchres of Abraham, of David, and his son)—but simply for the high domestic virtues and qualities which belonged to Rachel, she was a devoted wife and an excellent mother, as well as the parent of a mighty people; and for these things do the Turks venerate her memory.'

"It is a scene of no common interest, when a funeral train issues from the gate of the city, and, passing slowly over the plain of Rephidim, draws nigh the lonely sepulchre, with an earnest desire that the parent or child whose remains they bear, may sleep in a spot so venerated. Was a Jew to cross the procession, at this moment, he would be treated with deep curses, and looks of hatred and scorn, by the very people who are about to kneel around the ashes of one of his ancestors. Deeply fallen nation! forbidden even to draw near or bow down at the place that is full of the remembrance of its ancient greatness. So rigidly are the Jews excluded from entering the monument, that the four arches which support the simple dome have been filled up. The band of mourners stand round the place, and the turban is bowed to the earth, while the funeral wail passes over the solitary waste, solemn and impressive, as if the spirits of the prophets themselves had come back, and saw the desolation of their land.

"No slender pillars of wood or stone, with inscriptions in letters of gold, are here, not a single memorial, which this people are otherwise so fond of erecting in their cemeteries. It seems to be sufficient, that they are placed beneath the favourite sod; and small and numerous mounds, over which the survivor sometimes comes and weeps, mark the places of the graves. If it be beautiful, in the splendid cemetry of Père la Chaise, to see the widow or the orphan planting flowers over the ashes of the departed, and bathing them with their tears, it is surely more impressive to see the Oriental, in his simple and flowing garb, like that worn perhaps in patriarchal days, mourning over the lonely grave in the wilderness, where human pride and vanity cannot come."

Mr. Carne subsequently conducts us to Egypt, and visits the pyramids,—describes the scenes of the wanderings of the Israelites, and returns to Mahmoud Ali, and lady Hester Stanhope, of whom, we thought we had heard enough from him in his letters. The following is the account of his visit to the passage of the Red Sea.

"The setting of the sun, from the spot where we stood, was very beautiful, although there were neither groves nor vales on which the sinking rays might linger, but a low and naked shore. But this was not the case on the other side of the sea, to which nature had been more bountiful: the mountains were there bold and lofty, and the sun was sinking slowly behind them, while his red beams rested on their broken ridges. They were the same amidst which the Israelites were entangled in their flight; and the wilderness on the other side being a sandy expanse, left them at the mercy of their pursuers. It was the divine intention, doubtless, from the first, to destroy the power of Egypt, as the route towards the head of the Red Sea, was equally direct and near, and the desert of Sin was then open to the fugitives, without either mountain or wave in the way.

"The twilight soon rested on the silent sheet of water, that was not broken by a single bark or vessel from the ports below, as the breeze was too faint to carry them through its uncertain navigation, that abounds with shoals and rocks. The rugged forms of the mountains opposite grew dim and indistinct. No sound broke on the stillness of the beach, on which we now lay down to rest, save the faint murmur of the shallow water; and there was little danger of intruders, for the place was too desert to tempt either the wandering Bedouin or the busy fisherman. The hours fled almost unperceived; the scene was full of interest; and we could not help recalling the description of the famous passage of this sea by the chosen people, that has given rise to so many fruitless doubts and explanations. What a noble subject for a painter, that hour of darkness and terror would be, and the rushing of the hosts through the wild gulf! It should seem that the absurd idea of representing the waves standing 'like a wall on each side,' had as well be abandoned. This is giving a literal interpretation to the evidently figurative words of Scripture; where it is said that God 'caused the sea to go back all night, by a strong east wind;' and when the morning dawned, there was probably a wide and waste expanse, from which the waters had retired to some distance; and that 'the sea returning to his strength in the morning,' was the rushing back of an impetuous and resistless tide, inevitable, but not instantaneous, for it is evident the Egyptians turned and fled from its approach."

The concluding paragragh affords a fair sample of Mr. Carne's mode of accommodating passages of scripture to whatever notions he may chance to have taken up, without that

careful and minute investigation so requisite, before hazarding an opinion on such a subject. Had Mr. Carne taken the trouble of consulting a little more carefully the fourteenth chapter of the book of Exodus, he would have discovered, not only that his plan for the escape of fugitives who fled on foot before a mounted enemy, would, humanly speaking, have been madness; but that the fact that the Israelites walked upon dry land, *in the midst* of the sea, and the waters were a wall unto them, *on their right hand, and on their left*, is twice repeated in the 22d and 29th verses, in a manner so precise and emphatic, as wholly to preclude his nice easy little theory, for saving the Israelites by a sort of half-miracle.

Tales of the Classics. A new delineation of the most popular Fables, Legends, and Allegories commemorated in the works of Poets, Painters, and Sculptors: selected and written by a lady, for the amusement and instruction of her own daughters.—3 vols. 8vo. London, Colburn and Bentley, 1830.

It is not easy for a scholar, who has quarried his way through hard rock Greek to a competent knowledge of the various topics of classical antiquity, to do justice to the prettiness of a lady's book on such a subject. Nevertheless, if the polished corners of the Temple *are* to be adorned with the flowers of Heathen mythology, we know of no work in which the portion of information fit to be made known to them is more fully or more delicately conveyed, than in that which forms the subject of the present notice. It commences with a prose paraphrase of the beginning of Ovid's Metamorphoses, touching Chaos, the Creation and the Four Ages of Gold, Silver, Brass, and Iron. Then come the Wars of the Giants and Deucalion's Flood. And eke the various stories of Ovid (to whom, after all, even we who affect to be skilled in scholar-craft, are principally indebted, after Hesiod, for our information,) stripped, however, of their apparent indelicacy and suitably attired in holiday terms. The Greek and Roman stories are continued down to the time of Julius Cæsar. It happened that recently before taking up these volumes, we had been reading over, we shall not say whether for the tenth or twentieth time, the Hecuba of Euripides, stopping at the completion of the beautiful unity which terminates with the death of Polyxena, so feelingly described by Talthybius. In glancing over the third volume of the Tales of the Classics, we met the following version of the story:—

"The Grecian fleet being about to depart from this port, Agamemnon and his brother officers determined, previously to their embarkation, to go and pay their devotions at the tomb erected to the memory of Achilles on the shore. Suddenly the ghost of that hero appeared, standing in a menacing attitude on the cenotaph. It had a fierce and frowning aspect; and in a hollow murmuring voice it uttered these words:—'Tremble at the thoughts of departing from this coast, without first making a sacrifice to the manes of Achilles. He demands the blood of Polyxena.'

"The young and beautiful princess, the last consolation of her afflicted mother, was now torn from the bosom of the distracted Hecuba, and led away to be sacrificed. The high-priest, Calchas, commanded that this cruel rite should be performed by the hand of Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, the son of Achilles. The magnanimity and fortitude of the illustrious victim proved equal to her grace and beauty. She expressed her willingness to die, begged that she might not be bound, and implored Pyrrhus to console her with the promise that her body should be delivered, without ransom, to her mother. Having received this assurance, she submitted calmly, and without a murmur, to the stroke of death. The spectators wept bitterly; and even Calchas, accustomed as he was to such bloody ceremonies, could scarcely refrain from tears."

If Euripides was a misogynist, hath not the "lady" had her revenge?

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Family Classical Library; vol. I. Demosthenes. London, Valpy, 1830.

This is a reprint of Leland's Demosthenes, to be concluded in the second volume. The Family Classical Library is intended to present a series of the most approved translations of the classical authors, as Demosthenes, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Homer, Cicero, Livy, Sallust, Tacitus, Virgil, Horace, and the rest, on an uniform plan, and at a moderate price. As this is only the old story over again, of pouring from one bottle into another, we have nothing to offer in the way of criticism, except to say, that the mechanical details, which in this case constitute the sole business of the Editor, seem creditably executed. The character of Leland's translation of Demosthenes, is long established, and deservedly very high. There is no intimation of any new translations appearing in the course of the work; and on the whole, it seems rather a book-making sort of concern.

Ringstead Abbey; or the Stranger's Grave, with other Tales. By an Englishwoman. London, Hurst, Chance and Co. 1830.

This book is written, we believe, by Mrs. Sargent, author of a life of Cranmer, and some other works. The story is lady-like and smoothly told; and a sort of female Tremaine is converted to Christianity in a very decorous and edifying manner, by the serious reflections suggested to her, by a certain "very good sort of woman," entitled lady Delamore,—to say nothing of the sympathetic feelings awakened in her breast, "all by the death of a nate young man," who departs this life in a very becoming and obliging way, principally for the sake of the opportunity that circumstance affords him, of leaving his prayer-book to the fair recusant. This tender incident, is, of course, too moving to be resisted for a moment. The young lady, therefore, has no more to do, but sink upon the breast of lady Delamore, (mother of the dear deceased,) and confess, in a very pretty speech, that she is no longer faithless, but believing. A great deal of choice matter follows this; but in the end, after a due proportion of deaths, births, and marriages, intermingled with a constant seasoning of religious instruction, all that remain upon the scene, are made as happy as the day is long, and the curtain falls. By those who relish spiritual consolation ministered prominently and in terms, in a tale of fiction, this will doubtless be considered a desirable book. It is really very respectably and evenly written, and the spirit which pervades it, is excellent; but to those who require strong meat on subjects of divinity, it will appear a weak production.

The Court and the Town during the Reigns of Louis XIV. XV. and XVI. or Historical disclosures from unpublished MSS. 1 vol. 8vo. Paris, Dentu, 1830.—London, Dulau and Co.

We mention this Work only because it has obtained considerable celebrity in Paris. The fact speaks volumes for the state of public morals in that city. It is a confused compilation of disgraceful stories, fit only to adorn the pages of the scandalous magazine, and to pollute and debase the minds of those who delight to rake into such abominations. It is some consolation to us to have burned the only copy, we believe, that came to Ireland.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The Westminster Review, No. XXIII.—January, 1830.

This is avowedly the Radical Review of England, and accordingly we find it, as might be naturally expected, coarsely written, but with much vigour and ability mingled with its coarseness. It is also, as might be reasonably anticipated, very political, and therefore we have not much to say to it. The present number, contains a long and carefully written article on the provincial newspaper press, which must have cost an infinite deal of labour to compile, and in which, after all, we do not feel disposed to repose much confidence, founded as it necessarily is, in a great measure, on official and parliamentary papers, for the authority of which, at least as taken by an uninitiated person, we entertain no very profound respect. The portion which relates to the press of Dublin and of Ireland generally, will however, doubtless prove interesting to Irish readers. The writer gives a minute detail of the circumstances, and persons, connected with each of the newspaper establishments in Dublin, and elsewhere, which we of course avoid, both as political and personal.

The articles in the Review which pleased us most, were those on the poetical works of S. T. Coleridge, in which we were equally surprised and gratified to find, that almost justice is done to Mr. Coleridge's transcendant poetical genius, much as his political prose is abused, and the short one on Frisian Literature. The translation from a little piece entitled Nacht, in the Lapekoer, a Friesland album of prose and verse pieces, is beautifully done, but there is no intimation of the source from which it is derived.

A Foreign Literary Gazette was last week commenced in London; we believe it is in connexion with the London Literary Gazette, and as it seems conducted with ability, we trust, it will succeed. It is mortifying to reflect, that while London supports two Foreign Quarterly Reviews, and will, it may be fairly presumed, extend sufficient patronage to this hebdomadal miscellany, Foreign Literature is so little cultivated in Dublin, that new continental works rarely reach our metropolis till they are almost forgotten every where else.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Allgemeines Handwörterbuch der philosophischen Wissenschaften, u. s. w. General Dictionary of philosophical Science, along with its Literature and History.—By W. T. Krug, professor of Philosophy, at the University of Leipsig.—4 vols. 8vo. 1827–29.

In this age of Encyclopædias and Compendiums, a German writer of eminence has here published a complete Dictionary of Philosophy; and indeed such a work had become quite necessary from the number of philosophical writers that have sprung up in Germany, and the impossibility of the general reader making himself acquainted with them all from their own writings. This work contains about 5000 articles, among which are nearly 1300 biographical, in which the respective heroes are despatched with the most singular and amusing sang-froid. The author gives the opinions of Spinoza, as quietly as he does those of Thomas Aquinas; yet in his original articles, he cleaves closely to the modern German opinions. Any thing connected with religion, without being treated with absolute disbelief, is frittered away to a mock rationalism, which seems to us to form the most chilling and dangerous of all modes of faith.

In the article *Original Sin*, for instance, he combats the orthodox opinion, until he comes to the argument, that the sin committed by our first parents, was entailed on their posterity, in like manner, as certain physical diseases would be. Then he grants, that this might possibly be so; but the whole relation, he maintains, has a mythological stamp, which is also his opinion about other important points, which we were in the habit of interpreting literally. The idea of the Trinity he ascribes to the veneration paid by all nations to the number three, and explains it also mythologically, viewing the Divine Being as three modes of action—generating principle—preserving principle—and conducting or sanctifying principle. He rejects the word person: this appears to us, an old and well-known form of heathenism. He ends the article, however, by justly reprobating the senseless fashion of forming images of such sacred subjects, as gross Anthropomorphism. The greater part of the articles conclude with abundant references to original sources of information, on the subject treated of, among which we saw with pleasure, a considerable number of English authors.—We observed, however, a ludicrous mistake, in his article *Paley*, where he mentions him as the author of a Natural Theology, and gravely warns his readers not to confound him with another *Payley*, who wrote the principles of Moral and Political Philosophy, as being a much earlier writer.

This work is useful to those who read German, as an easy means of finding information, in a very plain and simple style, on subjects which now frequently occur in German literature, and which they would not be inclined to fathom to their transcendental depths. Besides its general interest is considerable, containing as it does, a very good account of ancient philosophy; but it is rather meagre with respect to the modern English and French.

NOTES FROM THE LOG-BOOK OF A RAMBLER.

Know ye the land of dull dykes and dank ditches?
Whose waters are waveless and stagnantly green;
Where Mynheer, in Batavian expansion of breeches,
And Cigar-invoked stupor, sits still and serene.

In the early part of last year, I was waiting in Rotterdam the arrival of a friend from England; and as some untoward circumstances had occurred to detain him beyond the appointed time of his arrival, I had abundant opportunity to become domesticated in the family of mine host of the Boar's Head.—Do not suppose, from the fact of my being thus *enfoncé*, that I shall gratify either your gossiping disposition, or your love of personalities, by any little detail of family failings, from which the houses of the great are not always free: no—though the literary world does not want for instances of this practice, I shall abstain—and merely confine myself to such delineation of the outward man, as may serve to make you acquainted.——Mine host was the most famous gastronome of the low countries; and, at the two tables d'hote at which he daily presided, never was known to neglect the order and procession of the various courses of soup, fish, game and sauer craut—of all and each of which he largely partook.

Would that George Cruikshank could have seen him, with that breastplate of a napkin, which *more majorum* was suspended from his neck—whilst his hand grasped a knife, whose proportions would cast into insignificance the inoffensive weapon of our horse-guards—his head, too, was a perfect study. Giove! what depressions, where there should have been bumps—and then his eye, alternately opening and closing, seemed as it were to relieve guard upon the drowsiness of his features.

He spoke but seldom; and despite my various efforts to draw him into culinary discussion, (having had some intention of publishing these "*Conversations*") he was ever on his guard, and only once when.....but I grow personal, and shall return to myself.—So effectually did the society of this sage—the air of the place—and, above all, the statue of Erasmus, which looked so peacefully on me from the market-place, opposite to the inn, conspire to tranquillize and calm my mind—that in the course of a few weeks I had become as thoroughly a Dutchman, as if I had never meditated an excursion beyond the Hague in a track-shuit.

Dinner over, I was to be seen lolling under the trees on the Boomjes*—with my tobacco bag at my button-hole, and my meerschaum in my hand, calmly contemplating the boats as they passed and repassed along the canal. In this country, such a scene would have been all bustle, confusion and excitement; there it was quite the reverse—scarcely a ripple upon the surface of the water indicated the track of the vessel, as she slowly held on her course. How often have I watched them nearing a bridge, which, as the boat approached, slowly rose, and permitted her to pass—whilst from the window of the low toll-house a long pole is projected, with a leathern purse at the extremity, into which the ancient mariner at the helm bestows his tribute-money, and holds on his way, still smoking. But now comes the "tug of war;" it is indeed the only moment of bustle I have ever witnessed in Holland. How is the bridge to get down?—Dutch mechanics have provided for its elevation, but not for its descent; and it is in this emergency that the national character shines forth—and the same spirit of mutual assistance and co-operation, which enabled them to steal a kingdom from the ocean, becomes now triumphant. Men by man they are seen "toiling up the steep ascent," and creaking under many a fat burgomaster—the bridge slowly descends, and rests again upon its foundation: doubtless, like the ancients, they chose to perpetuate customs which teach that laudable dependance of man upon his fellows—the strongest link which binds us in society, rather than mar this mutual good feeling by mechanical invention.

Day after day passed in this manner—and probably, you will say, how stupid, how tiresome, all this must have been—so would it, doubtless, to one less gifted with the organ of assimilation, or who had not, like me, endured the tedium of a soirée at Lady * * * * *s.

At length my friend arrived, and, after a few days spent in excursions to the Hague, and the Palace in the wood, (of which I shall give you a sketch, when speaking of Flemish Painting in 1832,) we set off, in order to reach Cologne in time for the Musical Festival.

We left Rotterdam at night in the steamboat, and the following morning found us slowly stemming the current of the rapid Rhine, whose broad surface and unwooded banks, gave an air of bleakness and desolation, which more than once drove me from the deck to the warm stove of the cabin, crowded as it was with smoking and singing Hollanders, on the way to the Festival. Once I ascended the rigging, to get a more extended view of the surrounding country; I might as well have remained below. A vast flat tract of land, intersected by canals, and studded with an occasional solitary windmill, was all the eye could compass, and then it was that I felt fully the force of Goldsmith's *mot*, that "Holland looks like a country swimming for its life." Nothing breaks the dull monotony of a voyage on the lower Rhine, except the sight of some vast raft of timber, peopled by its myriads of inhabitants dropping down the current. We passed several towns; but then variety of Dutch city—Dutch lady, and Dutch ship, is only a slight deviation from an established scale of proportions. Of my fellow-travellers, I can tell you nothing. I had no means of cultivating their acquaintance; they spoke French (and doubtless they had a right to do so) after a manner of their own, but were as unintelligible to me, as Kant's Metaphysics, or Mr. Montague's directions for dancing the new galopades.

As an illustration of the peculiarity of pronunciation, they tell of a Fleming commencing, I believe it is one of Beaumarchais plays, with the line,

—— Helas! je ne sais pas, quel cours je dois prendre,

upon which a witty Frenchman replied,

—— Monsieur prenez la poste et retournez en Flandre.

Never was Parisian at Potzdam more thoroughly ennuyé than I was, during this voyage of two days. It was near night when I was roused from my slumber by the boat's arrival in Cologne. I had been dreaming of all sorts of things and people—visions of mulled wine and Mozart—beefsteaks and Beethoven, flitted through my mind in all the mazes of mad confusion—and, with the valorous resolution of realising at least one part of my musings, in

* The Regent-street of Rotterdam. The word Boomjes, which is a diminutive of Boom a tree, has been rendered by M. Reichard, in his "Tour through Belgium," the Boom-quay!!!

the shape of a hot supper, and a flask of Nierensteiner, I went upon deck, when my friend came to meet me, with the disastrous intelligence, that there was not an unoccupied room or bed in the town. The good supper, the Neirensteiner, and the soft bed—in which I had revelled by anticipation, faded like the "baseless fabric of a vision."

However, we set out on a voyage of discovery, accompanied by a little army of luggage-porters, and lacquies—one word of whose language we did not understand—but who did not, on that account, cease to hurl at our devoted heads, every barbarous guttural of their macadamizing tongue.

In this manner we made the tour of the entire town; and I was concluding a most affecting appeal to the sympathies of the vinegar-faced landlady of the Hotel D'Hollande, which I already perceived would prove unsuccessful, when a German merchant, with whom we had travelled from Rotterdam, made his appearance, and by his kind interference we were admitted. Having realized our intentions, with respect to the supper; fatigued, worn out, and exhausted, by our indefatigable exertions, we wrapped our travelling cloaks around us, and slept soundly till morning.

As we had arrived here one day before the Festival, we had full time to see the town. It is a mass of dark, narrow, ill-paved streets, with high, gloomy-looking houses—each story projecting beyond the one beneath, and thus scarcely admitting the sight of the blue heaven above.

The Cathedral, however, is one of the most beautiful specimens of the florid Gothic remaining in Europe—and would, had it been completed, have greatly eclipsed the more celebrated one of Strasbourg: the great entrance presents the richest instance of the laboured tracery of this school of architecture I ever witnessed; the structure was originally designed to be built in the shape of a cross—but two limbs were all that were ever finished; the interior is divided into a number of small chapelries—each of which boasts its patron saint, whose bones are exhibited in a glass case, to the admiration of the devotee.

Among the many relics preserved there, I well recollect with what pride the venerable sexton pointed out to me the skull of Die Heilige drei Könige, (by these is meant the Maji, whom they call the Three Holy Kings,) one of whom being an African, his skull has been most appropriately painted black! In the middle of the great aisle stands a large misshapen block of marble, about two feet in height, and from three to four feet in length; this could never have formed any portion of the building, and stands, like our Irish round towers, a stumbling block to the antiquarian.

The legend (I wish we could account for the round towers so reasonably) says, that the devil had long endeavoured, by assuming various disguises, to terrify the workmen from the building, and had practised all the devices approved of on such occasions, to prevent its completion; but having failed in all, in a fit of spleen, he hurled this rock through the roof of the Cathedral, and neither man, nor art of man, can avail to remove it from its deep-rooted foundation:—be this as it may, there stands the rock, and Œnenschläger, the Danish Poet, has alluded to it in his spirited tale of Peter Bolt—translated into Blackwood's Magazine, without acknowledgment.

We rose early on the following morning, and profiting by the advice of that wisest of travellers, captain Dalgetty, victualled for an indefinite period. And here let me do justice to the character of that worthy woman, whom I, in my profligacy, called vinegar-faced—as an artiste she was altogether unexceptionable.

Eaten bread (saith the proverb) is soon forgotten. And if the passage is to be taken literally, so should it, say I. But at the same time I defy any man, who has a heart to feel, and a palate to taste, ever to lose the recollection of a well-dressed maintenon cutlet, or a chicken salad. No: it will recur to him, post totidem annos, and bring once more 'the soft tremulous dew' upon his lip.

At last we set out for the Festival, and although anticipating a crowd, yet we never expected to have found, as we did, every avenue blocked up by people. But notwithstanding the immense number, and natural anxiety of all to press on and secure good places, nothing could exceed the good order and decorum observable throughout: it was a perfect contradiction to dean Swift's adage,—that a crowd is a mob, even were it composed of bishops.

Into this dense mass we got gradually wedged, little regretting the delay which afforded so good an opportunity of looking about, where there was so much to interest and amuse us.

The Cologne belles, with their tight laced boddice of velvet, their black eyes, and still blacker hair, rarely covered by any thing but a silk handkerchief lightly thrown over it, formed a strong contrast to the fair complexioned, blue-eyed, daughters of Holland, whose demure, and almost *minaudiere* demeanour, was curiously contrasted with the air of coquetry, which the others have borrowed from their French neighbours. While the fat, happy looking burgher, from Antwerp, stood in formidable relief, to the tall, gaunt Prussian, who was vainly endeavouring to mould his cast-iron features into an expression of softness, to salute some fair acquaintance.

My attention to the various coteries around, was drawn off by a slight motion in the crowd, indicating that those nearest to the door had gained admittance, and the swell of the music, as borne upon the wind, it mingled with the din of the multitude, forcibly reminded me of the far off roar of Niagara, when first I heard it booming in the distance.

'A change came o'er the spirit of my dream,' and deeply engrossed by the various associations thus unexpectedly conjured up, I found myself, without being aware of it, at the entrance of the cathedral.

Never shall I forget the effect of that moment. The vast building lay before me, crowded with human beings to the roof.—While the loud bray of the organ, mingling its artillery of sound, with the deafening peal of several hundred instruments, was tremendous.

When I was sufficiently recovered from my first sensation of extacy, I looked towards the choir, hoping to see Ries or Spohr, both of whom were present; but I could not recognise them in the distance.

I had a very fine description of the festival, and the music, which consisted of selections from Handel and Beethoven, ready written, but I really feel that any attempt to convey the idea of this splendid spectacle, or my feelings on witnessing it, is altogether vain. In fact, the sensation of excitement with which I looked and listened, was too great to permit of any permanent impression, capable of description, remaining upon my mind. And I felt on coming out as if years had rolled over my head since the morning; for we measure time past, not so much by the pleasurable or painful feelings which we have experienced during its lapse, as by the mere number and variety of sensations of whatever nature, that have imprinted themselves on the sensorium.

And now, my dear reader, adieu, or rather au revoir—when next we meet, it shall be in finer scenery, and better weather—the Rhine and Drachenfels await you, if not already wearied of the log-book of a rambler.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

The death of Sir Thomas Lawrence has naturally filled our minds with deep regret; feeling, as we do, that in him the arts have lost their brightest ornament, their best benefactor. In whatever light we view his character, whether as a great and accomplished painter—a liberal and enlightened patron—a generous and manly rival of contemporary genius, or a courteous and perfect gentleman, he claims our admiration and respect, for in him were centered all the high qualities which constitute intellectual dignity. In his hands the art was elevated: England may therefore, be justly proud of her departed son, for he has done his part in raising her character amongst the nations of Europe.

Upon these great public grounds, do we, in common with the enlightened portion of the British public, lament his death. But as Irishmen, as persons zealous for the welfare of our native country, we in an especial manner, mourn his loss; for we are not unmindful of the assistance which he gave to the rising arts of Ireland, nor would we be deemed ungrateful for such powerful and disinterested support.

By his recommendation and advocacy, our national school of art, the Royal Hibernian Academy, was instituted. He, with a zeal worthy of his great and comprehensive mind, urged and sustained in the highest quarter, the claims of the Irish artists, and hailed their incorporation with the enlarged feelings of philanthropy, of patriotism, and of taste.

We trust it is not necessary to inform our Irish readers, that immediately after the incorporation of the academy in question, their late venerated president, Francis Johnston, Esq., erected, wholly at his own expense, that noble building in Lower Abbey-street, now the residence of that body. No sooner was that munificent act communicated to Sir Thomas Lawrence, than he at once made an offer of his services, to paint a whole-length portrait as Mr. Johnston, to be placed in the academy, of his tribute of veneration and respect for that man, who, to use Sir Thomas's own words, "was our common benefactor and friend."

This offer was communicated through one of the members of the Royal Hibernian academy, Mr. Thomas J. Mulvany, who was then in London, and who indeed had always been the medium of communication between Sir Thomas and the academy. Through this gentleman, he also presented the fine cast of the Barberini Fawn, which is now placed in the academy.

The delicate state of Mr. Johnston's health was such, that he was unable to visit London, from the period at which Sir Thomas had made his generous offer, and that circumstance has

unfortunately prevented the academy from now possessing one of the finest works of that great painter—for it was his intention to have made it truly worthy of the great occasion.

A very short time before Mr. Johnston's death, when he found his health fast declining, he requested Mr. Mulvany to offer to Sir Thomas Lawrence, on the first opportunity, an ardent expression of his thanks, for the honor that he had intended him. Immediately on his death, Mr. Mulvany wrote, informing Sir Thomas of the melancholy tidings, and stating in Mr. Johnston's own words, the request that he had made—the answer to that letter, we are now enabled, by the kindness of the gentleman to whom it is addressed, to lay before our readers; and a document, more honorable to Sir Thomas's head and heart, or more deeply interesting at the present moment, to every enlightened or generous mind, we could not offer to the public eye.

Russell-square, March 19th, 1829.

My Dear Sir,

I have never received intelligence that has more sincerely grieved me, than the news which you now send me. You know that I cannot mean to say, that I, who have lived nearly to the common age of man, and have had my share of private sorrow, feel the loss you have announced to me, with the same poignancy of grief, that long intimacy of friendship, or still nearer ties, inflict upon us at the moment of separation; but concern more genuine or deep, for the death of an individual whom I have been taught to regard with every feeling of esteem, respect and admiration, I certainly have never felt. I need not say how much these sentiments are at once enhanced and embittered by that generous remembrance of me in his last moments, which you so feelingly communicate, and which I shall long hold to my heart, as the dearest tribute of a friend.

I am sure that no testimony of respect and gratitude will be wanting at this afflicting moment. If I were not fettered by engagements of so imperious a nature, as to be in themselves the most serious duties, I should hold this sad event ample cause and justification, of my long-hoped-for visit to Ireland, that with the gentlemen of the Academy, I might have the consolation of joining in the last duties to the memory of our common benefactor, and testifying that deep impression of the nobleness of his mind, which will now mix itself with every effort of that Institution, whose welfare must have had precarious existence, but for the influence of his example. I shall be still more anxious to follow, at humble distance, the path in which he has trodden; and if the exertions of my pencil, may indeed be considered a comparative advantage, to the annual resources of the Academy, they shall never be wanting while I live.

I beg the favour of you to inform me of the earliest and latest time of reception, of the works intended for the ensuing exhibition. I know not if it will be in my power to exhibit a whole length, but those of other sizes, I shall certainly send, of recent execution, and which have never been exhibited.

I know not what family this estimable man has left; but I leave in the charge of my friend, Mr. Mulvany, the duty of offering my condolence and respect.

Pray remember me with regard, to the gentlemen of the Hibernian Academy; and believe me to remain, with the sincerest thanks,

My dear Sir,
Your obliged and faithful friend,
Thomas Lawrence.

To Thomas J. Mulvany, Esq.
&c. &c. &c.
Royal Hibernian Academy, Dublin.

We have been favoured with the perusal of a voluminous and most interesting correspondence of Sir Thomas Lawrence, on the important subject of the best means of advancing the interests of the Arts in Ireland. To this we shall at some future period most gladly recur; but for the present we must conclude our mournful tribute of esteem and regret, subjoining only some lines which have just been handed us by a young artist, who, like ourselves, was the friend and the admirer of the late illustrious president.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

When wealth's proud children yield their parting breath,
When state and pomp are clos'd in gloomy death,
We feel no pang—or but a passing thrill,
We feel no loss—*their* space will quickly fill;
But when the soul of genius wings it's way,
Deserts it's tenement of mortal clay,
When all is fled, that made that frail abode
An humble image of it's mighty God;
Then do we feel, in truth, a wasting dearth,
The sure mortality of all on earth!
If we forget a while Death's dreaded sway,
Forget that genius hath it's final day,
As stormy clouds o'er sunny æther roll
The awing truth comes o'er the thoughtless soul:
We wake in sorrow from the idle dream—
Scarcely as true the painful thought we deem—
Scarce can believe—the mind, that seem'd to glow
With Heaven's own fire, to light this world below,
Has ceased the beaming of it's brilliant ray,
It's brightness quench'd in nature's sad decay.
Lawrence, such soul was thine!—Great in thy Art,
Whose magic skill could form—nay life impart
To lifeless canvas!—Thou whose hand could best
A fleeting grace—a glowing charm arrest;
Thou that could'st trace, with free and flowing line,
Each beaming feature and each form divine;
Thou that could'st paint, not outward grace alone,
But in whose works, the inward being shone,
Art thou too gone?—Thy quickening spirit fled?
Is thy hand nerveless—all thy powers sped?
Weep Graphic Muse, for thy most favoured son
Has ceased to breathe—his mortal course is run!
Weep Muse of British Art—for thy great light
Has merged it's splendour in the gloom of night!
Weep!—for the richest laurel on thy brow
No more in living freshness there shall blow!
But—long the odour of the plant shall live,
And name of Lawrence shall through ages give
A hallow'd fragrance to th' Historic page
That holds the record of a wond'rous age;
Yes England's Van-Dyck!—thy great name shall be
A theme of wonder to posterity!
And phœnix-like thy fame shall soar on high,
For fame so bright as thine, shall never die!

M.

REVIEW OF NEW MUSIC.

La Bella Capricciosa, composed for the Piano-Forte by J. R. Hummel, Maitre de Chapelle, Saxe-Weimar.—J. B. Logier, Dublin.

Hummel is decidedly our favourite living composer. La Bella Capricciosa is a charming piece, and richly deserves high praise. The composer appears to have lavished upon it many of his choicest thoughts; and those who are acquainted with the works of this celebrated artist, will probably agree with us in thinking, that in point of sentiment, pathos, and feeling, scientific modulation, and general effect, it may almost be placed at the head of all his productions of a similar description. Music is a language capable of pourtraying all the passions and emotions of the soul, and as the introductory part of the piece before us (a Larghetto movement) possesses an unusual degree of powerful expression, we shall bestow upon it a more than ordinary degree of attention, in developing the particular feelings which it is designed to excite in the mind of the hearer.—But, in order that our doing so may not only be profitable to the amateur and young professor of music, but also be made interesting even to veterans in the art, we shall proceed analytically, and exhibit the means which the author has employed to produce the desired effect. The commencement is beautifully expressive of intense feeling—of resignation, and of hope.—These are still more powerfully developed when the author (at the beginning of the second page) modulates to D flat; continuing this strain to the 8th bar, the modulation, instead of proceeding to E flat, (for the arrival of which the ear had been previously prepared by the dominant B flat,) is suddenly interrupted by the interposition of the dominant G. By this *deceptive* resolution, the mind is thrown out of its equilibrium, and rendered restless. In this strain the author continues during the four following bars; at the end of which, instead of being relieved from suspense by a resolution to *C minor*, (the expected key,) it is again disappointed, as before, by a *deceptive resolution*, by the dominant chord of E, at bar 11; and by these reiterated disappointments, the mind becomes still more restless and agitated; and though a resolution to *A minor* is permitted at bar 13, yet the composer, by his quick transition to the neighbouring keys, shews, that it is not his intention that the mind shall yet come to a state of rest. We shall now draw our readers' attention more particularly to what follows. From bar 15, commences a series of modulations, which are indeed calculated to reach the inmost recesses of the soul; and so well has the composer succeeded in conveying to others what he must have felt at the time of writing these effusions, that the performer himself is startled at what he has been instrumental in effecting—for, at bar 12, the ear having been led, by the introduction of the sharp sixth, to expect a cadence in *A minor*, we are, by means of an *enharmonic change* of that chord, at bar 14, precipitated as it were into the original key of B *flat*—and here, the *fundamental* chord not being introduced, the mind thus left in uncertainty, is suddenly arrested by the chord of G *flat*. This unexpected transition, together with the rythmical form of the passages in the *treble*, and plaintive melody, expressive of grief and despondency, in the *bass*, commencing from bar 15, is truly sublime.

The treble now gradually ascends with chords, in contrary motion with the bass, admirably expressive of returning hope.

After this, (preceded by a brilliant cadenza upon the dominant of the original key, expressive of joy and exultation,) commences the allegro movement *ella Polacca*—a beautiful and spirited movement;—but, as we have already gone to greater lengths than we at first intended, we shall close our observations, for the present, with this remark—naturally suggested by the excellence which we have been contemplating—that music which is not calculated to influence powerfully the faculties of the mind, may amuse the uninitiated, but can never gratify the judicious, nor interest the true lover of this delightful art. The work is well brought out, and does the editor credit. An error of the types is perceivable in page 3, bar 1—E flat in the bass should have been D flat, 6-4.

Give me but my Arab Steed; a Romance, composed by G. A. Hodson, Dublin.

Mr. Hodson has favoured us with many very pretty and effective vocal pieces, of which the "*Arab Steed*," stands conspicuous. But why should Mr. Hodson take a subject from *Rossini*? We are convinced that Mr. H. has no occasion, from poverty of invention, to select from any writer of the present age. This is a spirited and effective little composition, and does Mr. Hodson credit. In bar 8, we should have preferred D sharp, instead of F sharp; the chord of B would then have been complete, and the essential 3d of the chord not wanting. This, however, appears an oversight, or probably an error of the engraver.

As to Massaniello, of which we have been requested by divers correspondents, to speak more at large than we did in our first Number, we have only to add, that while we concede great praise to Auber, for his daring and judicious departure from the Vive la bagatelle style of the French school, to that of the great German and Italian masters, we greatly regret the utter want of originality in his melodies, which are, without exception, but *mediocre* at the best.

The overture is for the most part heavy; though there are some passages which would deserve considerable praise, did we not recognise in them the *diablerie* style of Freyschütz. The two Preghiere contain some beautiful harmony, and are the best specimens we have of Auber's talents, in that important branch of musical composition. We must confess, however, we do not at all relish any attempt to import from the Continent, the profane mockery which is now so fashionable there, of introducing prayers upon the stage. To us it is very revolting to see a set of motlies kneeling in the Theatre, with the gestures of supplication to the Supreme Being, even although they do it, as Puff says, vastly well, for persons not much in the habit of praying.

For the rest, the chorusses are tolerably good, and the melodies in them are somewhat better than the rest. As to the single songs, they are poor enough; even the barcarolle, and Sister Dear, contain but little original melody. All French music is, we think, particularly ill-adapted to English words.

THE DRAMA.

FRENCH THEATRE.

"Hail sprightly land of mirth and social ease."

In the course of last year, 175 new plays, translated, adapted, and composed, have been performed at the numerous Theatres of Paris; and of this prolific progeny of Apollo mimilogus, only about a dozen survive the critical blasts of those modern Athenians, who still spend great part of their time telling or hearing some new thing. Among those we remark Guillaume Tell, Marino Faliero altered from Lord Byron's Drama, and Elizabeth of England. The Bride of Lammermoor has also been brought out at the *Italiens*: it has not made its fortune with the Parisians, though containing some enchanting morceaux, particularly a duet between Sontag and Donzelli.

It is said Béranger is busy in his imprisonment, with a five-act drama.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

London, 13*th Jan.* 1830.

The frost and snow of Christmas have departed, and were (of course) succeeded by inconceivable muddiness. You in Dublin, can huve no notion of the horrors of a London thaw. The melted snow lingers as if loth to depart from the footways, and the eternal crowd and tramp, tramping along, churns it up with mud, and this delectable combination flies right and left, from the heels of every hurrying pedestrian. You come to a crossing place which has been swept, and find a dray delivering coals, drawn right across it. You pass round the obstruction, through four inches deep of thin snow-gutter, which possesses a curious saturating power, that I leave the chemists to explain, and just as you are about to spring on the pathway, a victualler's cart dashes past, at the rate of ten miles an hour, and the wheel chancing to slip into a hole, ejects therefrom, about two quarts of the liquid mud aforesaid, which lands safely and softly in your bosom, from whence it trickles in streams of most picturesque irregularity down your light grey trowsers, which you have chosen specially because you have with unsuspecting faith, believed a "tailor's lie," that they don't "shew the mud."

Now, there is a prospect of frost and snow again; but how can a nervous man enjoy any of the pleasures of frost, with the anticipated horrors of thaw ever before the eyes of his imagination.

Those who can go out to Theatres on such keen, cold evenings as we have, divide their raptures between the Elephant (majores priores,) and Miss Fanny Kemble. For my part, I prefer the latter, for which preference I have got into some discredit with all my friends, who affect a *sentimental* turn. The "sweet Elephant" they say, but no matter, I'm old enough now to stick to my own opinion, that Miss Kemble is the cleverer, and more delightful actress of the two. Thy pardon, sweet Fanny! for daring a joke, where thy name is concerned. What though thou art not beautiful, is there not "a mind, a music, breathing from thy face?" and then, the beautiful articulation of Shakspeare's delicious poetry, which thou has made me enjoy with almost the additional charm of novelty. Miss Kemble's voice is, (to my thinking) delightful,—clear and soft, like the sound of a tenor string on the harp; and though there is sometimes a little monotony in her recitation, and rather too much appearance of study, yet after all, the more one's mind dwells upon the recollection of her performance, the more is one disposed to speak with admiration.

A good portrait of her has come out at last, from a drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence, alas! that I should say it, *the late* Sir Thomas Lawrence. He has not left behind him an equal in the art to which he devoted himself. Portrait painting is certainly not in itself the noblest walk of the artist; but what painter gives more delight, than he who bids the features that we love to look upon, live on the glowing canvas, and who could do this with such exquisite perfection of truth and elegance, as the late lamented President. It was absolute luxury to dwell upon his female portraits, they breathed all over with a grace, which though certainly "not beyond the reach of art," since an artist has developed it, yet had all the charm of cultivated nature. The elegance of his own soul dwelt upon his works, and many a fine and kindred mind will now look upon the exquisite likenesses of their friends which he has painted, with a deep sigh to the memory of him, who can add no more to these beautiful specimens of art. His illness was very short, and the immediate cause of his death, has been variously described. I have reason to believe, however, it was caused by ossification of the heart.

As to literary matters here—but hold!—There is a gleam of sunshine: and really in these times, that is not to be lost. I shall write about literary matters next time, and meanwhile order my horse, and go forth. If he slips, and I break my neck, you will not hear again from your faithful correspondent,

I.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES FROM THE DANISH.

What is it, dear maid, that enraptures me so,
What holds my fond heart in a chain of controul?
Can the fragile attire of thy spirit below
Be match'd with the glories that beam in thy soul?
Is the throne of thy conquest, thy soft lip of roses,
Or the flexible charm of thy bright blue eye?
Is the temple where softness, where grandeur reposes
The soft heaving breast, or the forehead high?—
Oh! lovely's thine eye, but more lovely shines thro' it
The spirit unwasted, unwithered by time—
The frame may be fair thro' whose crystal we view it,
But fairer within is the picture sublime—
Tho' sweet are thy lips—yet more sweet they unfold
The soft tones of music, the language of love;
I value the harp for its bright strings of gold,
But value the accents, the gold strings above—
And thy breast, like the arch of the temple, ascending,
Is fair—but it swells o'er a heart more divine;
I love the white arches, in majesty blending,
But worship the God that's enthroned in the shrine.
'Tis this, dearest maid, that enraptures me so,
'Tis this holds my heart in a chain of controul;
I love the attire of thy spirit below,
But reverence the glories that beam in thy soul.

TIME-HONORED PRESIDENT!

I do most certainly concur in the sentiments of your fair correspondent, Mrs. Hall, and confidently trust that every Irish heart will sympathise in the success of your very valuable periodical. My poetry, unfortunately, is not equal to my patriotism.—If, however, you think the following specimen worthy of insertion in your Gazette, it is most cheerfully at your service; while I should, perhaps, premise, that not having the love and fear of fashion and good breeding before my eyes, I have already, on the birth-day of 1830, presented it in due form,

TO MY WIFE.

Dear angel! be the fault forgiven,
If ever, when before thee,
I feel as if the voice of heaven
Commands me to adore thee.
My hopes were cold, my thoughts were dark,
And love seemed bliss forbidden,
Till you inspired the genial spark,
And homed me in an Eden.
Then blame me not, my sainted Kate,
If ever when before thee,
I feel as if the voice of fate,
Commands me to adore thee.

Thus when upon Peruvian shores,
The shades of night retiring,
The sun, his golden radiance pours,
Creation's bosom firing;
The simple child of nature swed,
His heartfelt homage renders,
Mistakes the agent of his god,
And bows before his splendors.
Then blame me not, my sainted Kate!
If ever when before thee,
I feel as if the voice of fate
Commands me to adore thee.

D.

Poet's Corner.

SONNET.

That it should come to this! That I, so gay,
Ere love beguil'd me, now should sit and weep;
As though my heart would break; and hate the day,
And wish for night, that I a while might steep.
My aching senses in the balm of sleep:
Yet when the darkness shrouds me, oft I say,
How long these mournful vigils must I keep?
Why lingers thus the Sun's revolving ray?
Or, if I chance to close my tear-swoln eyes,
And dream of peace and happiness again—
Or, should a visionary form arise,
Source of my fleeting bliss and endless pain;
Ah!-when I wake, how bitter are my sighs—
What mad'ning fancies shoot athwart my brain!

H.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

At a late meeting of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, Professor Whewell of Trinity College, continued the reading of his essay "On the causes and characters of pointed architecture," and explained the influence of the pointed arch upon the other members of buildings, through which influence the Romanesque style, was gradually superseded by the very opposite forms of the Gothic.

In the course of his observations on the transition, by means of the early English style, he took occasion to remark that the invention of the flying buttress was of as much importance to the complete developement of the Gothic style, as that of the pointed arch.

From Italy we learn, that a most singular distribution has been made of the remains of Canova. His body is to be deposited in the new church built at his own expense at Possagno, his birth place. His heart had been consigned to the academy of Fine Arts, at Venice, but in consequence of some dispute, it has been finally resolved to place it under a cenotaph in the church, Dei Frati in that city. The academy however, still desiring to possess some relic of the immortal sculptor, addressed his brother, intreating permission to obtain the *right hand* of the artist, with which he executed so many *chefs-d' œuvre*. M. Canova, the brother, has consented, stipulating that in the event of the academy at Venice, being at any time suppressed, or removed to another city, the hand shall be restored and re-united to the body, in the church of Possagno.

A bond to this effect has been executed in due form, and the academy has obtained "the worthy hand".

In the last new monthly, we observe in a conversation on art and artists, the following sentence:

"In Ireland, a thirst for the arts begins to be felt, despite the desire of the Orange faction, to prolong *the existing darkness of mental culture there.*"

Really the conductors of this Magazine, seem disposed to rival Master William Cobbett, in the perverse ingenuity with which they mix up politics, and their own peculiar views on party questions, with every subject of which they treat. We certainly did not expect to find in any article professedly devoted to the Fine Arts, the singular information that Orangemen regarded painting with a jaundiced eye. We rather think the writer in the Magazine, is grossly ignorant of the present state of the Arts in Ireland.

The very late arrival of the new series of Tales of the Munster Festivals, which is only now reaching the Booksellers' shops, and the large space necessarily devoted to subjects connected with the Fine Arts in our present number, have compelled us to omit several Reviews and various other important articles, which were already in type. The Confessions of a Ribbonman, an Irish Story, shall certainly appear in our next. A Sketch of Edward Pennefather, Esq. K. C. in the next, or at latest in the following Number.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

The first Vol. 4to. of Mr. Moore's Life of Lord Byron is expected in a few days; we have made arrangements to obtain the earliest copy; the second volume will not appear for several months.

We understand Sir Walter Scott has a Romance in hands, of which Sir James Douglas (who bore the Bruces heart to Spain) is the hero.

Allan Cunningham's second volume of the Lives of British Painters, which will contain the lives of Opie, West, Barry, Blake, Bird, Fuseli, and Rayburn, is in progress.

The Country Curate, by the author of the "Subaltern."

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The Sacred Harp, a collection of sacred poetry, new edition with a portrait of Bishop Heber, in a few days.

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The first part of a new series of the Transactions of the Fellows and Licentiates of the King and Queen's College of Physicians of Ireland, is in the press. We understand that it will be brought out in a style very far superior to any of the former volumes.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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Annual Biography and Obituary for 1830, 8vo. 18s.

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Life of Major General Sir T. Munro, by the Revd. Mr. Gleig, 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 12s.

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Family Classical Library, vol. 1, 18mo. 4s. 6d. Demosthenes.

Rubric's British Celestial Atlas, part 1, 4to.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received Hakaf's essay on the comparative merits of rhyme and blank verse, and have given it that "calm perusal" which he so earnestly entreats. We are very far from thinking the composition "silly or trifling," but it could not be permitted to appear in our pages for several reasons, one of which is, that it has the misfortune to be not at all new. If our memory serve us, our correspondent has only to turn to the preface to the translation of the Iliad in *Cowper's* Works, to find a brief and comprehensive summary of his arguments. In the Essay on the Idea of Universal Poetry prefixed to Bishop Hurd's Commentary on the Ars Poetica of Horace, he will, we think, meet some cogent observations on the other side.

Mr. Darby Cornelius O'Hoolahan has our thanks, but it would be what Mr. William Smith of Norwich, calls "very ill taste" in us, to print such lavish praise of ourselves in our own columns; we own, too, we quite agree with his old nurse, that, man and boy, he is too much given to "slippin' an' slitherin' about, like a lump of butther on a hot platie," if, however, he would favour us with the promised tale, founded on truth and nature, we shall receive it gladly.

We are very much obliged to G. P. M. for his kindness and good wishes. Had his lines reached us in time, they should have appeared, but the subject is now we fear, too antiquated.

For a number of poetical and other favours, from London and elsewhere, we can offer only this general acknowledgment.

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* * * *

I had read the anonymous summons, but from its general import, I believed it to be one of those special meetings convened for some purpose affecting the general objects and proceedings of the body. At least the terms in which it was conveyed to me; had nothing extraordinary or mysterious in them, beyond the simple fact that it was not to be a general, but a select meeting; this mark of confidence flattered me, and I determined to attend punctually. I was, it is true, desired to keep the circumstance entirely to myself, but there was nothing startling in this, for I had often received summonses of a similar import. I therefore resolved to attend, according to the letter of my instructions, "on the next night, at the solemn hour of midnight, to deliberate and act upon such matters as should, then and there, be submitted to my consideration." The morning after I received this message, I arose and resumed my usual occupations; but from whatever cause it may have proceeded, I felt a sense of approaching evil hang heavily upon me; the beats of my pulse were languid, and an undefinable feeling of anxiety pervaded my whole spirit; even my face was pale, and my eye so heavy, that my father and brothers concluded me to be ill; an opinion which I thought at the time to be correct; for I felt exactly that kind of depression which precedes a severe fever. I could not understand what I experienced, nor can I yet, except by supposing that there is in human nature some mysterious faculty, by which, in coming calamities, the approach throws forward the shadow of some fearful evil, and that it is possible to catch a dark anticipation of the sensations which they subsequently produce. For my part I can neither analyze nor define it; but on that day I knew it by painful experience, and so have a thousand others in similar circumstances.

It was about the middle of winter. The day was gloomy and tempestuous almost beyond any other I remember; dark clouds rolled over the hills about me, and a close sleet-like rain fell in slanting drifts that chased each other rapidly to the earth on the course of the blast. The out-lying cattle sought the closest and calmest corners of the fields for shelter; the trees and young groves were tossed about, for the wind was so unusually high that it swept its hollow gusts through them, with that hoarse murmur which deepens so powerfully on the mind the sense of dreariness and desolation.

As the shades of night fell, the storm, if possible increased. The moon was half gone, and only a few stars were visible by glimpses, as a rush of wind left a temporary opening in the sky. I had determined, if the storm should not abate, to incur any penalty rather than attend the meeting; but the appointed hour was distant, and I resolved to be decided by the future state of the night.

Ten o'Clock came, but still there was no change; eleven passed, and on opening the door to observe if there were any likelihood of it clearing up, a blast of wind mingled with rain, nearly blew me off my feet; at length it was approaching to the hour of midnight, and on examining a third time, I found it had calmed a little, and no longer rained.

I instantly got my oak stick, muffled myself in my great coat, strapped my hat about my ears, and as the place of meeting was only a quarter of a mile distant, I presently set out.

The appearance of the heavens was louring and angry, particularly in that point where the light of the moon fell against the clouds from a seeming chasm in them, through which alone she was visible. The edges of this were faintly bronzed, but the dense body of the masses that hung piled on each side of her, was black and impenetrable to sight. In no other point of the heavens was there any part of the sky visible; for a deep veil of clouds overhung the horizon, yet was the light sufficient to give occasional glimpses of the rapid shifting which took place in this dark canopy, and of the tempestuous agitation with which the midnight storm swept to and fro beneath.

At length I arrived at a long slated house, situated in a solitary part of the neighbourhood; a little below it ran a small stream, which was now swollen above its banks, and rushing with mimic roar over the flat meadows beside it. The appearance of the bare slated building in such a night was particularly sombre, and to those like me who knew the purpose to which it was then usually devoted, it was, or ought to have been, peculiarly so. There it stood, silent and gloomy, without any appearance of human life or enjoyment about, or within it: as I approached, the moon once more had broken out of the clouds, and shone dimly upon the glittering of the wet slates and window, with a death-like lustre, that gradually faded away as I left the point of observation, and entered the folding door. It was the parish chapel.

The scene which presented itself here, was in keeping not only with the external appearance of the house, but with the darkness, the storm, and the hour,—which was now a little after midnight. About eighty persons were sitting in dead silence upon the circular steps of the altar; they did not seem to move, and as I entered and advanced, the echo of my footsteps rang through the building with a lonely distinctness, which added to the solemnity and mystery of the circumstances about me. The windows were secured with shutters on the inside, and on the altar a candle was lighting, which burned dimly amid the surrounding darkness, and lengthened the shadow of the altar itself, and of six or seven persons who stood on its upper steps, until they mingled in the obscurity which shrouded the lower end of the chapel. The faces of those who sat on the altar steps were not distinctly visible, yet the prominent and more characteristic features were in sufficient relief, and I observed, that some of the most malignant and reckless spirits in the parish, were assembled. In the eyes of those who stood at the altar, and whom I knew to be invested with authority over the others, I could perceive gleams of some latent and ferocious purpose, kindled, as I soon observed, into a fiercer expression of vengeance, by the additional excitement of ardent spirits, with which they had stimulated themselves to a point of determination that mocked at the apprehension of all future responsibility, either in this world or the next.

The welcome which I received on joining them, was far different from the boisterous good humour which used to mark our greetings on other occasions; just a nod of the head from this or that person, on the part of those *who sat*, with a *ghud dhemur tha thu*,* in a suppressed voice, even below a common whisper; but, from the standing group, who were evidently the projectors of the enterprise, I received a convulsive grasp of the hand, accompanied by a fierce and desperate look, that seemed to search my eye and countenance, to try if I was a person not likely to shrink from whatever they had resolved to execute. It is surprising to think of the powerful expression which a moment of intense interest or great danger is capable of giving to the eye, the features, and slightest actions, especially in those whose station in society does not require them to constrain nature, by the force of social courtesies, into habits of concealment of their natural emotions. None of the standing group spoke, but as each of them wrung my hand in silence, his eye was fixed on mine, with an expression of drunken confidence and secrecy, and an insolent determination not to be gainsayed with-

* How are you.

out peril. If looks could be translated with certainty, they seemed to say, "we are bound upon a project of vengeance, and if you do not join us, remember that we *can* revenge." Along with this grasp, they did not forget to remind me of the common bond by which we were united, for each man gave me the secret grip of Ribbonism in a manner that made the joints of my fingers ache for some minutes after.

There was one present, however—the highest in authority—whose actions and demeanour were calm and unexcited; he seemed to labour under no unusual influence whatever, but evinced a serenity so placid and philosophical, that I attributed the silence of the sitting group, and the restraint which curbed in the out-breaking passions of those who *stood*, entirely to his presence. He was a schoolmaster, who taught his daily school in that chapel, and acted also, on Sunday, in the capacity of clerk to the priest—an excellent and amiable old man, who knew little of his illegal connection, and atrocious conduct.

When the ceremonies of brotherly recognition and friendship were past, the Captain, by which title I will designate the last-mentioned person, stooped, and raising a jar of whiskey on the corner of the altar, held a wine glass to its neck, which he filled, and with a calm nod handed it to me to drink. I shrunk back, with an instinctive horror, at the profaneness of such an act, in the house, and on the altar of God, and peremptorily refused to taste the proffered draught. He smiled, mildly, at what he considered my superstition, and added quietly, and in a low voice, "You'll be wantin' it, I'm thinkin', afther the wettin' you got."—"Wet or dry," said I—"Stop, man" he replied in the same tone—"spake lower; but why would'nt you take the whiskey? Sure there's as holy people to the fore as you—did'nt they all take it?—an' I wish we may never do worse than dhrink a harmless glass of whiskey, to keep the could out, any way." "Well," said I, "I'll just trust to God, and the consequinces, for the could, Paddy, ma bouchal; but a blessed dhrop ov it wo'nt be crossin' my lips, avick; so no more goether about it—dhrink it yerself, if you like; may-be you want it as much as I do—wherein I've the patthern of a good big-coat upon me, so thick, yer sowl, that if it was rainin' bullocks, a dhrop would'nt get undher the nap ov it." He gave me a calm, but keen glance, as I spoke. "Well, Jim," said he, "it's a good comrade you've got for the weather that's in it—but in the mane time, so set you a dacent patthern, I'll just take this myself,"—saying which, with the jar still upon its side, and the fore-finger of his left hand in its neck, he swallowed the spirits. "It's the first I dhrank to-night," he added, "nor would I dhrink it now, only to shew you that I've heart and sperrit to do a thing that we're all bound and sworn to, when the proper time comes"—saying which, he laid down the glass, and turned up the jar, with much coolness, upon the altar.

During this conversation, those who had been summoned to this mysterious meeting were pouring in fast; and as each person approached the altar, he received from one to two or three large glasses of whiskey, according as he chose to limit himself—and, to do them justice, there were not a few of those present, who, in despite of their own desire, and the Captain's express invitation, refused to taste it in the house of God's worship. Such, however, as were scrupulous, he afterwards recommended to take it on the outside of the chapel door, which they did—as by that means, the sacrilege of the act was supposed to be evaded.

About one o'clock they were all assembled except six—at least so the Captain, on looking at a written paper, asserted. "Now, boys," said he, in the same low voice, "we are all present except the thraitors, whose names I am goin' to read to you; not that we are to count thim as thraitors, till we know whether or not it was in their power to come; any how, the night is terrible—but, boys, you're to know, that neither fire nor wather is to prevint yees, when duly summonsed to attind a meeting—particularly whin the summons is widout a name, as you have been tould that there is always something of consequence to be done *thin*." He then read out the names of those who were absent, in order that the real cause of their absence might be ascertained—declaring, that they would be dealt with accordingly. After this he went, and with his usual caution shut and bolted the door, and having put the key in his pocket, he ascended the steps of the altar, and for some time traversed the little platform from which the priest usually addresses the congregation.

Until this night I never contemplated the man's countenance with any particular interest, but as he walked the platform, I had an opportunity of observing him more closely. He was a little man, apparently not thirty; and on a first view seemed to have nothing remarkable either in his dress or features. I, however, was not the only person whose eye was rivetted upon him at that moment; in fact every one present observed him with equal interest, for hitherto he had kept the object of the meeting perfectly secret, and of course we all felt anxious to know it. It was while he traversed this platform that I scrutinized his features with a hope, if possible, to glean from them some indication of what was passing within; I could, however, mark but little, and that little was at first rather from the intelligence which seemed to subsist between him and those whom I have already mentioned as *standing* against the altar, than from any indications of his own; their gleaming eyes were fixed upon him with an intensity of savage and demon-like hope, which blazed out in flashes of malignant triumph, as upon turning, he threw a cool but rapid glance at them, to intimate the progress he was making in the subject to which he devoted the undivided energies of his mind. But in the course of this meditation, I could observe on one or two occasions a dark shade come over his countenance that contracted his brow into a deep furrow, and it was then, for the first time, that I saw the satanic expression of which his face, by a very slight motion of its muscles, was capable; his hands, during this silence, closed and opened convulsively; his eyes shot out two or three baleful glances, first to his confederates, and afterwards vacantly into the deep gloom of the lower part of the chapel; his teeth ground against each other, like those of a man whose revenge burns to reach a distant enemy, and finally, after having wound himself up to a certain determination, his features relaxed into their original calm and undisturbed expression.

At this moment a loud laugh, having something supernatural in it, rang out wildly from the darkness of the chapel; he stopped, and putting his open hand over his brows, peered down into the gloom, and said calmly in Irish, *bee dhu hust ne wulh anam inh*—"hold your tongue, it is not yet the time."—Every eye was now directed to the same spot, but, in consequence of its distance from the dim light on the altar, none could perceive the object from which the laugh proceeded. It was by this time, near two o'clock in the morning.

He now stood for a few moments on the platform, and his chest heaved with a depth of anxiety equal to the difficulty of the design he wished to accomplish; "brothers," said he, "for we are all brothers—sworn upon all that's sacred an' holy, to obey whatever them that's over us, maning among ourselves, wishes us to do—are you now ready, in the name of God, upon whose althar I stand, to fulfil yer oath?"

The words were scarcely uttered, when those who had *stood* beside the altar during the night, sprung from their places, and descending its steps rapidly, turned round, and raising their arms exclaimed, "By all that's sacred an' holy we're willin'."

In the mean time, those who *sat* upon the steps of the altar, instantly rose, and following the example of those who had just spoken, exclaimed after them, "to be sure—by all that's sacred an' holy we're willin'."

"Now boys," said the Captain, "ar'nt yees big fools for your pains? an' *one* of yee's does'nt know what I mane."

"You're our Captain," said one of those who had stood at the altar—"an' has yer ordhers from higher quarthers, of coorse whatever ye command upon us we're bound to obey you in."

"Well," said he, smiling, "I only wanted to thry yees an' by the oath yees tuck, there's not a Captain in the county has as good a right to be proud of his min as I have—well yees won't rue it, may be, when the right time comes; and for that same rason every one of yees must have a glass from the jar; thim that won't dhrink it *in* the chapel can dhrink it *widout*; an' here goes to open the door for them"—he then distributed another large glass to every man who would accept it, and brought the jar afterwards to the chapel door, to satisfy the scruples of those who would not drink within. When this was performed, and all duly excited, he proceeded:—

"Now, brothers, you are solemnly sworn to obey me, an' I'm sure there's no thraithur here that 'id parjure himself for a trifle, any how, but *I'm* swern to obey them that's above me—manin' still among ourselves—an' to shew you that I don't scruple to do it, here goes"—he then turned round, and taking the Missal between his hands, placed it upon the holy altar. Hitherto, every word was uttered in a low precautionary tone; but on grasping the book, he again turned round, and looking upon his confederates with the same satanic expression which marked his countenance before, exclaimed in a voice of deep determination;—

"By this sacred an' holy book of God, I will perform the action which we have met this night to accomplish, be that what it may—an' this I swear upon God's book, an' God's altar!" At this moment the candle which burned before him went suddenly out, and the chapel was wrapped in pitchy darkness; the sound as if of rushing wings fell upon our ears, and fifty voices dwelt upon the last words of his oath, with wild and supernatural tones that seemed to echo and to mock what he had

sworn. There was a pause, and an exclamation of horror from all present, but the Captain was too cool and steady to be disconcerted; he immediately groped about until he got the candle, and proceeding calmly to a remote corner of the chapel, took up a half-burned turf which lay there, and after some trouble, succeeded in lighting it again. He then explained what had taken place; which indeed was easily done, as the candle happened to be extinguished by a pigeon which sat exactly above it. The chapel, I should have observed, was at this time, like many country chapels, unfinished inside, and the pigeons of a neighbouring dove-cote, had built nests among the rafters of the unceiled roof, which circumstance also explained the rushing of the wings, for the birds had been affrighted by the sudden loudness of the noise. The mocking voices were nothing but the echoes, rendered naturally more awful by the scene, the mysterious object of the meeting, and the solemn hour of the night.

When the candle was again lighted, and these startling circumstances accounted for, the persons whose vengeance had been deepening more and more during the night, rushed to the altar in a body, where each in a voice trembling with passionate eagerness, repeated the oath, and as every word was pronounced, the same echoes heightened the wildness of the horrible ceremony, by their long and unearthly tones. The countenances of these human tigers were livid with suppressed rage—their knit brows, compressed lips, and kindled eyes, fell under the dim light of the taper, with an expression calculated to sicken any heart not absolutely diabolical.

As soon as this dreadful rite was completed, we were again startled by several loud bursts of laughter, which proceeded from the lower darkness of the chapel, and the captain on hearing them, turned to the place, and reflecting for a moment, said in Irish, "*gutsho nish, avohelhee*"—come hither now, boys. A rush immediately took place from the corner in which they had secreted themselves all the night—and seven men appeared, whom we instantly recognized as brothers and cousins of certain persons who had been convicted some time before, for breaking into the house of an honest poor man in the neighbourhood, from whom, after having treated him with barbarous violence, they took away such fire arms as he kept for his own protection.

It was evidently not the captain's intention to have produced these persons until the oath should have been generally taken, but the exulting mirth with which they enjoyed the success of his scheme betrayed them, and put him to the necessity of bringing them forward somewhat before the concerted moment.

The scene which now took place was beyond all power of description; peals of wild fiend-like yells rang through the chapel, as the party which *stood* on the altar, and that which had crouched in the darkness met; wringing of hands, leaping in triumph, striking of sticks and fire arms against the ground and the altar itself, dancing and cracking of fingers, marked the triumph of some hellish propensity. Even the captain for a time was unable to restrain their fury; but at length he mounted the platform before the altar once more, and with a stamp of his foot, recalled their attention to himself and the matter in hand.

"Boys," said he, "enough of this, and too much; an' well for us it is that the chapel is in a lonely place, or our foolish noise might do us no good—let thim that swore so manfully jist now, stand a one side, till the rest kiss the book one by one."

The proceedings, however, had by this time taken too alarming a shape, for even the captain to compel them to a blindfold oath; the first man he called flatly refused to swear, until he should first hear the nature of the service that was required. This was echoed by the remainder, who taking courage from the firmness of this person, declared generally, that until they first knew the business they were to execute, none of them should take the oath. The captain's lip quivered slightly, and his brow once more knit with the same hellish expression, which I have remarked gave him so much the appearance of an embodied fiend; but this speedily passed away, and was succeeded by a malignant sneer, in which lurked, if there ever did in a sneer, "a laughing devil," calmly, determinedly, atrocious.

"It was'nt worth yer whiles to refuse the oath," said he, mildly, "for the thruth is, I had next to nothing for ye's to do—not a hand, maybe, would have to *rise*, only jist to look on, an', if any resistance would be made, to shew yerselves; yer numbers would soon make them see that resistance would be no use whatever in the present case. At all evints the oath of *secrecy must* be taken, or woe be to him that will refuse *that*, he wont know the day, the hour, nor the minute, when he'll be made a spatch-cock ov." He then turned round, and placing his right hand on the Missal, swore "in the presence of God, and before his holy altar, that whatever might take place that night he would keep secret, from man or mortal, except it was the holy priest on his dying day, and that neither bribery, nor imprisonment, nor death, would wring it from his heart;" having done this, he struck the book violently, as if to confirm the energy with which he swore, and then calmly descending the steps, stood with a serene countenance, like a man conscious of having performed a good action. As this oath did not pledge those who refused to take the other to the perpetration of any specific crime, it was readily taken by all present; preparations were then made to execute what was intended; the half burned turf was placed in a little pot—another glass of whiskey was distributed, and the door being locked by the captain, who kept the key as parish master and clerk, the crowd departed silently from the chapel.

(To be concluded in our next.)

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Letters and Journals of Lord Byron: with Notices of his Life. By Thomas Moore, in 2 vols. vol. 1. 4to. pp. 670.—London, Murray, 1830.

"WHAT an antithetical mind!—tenderness, roughness—delicacy, coarseness—sentiment, sensuality—soaring and grovelling, dirt and deity—all mixed up in that one compound of inspired clay!" Such is Lord Byron's recorded judgment of Robert Burns, a judgment in our opinion eminently just and true, and such we hesitate not to say, is very nearly a transcript of the impressions of his Lordship's own character and mind, with which we rise from the perusal of his life and writings, to some of which that never have reached, and that now never can reach the public eye, we have had opportunities of access, as well as to the volume now before the world. In forming our estimate of Lord Byron, there are strong feelings of scorn and abhorrence of the moral character of the man, mingled with our intense admiration of his transcendant poetical genius. We are the more anxious not to mince this matter, because we think a very false unhealthy tone has been adopted on the subject, by many eminent writers in these latter days, and especially in the case of the very individual whom Lord Byron, as above related, judged so hardly yet so truly, before his mind was warped and fallen from its high estate. By some extraordinary obliquity of moral vision, genius has come to be viewed as an extenuation or excuse of palpable delinquency, and those who felt disposed to censure vice as an offence against God and man, not to be palliated on the plea of superior mental powers, have been regarded somewhat as dull wooden-hearted moralists, incapable of estimating *the strength of temptation* to which men of more lively sensibilities are exposed, or of appreciating the motives which influence the conduct of men, placed far above themselves in the scale of intellectual being. Against all this, we enter our protest. The faculties of man are two-fold, sensual and intellectual. The former, as we remember to have read in Sallust, he shares with the brute animals, the latter is common to him with the deity. To which of the two classes genius belongs, we can have no difficulty in deciding, and if the quick general perception which it confers, sharpens the action even of the lower senses, a proposition which we do not feel ourselves called upon to combat, it is certain, that by adding still greater strength to the rational quickening spirit of man, it establishes the sovereignty of the subtler essence over the grosser part of human nature, in a manner more marked and effectual, than in ordinary characters, and renders the submission of the soul to the senses, in a man of genius, if possible more inexcusable than in any other. If this be not so, if, as we find, those who affect to applaud it most in modern times, frequently maintaining—genius do really tend to disable a man from resisting the impulses of his animal nature, although these impulses be clearly seen to be criminal and pernicious, then is genius a base and grovelling thing, an odious and destructive illusion of the lying spirit, and not, as we believe it, an emanation from the Deity, ennobling and purifying as with seraphic fire, the heart and mind it touches and kindles.

It may be said, however, that we are not warranted in prying into the private recesses of a man's life, or 'drawing his frailties from their dread abode,' to gratify the malignant curiosity of an unfeeling world. To a certain extent this is quite true. If a man in his public conduct, or in his published works, has given 'none occasion of offence,' then, whatever his personal deficiencies may be, the correction of them ought to be as private as their existence is little known; but public faults require public animadversion, and in any case, a biographer has, in our opinion, no latitude of choice, he must either make up his mind to extenuate nothing, or if friendship or any other cause indispose him to this line of conduct, the only remaining procedure consistent with his honesty and duty, is to decline the task altogether. If partial or coloured statements be imposed upon us for the

whole truth, we are as egregiously deceived as if falsehoods were directly stated.

Whilst these remarks were called for by a consideration of the general subject of modern memoirs of men of genius, we hasten to assure our readers that they are not at all intended to apply to Mr. Moore's, who, in the work before us, shows himself, as far at least as he has yet proceeded, wholly superior to that selfish spirit, as we account it, which has sometimes induced men of letters to slur over the faults of other gifted spirits, as a sort of guarantee that similar indulgence would be extended to themselves. Whatever may have been, at one time, the faults and follies of Mr. Moore's own literary labors, he has lived long enough to see and to know the pernicious consequences of every departure from the path of truth and rectitude, even in the wantonness of the Muse, and though his tone in speaking of Lord Byron's failings is very naturally and properly apologetic, he never forgets his duty to the public, where the interests of morality and religion are concerned. It may be, that had Byron lived longer and under happier influences, he too would have learned the same salutary lesson, but the baleful poison of his later writings was widely disseminated, and uncorrected as it has been by any antidote from the same source, we cannot hesitate to avow the opinion, that it had been well for mankind and for himself, if Byron had never been. We do not say this to mystify the ladies, who knew not, and God forbid they ever should know, the grounds on which we form our judgment, but from a deep conviction of its truth, and of the necessity of a plain avowal of that truth, however unpalatable, at a time when it is very fashionable to let our admiration of genius swallow up our detestation of immorality in word and deed.

We now turn gladly to the first volume of Moore's Byron. It is a work replete with absorbing interest, and will be read with eagerness by every one at all acquainted with the politer literature of England in the nineteenth century, upon which the illustrious subject of the "Notices" shed so bright a lustre, dimmed though it may have subsequently been, by those blighting errors, which as we have sufficiently condemned already, we shall not inflict the pain upon ourselves and our readers, of again adverting to. By far the greater portion of the volume is occupied by Lord Byron's original letters. A brief introductory sketch conducts us only to the 17th year of his life; and throughout the rest of the volume, the "Notices" are nearly confined to connecting links between the letters, explanatory observations, and comments on the character and conduct of Lord Byron. In these we have to congratulate Mr. Moore most heartily, on the great improvement he has shewn in taste and style, as well as in the "weightier matters of the law," to which we have before alluded. We have little of that affected prettiness of style, which justified the smart saying about his life of Sheridan, that it was "like an allegory on the banks of the Nile." For the most part it is natural and simple; and we are gradually led into the character and feelings of his hero, with the least appearance of effort imaginable, up to the period of his second and final departure from his native country in 1816, with which event the volume before us closes. The circumstances of Lord Byron's subsequent life and writings, require more difficult and delicate management in their developement, than that which went before, and we shall look with some anxiety, mingled with eager interest, for the conclusion of Mr. Moore's labours.

We shall now proceed to give our readers a much richer treat than any dull remarks of ours could afford them, by citing from the work itself such passages as seem to us most likely to afford some insight into the life and character of the illustrious bard, and of the manner in which his biographer has discharged the important task confided to his charge.

"Finding but little benefit from the Nottingham practitioner, Mrs. Byron in the summer of the year 1779, thought it right to remove her boy to London, where at the suggestion of Lord Carlisle, he was put under the care of Dr. Baillie. It being an object, too, to place him at some quiet school, where the means adopted for the cure of his infirmity might be more easily attended to, the establishment of the late Dr. Glennie, at Dulwich, was chosen for that purpose; and, as it was thought advisable that he should have a separate apartment to sleep in, Doctor Glennie had a bed put up for him in his own study. Mrs. Byron who had remained a short time behind him at Newstead, on her arrival in town took a house upon Sloane Terrace; and, under the direction of Dr. Baillie, one of the Messrs. Sheldrake was employed to construct an instrument for the purpose of straightening the limb of the child. Moderation in all athletic exercises was, of course, prescribed; but Dr. Glennie found it by no means easy to enforce compliance with this rule, as, though sufficiently quiet when along with him in his study, no sooner was the boy released for play, than he showed as much ambition to excel in all exercises as the most robust youth of the school; 'an ambition,' adds Dr. Glennie, in the communication with which he favoured me a short time before his death, 'which I have remarked to prevail in general in young persons labouring under similar defects of nature.'

"Having been instructed in the elements of Latin grammar according to the mode of teaching adopted at Aberdeen, the young student had now unluckily to retrace his steps, and was, as is too often the case, retarded in his studies and perplexed in his recollections, by the necessity of toiling through the rudiments again in one of the forms prescribed by the English schools. 'I found him entering upon his tasks,' says Dr. Glennie, 'with alacrity and success. He was playful, good-humoured, and beloved by his companions. His reading in history and poetry was far beyond the usual standard of his age, and in my study he found many books open to him, both to please his taste and gratify his curiosity; among others, a set of our poets, from Chaucer to Churchill, which I am almost tempted to say, he had more than once perused from beginning to end. He showed at this age an intimate acquaintance with the historical parts of the Holy Scriptures, upon which he seemed delighted to converse with me, especially after our religious exercises of a Sunday evening; when he would reason upon the facts contained in the Sacred Volume, with every appearance of belief in the divine truths which they unfold. 'That the impressions,' adds the writer, 'thus imbibed in his boyhood, had, notwithstanding the irregularities of his after life, sunk deep into his mind, will appear, I think, to every impartial reader of his works in general; and I never have been able to divest myself of the persuasion that, in the strange aberrations which so unfortunately marked his subsequent career, he must have found it difficult to violate the better principles early instilled into him.'

"It should have been mentioned, among the traits which I have recorded of his still earlier years, that, according to the character given of him by his first nurse's husband, he was, when a mere child, 'particularly inquisitive and puzzling about religion.'

"It was not long before Dr. Glennie began to discover—what instructors of youth must too often experience—that the parent was a much more difficult subject to deal with than the child. Though professing entire acquiescence in the representations of this gentleman, as to the propriety of leaving her son to pursue his studies without interruption, Mrs. Byron had neither sense nor self-denial enough to act up to these professions; but, in spite of the remonstrances of Dr. Glennie, and the injunctions of Lord Carlisle, continued to interfere with and thwart the progress of the boy's education in every way that a fond, wrong-headed, and self-willed mother could devise. In vain was it stated to her that, in all the elemental parts of learning which are requisite for a youth destined to a great public school, young Byron was much behind other youths of his age, and that, to retrieve this deficiency, the undivided application of his whole time would be necessary. Though appearing to be sensible of the truth of these suggestions, she not the less embarrassed and obstructed the teacher in his task. Not content with the interval between Saturday and Monday, which, contrary to Dr. Glennie's wish, the boy generally passed at Sloane Terrace, she would frequently keep him at home a week beyond this time, and, still further to add to the distraction of such interruptions, collected around him a numerous circle of young acquaintances, without exercising, as may be supposed, much discrimination in her choice. 'How indeed could she?' asks Dr. Glennie—'Mrs. Byron was a total stranger to English society and English manners; with an exterior far from prepossessing, an understanding where nature had not been more bountiful, a mind almost wholly without cultivation, and the peculiarities of northern opinions, northern habits, and northern accent, I trust I do no great prejudice to the memory of my countrywoman, if I say Mrs. Byron was not a Madame de Lambert, endowed with powers to retrieve the fortune, and form the character and manners of a young nobleman, her son.'

"The interposition of Lord Carlisle, to whose authority it was found necessary to appeal, had more than once given a check to these disturbing indulgences. Sanctioned by such support, Dr. Glennie even ventured to oppose himself to the privilege, so often abused, of the usual visits on a Saturday; and the scenes which he had to encounter on each new case of refusal were such as would have wearied out the patience of any less zealous and conscientious schoolmaster. Mrs. Byron, whose paroxysms of passion were not, like those of her son, 'silent rages,' would, on all these occasions, break out into such audible fits of temper, as it was impossible to keep from reaching the ears of the scholars and the servants; and Dr. Glennie had, one day, the pain of over-

hearing a schoolfellow of his noble pupil say to him, 'Byron, your mother is a fool;' to which the other answered gloomily, 'I know it.' In consequence of all this violence and impracticability of temper, Lord Carlisle at length ceased to have any intercourse with the mother of his ward, and on a further application from the instructor, for the exertion of his influence, said, 'I can have nothing more to do with Mrs. Byron,—you must now manage her as you can.'

"Among the books that lay accessible to the boys in Doctor Glennie's study was a pamphlet written by the brother of one of his most intimate friends, entitled 'Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Juno on the coast of Arracan, in the year 1795.' The writer had been the second officer of the ship, and the account which he had sent home to his friends of the sufferings of himself and his fellow-passengers had appeared to them so touching and strange, that they determined to publish it.—The pamphlet attracted but little, it seems, of public attention, but among the young students of Dulwich Grove it was a favourite study; and the impression which it left on the retentive mind of Byron may have had some share perhaps, in suggesting that curious research, through all the various Accounts of Shipwrecks upon record, by which he prepared himself to depict with such power a scene of the same description in Don Juan. The following affecting incident, mentioned by the author of this pamplet, has been adopted, it will be seen, with but little change either of phrase or circumstance, by the poet:—

"'Of those who were not immediately near me I knew little, unless by their cries. Some struggled hard, and died in great agony; but it was not always those whose strength was most impaired that died the easiest, though, in some cases, it might have been so. I particularly remember the following instances:—Mr. Wade's servant, a stout and healthy boy, died early and almost without a groan; while another of the same age, but of a less promising appearance, held out much longer. The fate of these unfortunate boys differed also in another respect highly deserving of notice. Their fathers were both in the fore-top when the lads were taken ill. The father of Mr. Wade's boy hearing of his son's illness, answered with indifference, 'that he could do nothing for him,' and left him to his fate. The other, when the accounts reached him, hurried down, and watching for a favourable moment, crawled on all fours along the weather gunwale to his son, who was in the mizen rigging. By that time, only three or four planks of the quarter-deck remained, just over the weather-quarter gallery; and to this spot the unhappy man led his son, making him fast to the rail to prevent his being washed away. Whenever the boy was seized with a fit of reaching, the father lifted him up and wiped the foam from his lips; and, if a shower came, he made him open his mouth to receive the drops, or gently squeezed them into it from a rag. In this affecting situation both remained four or five days, till the boy expired. The unfortunate parent, as if unwilling to believe the fact, then raised the body, gazed wistfully at it, and, when he could no longer entertain any doubt, watched it in silence till it was carried off by the sea; then, wrapping himself in a piece of canvas, sunk down and rose no more; though he must have lived two days longer, as we judged from the quivering of his limbs, when a wave broke over him.'"

Mr. Moore adds, and we think justly, with reference to Lord Byron's version of the shipwreck in Don Juan, that this is one of the instances in which poetry must be content to yield the palm to prose, in touching pathos and natural power.

Previously to this there is a strange tale of Byron's infant fondness for a Scotch girl named Mary Duff, when he was only eight years of age; but, notwithstanding the classical example of Dante, gravely adduced as a precedent for this precocious passion, we cannot help regarding the whole story (leaden-hearted mortals that we are!) as a childish whim, too foolish for narration in this age of utility and anti-sentiment. The story of his *second* love, if we are to count Mary Duff's affair as the first dawning of the tender passion, and of his removal from domestic tuition to Harrow School, is thus related:

'It was probably during one of the vacations of this year, that the boyish love for his young cousin, Miss Parker, to which he attributes the glory of having first inspired him with poetry, took possession of his fancy.—"My first dash into poetry (he says) was as early as 1800. It was the ebullition of a passion for my first cousin, Margaret Parker (daughter and grand-daughter of the two Admirals Parker,) one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings. I have long forgotten the verses, but it would be difficult for me to forget her—her dark eyes—her long eyelashes—her completely Greek cast of face and figure! I was then about twelve—she rather older, perhaps a year. She died about a year or two afterwards, in consequence of a fall, which injured her spine, and induced consumption. Her sister Augusta (by some thought still more beautiful) died of the same malady; and it was indeed, in attending her, that Margaret met with the accident which occasioned her own death. My sister told me, that when she went to see her, shortly before her death, upon accidentally mentioning my name, Margaret coloured through the paleness of mortality to the eyes, to the great astonishment of my sister, who (residing with her grandmother, Lady Holderness, and seeing but little of me, for family reasons) knew nothing of our attachment, nor could conceive why my name should affect her at such a time. I knew nothing of her illness, being at Harrow and in the country, till she was gone. Some years after, I made an attempt at an elegy—a very dull one.

"I do not recollect scarcely any thing equal to the *transparent* beauty of my cousin, or to the sweetness of her temper, during the short period of our intimacy. She looked as if she had been made out of a rainbow—all beauty and peace.

"My passion had its usual effects upon me—I could not sleep—I could not eat—I could not rest; and although I had reason to know that she loved me, it was the texture of my life to think of the time which must elapse before we could meet again—being usually about twelve hours of separation! But I was a fool then, and am not much wiser now.

"He had been nearly two years under the tuition of Doctor Glennie, when his mother, discontented at the slowness of his progress—though being, herself, as we have seen, the principal cause of it—entreated so urgently of Lord Carlisle to have him removed to a public school, that her wish was at length acceded to; and, 'accordingly,' says Doctor Glennie, 'to Harrow he went, as little prepared as it is natural to suppose from two years of elementary instruction, thwarted by every art that could estrange the mind of youth from preceptor, from school, and from all serious study.'

* * *

"To a shy disposition, such as Byron's was in his youth—and such as, to a certain degree, it continued all his life—the transition from a quiet establishment, like that of Dulwich Grove, to the bustle of a great public school was sufficiently trying. Accordingly, we find from his own account, that, for the first year and a half, he 'hated Harrow.' The activity, however, and sociableness of his nature soon conquered this repugnance; and, from being, as he himself says, 'a most unpopular boy,' he rose at length to be a leader in all the sports, schemes, and mischief of the school.

"For a general notion of his disposition and capacities at this period, we could not have recourse to a more trustworthy or valuable authority than that of the Rev. Dr. Drury, who was at this time head master of the school, and to whom Lord Byron has left on record a tribute of affection and respect, which, like the reverential regard of Dryden for Dr. Busby, will long associate together honourably the names of the poet and the master. From this venerable scholar I have received the following brief, but important, statement of the impressions which his early intercourse with the young noble left upon him:—

"Mr. Hanson, Lord Byron's solicitor, consigned him to my care at the age of 13½, with remarks, that his education had been neglected; that he was ill prepared for a public school, but that he thought there was a *cleverness* about him. After his departure I took my young disciple into my study, and endeavoured to bring him forward by inquiries as to his former amusements, employments, and associates, but with little or no effect;—and I soon found that a wild mountain colt had been submitted to my management. But there was mind in his eye. In the first place, it was necessary to attach him to an elder boy, in order to familiarize him with the objects before him, and with some parts of the system in which he was to move. But the information he received from his conductor gave him no pleasure, when he heard of the advances of some in the school, much younger than himself, and conceived by his own deficiency that he should be degraded, and humbled, by being placed below them. This I discovered, and having committed him to the care of one of the masters, as his tutor, I assured him he should not be placed till, by diligence, he might rank with those of his own age. He was pleased with this assurance, and felt himself on easier terms with his associates; for a degree of shyness hung about him for some time. His manner and temper soon convinced me, that he might be led by a silken string to a point, rather than by a cable;—on that principle I acted. After some continuance at Harrow, and when the powers of his mind had begun to expand, the late Lord Carlisle, his relation, desired to see me in town;—I waited on his lordship. His object was to inform me of Lord Byron's expectations of property when he came of age, which he represented as contracted, and to inquire respecting his abilities. On the former circumstance I made no remark; as to the latter, I replied,

'He has talents, my lord, which will *add lustre to his rank.*' 'Indeed!!!' said his lordship, with a degree of surprise, that, according to my feeling, did not express in it all the satisfaction I expected.

"The circumstance to which you allude, as to his declamatory powers, was as follows:—The upper part of the school composed declamations, which, after a revisal by the tutors, were submitted to the master; to him the authors repeated them, that they might be improved in manner and action, before their public delivery. I certainly was much pleased with Lord Byron's attitude, gesture, and delivery, as well as with his composition. All who spoke on that day adhered, as usual, to the letter of their composition, as, in the earlier part of his delivery, did Lord Byron. But to my surprise he suddenly diverged from the written composition, with a boldness and rapidity sufficient to alarm me, lest he should fail in memory as to the conclusion. There was no failure;—he came round to the close of his composition without discovering any impediment and irregularity on the whole. I questioned him, why he had altered his declamation? He declared he had made no alteration, and did not know, in speaking, that he had deviated from it one letter. I believed him, and from a knowledge of his temperament am convinced, that fully impressed with the sense and substance of the subject, he was hurried on to expressions and colourings more striking than what his pen had expressed."

At the early age of sixteen, during one of his Harrow vacations, commenced that attachment to Miss Chaworth, afterwards Mrs. Musters, which made so lasting an impression on his heart, and which, according to his own firm persuasion, powerfully influenced the whole character and conduct of his future life. We need scarcely inform our readers, that it is of this passion and its unfortunate results, that he has drawn the picture in "The Dream," one of the most touching and interesting of his minor poems.

"To the family of Miss Chaworth, who resided at Annesley, in the immediate neighbourhood of Newstead, he had been made known, some time before, in London, and now renewed his acquaintance with them. The young heiress herself combined with the many worldly advantages that encircled her, much personal beauty, and a disposition the most amiable and attaching. Though already fully alive to her charms, it was at the period of which we are speaking that the young poet, who was then in his sixteenth year, while the object of his adoration was about two years older, seems to have drunk deepest of that fascination whose effects were to be so lasting;—six short summer weeks which he now passed in her company being sufficient to lay the foundation of a feeling for all life."

"In the dances of the evening at Matlock, Miss Chaworth, of course, joined, while her lover sate looking on, solitary and mortified. It is not impossible, indeed, that the dislike which he always expressed for this amusement may have originated in some bitter pang, felt in his youth, on seeing 'the lady of his love' led out by others to the gay dance from which he was himself excluded. On the present occasion, the young heiress of Annesley having had for her partner (as often happens at Matlock) some person with whom she was wholly unacquainted, on her resuming her seat, Byron said to her, pettishly, 'I hope you like your friend.' The words were scarce out of his lips when he was accosted by an ungainly-looking Scotch lady, who rather boisterously claimed him as 'cousin,' and was putting his pride to the torture with her vulgarity, when he heard the voice of his fair companion retorting archly in his ear, 'I hope *you* like your friend.'

"His time at Annesley was mostly passed in riding with Miss Chaworth and her cousin; sitting in idle reverie, as was his custom, pulling at his handkerchief, or in firing at a door which opens upon the terrace, and which still, I believe, bears the marks of his shots. But his chief delight was in sitting to hear Miss Chaworth play; and the pretty Welsh air, 'Mary Anne,' was (partly, of course, on account of the name) his especial favourite. During all this time he had the pain of knowing that the heart of her he loved was occupied by another;—that, as he himself expresses it,

'Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
Even as a brother—but no more.'"

His feelings, on first leaving Harrow for College, are thus described:

"When I first went up to college it was a new and a heavy-hearted scene for me: firstly, I so much disliked leaving Harrow, that though it was time (I being seventeen), it broke my very rest for the last quarter with counting the days that remained. I always *hated* Harrow till the last year and half, but then I liked it. Secondly, I wished to go to Oxford and not to Cambridge. Thirdly, I was so completely alone in this new world, that it half broke my spirits. My companions were not unsocial, but the contrary—lively, hospitable, of rank and fortune, and gay far beyond my gaiety. I mingled with, and dined and supped, &c. with them; but, I know not how, it was one of the deadliest and heaviest feelings of my life to feel that I was no longer a boy."

Of the circumstances connected with his first publication of poems, which preceded the 'Hours of Idleness,' the following account is given:

"The small volume of Poems, which he had now, for some time, been preparing, was, in the month of November, ready for delivery to the select few among whom it was intended to circulate; and to Mr. Becher the first copy of the work was presented. The influence which this gentleman had, by his love of poetry, his sociability and good sense, acquired at this period over the mind of Lord Byron, was frequently employed by him in guiding the taste of his young friend, no less in matters of conduct than of literature; and the ductility with which this influence was yielded to, in an instance I shall have to mention, will show how far from untractable was the natural disposition of Byron, had he more frequently been lucky enough to fall into hands, that "knew the stops" of the instrument, and could draw out its sweetness as well as its strength.

"In the wild range which his taste was now allowed to take through the light and miscellaneous literature of the day, it was but natural that he should settle with most pleasure on those works, from which the feelings of his age and temperament could extract their most congenial food; and, accordingly, Lord Strangford's Camoëns and Little's Poems are said to have been, at this period, his favourite study. To the indulgence of such a taste his reverend friend very laudably opposed himself,—representing with truth, (as far, at least, as the latter author is concerned,) how much more worthy models, both in style and thought, he might find among the established names of English literature. Instead of wasting his time on the ephemeral productions of his contemporaries, he should devote himself, his adviser said, to the pages of Milton and of Shakspeare, and, above all, seek to elevate his fancy and taste by the contemplation of the sublimer beauties of the Bible. In the latter study this gentleman acknowledges that his advice had been, to a great extent, anticipated, and that with the poetical parts of the Scripture he found Lord Byron deeply conversant;—a circumstance which corroborates the account given by his early master, Doctor Glennie, of his great proficiency in scriptural knowledge while, yet but a child, under his care.

"To Mr. Becher, as I have said, the first copy of his little work was presented; and this gentleman, in looking over its pages, among many things to commend and admire, as well as some almost too boyish to criticise, found one poem in which, as it appeared to him, the imagination of the young bard had indulged itself in a luxuriousness of colouring beyond what even youth could excuse. Immediately, as the most gentle mode of conveying his opinion, he sat down and addressed to Lord Byron some expostulatory verses on the subject, to which an answer, also in verse, was returned by the noble poet as promptly,—with, at the same time, a note, in plain prose, to say, that he felt fully the justice of his reverend friend's censure, and that, rather than allow the poem in question to be circulated, he would instantly recall all the copies that had been sent out, and cancel the whole impression. On the very same evening this prompt sacrifice was carried into effect;—Mr. Becher saw every copy of the edition burned, with the exception of that which he retained in his own possession, and another which had been despatched to Edinburgh, and could not be recalled.

"This trait of the young poet speaks sufficiently for itself;—the sensibility, the temper, the ingenuous pliableness which it exhibits, show a disposition capable, by nature, of every thing we most respect and love.

"Considering himself bound to replace the copies of his work which he had withdrawn, as well as to rescue the general character of the volume from the stigma this one offender might bring upon it, he set instantly about preparing a second edition for the press, and during the ensuing six weeks continued busily occupied with his task."

Of Byron's general habits and mode of life in 1807, we read as follows:

"Though so remarkably shy, when he first went to Southwell, this reserve, as he grew more acquainted with the young people of the place, wore off; till, at length, he became a frequenter of their assemblies and dinner-parties, and even felt mortified if he heard of a rout to which he was not invited. His horror, however, at new faces still continued; and if, while at Mrs. Pigot's, he saw strangers approaching the house, he would instantly jump out of the window to avoid them. This natural shyness concurred with no small degree of pride to keep him aloof from the acquaintance of the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, whose visits, in more than one instance, he left unreturned;—some, under the plea that their ladies had not visited his mother; others, because they had neglected to pay him this com-

pliment sooner. The true reason, however, of the haughty distance, at which, both now and afterwards, he stood apart from his more opulent neighbours, is to be found in his mortifying consciousness of the inadequacy of his own means to his rank, and the proud dread of being made to feel this inferiority by persons to whom, in every other respect, he knew himself superior. His friend Mr. Becher frequently expostulated with him on this unsociableness; and to his remonstrances, on one occasion, Lord Byron returned a poetical answer, so remarkably prefiguring the splendid burst, with which his own volcanic genius opened upon the world, that, as the volume containing the verses is in very few hands, I cannot resist the temptation of giving a few extracts here:—

"Dear Becher, you tell me to mix with mankind,—
I cannot deny such a precept is wise;
But retirement accords with the tone of my mind,
And I will not descend to a world I despise.

"Did the Senate or Camp my exertions require,
Ambition might prompt me at once to go forth;
And, when infancy's years of probation expire,
Perchance, I may strive to distinguish my birth.

"The fire, in the cavern of Ætna concealed,
Still mantles unseen, in its secret recess;—
At length, in a volume terrific revealed,
No torrent can quench it, no bounds can repress.

"Oh thus, the desire in my bosom for fame
Bids me live but to hope for posterity's praise;
Could I soar, with the Phœnix, on pinions of flame,
With him I would wish to expire in the blaze.

"For the life of a Fox, of a Chatham the death,
What censure, what danger, what woe would I brave?
Their lives did not end when they yielded their breath,—
Their glory illumines the gloom of the grave!"

"In his hours of rising and retiring to rest he was, like his mother, always very late; and this habit he never altered during the remainder of his life. The night, too, was at this period, as it continued afterwards, his favourite time for composition; and his first visit in the morning was generally paid to the fair friend who acted as his amanuensis, and to whom he then gave whatever new products of his brain the preceding night might have inspired. His next visit was usually to his friend Mr. Becher's, and from thence to one or two other houses on the Green, after which the rest of the day was devoted to his favourite exercises. The evenings he usually passed with the same family among whom he began his morning, either in conversation, or in hearing Miss Pigot play upon the piano-forte, and singing over with her a certain set of songs which he admired,—among which the 'Maid of Lodi' (with the words, 'My heart with love is beating'), and 'When Time who steals our years away,' were, it seems, his particular favourites. He appears, indeed, to have, even thus early, shown a decided taste for that sort of regular routine of life,—bringing round the same occupations at the same stated periods,—which formed so much the system of his existence during the greater part of his residence abroad.

"Those exercises, to which he flew for distraction in less happy days, formed his enjoyment now: and between swimming, sparring, firing at a mark, and riding, the greater part of his time was passed. In the last of these accomplishments he was by no means very expert. As an instance of his little knowledge of horses, it is told, that, seeing a pair one day pass his window, he exclaimed, 'What beautiful horses! I should like to buy them.'—'Why, they are your own, my lord,' said his servant. Those who knew him, indeed, at that period, were rather surprised, in after-life, to hear so much of his riding; and the truth is, I am inclined to think, that he was at no time a very adroit horseman."

An extract from his memorandum-book in the same year, contains an enumeration of the works he had already read in all the various departments of human knowledge; and considering that he was then but nineteen years of age (he was born in January, 88,) it certainly is more voluminous and comprehensive than might have been anticipated. It is to be remembered, however, that in the regular business of school education, Byron was lamentably neglectful and deficient.

"'*History of England.*—Hume, Rapin, Henry, Smollet, Tindal, Belsham, Bisset, Adolphus, Holinshed, Froissart's Chronicles (belonging properly to France).

"'*Scotland.*—Buchanan, Hector Boethius, both in the Latin.

"'*Ireland.*—Gordon.

"'*Rome.*—Hooke, Decline and Fall by Gibbon, Ancient History by Rollin (including an account of the Carthaginians, &c.) besides Livy, Tacitus, Eutropius, Cornelius Nepos, Julius Cæsar, Arrian, Sallust.

"'*Greece.*—Mitford's Greece, Leland's Philip, Plutarch, Potter's Antiquities, Xenophon, Thucydides, Herodotus.

"'*France.*—Mezeray, Voltaire.

"'*Spain.*—I chiefly derived my knowledge of old Spanish History from a book called the Atlas, now obsolete. The modern history, from the intrigues of Alberoni down to the Prince of Peace, I learned from its connexion with European politics.

"'*Portugal.*—From Vertot; as also his account of the Siege of Rhodes—though the last is his own invention, the real facts being totally different.—So much for his Knights of Malta.

"'*Turkey.*—I have read Knolles, Sir Paul Rycaut, and Prince Cantemir, besides a more modern history, anonymous. Of the Ottoman History I know every event, from Tangralopi, and afterwards Othman I. to the peace of Passarowitz, in 1718—the battle of Cutzka, in 1739, and the treaty between Russia and Turkey, in 1790.

"'*Russia.*—Tooke's Life of Catherine II. Voltaire's Czar Peter.

"'*Sweden.*—Voltaire's Charles XII. also Norberg's Charles XII.—in my opinion the best of the two.—A translation of Schiller's Thirty Years' War, which contains the exploits of Gustavus Adolphus, besides Harte's Life of the same Prince. I have somewhere, too, read an account of Gustavus Vasa, the deliverer of Sweden, but do not remember the author's name.

"'*Prussia.*—I have seen, at least, twenty Lives of Frederick II. the only Prince worth recording in Prussian annals. Gillies, His own Works, and Thiebault—none very amusing. The last is paltry, but circumstantial.

"'*Denmark* I know little of. Of Norway I understand the natural history, but not the chronological.

"'*Germany.*—I have read long histories of the house of Suabia, Wenceslaus, and, at length, Rodolph of Hapsburgh and his *thick-lipped* Austrian descendants.

"'*Switzerland.*—Ah! William Tell, and the battle of Morgarten, where Burgundy was slain.

"'*Italy.*—Davila, Guicciardini, the Guelphs and Ghibellines, the battle of Pavia, Massaniello, the revolutions of Naples, &c. &c.

"'*Hindostan.*—Orme and Cambridge.

"'*America.*—Robertson, Andrew's American War.

"'*Africa.*—Merely from travels, as Mungo Park, Bruce.

"'BIOGRAPHY.

"'Robertson's Charles V.—Cæsar, Sallust (Catiline and Jugurtha,) Lives of Marlborough and Eugene, Tekeli, Bonnard, Buonaparte, all the British Poets, both by Johnson and Anderson, Rousseau's Confessions, Life of Cromwell, British Plutarch, British Nepos, Campbell's Lives of the Admirals, Charles XII., Czar Peter, Catherine II., Henry Lord Kaimes, Marmontel, Teignmouth's Sir William Jones, Life of Newton, Belisaire, with thousands not to be detailed.

"'LAW.

"'Blackstone, Montesquieu.

"'PHILOSOPHY.

"'Paley, Locke, Bacon, Hume, Berkely, Drummond, Beattie, and Bolingbroke. Hobbes I detest.

"'GEOGRAPHY.

"'Strabo, Cellarius, Adams, Pinkerton, and Guthrie.

"'POETRY.

"'All the British Classics, as before detailed, with most of the living poets, Scott, Southey, &c.—Some French, in the original, of which the Cid is my favourite.—Little Italian.—Greek and Latin without number;—these last I shall give up in future.—I have translated a good deal from both languages, verse as well as prose.

"'ELOQUENCE.

"'Demosthenes, Cicero, Quintilian, Sheridan, Austin's Chironomia, and Parliamentary Debates, from the Revolution to the year 1742.

"'DIVINITY.

"'Blair, Porteus, Tillotson, Hooker,—all very tiresome. I abhor books of religion, though I reverence and love my God, without the blasphemous notions of sectaries, or belief in their absurd and damnable heresies, mysteries, and Thirty-nine Articles.

"'MISCELLANIES.

"'Spectator, Rambler, World, &c. &c.—Novels by the thousand.

"'All the books here enumerated I have taken down from memory. I recollect reading them, and can quote passages from any mentioned. I have, of course, omitted several in my catalogue; but the greater part of the above I perused before the age of fifteen. Since I left Harrow I have become idle and conceited, from scribbling rhyme and making love to women. "'B.—Nov. 30, 1807.

"'I have also read (to my regret at present) above four thousand novels, including the works of Cervantes, Fielding, Smollet, Richardson, Mackenzie, Sterne, Rabelais, and Rousseau, &c. &c. The book, in my opinion most useful to a man who wishes to acquire the reputation of being well read, with the least trouble, is 'Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy,' the most amusing and instructive medley of quotations and classical anecdotes I ever perused. But a superficial reader must take care, or his intricacies will bewilder him. If, however, he has patience to go through his volumes, he will be more improved for literary conversation than by the perusal of any twenty

other works with which I am acquainted,—at least, in the English language.'"

The notice of his early infidelity is given, we think, with great delicacy and propriety.

"It is but rarely that infidelity or scepticism finds an entrance into youthful minds. That readiness to take the future upon trust, which is the charm of this period of life, would naturally, indeed, make it the season of belief as well as of hope. There are also then, still fresh in the mind, the impressions of early religious culture, which, even in those who begin soonest to question their faith, give way but slowly to the encroachments of doubt, and, in the mean time, extend the benefit of their moral restraint over a portion of life when it is acknowledged such restraints are most necessary. If exemption from the checks of religion be, as infidels themselves allow, a state of freedom from responsibility dangerous at all times, it must be peculiarly so in that season of temptation, youth, when the passions are sufficiently disposed to usurp a latitude for themselves, without taking a licence also from infidelity to enlarge their range. It is, therefore, fortunate that, for the causes just stated, the inroads of scepticism and disbelief should be seldom felt in the mind till a period of life, when the character, already formed, is out of the reach of their disturbing influence,—when, being the result, however erroneous, of thought and reasoning, they are likely to partake of the sobriety of the process by which they were acquired, and, being considered but as matters of pure speculation, to have as little share in determining the mind towards evil as, too often, the most orthodox creed has, at the same age, in influencing it towards good.

"While, in this manner, the moral qualities of the unbeliever himself are guarded from some of the mischiefs, that might, at an earlier age, attend such doctrines, the danger also of his communicating the infection to others is, for reasons of a similar nature, considerably diminished. The same vanity or daring which may have prompted the youthful sceptic's opinions, will lead him likewise, it is probable, rashly and irreverently to avow them, without regard either to the effect of his example on those around him, or to the odium which, by such an avowal, he entails irreparably on himself. But, at a riper age, these consequences are, in general, more cautiously weighed. The infidel, if at all considerate of the happiness of others, will naturally pause before he chases from their hearts a hope of which his own feels the want so desolately. If regardful only of himself, he will no less naturally shrink from the promulgation of opinions which, in no age, have men uttered with impunity. In either case there is a tolerably good security for his silence;—for, should benevolence not restrain him from making converts of others, prudence may, at least, prevent him from making a martyr of himself.

"Unfortunately, Lord Byron was an exception to the usual course of such lapses. With him, the canker showed itself 'in the morn and dew of youth,' when the effect of such 'blastments' is, for every reason, most fatal,—and, in addition to the real misfortune of being an unbeliever at any age, he exhibited the rare and melancholy spectacle of an unbelieving schoolboy. The same prematurity of developement which brought his passions and genius so early into action, enabled him also to anticipate this worst, dreariest result of reason; and at the very time of life when a spirit and temperament like his most required control, those checks, which religious prepossessions best supply, were almost wholly wanting.

"We have seen, in those two Addresses to the Deity which I have selected from among his unpublished Poems, and still more strongly in a passage of the Catalogue of his studies, at what a boyish age the authority of all systems and sects was avowedly shaken off by his inquiring spirit. Yet, even in these, there is a fervour of adoration mingled with his defiance of creeds, through which the piety implanted in his nature (as it is deeply in all poetic natures) unequivocally shows itself; and had he then fallen within the reach of such guidance and example as would have seconded and fostered these natural dispositions, the licence of opinion, into which he afterwards broke loose, might have been averted. His scepticism, if not wholly removed, might have been softened down into that humble doubt, which, so far from being inconsistent with a religious spirit, is, perhaps, its best guard against presumption and uncharitableness; and, at all events, even if his own views of religion had not been brightened or elevated, he would have learned not wantonly to cloud or disturb those of others. But there was no such monitor near him. After his departure from Southwell, he had not a single friend or relative to whom he could look up with respect; but was thrown alone on the world, with his passions and his pride, to revel in the fatal discovery which he imagined himself to have made of the nothingness of the future, and the all-paramount claims of the present. By singular ill-fortune, too, the individual who, among all his college friends, had taken the strongest hold on his admiration and affection, and whose loss he afterwards lamented with brotherly tenderness, was to the same extent as himself, if not more strongly a sceptic."

"As already, before his acquaintance with Mr. Matthews commenced, Lord Byron had begun to bewilder himself in the mazes of scepticism, it would be unjust to impute to this gentleman any further share in the formation of his noble friend's opinions than what arose from the natural influence of example and sympathy;—an influence which, as it was felt perhaps equally on both sides, rendered the contagion of their doctrines, in a great measure reciprocal. In addition, too, to this community of sentiment on such subjects, they were both, in no ordinary degree, possessed by that dangerous spirit of ridicule, whose impulses even the pious cannot always restrain, and which draws the mind on, by a sort of irresistible fascination, to disport itself most wantonly on the brink of all that is most solemn and awful. It is not wonderful, therefore, that, in such society, the opinions of the noble poet should have been, at least, accelerated in that direction to which their bias already leaned; and though he cannot be said to have become thus confirmed in these doctrines—as neither now, nor at any time of his life, was he a confirmed unbeliever,—he had undoubtedly learned to feel less uneasy under his scepticism, and even to mingle somewhat of boast and of levity with his expression of it. At the very first onset of his correspondence with Mr. Dallas, we find him proclaiming his sentiments on all such subjects with a flippancy and confidence, far different from the tone in which he had first ventured on his doubts,—from that fervid sadness, as of a heart loth to part with its illusions, which breathes through every line of those prayers, that, but a year before, his pen had traced."

The account of taking his seat in the House of Peers is curious and characteristic. Mr. Dallas, a distant relation of his Lordship, speaks:

"The Satire (English Bards and Scotch Reviewers) was published about the middle of March, previous to which he took his seat in the House of Lords, on the 13th of the same month. On that day, passing down St. James's-street, but with no intention of calling, I saw his chariot at his door, and went in. His countenance, paler than usual, showed that his mind was agitated, and that he was thinking of the nobleman to whom he had once looked for a hand and countenance in his introduction to the House. He said to me—'I am glad you happened to come in; I am going to take my seat, perhaps you will go with me.' I expressed my readiness to attend him; while, at the same time, I concealed the shock I felt on thinking that this young man, who, by birth, fortune, and talent, stood high in life, should have lived so unconnected and neglected by persons of his own rank, that there was not a single member of the senate to which he belonged, to whom he could or would apply to introduce him in a manner becoming his birth. I saw that he felt the situation, and I fully partook his indignation. * * *

"After some talk about the Satire, the last sheets of which were in the press, I accompanied Lord Byron to the House. He was received in one of the antechambers by some of the officers in attendance, with whom he settled respecting the fees he had to pay. One of them went to apprize the Lord Chancellor of his being there, and soon returned for him. There were very few persons in the House. Lord Eldon was going through some ordinary business. When Lord Byron entered, I thought he looked still paler than before; and he certainly wore a countenance in which mortification was mingled with, but subdued by, indignation. He passed the woolsack without looking round, and advanced to the table where the proper officer was attending to administer the oaths. When he had gone through them, the Chancellor quitted his seat, and went towards him with a smile, putting out his hand warmly to welcome him; and, though I did not catch his words, I saw that he paid him some compliment. This was all thrown away upon Lord Byron, who made a stiff bow, and put the tips of his fingers into the Chancellor's hand. * * * * The Chancellor did not press a welcome so received, but resumed his seat; while Lord Byron carelessly seated himself for a few minutes on one of the empty benches to the left of the throne, usually occupied by the lords in opposition. When, on his joining me, I expressed what I had felt he said: 'If I had shaken hands heartily, he would have set me down for one of his party—but I will have nothing to do with any of them, on either side; I have taken my seat, and now I will go abroad.' We returned to St. James's-street, but he did not recover his spirits.

"From his expressions in a letter to Mrs. Byron, already cited, that he must 'do something in the House soon,' as well as from a more definite intimation of the same intention to Mr. Harness, it would appear that he had, at this time, serious thoughts of at once enter-

ing on the high political path, which his station as an hereditary legislator opened to him. But, whatever may have been the first movements of his ambition in this direction, they were soon relinquished. Had he been connected with any distinguished political families, his love of eminence, seconded by such example and sympathy, would have impelled him, no doubt, to seek renown in the fields of party warfare, where it might have been his fate to afford a signal instance of that transmuting process by which, as Pope says, the corruption of a poet sometimes leads to the generation of a statesman. Luckily, however, for the world (though, whether luckily for himself may be questioned), the brighter empire of poesy was destined to claim him all its own. The loneliness, indeed, of his position in society at this period, left destitute, as he was, of all those sanctions and sympathies, by which youth, at its first start, is usually surrounded, was, of itself, enough to discourage him from embarking in a pursuit, where it is chiefly on such extrinsic advantages that any chance of success must depend. So far from taking an active part in the proceedings of his noble brethren, he appears to have regarded even the ceremony of his attendance among them as irksome and mortifying; and, in a few days after his admission to his seat, he withdrew himself in disgust to the seclusion of his own Abbey, there to brood over the bitterness of premature experience, or meditate, in the scenes and adventures of other lands, a freer outlet for his impatient spirit than it could command at home.

"It was not long, however, before he was summoned back to town by the success of his Satire—the quick sale of which already rendered the preparation of a new edition necessary. His zealous agent, Mr. Dallas, had taken care to transmit to him, in his retirement, all the favourable opinions of the Work he could collect; and it is not unamusing, as showing the sort of steps by which Fame at first mounts, to find the approbation of such authorities as Pratt and the magazine-writers put forward among the first rewards and encouragements of a Byron."

His own subsequent criticism on this Satire is eminently just, and reflects some credit on his heart, as well as on his judgment.

"'The greater part of this Satire, I most sincerely wish had never been written; not only on account of the injustice of much of the critical and some of the personal part of it, but the tone and temper are such as I cannot approve. "'BYRON.'"

"'Diodati, Geneva, July 14, 1816.'"

We shall, if possible, resume our notice of this interesting volume in an early Number.

Constable's Miscellany of Original and Selected Publications, in the various departments of Literature, Science, and the Arts. Vols. 49 and 50.—Constable and Co. Edinburgh; and Hurst and Chance, London.

WE have already had occasion to observe, that the Public is indebted to the late sagacious Mr. Constable, for originating the important improvement in modern Literature, of publishing valuable works, both original and re-printed, on such reasonable terms as to place them within the reach of a much more humble class than formerly had access to them. The idea, if we recollect aright, was suggested to him by Mr. Brougham's pamphlet on the education of the people. The experiment has both proved eminently successful in itself, and been the prolific parent of various other series of works, which bid fair to alter the character of modern literature altogether. The present volumes consist of the Life of Hernan Cortes, by Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cosio, already known to us as a writer of fiction; (the Castilians, and Gomez Arias being his productions,) and of a History of Chivalry, and the Crusades, by the Rev. H. Stebbing, M.A. M.R.S.L. which is to be completed in a second volume. The history of the Conqueror of Mexico, had been so circumstantially related by Dr. Robertson already, that it was almost superfluous to employ a Spanish Don to tell the tale anew.—Nevertheless, we must do Trueba the justice to acknowledge, that he has performed his task with ability and care, and that his foreign style is singularly correct and spirited. Of the private life of Cortes we know little, save that he early evinced a rash and amorous disposition, which, in more matured manhood, became equally vehement and fickle. Our author would dispose us to believe that Cortes was a man naturally mild and lenient; and accounts for the various "isolated measures of cruelty, and even injustice," which the truth of history necessarily compels him to lay to his charge, upon the tyrant's plea "necessity."

In contemplating the various and mighty consequences of the magnificent discovery of Columbus, one cannot help feeling deeply saddened and humiliated by the reflection, that misery and extermination, in the most harrowing and appalling form, tracked the footsteps of the men who should and might have been distinguished only by the propagation of peace and good will, and all the arts of civilized and christian life. In the case of New Spain, it is some little consolation, and but a little, to consider, that if the religion of truth and peace was there baptized in blood, at least it displaced and removed a fierce and sanguinary superstition. Great as was the progress which the Mexicans had made in many of the arts of peace before the natives of the old world visited their shores, their mythology, and the mode of propitiating their demon-gods, was still of the most bloody and revolting description.

Thus Don Trueba writes:

"In examining the religion of the Mexicans, we are struck with horror and amazement. Nothing can be conceived more barbarous and sanguinary than the ceremonies by which their gloomy superstition hoped to propitiate a bloodthirsty mythology. But the atrocity of human sacrifices, so prevalent in the Mexican empire, was doubly enhanced by the regular system into which religious rites were conducted. They had magnificent temples and other places consecrated to the service of the deities. The number of priests was very great, and they enjoyed high distinction in the state, as well as extraordinary weight in its councils.

* * * *

"Indeed, a considerable portion of their time was devoted by the Mexicans to the practice of religious ceremonies, and celebration of their festivals. Nor is this strange. Their mythological rites were strictly connected with those occupations which were most congenial to their character. The Mexicans were naturally warlike and ferocious, and accordingly the first of their gods was the god of war, called *Huitzilopochtli*. To this divinity they paid special worship; and nothing could exceed the disgusting atrocity of the sacrifices continually made to this terrific idol. The most rigid and frightful courses of penance were undergone by the fanatic Mexicans, in order to propitiate this cruel deity; severe fasts and corporeal macerations, and every torment which superstition can suggest, were cheerfully undertaken in honour of *Huitzilopochtli*. Yet, lamentable as this ignorance might be, it was lenient in its effects when compared to the inhuman butcheries that daily stained the altars and the temples. The precise number of victims that were annually sacrificed cannot be ascertained, but, according to the most moderate computation, they amounted to no less than twenty thousand. The manner in which the sacrifices were conducted was, if possible, more atrocious than their extent. The mode of inflicting death varied according to the occasion of the festival, or the quality of the victim. In some cases the sufferers were drowned; in others, they were left to perish with hunger—shut up in dismal caverns on the mountains. The gladiatorial sacrifice, which was considered the most honourable, and in which the victim had a chance of escape by vanquishing his antagonist, was in many instances resorted to; but the most ordinary manner of performing the cruel ceremony was by opening the breast of the victim.

"It would be unseasonable here to detail the various other modes of performing sacrifices; enough has been said to demonstrate, that a mythology so barbarous and abominable could not but be accompanied with every outward form of terror and gloom. Most of the Mexican deities were of a malignant nature, and only to be propitiated by blood. Hence we find them represented under forms and emblems the most fearful and repugnant. Gigantic monsters, and images in which ingenuity had exhausted its stores of horror, were the objects to which the Mexicans addressed their adoration, whilst their temples were always decorated with the figures of serpents, tigers, and other destructive animals. The gods being cruel and vindictive, the genius of the Mexican religion was necessarily dark and horrible. Fear became the principle of action; and by calling the most ungenerous feelings of human nature into play, sympathy was destroyed, and all the nicer touches of social life entirely annihilated.—Thus, by a strange anomaly, we find that the Mexicans, the people of the New World who had made the greatest progress in civilization, were, in many cases, the most ferocious of the Indians, whilst their cruelty, in many of their ceremonies and manners, surpassed even that of the rude savage."

The complimentary interview of Cortes with Cacamatzin, nephew of Montezuma, and subsequently with that magnificent sovereign himself, is thus described:

"The disquietude of Montezuma grew now to a painful excitement. The priests contributed to augment the turmoil of his mind by the relation of certain ominous dreams, and other superstitious signs which had recently taken place. The perturbation of the Mexican sovereign became at length so tormenting, his fears were so painfully excited, his thoughts so various and perplexing, that, without waiting for the issue of the last message, he called to council his brother Cuitlahoutzin, the lord of Tezcuco, and a few others of the principal magnates of his empire, to deliberate what course he was to adopt. The opinions given

were precisely those which he had received in all his previous consultations. His brother strenuously opposed the reception of the Spaniards, whilst the lord of Tezcuco as powerfully advocated a contrary resolution. In this dilemma Montezuma, who had uniformly inclined to the advice of the former, suddenly embraced the counsel of the latter; he accordingly commissioned that personage to meet the Spanish general, and to compliment him in his name. He, however, gave him also instructions to dissuade that chief from his intention, should an opportunity offer, with any probability of success.

"The lord of Tezcuco proceeded to his embassy with great pomp and ceremonial. He caused his approach to be announced by four noblemen. These messengers informed Cortes that Cacamatzin, lord of Tezcuco, and nephew of the great Montezuma, was approaching; and they supplicated him to wait his arrival. Soon after Cacamatzin appeared, carried in a splendid litter, ornamented with jewels, and a profusion of green feathers shooting from branched pillars of gold. This magnificent conveyance was borne by eight persons of distinction, who assisted the lord of Tezcuco to alight, and then carefully swept the way as he advanced towards the Spanish chief; a brilliant retinue of the Mexican and Tezcucan nobility closed the procession. The Spaniards were astonished at the splendour of the sight, and they could not but entertain the most extraordinary idea of the wealth and opulence of Montezuma, when they reflected on the gorgeous train that accompanied his nephew. Cortes received the illustrious ambassador with every token of kindness and respect. Civilities were mutually exchanged, and, after a short interview, these personages separated—the Mexican to report the unbending resolution of the strangers, and the Spaniard as fixed as ever in his intention of entering the capital.

"The fluctuating state of Montezuma's mind continued, and Cortes was already near the causeways that led into the city, before the anxious monarch had ultimately decided whether he should welcome the Spaniards as friends, or oppose them as enemies. Cortes, however, proceeded in his march, unmindful of this irresolution; but though he affected the most cordial regard for the prince he came to visit, as well as the persuasion of an equally favourable reception, he nevertheless ordered his plan of march with the greatest order and discipline; nor had he been negligent in adopting every measure of precaution. Proceeding along the causeway of Iztapalapan, the Spaniards arrived at a place called Xoloc, where the principal road to Mexico and that to Cojohuacan meet. At the angle formed by these roads, and about the distance of half a league from the capital, there stood a bastion, crowned with two towers, and surrounded with a wall above ten feet in height. This place became afterwards memorable as the camp of the Spaniards, when they laid siege to Mexico. In this spot a vast concourse of people were collected to witness the arrival of those extraordinary beings, who had spread such sensations of wonder and alarm throughout the country. Here also Cortes made a halt, to receive the compliments of a numerous train of Mexican nobles, all attired in their richest dresses, and who, as they passed before the Spanish commander, made a profound bow, touching the ground, and kissing their hands.

"After this ceremony, Cortes continued his course still in uncertainty, and in the same manner as if he were advancing against an enemy. As he drew near the city, however, it was announced that Montezuma was approaching; and soon after the procession came in sight. Three officers appeared first, each holding a golden rod, which they lifted on high at intervals, and by which the people were informed of the presence of the sovereign, and invited to prostrate themselves in sign of respect and veneration. Montezuma was borne in a magnificent litter, covered with plates of gold. This was carried by four nobles on their shoulders, whilst a splendid canopy of green feathers, richly adorned with precious stones and golden fringes, offered a shade to the mighty monarch. He was attended by 200 noblemen, splendidly attired in rich mantles of cotton, and bearing large waving feathers on their heads. They marched two by two, at a respectful distance from Montezuma, their feet bare, their eyes fixed on the ground, and evincing every token of profound veneration. The emperor was attired with great magnificence. Suspended from his shoulders hung a mantle profusely covered w th gold and gems. He wore a thin crown of the same metal, and gold buskins on his legs, studded with precious stones. When he drew near Cortes, he was lifted from his litter, and borne for a short space on the arms of the Lords of Tezcuco, Iztapalapan, Tacuba, and Cojohuacan. Cortes dismounted, and came forward in an attitude of profound respect. Montezuma then leant on the arms of the Lords of Tezcuco and Istapalapan, whilst the other nobles spread cotton mantles on the ground, that so great a king might not touch it with his feet. Cortes addressed him with deep reverence, after the fashion of Europe; which compliment Montezuma returned by touching the ground and then kissing it, according to the manner of the country. Cortes then approached him, and threw around his neck a thin collar of gold, on which were strung glass beads of different kinds. The monarch received this attention with gracious affability; but when the Spaniard made a movement to embrace him, the nobles respectfully held him back, considering this too great a liberty."

The character and exploits of Cortes are finally thus summed up:

"The merits of Cortes, as a general, will be best estimated by a careful examination of his actions. The resources of his mind, in cases of emergency, were as bold, as they were true emanations of genius. His whole life is gilded by deeds so singular and splendid, as to invest the narration of them with the interesting character of chivalrous romance. The destruction of his fleet at Vera Cruz, to compel his followers to conquer or die—his fearless entry into Mexico—the still bolder seizure of Montezuma, in the midst of the capital—his defeat of Narvaez—his exploit at the battle of Otompan—and his magnanimity in the siege of Mexico, present a series of events as striking as they are unparalleled. Few great military names have joined more wisdom in counsels, more prudence in preparatory arrangements, than Cortes. Indeed his abilities, as a negociator, were as great as his intrepidity and perseverance. He possessed a singular tact in discerning the weak features of human character, and turning them to his advantage. In this, his winning manners and natural eloquence most effectually assisted him. He was, besides, conspicuous for a cultivation of mind, somewhat singular in the adventurous conquerors of America. His sojourn at the university had not been totally lost; and his letters to the Emperor Charles V. evince much taste in composition.

"In the conqueror of Mexico, a strong resemblance may be traced to Julius Cæsar. We find in the Spaniard the same daring intrepidity, and the same prudence, that rendered the Roman celebrated. The art of winning the affections of their soldiers, and their fertility of mind under difficulties, were the same in both generals. Eloquence and refinement they possessed in common—nay, a similarity may even be found in their love for the sex, their mercurial dispositions, and their gallant bearing.

"The character of Cortes, as a private individual, was amiable, and in general praiseworthy. His heart was generous and noble—his manners conciliating, and his attachments sincere. The imputation of personal cruelty in his case is unfounded. Whatever blood was shed in New Spain, was required by imperious necessity, or was authorized by just retaliation. Some of the acts of Cortes bear, no doubt, the impress of terrible severity; but let it be remembered, that he had to contend with an enemy ferocious, warlike, and implacable. The fate of Gautimozin is the most unjustifiable of his deeds; but this, together with other isolated measures of cruelty and even injustice, ought not to determine the intrinsic merit or demerit of a great man, especially when the history of all conquerors, both ancient and modern, offers instances of the like nature.

"At all events, the name of Hernan Cortes will ever stand first among the distinguished names in the conquest of the New World. His abilities, intrepidity, and magnanimity, as well as his conciliating manner toward the natives, and his uniform kindness when unprovoked, no less than the splendid and extraordinary deeds which marked the reduction of Mexico, confer upon its conqueror this just distinction. Yet what was the recompense which Cortes received from his king and country for all his merit, and all his services? The answer is ready, and a mournful one. Cortes was treated with the same ingratitude by Charles, that Columbus and the Great Captain experienced from the Emperor's predecessor Ferdinand the Catholic; and the same which every great man will probably receive from his employers, when his genius and power present a phantom of fear to their jealousy, and his great services become a tax on their gratitude and respect."

It is, we presume, scarcely necessary to remind our readers, that Mexico established its independence (after ten years of civil war) in 1821—precisely three hundred years after its subjugation by the Spanish force, under Cortes.

Mr. Stebbing's volume on Chivalry and the Crusades, is an agreeable epitome of useful knowledge. As to novel information, that was not to be expected on subjects of which the former has been so recently exhausted by Sir Walter Scott, and the latter in the profound and laborious volumes of Dr. Friedrich Wilken's Geschichte der Kreuzzüge, of which the fourth volume, bringing the history down to the period of Richard of England, has recently appeared.

Still the picturesque description of the progress of the Christian hosts, when

The furious close of civil butchery

gave way to that united march of mind and arms

As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
Whose soldiers now, under whose blessed cross
They were impressed and engaged to fight,

can never fail to prove highly interesting and agreeable, if skilfully framed. We think, however, Mr. Stebbing's general style, is something too ambitious for the general character and professed intention of Constable's Miscellany. One important use of this Miscellany in our minds is, that the writers addressing themselves to a class of readers, who require distinct ideas clothed in simple language, will be naturally habituated to "great plainness of speech," the last and highest perfection of literary diction.

We had occasion lately, to present our readers with an account of the siege of Jerusalem, by the Roman army under Titus, from the pen of Mr. Milman. The following is Mr. Stebbing's narrative of the attack of the crusaders under Godfrey, upon the same devoted city, a thousand years afterwards.

"By the fourteenth of July, (A. D. 1099,) the preparations for renewing the assault were complete; and early on the morning of that day the engagement began, by a furious and simultaneous discharge of missiles from the moveable towers. Godfrey had, during the night, taken his post near the entrance of the Valley of Jehosaphat, and with him fought Eustache and Baldwin du Bourg. The assault continued for some time with unabated violence; and the chivalrous chiefs exposed themselves at the head of their men, as became their former professions of faith, and the enthusiasm which animated the Christians in general. But the resolution of the enemy, and the caution with which he had made his preparations, seemed to render him proof against the sacred fury of the faithful. The boiling oil which was rained down upon the assailants, defied their attempts to approach the walls, even under the protection of their serried shields; and the Greek fire which was hurled without ceasing against the wooden citadels, speedily reduced that of Raymond and other inferior machines to ruin.

"The doubtful fate which thus, for a second time, hung over the crusaders in their assault of the Holy City, filled them with apprehension. Their courage was on the point of yielding to despair; and after a strife of twelve hours, they were obliged to return to their camp, many of them, among whom were Robert of Normandy, and the Count of Flanders, mournfully exclaiming, that the Lord judged them unworthy of worshipping at his holy sepulchre.

"With the return of day, the besiegers recovered somewhat of their hope and confidence. The conflict was commenced with equal bravery, on both sides, as on the preceding day. The Christians flung their javelins, and masses of heavy stones, with such incessant activity, that they would have quickly forced the enemy from the ramparts, but for the destructive effects of the Greek fire upon their machines. They had succeeded for some time in extinguishing it by vinegar; but this only means of safety was now exhausted, and they saw their lofty and heavy towers falling beneath the flames, and crushing many of their bravest warriors under their ruins. But notwithstanding the discouraging aspect which affairs were again assuming, they found leisure for sporting with the feelings of humanity. Two magicians were engaged on the walls of the city in exhorting the Saracens to persevere, and in promising them certain aid from the potency of their art. These were fortunate enough to die by the weapons of the assailants, without falling into their hands. But two other magicians, who were endeavouring to steal their way from Ascalon to Jerusalem, were not so happy. One of them was accordingly butchered by those who took him; and the other was forced into a machine, and fired from it into the city.

"The conflict continued for seven hours; but the Christians saw so little hope of success, that they were beginning again to exclaim, that their sins rendered them unworthy in the sight of the Lord, to obtain possession of the Holy City. But just as these discouraging thoughts were becoming prevalent through the army, the pious Godfrey, who had been performing prodigies of valour, suddenly saw standing on the Mount of Olives, a knight of celestial mien, who, shaking his refulgent shield, summoned the retreating believers to resume the assault. In an instant a fresh spirit of devotion and courage appeared in the camp. The women refreshed the wearied warriors with food and wine, and exhorted them to fight with more boldness for the sacred prize.

"Under the protection of Saint George, they rushed to the walls with a precipitation that proved their confidence in the strength of his unconquerable arm. Both Godfrey and Raymond had placed their towers so near the ramparts, that they could reach the enemy with their lances; and the bridges with which the machines were provided were soon fixed to the fortifications. To increase the confusion of the besieged, the straw and wool with which the walls had been protected were set fire to; and thinking all was lost, many of them retreated before the lances of the assailants.

"The advantage thus gained was pursued with unabated strength; and in a short time two brothers, Rudolph and Engelbert, stood upon the ramparts. Godfrey, his brother Eustache, Robert of Normandy, Baldwin du Bourg, and some other knights, immediately followed. These were speedily joined by more, among whom was Tancred, who forced their way through breaches in the walls; and Godfrey, hastening to the gate of Saint Stephen, admitted whole crowds of rejoicing warriors. The streets of Jerusalem, thronged with the conquerors, beheld the Moslems flying on all sides in despair; and the triumphant war-cry, "'Tis the will of God! 'tis the will of God!" was echoed from every quarter of the Holy City. This memorable victory was achieved at three o'clock on a Friday, the same hour and day of the week, says Raymond, as those in which Christ suffered."

Narrative, and successful result of a Voyage to the South Seas, to ascertain the actual fate of La Perouse's Expedition. By the Chevalier Captain P. Dillon.—London, Hurst, Chance and Co.

INDEPENDENTLY of the strong claim upon our attention and regard, possessed by those who dedicate their lives to the advancement of science, and the promotion of the general good, there is always a particular commiseration felt for the traveller, who, in exploring distant and unknown regions, falls a victim to his zeal and devotedness, in the cause of geographical inquiry; and perhaps the strongest proof of the extent and truth of this feeling, is observable in the ever restless anxiety prevailing in those cases, where obscurity hangs over the fate of the disinterested adventurer.

In no instance has this feeling been more fully illustrated, than in the fate of the navigator, La Perouse; his enterprise and indefatigable exertion in pursuit of the objects of his voyage, justly distinguish his name wherever the importance of these objects is understood and appreciated, wherever, in short, their benefits extend; whilst the perusal of the memorials transmitted from him, and published only when the length of his absence had rendered his return hopeless, blended a peculiar concern with the interest excited by his professional career, which rapidly passed the precincts of his own land, and forcibly proved that sympathy is of no particular country.

Heralded by this strong feeling, and after the unsuccessful attempt of D'Entrecasteaux, Captain Dillon's triumphant announcement could scarcely fail to prepossess his readers.—"La Perouses' expedition sailed from Botany Bay, late in February, 1788; and no authentic accounts of it were received, for upwards of thirty-eight years; but after a lapse of this long period of time, I became the discoverer of his fate, in the manner which shall be described in the following pages.—Introd. p. xliv.

Captain Dillon in a voyage to the Fejee Islands, in the years 1812 and 1813, touched at Tacopia, (Barwell Island,) and casually met there with a sword-guard,* which upon enquiry he found to have been obtained, with other relics, from the wrecks of two large vessels, lost off the island called Malicolo, or Mannicolo,† and upon hearing the statements connected with the wreck, he inferred the vessels to have been *La Boussole* and *L'Astrolabe*, those of La Perouse's expedition.

It is not necessary to follow the author through the detail of his negotiations with the Government of India, it will be sufficient to state, that he obtained the command of the Research, with orders to proceed in search of the Mannicolo Islands, and endeavour to ascertain as correctly as possible, all the particulars of the loss of the French frigates.

Passing at once to the object of the expedition, Captain Dillon's discovery will be found to agree with a theory put forward in the published account of La Perouses' voyage, "that he must likely have perished by stress of weather, in one of these numberless reefs, with which the Archipelagoes that he had still to explore, had been actually found, by General D'Entrecasteaux, to abound, the manner in which the two frigates always sailed, being constantly within hail of each other, would

* There is a contradiction between the Captain's narrative, and his communication to the India Government. When the sword-guard was brought to him, he states, that "on inspection, he observed five cyphers upon it, not one of which, however, he could make out;" and draws his inference, that the two ships wrecked, must have been those under the command of Count de la Perouse, from the several statements made to him at Tacopia, and the undesigning manner in which they were delivered to him.—Pages 33, 34, vol. I. In his letter to the Bengal Government, 19th September, 1826, he writes. "Upon examining the sword-guard minutely, I discovered, or thought I discovered, the initials of Perouse stamped on it, which excited my suspicion, and made me more exact in my enquiries. I then, by means of Bushart and Lascar, questioned some of the islanders, respecting the way in which their neighbours procured the silver and iron articles."

† The author in vol. I. p. 296, pointedly discriminates between the Mannicolos of the Tacopians, and the Malicolo of Captain Cook.

have involved both in the same fate." And notwithstanding that a probable means referred to, in the publication we quote from, of tracing the catastrophe of La Perouse, has, in the present discovery, been totally disregarded and unanswered, not one of the "hundred silver and bronze, and six hundred other medals of different kinds," struck for the occasion, and taken out in *La Boussole* and *L'Astrolabe*, having been found by Captain Dillon, (and all cannot certainly be supposed to have been expended in the outward voyage;) yet we conceive Captain Dillon's object has been fully answered, for on his arrival at Mannicolo, he obtained such further testimony, as to corroborate his opinion, and remove all doubt upon this interesting question.

But a voyage of this kind naturally embraces other views, and may be made the medium of acquiring much valuable information; of this truth our author appears unhappily too little aware, judging from the large portion of his work occupied in absurd and irrelevant personal details. A certain Dr. Tytler accompanies the expedition, as naturalist; his objects are thus illustrated by the Chevalier. The Doctor was to have procured specimens for the Asiatic Society, and observed, "that it was immaterial whether it were clods of dried mud, or stones of any sort, so that he brought a *large* cargo, it would answer the purpose, as there was no person, he said, in the Asiatic Society, capable of judging as to their qualities."—Vol. I. p. 90. This must doubtless be highly gratifying information to the Society, coming from a quarter so authentic.

As an example of the author's peculiar notions of gratitude, we quote the following passage:—"The Doctor favored me with another long letter to-day, on the subject of holding examinations in his cabin, to which I had not time to reply; but I mentioned to my New-Zealand friends, that the Doctor wished to converse with them. They replied, we have seen the Doctor abuse you very much at Diamond Harbour; you are our friend and protector; you have brought us from our native country, over a sea three months' long, (referring to the length of the voyage from New Zealand,) and you have victualled and clothed us; you have also loaded us with presents to take to our country; you are the relation of our fathers and friends in New Zealand; we are therefore directed by our God to fight for you. These men that are not your friends cannot be ours. We will not speak to the Doctor, *we will kill and eat him, if he land in our country.*"

On hearing this *plain statement*, I did "not wish to force them to converse with the Doctor, knowing it to be useless; I, however, recommended them, for the sake of their New Zealand God, and all my friends and relations in their country, on no account to molest the Doctor; saying that if they did, Lord Combermere, who had behaved so kind [kindly] to them, and appointed this ship to carry them home, would be angry. The prince paid some attention to this remonstrance; but his excellency, Morgan M'Murragh, was inflexible in his resolution, and openly declared, that it was positively his intention, to have the poor Doctor grilled as an entertainment for his numerous wives and friends, the first opportunity that offered, after his arrival in the river Thanus in New Zealand.

"*I should not have mentioned this conversation, were it not that I wish to shew those in civilized life*, what the poor, ignorant, and uncultivated savages of New Zealand are capable of doing, and how susceptible they are of the sentiment of gratitude."—Vol. I. p. 91, 92, 93.

At Hobart Town, where the vessel touches for supplies, the Captain is tried and sentenced to fine and imprisonment, for an assault on the Doctor; and we have in his statement, an admirable specimen of his devotedness to the object of the expedition; he is now in prison:—

"In order to frustrate the Doctor's designs, I removed my servant, Martin Bushart, from the ship, to a friend's house, and sent Mr. Ross, the other interpreter, to Port Jackson; so that if the ship's command were wrested from me, there remained no interpreters on board, nor a person who knew the latitude or longitude of Mannicolo. Martin Bushart declared that he would never abandon me, and that should he be forced on board under any other commander, they might beware of the consequences, the moment he landed at Mannicolo or Tacopia.—Vol. I. pages 152, 153.

The second volume opens with an account of the manners and customs of the Friendly Islanders, avowedly extracted from Mr. Mariner's work; so far as the acknowledgment, this "is all fair, and above board;" but it can scarcely be held in any sense reconcileable with propriety, that nearly the fourth of a volume of a work, purporting to be original, should be occupied by a detail already before the public; and beside that Captain Dillon's voyage was not made to verify Mr. Mariner's statement, his reason for drawing thus largely on the labors of another, is a very unsatisfactory sort of plea for having resorted to this expedient to swell his work. If Mr. Mariner's production be "highly valuable and interesting," we submit it should be left in the unmolested enjoyment of its honors. The somewhat inconsistent addition of Captain Dillon, "that the work is in comparatively few hands," supersedes, however, all reasoning upon the subject. Within the limits of this extract, the following startling conclusion is found; the people of Tonga are spoken of,—

"When all things are taken into consideration regarding the connubial system of these people, their notions of chastity, and their habits in respect of it, we shall have no reason to say *but what* they keep tolerably well within those bounds which honor and decency dictate; and if it be asked what effect this system has upon the welfare and happiness of society, it *may be safely answered, that there is not the least appearance of any bad effect.*"—Vol. II. p. 4.

We had purposed to pass over in silence the revolting detail with which the first volume opens, as possessing no interest in connexion with the ostensible object of the work; but we do not think we ought to dismiss it without marking our sense of the wanton and barbarous outrage recorded, which Captain Dillon very properly attributes to the proceedings of the commander of the vessel. Yet whilst we agree that the author's detail fully bears out this opinion, we must add, that the following passage, is not the language of one hostile to such barbarities.

"The chiefs and men of consequence kept away from the ship, being apprehensive they might be detained as hostages, until their engagements* of loading the vessel were fulfilled. Captain Robson was very much displeased at this trick played on him, by a savage and cunning people; and vowed vengeance against his old and faithful allies, *whose stomachs he had so often helped to glut with the flesh of their enemies.*"—Vol. I. pages 7, 8.

The benefits should be manifold and great, that Europeans confer in their visits to these newly discovered countries, they are for the most part so dearly paid for by the inhabitants; but these were cannibals,—true; and what are we to call those, who in this instance, supplied these inhuman feasts? Their worst qualities are here taken hold of, and even nurtured to further the ends of traffic; and upon the least imputed breach of faith, they are slaughtered; retaliation naturally follows, and then we have the history of the massacre of the cutter's crew of the Hunter, by the Fejee savages!

Captain Dillon in his preface, deprecates criticism, on the plea of the nature of his education and professional habits, disqualifying him for the task of authorship; but he who is conscious he conveys important and useful information, has not much to apprehend from this cause; whilst on the other hand it must be observed, few have made more valuable additions, or in such more gracefully befitting, to our store of knowledge in latter times, than the author's professional contemporaries.

* This engagement appears to have been merely implied.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

On the Constitution of the Church and State; according to the idea of each; with aids toward a right judgment on the late Catholic Bill. By S. T. Coleridge, Esq.—London, Hurst, Chance and Co. 1830. p. p. 227.

COLERIDGE's prose is like his conversation, rambling and strange; and often so involved and parenthetical, that it requires a very sharp look out ahead, to see what the man would be at; but ever and anon it is redeemed by some noble burst of intellect and sound principle, and right feeling. We love his poetry, and could scarcely venture to speak evil of him, even if we thought it, which we do not: but we think he would do wiselier not to plunge too deep in politics, for he carries his German metaphysics with him there, and leads one to very little that is practical in his conclusions.

In treating of such questions, however, it is a very great relief to escape from the petty projects, and personal violence of party politicians, to the high and ennobling views of a philosopher, although eccentric or even visionary. The political character of the work precludes us from that minute consideration of its contents, which would otherwise be due to the deservedly high reputation of the author.

Political Fragments; by Robert Forsyth, Esq. Advocate.—Blackwood, Edinburgh; and Cadell, London, 1830.

WE used to look on Robert Forsyth only as a man well known to the Edinburgh people, and the Glasgow folk, and the Paisley bodies, as a plodding mechanical sort of lawyer, steady and slow, never brilliant, nor ever silly. His 'Beauties of Scotland' first taught his countrymen that he had eyes for something beyond mere black letter and parchment; and the present little work affords abundant evidence that the study of the law, has not given reason the sole dominion over the less sober faculties of his

mind. To Ireland, and to popery, Mr. Forsyth is kind enough to devote considerably the greater portion of his book; we cannot say, however, that either is very much obliged to him for the character he draws of them, or that they ought to send him a retainer to plead their cause.

It is curious enough, that Mr. Coleridge and he coincide, in regarding the celibacy of the Roman Catholic Clergy, as one of the most formidable political evils of the Romish ecclesiastical discipline. Our practical acquaintance with the men, would not lead us to believe that all personal selfishness is by that means merged in a desire to aggrandize their order. But we are treading on white ashes and have done. Only in return for the kind attentions Mr. Forsyth has bestowed upon us, we can honestly assure him, as the Highlandman did his flummery, that "he need not tremble, for we shall not touch him."

History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Spain, in the Sixteenth Century. By Thomas M'Crie, D. D. pp. 424.—Blackwood, Edinburgh; and Cadell, London.

There is a pleasant saying in the mouths of certain sapient persons, who are fond of echoing smart paradoxes, which they do not understand, "that persecution is very favourable to the advancement of religious sects." The persecution of the Inquisition did not prove particularly beneficial to the interests of the Lutheran opinions in Spain. The number of converts to the reformed belief had already amounted to two thousand persons, most of them illustrious for rank or learning, when the Inquisitors first discovered its secret progress, which they effectually arrested, and crushed the spread of truth, of intellect and freedom, in the bud, by the simple process of extermination.

With the general history of the Protestant Reformation, we may fairly presume our readers are already familiarly acquainted. Its progress in Italy and Spain, in Hungary, Bohemia, and the Netherlands, though infinitely less conspicuous, and less important than in Germany, France, and England, is yet well deserving of a laborious and accurate historian, such as the former two have found in Dr. M'Crie, a man of patient and minute research, and who had already approved himself a worthy labourer in the important field of ecclesiastical history. The present work is well calculated to sustain, and to increase his former reputation. It is painfully and ably written; and though the reader must not expect *much* that is striking and gratifying in the history of the Reformation in Spain, yet when it is recollected that until now, we were in almost total ignorance upon the subject, which is passed over in all but total silence by every other ecclesiastical historian, he will not be disposed to regard lightly or slightingly, the valuable results of Dr. M'Cries investigation.

Manual of the Weather for the year 1830. By George Mackenzie.—Blackwood, Edinburgh, and Cadell, London.

This is a very curious book, but we are sorry to say we do not altogether understand it. The author is of opinion, that the laws which regulate the weather are as uniform and steady in their operation, as those which produce the alterations of day and night, or the flux and reflux of the tides. He conceives that he has discovered a fifty-four year cycle of the weather, which enables him to predict its state with accuracy, for any given month in any future year. As his observations purport to apply in a general manner to the British isles, there appears to us a great difficulty on the very threshold of the system, namely, that quite different sorts of weather are experienced in different places at the same time. The simplest way, however, of bringing Mr. Mackenzie's skill to a test of which all are competent to judge, is to give his conclusions as to the weather that we may expect in 1830. Thus for the month of January he predicts as follows:

"A few foggy days promise to appear in this month, with some hard frost and snow; *but the quantity of both these last combined will be moderate;*" (would that our rheumatize confirmed the prognostic,) "and during this month the other phenomena are generally either average or minus. The winds will be pretty evenly distributed, according to their respective averages, in the east, west, north, and south. Few, however, care so much for the direction of the winds, as for the other phenomena; although in the system of the weather, the winds are the levers which raise or produce the effects, as rain, snow, cold, frost, &c."

That a great deal of minute and scientific attention has been paid to the phenomena of the atmosphere, by the author of this little work, we cannot for a moment doubt, but we rather apprehend that he has not been so successful in the practical results, or at least in developing them to others, as he seems to anticipate.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO A LILY FLOWERING BY MOONLIGHT.

Oh! why thou lily pale,
Lov'st thou to flower in the wan moonlight,
And shed thy rich perfume upon the night?
When all thy sisterhood
In silken cowl and hood—
Screen their soft faces from the sickly gale?
Fair horned Cynthia woos thee, modest flower,
And with her beaming lips,
Thy kisses cold she sips,
For thou art, aye, her only paramour;
What time she nightly quits her starry bower
Tricked in celestial light,
And silver crescent bright.
Oh! ask thy vestal queen;
If she will thee advise,
Where in the blessed skies,
That maiden may be seen,
Who hung like thee, her pale head through the day,
Love sick and pining, for the evening ray;
And lived a virgin chaste amid the folly
Of this bad world, and died of melancholy?

S.

SONNET.

There is no remedy for time mispent,
No healing for the waste of idleness,
Whose very languor is a punishment—
Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.
Oh! hours of indolence and discontent,
Not now to be redeemed! ye sting not less,
Because I know this span of life was lent—
For lofty duties, not for selfishness.
Not to be whiled away in aimless dreams,
But to improve ourselves and serve mankind,
Life and its choicest faculties were given.
Man should be ever better than he seems—
And shape his acts, and discipline his mind
To walk adorning earth, deserving heaven.

A. de V——.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

London, January 19, 1830.

It was deuced, dry, and despotic, of you, Mr. President, to cut off, at one fell swoop, all the beautiful essay about politics which formed the exordium of my last letter. Did you not perceive how exceedingly that which you did *not* cut off, looked like the tail of something, without a *body*? I am an exceedingly grave person, and only touch upon such light matters as those which formed the conclusion of my last letter, by way of relaxation, after the severity of my previous lucubrations, which, for want of affairs of my own to busy myself about, generally refer to the affairs of the nation at large. In very truth, most excellent president, if you will not let me write upon politics, you will deprive me of the pleasure of giving, and your dear public of the benefit of receiving a knowledge of some very profound and important matters, upon which no one, with due modesty be it spoken, discourses more luminously than myself.—By the bye, did you ever hear the story about the "*luminous*" Gibbon? To be sure you did; but by way of infliction for your treatment of my last letter, I shall tell it you all over again: Sheridan was flourishing away one of his wonderful speeches in Westminster Hall, upon the impeachment of Warren Hastings—Gibbon was in one of the galleries, and Sherry, in recounting the atrocities which he was pleased to attribute to Mr. Hastings, said that not in the pages of those great historians, the profound and accurate Tacitus or the 'luminous' Gibbon, could there be found a parallel to the abominable deeds which he described. Afterwards, when some one told Sheridan how proud and how delighted the English Historian was of having been ranked with Tacitus, and called the 'luminous' Gibbon—Pooh! said the wit, he made a slight mistake, it must have been the "*vo*luminous Gibbon!" I said.

Seriously, people here who are not professional, nor mercantile, nor manufacturing, and of such there be a few, live upon politics for their more substantial, intellectual, food—the subject is one of permanent yet ever varying excitement, and now it is one of painful interest, and yet you have the barbarity to interdict me.—I never shall—never can—forgive you.—Hang me if I ever call you President again.

What can I write about—The Theatres? What do you care about London Theatricals? The Fine Arts? Is not your last Gazette full of them, and "what can I say to you more," as Mr. Moore says in the song. Literary Chit-chat? But was I not in a drawing room lately, where I heard certain threats of an epistle to you, which must, ex necessitate, be infinitely more graceful and more pleasant than any thing I could say about Literary Chit-chat; if you are not already, as I shrewdly suspect, *choke* full of other matters for No. 4.

But a word, a serious one, about the new Life of Byron, whereof every one speaketh, to say nothing of all those who write.

It will go far to *fix* the already forming opinion about that noble genius, but wayward man. I scarcely know whether to think it is a good or an evil, that the mere name of Gordon Byron, should be brought so close to the public eye, as this book will bring him. Assuredly it is an useful thing, and very pri-

ful, to contemplate the habitual badness, of a mind which when abstracted, could imagine the most glorious things that the worlds of matter and of thought can furnish forth.

"In contemplation how like a God!"

but alas! in the daily ordering of his thoughts, his words, and actions, how much less excellent, than a good man, without a millioneth part of his capabilities.

Perhaps, however, Mr. Moore's book may be upon the whole an excellent lesson. It will serve to persuade those whose adoration tends more towards intellect than virtue, that the former without the latter, is all bitterness and vexation of spirit, and that he who would be happy himself, or permanently esteemed by others, must endeavour after goodness, without which, even the greatest man, is as Lord Bacon says, but a "busy mischievous creature, no better than a kind of vermin."—Verbum non amplius addam. Your faithful Correspondent. I.

FINE ARTS.

Royal Hibernian Academy.

The first general quarterly meeting of the Royal Hibernian Academy for the year, was held on Monday, at which it was resolved that a letter should be written to the Royal Academy of England, expressive of the deep regret felt by the Royal Hibernian Academy, on the death of the late lamented president, Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Doctor Johnson, Honorary Professor, presented the Academy with a splendid copy of Doctor Meyrick's valuable work on ancient armour.

Mr. Petrie, Librarian, announced to the Academy, that the Royal Irish Academy had that day resolved on presenting the R. H. Academy with a copy of the entire of their valuable transactions.

We have great pleasure, in perceiving that the library of this important national institution is rapidly encreasing in extent and value. The books are, as they should be, almost all connected with History, Antiquities, and the Fine Arts.

The amiable and excellent Counsellor Edward Haughton, has been, we are informed, the principal donor: such disinterested patriotism requires not the need of our praise.

Mr. Cregan, the Academician, has nearly completed a portrait of His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, of which report speaks very favourably.

Mr. Hogan has disposed of his statue of the Redeemer taken from the cross, for four hundred pounds. The price, though small as regards the merits of the work, will not appear inconsiderable, if we reflect on the rate at which modern works of art have hitherto been appreciated in this country. It has been purchased, we understand, for Clarendon-street chapel. We have learned some particulars of this artist, which it may be interesting to the public to know. He was born at Cork, in 1802, and served his apprenticeship to Mr. Deane a respectable architect in that city, by whom he was principally employed in carving figures and other ornamental parts of buildings. From his earliest years, he evinced an extraordinary taste for drawing and sculpture. Some figures which he executed for a Roman Catholic chapel in Cork, attracted the admiration of a gentleman named Carey, well known to the admirers of the Arts in this country, who took, in consequence, a lively interest in the welfare of the young artist, and presented some studies of his to the members of the Royal Irish Institution in Dublin. This institution immediately voted Mr. Hogan a premium of one hundred pounds. The Royal Dublin Society, now purchased the same studies for the use of their drawing school, and the Royal Cork Institution, being apprized of Mr. Hogan's determination to proceed to Rome, to prosecute the study of sculpture as his future profession, voted him a sum of one hundred guineas. With these means Mr. H. proceeded to the "eternal city," about the close of the year 1823, and there applied himself with unwearied assiduity to the study of his art.

The only figures he has hitherto executed in marble, are, we believe, an Eve for the late Lord de Tably, a statue for Mr. Deane of Cork, and that of the dead Christ which has been exhibiting for some time in this city; it was originally intended, we believe, for a chapel in Cork, but the funds of the establishment falling far short of the stipulated sum, they were obliged to permit of its disposal in Dublin. Mr. Hogan intends, we understand, to proceed immediately again to Rome to complete his studies, and to execute the orders he has received since his arrival in Dublin. However we may regret the temporary loss of so promising an artist, we cannot but approve of his determination to go where his powers will be most effectually excited and matured. He carries with him our best wishes, that he may attain that eminent station to which his genius and unassuming manners, the usual concomitant of high powers, so justly entitle him.

Of Mr. Rothwell, our young countryman, who has recently made "so palpable a hit" in London as a portrait painter, we shall take an opportunity of speaking in an early number.

THE DRAMA.

The Dublin Theatre this week was closed. On Monday, we observe it is to re-open, with Dowton in the Hypocrite, and Fanny Ayton in Charles the XII.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Mr. Murray is preparing for publication a series of Landscape Illustrations of the Poems of Lord Byron, to be engraved in the most finished style, after drawings by the most eminent artists.

Conversations with Lord Byron on Religion, held in Cephalonia, a short time previous to his lordship's death. By the late James Kennedy, M.D. of H.B.M. Medical Staff. One vol. 8vo.

Messrs. Colburn and Bentley have announced a Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence, by his friend Mr. Thos. Campbell.

The Ninth Vol. of the Waverley Novels, will contain the Black Dwarf, and part of Old Mortality, with Illustrations from Wilkie and Burnet.

We find Mr. W. C. T. Taylor, formerly of Trinity College, Dublin, has a History of France and Normandy (on the plan of Pinnock's Histories) in the press.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, with Notices of his Life, by Thomas Moore, Esq. vol. 1, 4to. 42s.

Country Curate, by the author of the Subaltern, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

Landers' Records of Clapperton's Expedition, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

St. George's History of England, 2 vols. 12mo. 14s. boards.

An Introduction to Greek Grammar on a new plan, by Thomas Foster Barham, M. B. small 8vo. 4s. 6d. bds.

The Catholic Annual, 1830, 1 vol. post 8vo. 10s.

The Magazine and Review of Literature, Science and Art, No. I. January, 1s.

A comparative Atlas for the use of Schools, with indexes of the ancient and modern Navies, 4to. 30s.

The Quarterly Review, No. 83.

Bridge's Christian Ministry, 2nd edition, 12mo. 8s. 6d. boards.

Adventures of an Irish Gentleman, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

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Darnley, or the field of the cloth of Gold, by the author of Richelieu, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

American Ornithology of the Natural History of birds, not given by Wilson, by Charles Lucien Bonaparte, vol. 3, Atlas, 4to. £3 13s. 6d.

Popular Lectures on the study of Natural History and the Sciences, Vegetable Physiology, Zoology, &c. &c. by W. Lempriere, M. D. 8vo.

Gorton's Typographical Dictionary, No. I. 8vo.

Exodus; or the curse of Egypt, and other Poems.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. V. S. Shall appear in due time, we are much obliged to him and to S. G. D. for their letters. From both we shall be very glad to hear again. If the latter would combine more incident with his narrative we should relish his communications still more.

Vindex is only postponed for want of room—we shall always be glad to hear from him through the same channel.

'A Dream of the Excise' is inadmissible.

Many poetical and other favours, are necessarily passed over.

The large space devoted to the Life of Lord Byron has compelled us to leave over many articles that were prepared for this number.

The continuation of the article on the Fine Arts in Ireland, in our next.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature, the Arts, Education, &c.

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PERSONAL SKETCHES.

No. II.

EDWARD PENNEFATHER, ESQ. K.C.

WERE I suddenly asked what member of the Irish Bar I most admired, I should certainly answer, without hesitation, Mr. Edward Pennefather. In every branch of his profession he excels—while, as a Chancery advocate, he stands unrivalled. That he has reached the highest eminence in a difficult pursuit, is in no wise remarkable; it is merely the result of meritorious exertion, the just but splendid reward of industry and genius. Failure in such a man could have arisen only from a combination of circumstances not to be foreseen, or reasonably expected. The failure of men of genius, becomes a national concern. Mediocrity by discreditable practices sidling itself into notice, and acquiring a dubious reputation, we may tolerate; impudence, presuming and superficial, thrusting itself forward, to the exclusion of unassuming merit, naturally disgusts, but the failure of transcendant ability absolutely afflicts us. I am, however, disposed to believe, that fewer men of sterling talent fail at the Bar than is generally imagined; I beg to exclude from my calculation all those fascinating young gentlemen who shine conspicuously in conversation at the tea table, and are voted vastly clever by the ladies. A pity it were to remove them from their appropriate sphere; and may they always enjoy sufficient leisure for their pleasant and profitable pursuits. I know it has been said, that in the legal, beyond all other professions, men of genius are constantly disappointed, and compelled to abandon a harassing pursuit in disgust and despair. If by such individuals are meant persons fanciful and fretful—of unsteady habits of thinking—of wild and incoherent speech—incapable of concentrating their thoughts on any subject, or of bringing energy and assiduity to aid their exertions in the mastery of an abstruse and difficult science—then is the observation correct and just: but if by the term genius, be meant an almost intuitive perception of the fundamental principles of a science, and of their remotest consequences, a power of analyzing and discriminating, together with the rare faculty of expressing propositions and their inferences, in language elegant and exact—then, with such an acquisition or endowment, failure at the Bar is almost or altogether impossible.

The eminent individual whose name is prefixed to this paper, obtained the highest honors at the University of Dublin. His brother, the Baron, was also one of the most distinguished men of his day. The subject of this brief sketch has, I believe, always been considered the more clever man of the two. It was somewhat serious that they should have both selected the same profession: one would have thought they would have preferred striking into different paths, apprehensive of a collision of interests. They were, of course, superior to the meanness of jealousy, or the malignity of envy; indeed the cordial friendship which has subsisted uninterruptedly between them, proves that their virtues are not inferior to their talents. In the time of Lord Manners, it was not unamusing to behold these gentlemen opposed to one another in the same cause—arguing most zealously for their respective clients, and disputing the ground inch by inch. The public, too, seemed to have a peculiar relish for this brotherly contest, and always in such cases, as Mr. Richard Pennefather sat down, listened with more than ordinary interest when his brother Edward was seen rising in reply. The extensive practice they almost simultaneously acquired, proved that the strength of their fraternal attachment did not weaken the vigour of their professional exertions, when the inspiring words plaintiff and defendant urged them to the contest. Mr. Pennefather had, doubtless, many advantages in his favour: his collegiate character travelled before him to the Bar. He had extensive connexions, and was descended from an ancient and honorable family; but had he, instead, been encompassed with difficulties, his rise would have been no less certain, though, perhaps, somewhat retarded; it is not to adventitious circumstances he is indebted for success, but to his own high talents, his early and persevering application.

His professional career has not been marked by any startling or romantic events: undistracted by politics or party, he adhered solely to the business of his profession; and his advance was, consequently, steady and progressive. He was never necessitated, nor would his lofty spirit permit him, to descend so low as to hunt for practice: his character and assiduity procured him a large proportion of business, which he executed with punctuality and dispatch. He is, in fact, an accomplished lawyer: to an admirable preparatory education, he has added a profound and comprehensive knowledge of his profession, which he has pursued, through all its perplexing details, with a tenacity of purpose which nothing could impede or divert. In Court, his language and appearance bespeak the gentleman and the scholar. His forehead is smooth and open—yet somewhat over anxious; his intelligent and expressive countenance indicates deep meditation, but seems to say, that all is peace within; his manner is artless and candid; his deportment erect and independent. When he commences his address, your attention is at once arrested; you perceive, at a glance, that he is master of his subject, and feels himself to be so; with perfect self-possession, he details the numerous and complicated facts of a Chancery case—unfolds with ease, and applies with judgment, arguments the most intricate, and principles the most abstruse; and deduces his inferences with unrivalled clearness. While listening to him, I have frequently imagined myself acquainted with the *simple* doctrines of Equity, of which, thank heaven, I am yet in a state of happy ignorance: to me every thing seemed clear and convincing—nor could I help, all the while, admiring his prepossessing earnestness, and his graceful action; he has hit the happy medium between vehemence and tameness: besides, he never attempts to stagger you with far-fetched phrases; his words are selected with exact taste. If he be fluent, he is not prolix; and if the primary rule of all rational eloquence be, to speak suitably to the occasion, then is Mr. Edward Pennefather an accomplished orator. When in the habit of practising at Nisi Prius, he was equally successful; he never departed from his usual chaste and manly style, to indulge in irrelevant comment, or feeble declamation—but applied himself to the more sensible purpose of explaining the principles of law applicable to his case, and giving to the jury a luminous exposition of facts, be they ever so intricate and perplexing. It was, moreover, an honorable peculiarity in his behaviour, that while maintaining the interests of his client with ability and zeal, he never took an unworthy advantage of his situation, to utter an expression unnecessarily hurtful to the feelings of a witness, or forgot, for an instant, that the surest way to preserve his own dignity, was to avoid infringing the boundaries of propriety and politeness towards others.

Mr. Pennefather may justly be considered the Sir Samuel Romilly of the Irish Chancery Bar. This comparison may surprise, perhaps displease, those who have been in the habit of associating the name of that illustrious advocate with those of the best friends and benefactors of mankind. But of course I speak of Mr. Pennefather only as a lawyer: he has no claims to any higher reputation as a public character, nor has he as yet done aught that can ensure him a solid and enduring reputation. Professional skill will not, nor should it, entitle any man to an exalted place in the affections of his country. It is not enough for an individual to attend to his own interests: if he desire to be remembered, he must do more; if he hope to be classed among the good and great, he must, like them, labour in the service of mankind; he must, like them, devote some portion of his time, and a little of his talents, to the noble purpose of instructing the unenlightened—teaching the ignorant—promoting the interests of literature and science, and in aiding every good work which can raise the consequence, and redound to the honor of his country; or in lending the assistance of his learning and abilities to influence the administration, or ameliorate the severities of those laws, with which, perchance, he may be intimately acquainted. Some one of these things every man in his appropriate sphere might perform: something Mr. Pennefather ought to attempt, if he be just to his own fame, or wish to turn to the

best account the splendid talents with which he has been so bountifully endowed.*

I have scarcely exceeded the truth, in comparing the legal arguments of Mr. Pennefather to those of Sir Samuel Romilly. It certainly is lofty praise; for among all his contemporaries at the Chancery Bar of England, that exalted man stood unrivalled for overwhelming powers of refutation and discussion—for his peculiar diction, and close convincing logic. What a blank has he left in his branch of the profession! Sugden may be as learned;—his books prove the depth of his research, and the exactness of his knowledge: but in facility and strength of expression, compared with Romilly, he is miserably deficient. It has been my lot, lately, to frequent the Chancery Court, Westminster Hall.—Of the leaders I may observe, without meaning to impugn the soundness or extent of their attainments, that Sir Charles Wetherell is extravagantly vehement—Mr. Pepys tiresome—Messrs. Horne and Knight tediously prolix; and at some of the gentlemen in the second bench I have been perfectly amazed. Reclining one elbow on the bench, they address the Court in this lounging attitude; and their manner of expression is too often inelegant and careless. I have often thought Mr. Edward Pennefather would be no slight acquisition to that Court, and would be likely to win the favor of the Courtly Chancellor—who, whether I regard his deep voice, his admirable delivery, or his manly eloquence, is one of the most perfect speakers I ever listened to. I have heard it repeated in London, that Mr. Charles Butler, the eminent Conveyancer, has declared, he believes Mr. Pennefather to possess as thorough a knowledge of the laws of real property as any member of the profession in Ireland. It is, I believe, generally admitted he has no superior since Lord Plunket's elevation. There are no flash speeches of Mr. Pennefather's on record—no proof, however, that he is not gifted with a very high order of eloquence: but, as I have said, it is as a Chancery Barrister he excels. His arguments evince a luminous and comprehensive understanding, and are distinguished for beautiful arrangement, and the familiar, though eloquent, enunciation of legal truths, the most recondite and refined. His promotion has been but slow—and certainly it is somewhat singular that such a man should have been so frequently passed over. Few men possess, in so high a degree, the requisites for the judicial station—patience and discrimination; honesty and intelligence.

W.

* For our own parts, this trait is so far from diminishing our esteem for Mr. Pennefather, that we are induced to think we therefore honor him the more. There is a certain dignity of repose in thus keeping strictly within the sphere of one's appointed duty, which, in this age of universal pretension, we value not a little, were it only for the force of contrast; as the grey baronial castle, when surrounded by the flimsy, though, perhaps, commodious structures of modern times, reminds one of the strength and the simplicity of a period less pretending and more solid. In sooth, we cannot help accounting any man who unites to a faithful performance of the laborious duties of a lawyer in most active and extensive practice, the exemplary discharge of his personal duties in all the varied relations of private life, as one on whom no shadow of imputation can lie, for not attempting more. We think society has no just demand upon him for yet further exertion.

Richard and Edward Pennefather were, if we mistake not, the only children of Major Pennefather, of Darling Hill, in the Co. of Tipperary. When they were schoolmates (along with Charles Wall, now a Senior Fellow of Trinity College) at Doctor Carey's, in Clonmel, Edward was considered the more elegant general scholar, but Richard the more assiduous and diligent student. At College, they happened to be placed in the same division, and so came into collision, as both were candidates for honors. This was felt to be so great a hardship, that they were separated by consent of the higher powers, and each carried all before him in their respective divisions. We have heard that Edward gave some umbrage, by declining to preside in a Commission appointed under the Insurrection Act, which made Government less desirous to promote him; nor do we suppose he would consider a puisne Judge's place at all desirable. Ed.

CONFESSIONS OF A REFORMED RIBBONMAN,

(Concluded from our last.)

The moment that those who lay in the darkness during the night, made their appearance at the altar, we knew at once the persons we were to visit; for, as I said before, these were related to the miscreants whom one of these persons had convicted, in consequence of their midnight attack upon himself and his family. The Captain's object in keeping them unseen was, that those present, not being aware of the duty about to be imposed on them, might have less hesitation against swearing to its fulfilment. Our conjectures were correct, for on leaving the chapel we directed our steps to the house in which this man (the only Protestant in the parish) resided.

The night was still stormy, but without rain; it was rather dark too, though not so as to prevent us from seeing the clouds careering swiftly through the air. The dense curtain which had overhung and obscured the horizon, was now broken, and large sections of the sky were clear, and thinly studded with stars that looked dim and watery, as did indeed the whole firmament, for in some places large clouds were still visible threatening a continuance of severe tempestuous weather. The road appeared washed and gravelly, every dike was full of yellow water, and each little rivulet and larger stream dashed its hoarse music in our ears; the blast, too, was cold, fierce, and wintry, sometimes driving us back to a stand still, and again, when a turn in the road would bring it in our backs, whirling us along for a few steps, with involuntary rapidity. At length the fated dwelling became visible, and a short consultation was held in a sheltered place, between the Captain and the two parties who seemed so eager for its destruction. Their fire arms were now charged, and their bayonets and short pikes, the latter shod and pointed with iron, were also got ready: the live coal which was brought in the small pot, had become extinguished, but to remedy this, two or three persons from the remote parts of the parish, entered a cabin on the wayside, and under pretence of lighting their own and their comrade's pipes, procured a coal of fire, for so they called a lighted turf. From the time we left the chapel until this moment, a most profound silence had been maintained, a circumstance, which, when I considered the number of persons present, and the mysterious and dreaded object of their journey, had a most appalling effect upon my spirits.

At length we arrived within fifty perches of the house, walking in a compact body, and with as little noise as possible; but it seemed as if the very elements had conspired to frustrate our design, for on advancing within the shade of the farm-hedge, two or three persons found themselves up to the middle in water, and on stooping to ascertain more accurately the state of the place, we could see nothing but one immense sheet of it spread like a lake over the meadows which surrounded the spot we wished to reach.

Fatal night! the very recollection of it, when associated with the fearful tempest of the elements, grows, if that were possible, yet more wild and revolting. Had we been engaged in any innocent or benevolent enterprize, there was something in our situation, just now, that had a touch of interest in it to a mind imbued with a relish for the savage beauties of nature. There we stood, about a hundred and thirty in number, our dark forms bent forwards peering into the dusky expanse of water, with its dim gleams of reflected light, broken by the weltering of the mimic waves into ten thousand fragments, whilst the few stars that overhung it in the firmament, appeared to shoot through it in broken lines, and to be multiplied fifty-fold in the many-faced mirror on which we gazed.

Over this was a stormy sky, and around us a darkness through which we could only distinguish, in outline, the nearest objects, whilst the wild wind swept strongly and dismally upon us. When it was discovered that the common pathway to the house was inundated, we were about to abandon our object, and return home; the Captain, however, stooped down low for a moment, and almost closing his eyes, looked along the surface of the waters, and then raising himself very calmly, said, in his usual quiet tone, "yees need'nt go back, boys, Iv'e found a path, jist follow me." He immediately took a more circuitous direction, by which we reached a causeway that had been raised for the purpose of giving a free passage to and from the house, during such inundations as the present. Along this we had advanced more than half way, when we discovered a break in it, which, as afterwards appeared, had that night been made by the strength of the flood. This, by means of our sticks and pikes, we found to be about three feet deep, and eight yards broad. Again we were at a loss how to proceed, when the fertile brain of the Captain devised a method of crossing it: "boys," said he, "of course you've all played at leap-frog—very well, strip and go in a dozen of you,—lean one upon the shoulders of another from this to the opposite bank, where one must stand facing the outside man, both their shoulders agin one another, that the outside man may be supported—then *we* can creep over you, an' a decent bridge you'll be, any way." This was the work of only a few minutes, and in less than ten we were all safely over.

Merciful heaven! how I sicken at the recollection of what is to follow—on reaching the dry bank, we proceeded instantly, and in profound silence, to the house; the Captain divided us into companies, and then assigned to each division its proper station. The two parties who had been so vindictive all the night, he kept about himself, for of those who were present they only were in his confidence, and knew his nefarious purpose; their number was about fifteen. Having made these dispositions, he, at the head of about five of them, approached the house on the windy side, for the fiend possessed a coolness which enabled him to seize upon every possible advantage; that he had combustibles about him was evident, for in less than fifteen minutes nearly one half of the house was enveloped in flames. On seeing this, the others rushed over to the spot where he and his gang were standing, and remonstrated earnestly, but in vain; the flames now burst forth with renewed violence, and as they flung their strong light upon the faces of

the foremost group, I do think hell itself could hardly present any thing more satanic than their countenances, now worked up into a paroxysm of infernal triumph, at their own revenge. The Captain's look had lost all its calmness, every feature started out into distinct malignity, the curve in his brow was deep, and ran up to the root of the hair, dividing his face into two sections, that did not seem to have been designed for each other. His lips were half open, and the corners of his mouth a little brought back on each side, like those of a man expressing intense hatred and triumph over an enemy, who is in the death-struggle under his grasp. His eyes blazed from beneath his knit eye-brows, with a fire that seemed to have been lighted up in the infernal pit itself. It is unnecessary and only painful to describe the rest of his gang; demons might have been proud of such horrible visages as they exhibited; for they worked under all the power of hatred, revenge, and joy; and these passions blended into one terrific scowl, enough almost to blast any human eye that would venture to look upon it.

When the others attempted to intercede for the lives of the inmates, there were at least fifteen loaded guns and pistols levelled at them; "another word," said the Captain, "an' you're a corpse where you stand, or the first man who will dare to speak for them: no, no, it was'nt to spare them we came here—' No Mercy' is the pass word for the night, an' by the sacred oath I swore beyant in the chapel, any one among yees that will attimpt to shew it, will find none at my hand. Surround the house boys, I tell ye, I hear them stirring—*No Mercy*—no quarther—is the ordher of the night."

Such was his command over these misguided creatures, that in an instant there was a ring round the house to prevent the escape of the unhappy inmates, should the raging element give them time to attempt it; for none present dare withdraw themselves from the scene, not only from an apprehension of the Captain's present vengeance, or that of his gang, but because they knew that even had they then escaped, an early and certain death awaited them from a quarter against which they had no means of defence. The hour now was about half past two o'clock. Scarcely had the last words escaped from the Captain's lips, when one of the windows of the house was broken, and a human head having the hair in a blaze, was descried, apparently a woman's, if one might judge by the profusion of burning tresses, and the softness of the tones, notwithstanding that it called, or rather shrieked aloud, for help and mercy. The only reply to this was the whoop from the Captain and his gang, of no mercy—"No mercy," and that instant the former, and one of the latter rushed to the spot, and ere the action could be perceived, the head was transfixed with a bayonet and a pike, both having entered it together. The word mercy was divided in her mouth; a short silence ensued, the head hung down on the window, but was instantly tossed back into the flames.

This action occasioned a cry of horror from all present, except the *gang* and their leader, which startled and enraged the latter so much, that he ran towards one of them, and had his bayonet, now reeking with the blood of its innocent victim, raised to plunge it in his body, when dropping the point, he said in a piercing whisper that hissed in the ears of all: "Its no use *now*, you know, if one's to hang, all will hang; so our safest way, you persave, is to have none of them to tell the story: ye may go now if you wish; but it wont save a hair of your heads. You cowardly set! I knew if I had tould yees the sport, that none of ye except my *own* boys would come, so I jist played a thrick upon you; but remember what you are sworn to, and stand to the oath ye tuck.

Unhappily, notwithstanding the wetness of the preceding weather, the materials of the house were extremely combustible; the whole dwelling was now one body of glowing flame, yet the shouts and shrieks within, rose awfully above its crackling and the voice of the storm, for the wind once more blew in gusts, and with great violence. The doors and windows were all torn open, and such of those within, as had escaped the flames rushed towards them, for the purpose of further escape, and of claiming mercy at the hands of their destroyers—but whenever they appeared, the unearthly cry of no mercy rung upon their ears for a moment, and for a moment only, for they were flung back at the points of the weapons which the demons had brought with them to make the work of vengeance more certain.

As yet there were many persons in the house, whose cry for life was strong as despair, and who clung to it with all the awakened powers of reason and instinct; the ear of man could hear nothing so strongly calculated to stifle the demon of cruelty and revenge within him, as the long and wailing shrieks which rose beyond the element, in tones that were carried off rapidly upon the blast, until they died away in the darkness that lay behind the surrounding hills. Had not the house been in a solitary situation, and the hour the dead of night, any person sleeping within a moderate distance must have heard them, for such a cry of sorrow deepening into a yell of despair, was almost sufficient to have awakened the dead. It was lost however upon the hearts and ears that heard it: to them, though in justice be it said, to only comparatively a few of them, it was as delightful as the tones of soft and entrancing music.

The claims of the poor sufferers were now modified; they supplicated merely to suffer death *at the hands of their enemies*; they were willing to bear that, provided they should be allowed to escape from the flames; but no, the horrors of the conflagration were calmly and malignantly gloried in by their merciless assassins, who deliberately flung them back into all their tortures. In the course of a few minutes a man appeared upon the side-wall of the house, nearly naked; his figure, as he stood against the sky in horrible relief, was so finished a picture of woe-begone agony and supplication, that it is yet as distinct in my memory as if I were again present at the scene. Every muscle, now in motion by the powerful agitation of his sufferings, stood out upon his limbs and neck, giving him an appearance of desperate strength, to which by this time he must have been wrought; the perspiration poured from his frame, and the veins and arteries of his neck were inflated to a surprising thickness. Every moment he looked down into the thick flames which were rising to where he stood; and as he looked, the indescribable horror which flitted over his features might have worked upon the devil himself to relent. His words were few; "my child," said he, "is still safe, she is an infant, a young creature that never harmed you nor any one—she is still safe. Your mothers, your wives have young innocent children like it—Oh, spare her, think for a moment that its one of your own, spare it, as you hope to meet a just God, or if you dont, in mercy shoot me first, put an end to me, before I see her burned."

The Captain approached him coolly and deliberately. "You will prosecute no one now, you bloody informer," said he; "you will convict no more boys for taking an ould rusty gun an' pistol from you, or for givin' you a neighbourly knock or two into the bargain." Just then from a window opposite him, proceeded the shrieks of a woman who appeared at it with the infant in her arms. She herself was almost scorched to death; but with the presence of mind and humanity of her sex, she was about to thrust the little babe out of the window. The Captain noticed this, and with characteristic atrocity, thrust, with a sharp bayonet, the little innocent, along with the person who endeavoured to rescue it, into the red flames, where they both perished. This was the work of an instant. Again he approached the man; "your child is a coal now," said he, with deliberate mockery, "I pitched it in myself on the point of this," showing the weapon, "and now is your turn," saying which he clambered up by the assistance of his gang, who stood with a front of pikes and bayonets bristling to receive the wretched man, should he attempt in his despair to throw himself from the wall. The Captain got up, and placing the point of his bayonet against his shoulder, flung him into the fiery element that raged behind him. He uttered one wild and piercing cry, as he fell back, and no more; after this nothing was heard but the crackling of the fire, and the rushing of the blast; all that had possessed life within were consumed, amounting either to eleven or fifteen persons.

When this was accomplished, those who took an active part in the murder, stood for some time about the conflagration, and as it threw its red light upon their fierce faces and rough persons, soiled as they now were with smoke and black streaks of ashes, the scene seemed to be changed to hell, and the murderers to spirits of the damned, rejoicing over the arrival and the torture of a guilty soul. The faces of those who kept aloof from the slaughter, were blanched to the whiteness of death; some of them fainted—and others were in such agitation that they were compelled to leave their comrades. They became actually stiff and powerless with horror; yet to such a scene were they brought by the pernicious influence of Ribbonism.

It was only when the last victim went down, that the conflagration shot up into the air with most unbounded fury. The house was large, deeply thatched, and well furnished; and the broad red pyramid rose up with fearful magnificence towards the sky. Abstractedly it had sublimity, but now it was associated with nothing in my mind but blood and terror. It was not, however, without a purpose that the Captain and his guard stood to contemplate its effect. "Boys," said he, "we had better be sartin' that all's safe; who knows but there might be some of the sarpents crouchin' under a hape of rubbish, to come out and gibbet us to-morrow or next day; we had betther wait a while, any how, if it was only to see the blaze."

Just then the flames rose majestically to a surprising height; our eyes followed their direction, and we perceived for the first time,

that the dark clouds above, together with the intermediate air, appeared to reflect back, or rather to have caught the red hue of the fire; the hills and country about us appeared with an alarming distinctness; but the most picturesque part of it, was the effect or reflection of the blaze on the floods that spread over the surrounding plains. These, in fact, appeared to be one broad mass of liquid copper, for the the motion of the breaking waters, caught from the blaze of the high waving column, as reflected in them, a glaring light, which eddied and rose, and fluctuated, as if the flood itself had been a lake of molten fire.

Fire, however, destroys rapidly; in a short time the flames sank—became weak and flickering—by and bye, they only shot out in fits—the crackling of the timbers died away—the surrounding darkness deepened; and ere long, the faint light was overpowered by the thick volumes of smoke, that rose from the ruins of the house, and its murdered inhabitants.

"Now, boys," said the Captain, "all is safe, we may go. Remember, every man of you, what you've sworn this night on the book and altar of God—not on a heretic bible. If you perjure yourselves, you may hang us; but let me tell you for your comfort, that if you do, there is them livin' that will take care the lase of your own lives will be but short." After this we dispersed, every man to his own home.

Reader, not many months elapsed ere I saw the bodies of this Captain, whose name was Paddy Devan, and all those who were actively concerned in the perpetration of this deed of horror, withering in the wind, where they hung gibbetted, near the scene of their nefarious villainy; and while I inwardly thanked heaven for my own narrow and almost undeserved escape, I thought in my heart how seldom, even in this world, justice fails to overtake the murderer, and to enforce the righteous judgment of God, "that whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Records of Captain Clapperton's last Expedition to Africa.—By Richard Lander, his faithful attendant, and only surviving member of the expedition; with the subsequent adventures of the author.—2 vols. 8vo.—London, Colburn and Bentley.

It is we think somewhat more than a twelvemonth since the posthumous Journal of Captain Clapperton was published, containing his narrative of the second expedition into the interior of Africa, up to the period of his death, and with it the Journal of Richard Lander his servant, in continuation, from the time of his master's decease till his own arrival at the sea-coast on his return to England. The work not only abounded in most valuable geographical and scientific information, but was full of amusing details respecting regions then for the first time traversed by an European, and of tribes whose customs and mode of living were before unknown. On the return of Captain Clapperton with Major Denham, from the former expedition into central Africa, they brought a letter from Bello, Sultan of the Fellatas, resident at Soccatoo, in which were contained several important propositions, which he had been induced to make in consequence of various conferences with Captain Clapperton, and which it was felt by the English government that it would be extremely desirable to carry into execution. The principal of these, were the establishment of a friendly intercourse between the two nations, by the appointment of an English Consul to reside at Raka, and the prohibition of the exportation of slaves by any of the Houssa merchants, to Atagher Dahowrey, or Ashantee. To effect these and some other minor objects, the second expedition was voluntarily undertaken by Captain Clapperton. The causes of its unsuccessful and unfortunate result we shall have occasion to explain in a subsequent part of this review.

The present work is full of deep and melancholy interest. Every thing relating to the mournful fate of Captain Clapperton possesses a powerful claim on the attention of the British public, and though the principal facts related in these records were already known, we think the author's apology for putting forth the work, notwithstanding the previous publication of a hasty narrative of the principal circumstances it contains immediately on his arrival in England, is satisfactory enough to justify the procedure, and make us rejoice that it was adopted. As to the "thousand amusing incidents," which he says he has thus had an opportunity of bringing forward, we certainly do not esteem them the most valuable part of the production, nor can we regard them so complacently as the author evidently does; but on the whole, considering his station in life, and the absence of all assistance, save that of his brother, in preparing the book, the violations of good taste, or indeed of propriety of any sort, are surprisingly few in number. Something too much there is, perhaps, of display in an occasional quotation, or other ambitious ornament of the style, but the narrative is for the most part, (where the author does not affect the humorous,) simple, straight forward and unpretending; just, in short, what it ought to be, and every sentence bears the stamp of truth and reality.

Lander was born of humble parentage, at Truro in Cornwall, in 1804, and being naturally of a rambling disposition, which was increased by the tales told to his "wondering boyhood" by the old wives of Cornwall, "of strange adventures happed by land or sea," at the early age of eleven, he entered the service of a merchant trading to the West Indies; with him he visited St. Domingo, and after an absence of three years returned to England in 1818, from which time he lived in the service of various noblemen and gentlemen till his 19th year, when his passion for adventure still continuing, he obtained the place of servant to Major Colebrook, who was going out to the Cape, being one of the Commissioners of Inquiry into the state of the British Colonies. After encountering divers perils, unnecessary to relate, he arrived at Cape Town, and having accompanied his master over the whole of the colony, he again returned to England, and obtained a situation in the service of "a kinsman to the Duke of Northumberland," where, he says, his time passed pleasantly and thoughtlessly enough, till the return of Major Denham and Captain Clapperton from Africa, in the following year, again roused his rambling propensities, and he took shame to himself for remaining so long in a state of indolence and inactivity.

Having heard of the intended second expedition, for the purpose as he understood, of exploring the yet undiscovered parts of central Africa, and ascertaining the source and progress of the Niger, Lander waited upon Captain Clapperton, and expressed his eager desire to be taken into his service, in that hazardous undertaking. He was accordingly engaged by him as confidential servant, and embarked on board the Brazen, on the 27th of August, 1825, on that fatal expedition, from which he alone, of the six Europeans who composed it, returned alive.—Within the last month, he has been engaged by the British Government, to proceed to Fundah, and trace the river from thence to Benin, accompanied only by the same brother, who assisted him in the composition of the present work. We shall now introduce our readers to the narrative itself; and shall commence with the first landing of the expedition in Africa:—

"The day after the arrival of the Brazen at Badagry (the 29th of November,) the gentlemen of the mission and the officers of the ship, assembled on the quarter-deck to take a final farewell of each other; and some of the latter were deeply affected, as with a faltering voice and agitated manner they breathed their hopes, that success might attend the perilous undertaking to which their enterprising friends had so willingly devoted themselves. There was something so moving in the pathetic spectacle of Englishmen parting under a strong persuasion, almost amounting to a conviction, of meeting no more in *this* world; in seeing the manly resolution and stubborn indifference of British officers combating with the tenderer and more amiable feelings of human nature, that I myself could with difficulty stifle my emotion; and to dispel the gloom which hung upon my mind, I bade the officers a hasty and respectful adieu, and shaking hands with many of the honest seamen on deck, I sprang into a canoe that lay alongside the Brazen; and as two of the natives were rowing it towards the shore, I took the opportunity of playing—"*Over the hills and far away*," on a small bugle horn which I had brought with me. This elicited the admiration of the sailors of the ship, and I landed amidst the hearty cheers and acclamations of them all.

"Shortly afterwards Captains Clapperton and Pearce, and Dr. Morrison, with Pasko and Dawson,* also landed; but Columbus the mulatto, who had been ill almost from the period of his leaving England, was too weak to accompany them.

"The landing was rendered extremely dangerous by reason of a tremendous surf, which rolled violently, and to a great height, for many miles along the coast, and the canoe in which Mr. Houtson (an English merchant, who was taken on board at Whydah, for the purpose of accompanying the mission,) was conveyed from the Brazen, with astronomical instruments, &c. was swamped when at some distance from the beach. This accident had nearly cost that gentleman his life; for after being tossed about on the foam and waves for a few minutes, his strength utterly forsook him, and he ceased to struggle with the waters. In this perilous state he was observed by two of the blacks who had been with him in the ill-fated canoe; and at the imminent risk of their own lives, the men succeeded in conveying Mr. Houtson, although totally insensible, to the shore, where proper remedies having been administered, he shortly afterwards reco-

* George Dawson, an English seaman, was engaged at Badagry, as servant to Dr. Morrison.

vered. The natives subsequently dived after the instruments, &c. and were fortunate enough to regain the whole, although being seriously damaged by the water, many of them were of little, if any, use afterwards.

Neither an English boat, nor a canoe of the ordinary form, can possibly live, even a single minute, in this dreadful surf; and the natives have canoes of singular construction, and exceedingly strong, made purposely to brave its violence; yet, as the preceding casualty clearly shows, even these are insufficient to preserve the passenger from the danger apprehended.—The canoes here spoken are of immense size and thickness, and manned by nineteen naked men, who are well skilled in the art of rowing. On every occasion a Fetish-man, covered from head to foot with *gris-gris*, stands in the bow invoking the "Spirit of the Waters" to be propitious, and quell the raging of the sea.—He continues alternately watching the motion of the billows, and praying in a low mournful tone till the boat reaches the shore or the vessel, when thanks are immediately returned to the water-divinity. When he fancies his petition has been heard, the Fetish-man, catching a favourable opportunity, suddenly claps his hands in a transport, and exclaims, with violent gesticulation and wildness of manner, "i yaw, i yaw!" (now is the time, now is the time,) which inspires his countrymen in the canoe with fresh energy, and dashing their paddles into the water, they propel their enormous bark through the foamy waves with the swiftness of lightning."

The fate of two of the members of the expedition is thus mournfully described:—

"On Saturday, the roads being rendered almost impassable, in consequence of the rains that had fallen the preceding night, it was not without experiencing considerable difficulty that we could pursue our journey. The mud and water reached, in some places, almost to the horses' shoulders; and Dawson who was ill with ague, was unable to retain his seat on the animal's back, and fell three or four times in the mire, till he became so much exhausted by struggling to regain his seat, that, in despair, he at last flung his arms only across the horse's back; and panting with his exertions, was in this manner dragged to a considerable distance. At eleven o'clock we arrived at the village of Egbo; and after partaking of a slight refreshment, each of us being indisposed in a greater or less degree, we stretched ourselves at full length on our mats, in the hope of obtaining a little sleep. Dawson, however, was taken dreadfully ill, and his moanings of distress prevented me from closing my eyes.—He pronounced the names of his wife and children, whom he had left in England, with a bitter emphasis, and reproached himself repeatedly with having deserted them, to perish miserably in a strange country. In this manner he complained till the afternoon, refusing all consolation, when he became a little more composed; and Captain Pearce fell asleep. My master had quitted the apartment just before; and the medicine-chest lying open by Dawson's side, he perceived it, and pointing to a phial, desired a black attendant to fill him a glass of its contents; which being promptly done, he eagerly swallowed it. Whilst this was going on I had fallen into a slumber; and on awaking, about a quarter of an hour afterwards, not hearing Dawson's groans, I asked how he did; but receiving no answer, I went to his bedside, and found him a cold and stiffened corpse! The sight of so unexpected and ghastly a spectacle caused me to shudder, and I involuntarily made an exclamation of surprise and terror, that awoke Captain Pearce, who asked what was the matter. Before I had time to reply, he had raised himself on his couch, and the truth instantly bursting upon him—"What!" said he, "is Dawson dead? Well, poor fellow, *his* sufferings are over; *I* cannot long survive him;" and with a deep sigh he sunk back exhausted on his mat, without making any further remark.

"On examining the bottle from which the unfortunate man had desired the liquor to be taken, I found it to be partly filled with *ether*, which he must have mistaken for something else, and which had caused his almost immediate dissolution. As soon as the natives were made acquainted with the circumstance, they set up their death-yell; and if all the fiends of darkness had joined in chorus, they could not have produced an effect more frightfully and fearfully appalling than was the sound produced in that instance. Captain Clapperton hastened to silence them, which, after some difficulty, he succeeded in doing; but the awfully terrific noise the people made, seemed to be ringing in our ears the whole of the night. As dead bodies cannot be left exposed a great while in tropical countries, Dawson was buried on the evening of his death, followed to the grave by the whole of our black attendants and myself. Captain Clapperton read the funeral service over his remains, which were then deposited in the earth, and we returned to Captain Pearce, whom we had left alone in the hut. Our party was now reduced to three whites, one of whom was dangerously ill; my master himself was in a much worse state of health than he would either acknowledge or believe; and I was but just recovering from a disease that had nearly proved fatal to me. A gloom was therefore cast upon the countenances of our little band, as we prepared to proceed, on the morning of Sunday; but Captain Pearce rallying a little, we set off in more cheerful spirits.

"The appearance of the country, from Jannah to Tshow, is greatly superior to that from the coast to the former place, being clearer of wood, and in a higher state of cultivation, swelling likewise into easy and delightful undulations. Streams of water fertilize the vallies; and the hills, covered with a lively verdure, are adorned with lofty and handsome trees. The towns of the natives, from Badagry to Tshow, with a few exceptions only, like those in the island of Madagascar, are situated in the bosom of thick woods, and are entered by paths so intricate, that, like the labyrinth of Woodstock, they are known to none but the inhabitants themselves. Sometimes, however, they have only one path, which is generally defended by strong stockades or a mud wall, and sometimes by both together.

"On Tuesday morning we continued our journey, with a cool strengthening breeze and a serene atmosphere, which seemed to invigorate each of us with renewed life and spirit; and, after two hours travelling, we arrived at Engwâ. In the course of the journey, for the first time since leaving the ship, we perceived great numbers of trees, stripped of their foliage, and the grass beaten to the ground, so that, with the exception of the absence of frost and snow, the country looked like many parts of England in the month of November or December. Several of the natives in this, as in almost every other instance, either accompanied or followed us on the way, and we experienced as much civility from them as our countrymen would have bestowed upon us in our native land. They were, generally speaking, neatly dressed in cap, shirt (tobe), and trousers, and very cleanly in their personal appearance.

"About eleven o'clock Captain Pearce became suddenly worse, and an hour or two afterwards was delirious. He talked much and incoherently, in detached sentences; at one time apparently conversing with his mother in the most affectionate terms, asking her questions, and answering them himself, and the next moment reverting to his own melancholy condition, and muttering something which no one could understand. In this pitiable state he remained till nine o'clock in the evening, when he fell into a stupor, from which he awoke about half an hour afterwards, and attempting to raise himself on his couch, with a faint groan, and a convulsive throe, he fell back and instantly expired.

"Both Captain Clapperton and myself were deeply affected as we enveloped the lifeless body in its shroud; and a host of gloomy reflections crowded upon our minds, to see the once spirited and cheerful companion of our wanderings stretched out before us, the shadow only of a man, clothed in the mournful habiliments of death. Next morning, about eleven o'clock, the body was borne to the place of its interment, followed by my master and myself, with the messengers of the kings of Badagry and Katunga, and a great number of natives, who all behaved with the strictest decorum. As in the former instance, Captain Clapperton, although extremely unwell, in a tremulous voice and agitated manner, read the funeral service, interrupted only by his own emotion, which he found it impossible to conceal. The corpse having been consigned to the grave, it was soon closed over him for ever, and my master and myself, with heavy hearts and melancholy anticipations, returned to our cheerless habitation."

Dr. Morrison died at Jannah, on the same day and hour as Captain Pearce expired at Engwâ. Dr. Dickson and Mr. James, an Englishman who accompanied him, had previously fallen victims, the latter to the climate, the former in a scuffle with a native chief.—Captain Clapperton and Lander, the sole survivors proceeded on their route, and were treated with great hospitality and kindness by the natives, till on the 15th of January they arrived at Katunga, the capital of Yariba.—Part of their adventures in the Borghoo country, which they traversed on the way, our author describes as follows:—

"We left the village at four o'clock in the afternoon; and the horse on which I rode being in better condition than the others, I was considerably in advance of the rest of the party, when the animal made a sudden halt, and all my endeavours were inadequate to make him proceed. There he stood like a block of marble, keeping his eyes rivetted on something that was approaching us, and I had scarcely time to consider what it could possibly be, when a fine antelope bounded before me with incredible swiftness, and in the next moment two huge lions, with mane and tail erect, crossed the path but a couple of yard

from the horse's head, almost with equal speed, and covered with foam. A tremendous roar, which made the forest tremble, informed me in another minute that the lions had overtaken their prey; but the sudden and unexpected appearance of those ferocious animals startled me as much as it had intimidated the horse before, and I hastened back to the party, my poor beast trembling violently the whole of the way. Fortunately the lions, which were male and female, were so eager in the chase, that both the horse and its rider were unobserved by them; otherwise it might have gone hard with me, for I saw not the slightest chance of escaping. We halted in the woods that night; but fancying every sound I heard was the roaring of a lion, I could not compose myself to sleep. Next day I was severely indisposed, and the party was obliged to stop several times on the road on my account; a languid faintness frequently overpowering me, and rendering me insensible to surrounding objects. We put up at a town called Socka for the night, and on the 13th an escort from the king of Khiama arrived, mounted on excellent horses, little inferior to the English breed; but after delivering their monarch's message, the fellows very unceremoniously began plundering the villagers of goats, pigs, and poultry. The escort consisted of fifty horsemen, bold, fierce-looking fellows, more resembling a desperate band of robbers than peaceably-disposed individuals.

"Traversing a pleasant and fertile country, we entered the city of Khiama about ten in the morning, and were immediately conducted to the house of his majesty, whom we found sitting under the porch of his door, chucking some of his young wives under the chin.—After shaking hands, he expressed a wish for us to repose ourselves till the heat of the day was over, and said he would pay us a visit in the cool of the evening.

"The king redeemed his pledge, and came at the appointed time, riding on one of the handsomest horses I ever saw. He was attended by numbers of people on horseback and on foot, and half a dozen naked girls *circling* round the animal on which he rode, flourishing spears with which they were furnished, and singing, in a loud voice, the praises of their husband and prince. Yarro (that is the monarch's name) dismounted and entered our house, followed by the girls, who had left their weapons outside, and for decency's sake had wrapped a piece of striped cotton round their delicate waists. After an hour's conversation, in the course of which Captain Clapperton informed him of our motives for visiting his country, whither we intended to go, &c. the king left us, infinitely pleased, and the extraordinary procession returned in much the same order as it had come."

At Boussa they had expected to obtain the papers and other memorials of Mungo Park. The account they did obtain is thus related:—

"We had all along been buoyed up with the hope of being able to obtain the journal and papers of the late Mungo Park at Boussa; but, to our great mortification and disappointment we discovered, that they had been either destroyed, or conveyed no one could tell whither, many years before. The inhabitants were exceedingly reserved on the subject of the fatal catastrophe, and uniformly gave equivocating or evasive answers to our enquiries as to the manner in which it had occurred. They seemed indeed overwhelmed with shame at the part they or their fathers had taken in the dreadful tragedy, and did all in their power to shift the blame from the shoulders of themselves and their countrymen.

"The following appeared the most accurate and best authenticated version of the dismal story of the deaths of Park and Martin, that I was enabled to obtain whilst I was in the country:—

"The voyagers had reached Youri in safety, and were on intimate and familiar terms with its Sultan, father to the reigning prince, who intreated them to finish their journey through the country by land, instead of proceeding down the Quorra to the salt water; observing that the people inhabiting the islands and borders of the river, were ferocious in their manners, and would not suffer their canoe to proceed without having first rifled it of its contents, and exposed them to every species of indignity and insult; and that if their lives were spared, they would infallibly be detained as domestic slaves. This evil report was considered as the effect of jealousy and prejudice: and, disregarding the prudent counsel of the Sultan of Youri, the ill-fated adventurers proceeded down the Quorra as far as the island of Boussa, from whence their strange-looking canoe was observed by one or two of the inhabitants, whose shouts brought numbers of their companions, armed with bows and arrows, to the spot. At that time the usurpations of the Falatahs had begun to be the general talk of the black population of the country, so that the people of Boussa, who had only *heard* of that warlike nation, fancied Mr. Park and his associates to be some of them, coming with the intention of taking their town, and subjugating its inhabitants. Under this impression, they saluted the unfortunate Englishmen from the beach with showers of missiles and poisoned arrows, which were returned by the latter with a discharge of musketry. A small white flag had been previously waved by our countrymen, in token of their peaceable intentions; but this symbol not being understood by the people of Boussa, they continued firing their arrows, till they were joined by the whole male population of the island, when the unequal contest was renewed with greater violence than ever. In the meantime the Englishmen, with the blacks they had with them, kept firing unceasingly amongst the multitude on shore, killing many, and wounding a still greater number, till their amunition being expended, and seeing every hope of life cut off, they threw their goods overboard; and desiring their sable assistants to swim towards the beach, locked themselves firmly in each other's arms, and springing into the water, instantly sank, and were never seen again.

"The bodies of the two slaves, who attempted to save their lives by swimming, were pierced with a grove of arrows, but they subsequently recovered from the effects of their wounds, and were certainly alive when we were at Boussa, but, as I understood afterwards, they were carefully concealed, in order to prevent our making any inquiries of them relative to the affair.

"Resistance being thus at an end, the floating property had been eagerly laid hold of by the people of Boussa, and taken in triumph to their city. In the evening they formed a circle round it, and for several days and nights nothing was to be seen or heard but feasting and rejoicing; but it happened that before their revelries were well over, an infectious disease, whereof they had not previously had the most distant idea, raged in the island, and swept off the Sultan, with numbers of his subjects; and it was remarked, that those who had been most active in the destruction of the strangers were cut off to a man, expiring in great agony. The people endeavoured to appease the wrath of the white man's God, (by whose instrumentality they were firmly persuaded the destroying plague had reached them,) by the offering of sacrifices, and afterwards by setting fire to all the articles found on the surface of the water; shortly after which, it is asserted, the pestilence left the island. Meantime the news of the occurrence, and its fatal results, spread like wildfire through the neighbouring states; and the people of Boussa were stigmatised with a reproachful epithet, for having been guilty of so heinous a crime. Hence the studied reserve of the reigning Sultan and his subjects, which no consideration could tempt them to break through, so as to enter into the details of the tragedy; and hence also the expression, so beneficial to us in those regions, and so prevalent amongst all ranks and conditions: 'Do not hurt the white men; for if you do, you *will perish like the people of Boussa!*"

At Kano Captain Clapperton left Lander behind and proceeded alone to Soccatoo or Seccasoo; on his first attempt, he found the road impassable in consequence of the heavy falls of rain, but after a few days delay again at Kano, he set out a second time, and reached the capital of Houssa, in safety, on the 19th of October, 1826. On the 26th of the same month, he wrote to Lander, from Soccasoo, as follows:

"Dear Richard,

"I arrived here on Thursday, after a most fatiguing and harrassing journey. I find the city in much the same state as on my former visit. They say it has been burnt by the rebels of Goober, but I have observed no traces of a recent conflagration, and therefore suspect the rumour to be unfounded. Sultan Bello has been investing Coonia, the capital of Goober, with a large but irregular army. I visited him in his camp previously to my arrival here. He appeared glad to see me, and welcomed me to his country with the utmost cordiality. He is now at Magaria, anticipating an attack from the rebel chief, but is expected here shortly. The Arabs have already begun their underhand and deceitful practices, by tampering with Mohammed [an Arab servant,] and insinuating the injury he would do his soul by serving an enemy to their faith. The man hardly knows how to act; on the one hand he dreads the resentment of his namesake the Prophet; and on the other, if he quits my service, he must necessarily throw himself upon the good-nature of his rascally countrymen, who indeed make golden promises, but whose filthy niggardliness is proverbial, even amongst the Falatahs. I shall certainly feel his loss severely, if Mohammed follows their advice, as I have no one in whom I can repose so much confidence as himself; but I have left it entirely to his own choice, either to go or stay. I have just had a conversation with a messenger, arrived within these few minutes from Bello and the Godado; he tells me the rebels are hourly expected near Magaria, and of his sovereign's wish for me to make all haste to him, as he is utterly unconscious how long he may

be detained with his army. For the purpose of assisting me on my journey, the Sultan has sent me two camels and a horse; and most likely I shall leave this city to-morrow or next day.

"It is most violently hot here. I fancy the weather has already made some impression on my health, for I feel now and then a little feverish and unwell. I sincerely wish it may not increase upon me. Heaven knows I have had enough of sickness since I first set my foot on African soil; and it would be disheartening indeed if I should be laid up at this particular time. Let me hope your health is improved since I saw you. It would grieve me exceedingly to hear an unfavourable account of it; and I would suggest that you keep both mind and body as much employed as possible. By right you should have no idle moments. I hope you ride out every day, and amuse yourself with shooting and stuffing birds: this will tend to keep you in good health and spirits. Apply your mind strictly to the duties of religion; rely firmly on the mercy and assistance of Heaven; for in all your difficulties and distress, this alone will bear you up like a man, and render you superior to misfortune.

"I pray God to bless you; and believe me to be

"Your sincere friend and master,

"HUGH CLAPPERTON."

"*Rd. Lander, Kano.*"

On the 7th of November he wrote Lander again:

"DEAR RICHARD,

"I returned from Magaria yesterday: the Sultan received his present with rapture; nor did the godado appear much less pleased with his. I enjoy, thank God, tolerable health, with the exception of being afflicted at times with a sharp pain in my side, which annoys me greatly; but I hope it will soon wear off. The Sultan does not seem in the least willing for me to visit Bornou, by reason of the war; but I shall do all in my power to overturn his unjust prejudices. He fancies, no doubt, the present intended for the Sheikh consists of warlike stores; at least, I am pretty confident my kind friends the Arabs have intimated as much to him. Yet I am infinitely pleased to learn that Bello does not altogether relish their counsel, and that he judges pretty correctly of the falsehood and deceit they have so often practised to serve their own ends.

"If the road to Bornou be denied me, I really can't tell what we shall do, or how we shall get home. It is certain if we pursue a different route, my business will be incomplete, and of all things this lies nearest my heart. It is not likely, however, I shall be kept in suspense a great while longer, and I shall know with certainty perhaps in a few days. I am already heartily tired of this place; and most devoutly wish I were with you. I long to turn my face towards our dear country again; yet whenever I think calmly of it, as oftentimes I do, a cloud seems to hang over the future which saddens me, I know not why, and makes me excessively low-spirited. I would cheerfully dissipate all gloomy reflections if I could; but they come over one at times when one is least capable of resisting their influence, and an unpleasant sensation steals insensibly upon the mind, and renders one careless of oneself, and regardless of the world.

"My dear Richard, do *you* endeavour to keep up your spirits. You tell me you are ill; I imagine this proceeds more from the brooding over your misfortunes than any other cause whatever: it is not well to do so; you should not suffer despondency and dejection to have the mastery over your judgment and resolution. Think of your friends in England, and fancy yourself in their little circle; never permit hope to sink so far within you, as to say to yourself, 'I shall never see my country again.' Such thoughts, I repeat, should never be indulged; for they are ever attended with mischief. Your disorder is, indeed, a peculiarly painful one; yet it is one which every European must expect to be visited with in this remote region. I have been afflicted with it myself before now, and you see I am completely recovered from its effects.

"Let me entreat you, therefore, to hope for the best: it is unmanly to repine at any trifling casualty that may befal one, which we are all so very apt to do. Above all things, place your confidence in the wisdom of the Almighty; let your whole heart and affections rest upon him, for he alone is able to support you under the trying sickness that wastes you, and conduct you in safety to dear old England. Pray to Heaven night and morning, and read the church service as often as you can, particularly on the Sabbath; for a firm reliance on the goodness and mercy of the Divine Power, will inspire you with confidence, and bear you up with cheerfulness and courage, even when all earthly enjoyments fail you. For my own part, I am inclined to believe you will soon be well, and that we shall shortly see better and happier days. Most likely I shall leave this city for Kano the latter part of the week, and surely I need not repeat how happy I shall be to see you again."

"Adieu, and believe me

"Your sincere friend and master,

"H. CLAPPERTON.

"*Richard Lander, Kano.*"

We hope to recur to the causes which led to the disappointment of Captain Clapperton's hopes from Sultan Bello, and to Lander's narrative of his melancholy death, in our next.

Satan; a Poem. By Robert Montgomery.—London, Maunder, 1830.

IT is our private opinion, (though of course, it would be very impolitic as well as impolite, to express it to any but our dear five hundred friends and fifty thousand readers,) that the public in general are very bad judges of poetry. No doubt as the end of poetry, like that of beauty, is to please, every man may contend for his right to set up a standard of his own, and as the Hottentot is charmed with a flat nose, woolly hair, and a natural bustle of portentous extent and circumference, so the lover of sorry verses, may "hang over them enamoured," and plead against the most eloquent exposure of their dulness, Partridge's ancient justification, de gustibus non &c. Nevertheless we confess our steadfast belief in the existence of "the vision and the faculty divine," which stamps its impress upon every production of the true *poetic* maker, or poet; and maugre the ninth edition, and eke the school edition of the "Omnipresence of the Deity," staring us in the face, and reminding us of Mr. Montgomery's extreme popularity, we are constrained to acknowledge that his verses have given us but little pleasure compared with the lofty imaginings of some, Wordsworth for example, and Coleridge, and Wilson, whose writings are, in this country at least, but very little known or relished.

We need scarcely inform our readers, that Robert Montgomery, is not the Montgomery of Sheffield, or that they have nothing to fear from the diabolical name prefixed to this poem. We remember to have heard in the North countrie, of a Highlandman who took his child to the minister to christen, and on being asked what name he would have the infant baptized by, he answered "ou, jist call him Sawtan, or Legion, or Beelzebub, or any o' thae *Scripture* names;" some similar principle must, we presume, have guided Mr. Montgomery in the choice of a designation for his literary bantling, for the name is by much the hottest and most startling thing about the production.

The Devil is introduced standing upon a high hill, even upon the mountain whence he shewed the incarnate Word, the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them; and viewing thence the same kingdoms and their modern glory, he utters a prodigiously long soliloquy, which lasts till the end of the volume, and moralizes upon all manner of subjects, in a strain much more resembling the style of a metaphysical German professor, than of Lucifer, son of the morning. Here and there, no doubt, he warms into a strain of poetry; but in general, the work is heavy and opake as lead.—The subject and the scene naturally brought to our minds the Paradise Regained of Milton; and we cannot but lament over the strange perversion or destitution of intellectual taste in the mass of modern readers, when we see such a poem neglected, or mentioned only with some senseless sneer about its inferiority to Paradise Lost, while works, which in comparison to it are less than paste to pearl, are read with an unaccountable avidity, which hurries their authors into premature and ill-digested efforts, necessarily destructive of their lasting reputation.

We fear we shall be thought to have spoken very hardly of Mr. Montgomery. We certainly have no desire to do so, for we should hail with delight the appearance of a youthful bard of real power and religious mind; but we conceive that a false taste is growing up among us, for the poetry of *talent*, rather than that of *genius*; and we are not willing to see the choice of a subject somehow relating to religion, made to serve as an excuse for dispensing with original imagination, vivid sensibility, and the expression of "thoughts that breathe" in "words that burn."

We shall not do our author or our readers the injustice of selecting what we think inferior passages of the poem, in order to justify the opinion we have expressed. On the contrary, in the short specimens our limits will permit, we shall endeavour to choose those which we believe will prove most generally interesting, acknowledging that even these appear to us, sadly deficient in the power of sounding the secret depths of the soul, and calling up emotions 'beautiful and new,' which so often astonishes and delights us, in the poets whom we delight to honour.

Near the beginning of the poem, the Devil thus apostrophizes "this dim spot which men call earth:"—

> Why, what a stately world is this! how wide
> Her range, how wonderful her scenes, what
> sway
> Of elements, what pride of power! the grace
> And crown, the glory of the universe!
> And thou, for whom such energies exist
> In toiling majesty, thy shaping hand

Hath from thy soul a second nature dealt,
And made it half a new creation seem!
A mass of kingdoms, continents, and isles!
Oceans,—those royal elements, outspread,
Heaving and wild, monotonously vast!
Terrific mountains, where the fire-floods dwell,
Or snows in cold eternity congeal;
And haggard rocks uplifted, huge and bare,
The hoary frame-work of a ruined world;
And rivers deep, exulting as they glide,
And forests high, and brownly-wooded dales,
With meadows greenly bright, and champaigns broad,—
And flowers, whose beauty blush'd in Paradise,
By streams that murmur of their mountain birth;
With high-domed cities, crown'd with airy clouds,
And shadow'd interchange of hamlets lone,
Dark slumb'ring in the lap of winding vales,—
Before me, like a panorama, spread!
Wherever Earth by Nature's seal is stamp'd,
Far as the ice-clad North hath bared her brow,
To where the burning South extends—from East
To West, the theatre of Man I view.

Jerusalem, forlorn Judean Queen!
Girt with the grandeur of eternal hills,
How art thou fallen from thy sacred height
Of splendor and renown! Unhallow'd now,
Save by the tombs and memory of the past:
Hush'd are thy trumpets, that enrapt the air
With Jubilee,—when fell the Captive's chains
To freedom, heart with heart embraced, and eye
To eye beam'd fellowship; while not an ear
But feasted on that soul-awaking sound!
The Temple vast,—whose architect was God
Himself, when first the giant fabric grew,
That matchless pile, on which religion gazed
With haughty glance, where glory dwelt enshrin'd;
Where is it now? Dead as the Roman dust,
That erst, with living valour fired, uncrown'd
Thy queenly pride, and paised thy hewn walls,
Strewing the plains with atoms of thy strength!
And yet, where yonder marbled courts, and mosques,
With sun-gilt minarets, like glitt'ring peaks
Of mountain tops, are seen, a prophet stood,
And in a vision saw predestined Time
Advancing, with dark ruin on his wings,
To shatter thee, and sprinkle the wide earth
With orphans of thy race. How scornful rang
Thy laughter, when such vision was unroll'd!
But when thy hills were echoed with the cries
Of desolation, howling her despair,
Many a demon on the viewless winds
Exulted, shouting with revengeful joy,
"Thus sink the glories of great Palestine!"

Kings in general, and Napoleon in particular, are treated of as follows:—

"A word of kings,—what thunder in the sound!
These delegates of God—yea, gods themselves,
Upon whose lip the fate of empire hangs,
Tremendous is their charge; one speaks,—and lo!
Up springs infernal War, and stalks abroad,
Unrolls his blood-red banner on the wind;
And in the groan of widow'd nations hails
The music of his fame!—Another speaks,—
And Peace, with olive in her radiant hand,
Glides like an angel through the world, and prints
A trace of glory wherso'er she tread!—
So great are Kings, that did the royal heirs,
Or despots, who have waded seas of blood
To wield a sceptre, know the awful weight
Of duty on a monarch's shoulder hung,
How few would battle for the throne of kings,
Or risk Eternity, to wear a crown!

And who could ponder on these war-doomed scene,
Nor dream thy shadow swelling into life!
"Napoleon! on the island rock thou sleep'st;
But such a storm thy spirit raised, so full
The swell of feeling born of thee, that Time
Must lend his magic to allay the rush
And tempest of opinion into truth,
That, taming wonder, stamps thee as thou wert,—
A Tyrant! in whose passion for a power
Enthroned above all liberty and law,
Thou stand'st alone, unparagon'd; thy pride
Of domination tow'ring far o'er heights
Of monarchy,—a shadow of mine own,
That scorn'd an equal, though he proved a God!

And therefore did I hail thee, Kingly One!
But strange the tide of human sympathy;
Mean crimes are branded with avenging scorn,
While great ones, that should water Earth with tears,
Oft dazzle condemnation into praise,
And praise to pity, when their greatness fails:
The throneless, in the heart a throne acquires,
And Admiration in his sigh can drown
The wail of millions, haunting each red field
Of havoc, where their Desolator trod!—
The wish is hated, but the deed caress'd,
Of mad Ambition;—Glory heals the wound."

Touching the men in whom a sense of divine things is choked by the cares and pleasures of this world, Satan thus discourses:—

"But there are others of unheavenly hue;
A mass of creatures by the earth beloved,
Who bear a seemly fame, revere their limbs
And senses, smile on Nature when they please,
And walk through life, as children by a shore,
Who sport and laugh, and reap the sandy toys
That glitter on their path—yet sometimes pause
With museful eye, to mark the awing swell
Of Ocean, like a vision, heaving wild.—
Too mean for Virtue, too polite for Vice.
The happy medium which their spirits keep
Is fitly toned to temporal joys:—they live,
As though Eternity were such a life,
And drown all instincts of diviner growth
In plots and plans, whereby the hours are wing'd.
The one is fearful of the trait'rous winds
Wafting a sailing palace o'er the deep;
What fancy-shipwreck overwhelms the soul!
What billows ever rocking in his brain!
Another hath a mountainous ascent
Of life to vanquish where a rival blooms:
Though Angels whisper to his heart,—Return!
Still must he onward up to glory climb.
Then comes the zealot, weeping country's wounds;
And yet, with what a pleased prophetic yell,
As screams the vulture round his future prey,
His fancy revels o'er a ruin'd land!
And thus, blasphemeful of the patriot name,
He lives on vileness that his tongue creates.

And such are these, who make the middle class
Of creatures, wedded to the dust they tread,
But doom'd to wrestle with contrasted lots,
And all the cloudy woes of life. There droops a man,
Poetic sadness in his pensive eye,
As haunting tombs, or scenes beyond the dead;
And here, a victim of tempestuous thought,
Wolf-eyed, and glaring out his wilder'd mind
In glances lit with torture!—while to mock
Their coward anguish, see a soulless thing
Appear, whose spirit bubbles out in song:
And this is life,—a sunbeam in a storm!—

Here dwells my power; in living things that grasp
The Spirit, or that blind it with a blaze
Reflected from the scene of earthly show,
That curtains up Eternity! No truths
Divine, no energies which pant for heaven,
Within the depths of such a spirit play;
But he, who from his soul the sensual chain
Uncoils, and looks into life's holier things,
Wears attributes beyond the reach of Hell.
Then Time is no enchanter, though his cup
May sparkle, and with brimming sweets be crown'd.
The shadows of a far mysterious world
He longs to enter, triumph o'er this scene,
And gather round him like a girdling spell."

Surely "the Devil was sick, and the Devil a monk would be," when he soliloquized in such a strain as this.

A peep at the Devil in London, and we have done:—

"But hail! thou city-giant of the world!
Thou that dost scorn a canopy of clouds,
But in the dimness of eternal smoke
For ever rising like an ocean-steam,
Dost mantle thine immensity, how vast
And wide thy wonderful array of domes,
In dusky masses staring at the skies!
Time was, and dreary solitude was here;
When night-black woods, unvisited by man,
In howling conflict wrestled with the winds.
But now, the storm-roll of immingled life
Is heard, and, like a roaring furnace, fills
With living sound the airy reach of miles!
Thou more than Rome! for never from her heart
Such universe-awaking spirit pour'd,
As emanates from thine. The mighty globe
Is fever'd by thy name; a thousand years,
And silence hath not known thee! What a weight
Of awfulness will doomsday from thy scene
Derive; and when the blasting trumpet smites
All cities to destruction, who will sink
Sublime, with such a thunder-crash as thou!

Myriads of domes, and temples huge, or high,
And thickly wedded, like the ancient trees
That in unviolated forests frown;
Myriads of streets, whose river-windings flow
With viewless billows of unweary sound;
Myriad of hearts in full commotion mix'd,
From morn to noon, from noon to night again,
Through the wide realm of whirling passion borne,
And there is London!—England's heart and soul.
By the proud flowing of her famous Thames
She circulates through countless lands and isles
Her greatness; gloriously she rules,
At once the awe and sceptre of the world!"

Shall we venture to say, that with all this fine sounding phraseology, the ideas are prosaic, and the diction inflated? That passion sleeps while declamation storms? Alas! for the spirit-moving touches of Wordsworth; or the minute graphic delineations of Crabbe!

The Country Curate. By the author of the Subaltern and the Chelsea Pensioners, 2 vols. 8vo.—London, Colburn and Bentley.

THE Country Curate is a very agreeable book. The author is already favourably known to the public, and especially to the readers of Blackwood's Magazine, in which, besides other productions from his pen relating to foreign adventures, the introduction and three of the tales that constitute the present volumes, first appeared. The work is very prettily and harmoniously written, something in the style of Washington Irving's Sketch Book, but nevertheless, not an offensive servile imitation, for in the cast of his plots we observed a strong resemblance to the Tales of Crabbe.

The sketches, which are, we think, ten in number, are all of a mournful cast, as might reasonably have been expected by all who remember the character of Abraham Williams, the supposed narrator, whose story is one of those that had previously appeared.

From the Rose of East Kent, we select the following specimen of the manner in which the work is written, which will not be the less interesting to our readers that it relates, in some degree at least, to Ireland; with the pathos we shall not meddle, as we could not do it any justice within the limits of an extract:—

"The mother of Rose, it appeared, was an Irish woman, the daughter of an ancient but poor Milesian family. Her name was Fitzgerald, and she was a native of the romantic district of Bantry Bay, not far from the shores of which stood her father's castle, still frowning in all the pride of baronial magnificence, but almost entirely denuded of the acres which once afforded a princely revenue to its owners. It is not necessary to state, that wherever the virtue of hospitality may be obsolete, it still exists among the gentry of Ireland; nor could any of the class boast of a larger portion of the spirit, than Mr. Fitzgerald. A King's ship never came to an anchor in the bay, without an invitation being immediately conveyed to its officers, who were expected, as often as their duty would permit, to make Fitzgerald Castle their home; and if the fare to which they were introduced could not always boast of an excess of refinement, it was at least very abundant, and very freely given. Among other stations to which the vessel which Captain Wilmot commanded, was sent, Bantry Bay chanced to be one; and the same liberality which had been afforded to others, was extended to him. He became a frequent visitor at the castle; and no great while elapsed ere he conceived the idea of forming a closer connexion with its proprietor.

"Though poor in worldly substance, Mr. Fitzgerald, like many other men similarly circumstanced, was rich in being the father of seven unmarried daughters, of whom the mother of Rose was the youngest. 'She was a beautiful creature, Sir,' continued Bligh; 'in short, just such another as Miss Rose herself; and so merry, and kind-hearted, and free in her manners, that it was a real pleasure to be near her. Well, what does my master do? Without considering that an old crazy hulk of a sea-officer is no fit match for a girl of nine-

teen, he proposed to make her his wife, and the proposal was not objected to by my lady's father. But she, poor soul!—you never witnessed such a change as came over her, from the time when her wedding was first talked of. She did not refuse him, it is true; for why?—she was portionless; and her father made no secret of his desire to see her wedded and settled; but she lost from that moment all her gaiety and mirth, and became as grave and woebegone as need be. Well, well, why make a short story long? They were married; the Captain carried her away in his own ship; and the ship being paid off soon after, we all removed here into Kent."

"It is probable that change of scene, and a constant intercourse with strangers, served for a time to elevate the spirits of Mrs. Wilmot; for, according to Bligh's account, her manner was more cheerful during the voyage and journey, than it had been for many weeks before; but she no sooner found herself settled in a fixed habitation, than her melancholy returned with increased force. No husband could behave with greater kindness towards his wife, than Captain Wilmot behaved towards her. She never expressed a wish that he did not immediately gratify; but as he was more than double her age, she never could, and never did, regard him in the light of a companion. On the contrary, though sensibly alive to his generous treatment, there was an involuntary shrinking back whenever he approached her, which she could not always conceal, even from him; but which she accounted for by attributing it to a nervous affection, to which from her childhood she had been liable. Nor was this all. She felt, with an intensity such as is experienced only by the native of a mountainous country, her separation from all the objects, animate or inanimate, with which her childhood had been familiar; and she pined to visit again the spot of her birth. So, at least, she herself asserted; but whether there might not be some cause for her dejection more deep even than this, may very well be doubted.

"Mrs. Wilmot's health declined so fast under the pressure of mental distress, that the Captain determined, with a view of leaving nothing undone that could be effected, to carry her back, for a while, to Bantry. One circumstance only prevented him from executing that design immediately, which was, that she promised, before long, to add another to the objects of his love; but the very prospect seemed to cheer her, and for a season good hopes were entertained that she might yet do well. Sorrow, however, from whatever cause arising, had done its work too effectually. She gave birth to Rose in due time, and she never quitted her room after.

"So far Bligh's story presented few traits, which may not be discovered in the details of human life as it appears every day: there was one fact, however, attending this transaction, to which I could not listen without a sense of painful mistrust. It appeared that when all hope of her recovery ceased to be encouraged, Mrs. Wilmot desired to be left alone with her husband, and that they continued shut up together for some time. What passed during that solemn interview no one can tell; but the Captain, when he came forth, was an altered man; though the only words which he was heard to utter, calculated in any degree to throw a light upon the mystery, were these—As he hurried through the passage, he smote his hand violently on his forehead, and exclaimed: 'Oh, God! why was it concealed from me! why was this done!' Beyond this, however, he never went: and his unintermitting attention to his wife showed, that of whatever nature her communication might be, it contained no disclosure derogatory to her honour. But the Captain's care and kindness were equally unavailing. Mrs. Wilmot died, and was followed to her grave by a profound and sincere mourner in her husband.

"It would have been strange had a child, born under circumstances similar to the above, proved other than an object of the tenderest affection and liveliest interest to its parent. Captain Wilmot may be said, for a time, to have lived only whilst his daughter was present to his gaze; and the extravagance of his attachment, though it took a somewhat different turn, abated in no degree to the last. It is true, that there was always a dash of melancholy even in his most intimate converse with his child; he spoke to her in a tone of easy gaiety; and his eyes have often been seen to fill with tears as they rested upon her; but nobody expressed surprise at this, inasmuch as she was the very image of her mother. But there were other peculiarities about the Captain. He was never known from the day of his wife's funeral, to make so much as an allusion to his married life, nor did Rose ever hear him mention her mother's name. People put their own construction on this matter, according to their different dispositions and tempers, some attributing it to one cause, and some to another, but as the truth has never come out, it were little better than a waste of time to hazard even a conjecture about it.

In the meanwhile the infant grew apace, and, after some female ancestor, by the Wilmot side, was christened Rose; and well worthy was she of so sweet a name, for there never lived a human being more perfectly attractive. She was beautiful,—yet her personal beauty formed the very least of her attractions. Artless, gentle, and generous, Rose was never so happy as when accident or design enabled her to increase the happiness of others; and she was, in consequence, an object of love and esteem to the whole of the surrounding neighbourhood. As she passed from stage to stage, from infancy to childhood, and from childhood to youth, every day brought to light some new excellence, of which it was scarcely believed that she was possessed. There was a gravity about her, the offspring, in all probability, of peculiar circumstances, which rendered her at a very early period a companion to the old; whilst it was tempered by so happy an intermixture of animation and life, that she entered at all times no less freely nor less spiritedly into the amusements of the young. I should say, indeed, that her disposition was rather serious than gay,—that she thought much, and felt deeply, without caring to give proof of the former, or make a display of the latter; yet were it an act of injustice towards her did my description create the notion that she was either sensitively shy, or affectedly prudish. On the contrary, she was the very child of nature; and so perfectly aware were her acquaintances of this fact, that she went among them by the endearing appellation of the Rose of East Kent.

"Rose was not accomplished in the ordinary acceptation of that term; that is to say, she was no classic, and the only modern tongues with which she was acquainted were the English and the French. She played, indeed, and sang, with taste and feeling; but her sole instrument was the piano-forte; and her collection of music consisted almost entirely of wild and simple national airs. But Rose was possessed of acquirements far more valuable than can be bestowed by the ablest masters. Her heart was good, her understanding was clear, and her disposition just so far romantic as to give a zest to the enjoyments of real life, without contributing, in any very serious degree at least, to magnify its petty grievances. But above all, Rose was religious, not, as sometimes happens, ostentatiously so, but vitally and sincerely religious. She believed that it was her duty to do to all as she would have others to do to herself; she was consequently a generous, whilst she was a most judicious friend to the unfortunate. She believed that it was her duty to contribute, as far as lay in her power, to the instruction, as well as to the bodily wants of the poor; she therefore attended our village school with zeal and punctuality; but she did not consider that her station in life had imposed upon her the office of a controversialist. Rose was no disputant upon points of doctrine, either in the cottage or elsewhere; and having a profound respect for religion, she very seldom made it the subject of her every-day conversation. In a word, Rose Wilmot was one of those perfect beings whom men are apt to consider as too good for earth, and whose premature deaths give, in too many instances, a sort of confirmation to the theory.

"Such were the inhabitants of the Toll when I first arrived in Kent; Rose being then in her eighteenth, as her father was in his sixty-seventh year. I soon became a visitor at the house; and when my mother and sister arrived, to superintend my domestic affairs, the acquaintance, which had already begun, was continued with daily increasing intimacy. The Captain, frank, open, and manly, made no parade of wealth, nor pretended to entertain in a style to which his fortune was inadequate; but to his plain fare we were ever welcome; whilst Rose finding in my sister a companion to her taste, the two became, before long, inseparable."

The Library of Entertaining Knowledge, Part 7. Insect Architecture.—London, Charles Knight.

It has been observed of certain books, that the reading of them forms an epoch in a man's life. The Publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge have, perhaps in that sense, formed an epoch in the intellectual existence of the British islands, and perhaps, too, ultimately of all Europe. From the times of Aristotle and Euclid to our own, a great many additions to the stock of useful knowledge, have been made, with more or less success, but till the time of Bacon, men of learning and observation seemed rather inclined to show their own superior skill and to impose their opinions on the ignorant, than to inform the minds of others by a philanthropic devotion of their own talents to the moral necessities of their fellow men. But with Bacon we may identify *one* grand era of Europe, as he seems to have beent he first who pointed out, at least with success, the way to a more wholesome knowledge, by eradicating from men's minds the determined dogmatism which ruled the

schools of philosophy and learning, till his day. His influence could not be fully felt during the pedantic reign of James I. the stormy days of his successor, or the chilling fanatical times of the commonwealth; but when men enjoyed ease and comparative liberty after the restoration, what a host of worthies illustrated England, and made her indeed the admiration of the world! Newton, Locke, Boyle, with the other luminaries, who composed the Royal Society, would have been hailed with transport by the great father of rational enquiry and true philosophy.—Still it cannot be denied that the rage for systematizing continued to mar from time to time the more wholesome productions of experience and observation. While in some countries, other causes either prevented or impeded the progress of knowledge in all, and plunged into a degrading ignorance the men who by the sweat of their brow contributed to the comforts and luxuries of the rich.

The charm has now, however, been broken: in England, France, Germany, knowledge has advanced with gigantic strides, and it is to be hoped its pace will be no less rapid in our own island, now that men begin to lay aside every other distinction but that of being Irishmen, natives of a land highly favoured by Providence, and needing only the co-operation of good principle and good sense on the part of its inhabitants, to render it the abode of contentment and of peace. But in nothing more than in the furtherance of intellectual improvement, is it necessary to join hand and heart with other kindred spirits, whatever untoward circumstances may have formerly separated us. We trust our readers will excuse these fond anticipations, for though we confess that we are not believers in the absolute perfectibility of mankind; yet so much has been done, so much may yet be done in every country, that we are sanguine in our hopes of something being achieved in our own—and it is with this view that we now so strongly recommend the publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge—as tending to dispel prejudice by disseminating sound information. With their more abstruse productions, we have at present nothing to do, of their Companion to the Almanac we shall speak elsewhere—We limit ourselves here to the Library of Entertaining Knowledge, on which we have an opportunity of expressing our sentiments in consequence of the arrival of the new number, the title of which forms the heading of this paper.

Whether we consider the matter, the illustrations, or the price, we must bear our testimony to the excellent manner in which these works are brought out. Their tendency is to awaken those slumbering faculties which exist more or less in all men, and to excite us to enquire and investigate for ourselves, very often upon subjects immediately and constantly within our reach—and especially as far as natural history is concerned, to increase our stock of rational amusement, and if we have the dispositions which we ought to have towards the Divine Creator, to raise into infinity our admiration of his mercy and power, in the contemplation of the manifestations of these attributes, which by such habits is daily and hourly called forth. Such knowledge may be acquired with respect to insects, much more easily than in the case of some other classes; yet from various causes, we find their economy and structure much less known than they well deserve to be: Some of the causes which have led to this, as for example, the opinion of the uselessness and even the injurious nature of such pursuits, and the horror with which most of us regard "every thing that creepeth," and which we generally think fit to ascribe to instinct instead of to prejudice, are ably developed and exposed in the introduction to Insect Architecture. We are forced to acknowledge the justice of the reasoning there employed, although we ourselves will not pretend that our nerves have never received a shock at meeting with a West-India spider, or a nauseous stinging bug, creeping along our bed. The first number of the Insect Architecture appeared last October, and probably till then never was the subject presented in a more amusing and yet more instructive manner. The part is chiefly occupied with describing the methods of building, &c. of bees. The last part, now arrived, commences with the common clothes moth, which, though really a very provoking creature when he riddles one's ineffables that were laid by in lavender for state occasions, is yet to the observer of nature, an extremely interesting insect. The mischief, it appears, is not done to one's clothes by the moth itself, but by the caterpillar, which, after having cut off the nap, makes to itself a house therewith, and then devours the shorter nap—it seems, the only means to eradicate them is the effectual application of heat. To make selections from a work like this, is really a pity, for the different subjects follow each other so briskly that there is a continual charm kept up, besides that the text is explained by such excellent wood cuts, which often communicate more information than the best descriptions.—However, we must show our readers some cause for speaking so highly of this book. The Arts take up a good deal of space, and we remarked frequent extracts from Huber's admirable work. A more interesting account cannot be found than that of the Fermites or white ants, whose habitations are 500 times their own height. Then comes a full detail of the operation of silk-worms, including part of the history of silk, which we offer as particularly interesting to our our Irish readers:

"The length of the unbroken thread in a cocoon varies from six hundred to a thousand feet; and as it is all spun double by the insect, it will amount to nearly two thousand feet of silk, the whole of which does not weigh above three grains and a half: five pounds of silk from ten thousand cocoons is considerably above the usual average. When we consider, therefore, the enormous quantity of silk which is used at present, the number of worms employed in producing it, will almost exceed our comprehension. The manufacture of the silk, indeed, gives employment, and furnishes subsistence, to several millions of human beings; and we may venture to say, that there is scarcely an individual in the civilized world who has not some article made of silk in his possession.

"In ancient times, the manufacture of silk was confined to the East Indies and China, where the insects that produce it are indigenous. It was thence brought to Europe in small quantities, and in early times sold at so extravagant a price, that it was deemed too expensive even for royalty. The Emperor Aurelian assigned the expense as a reason for refusing his empress a robe of silk; and our own James I. before his accession to the crown of England, had to borrow of the Earl of Mar a pair of silk stockings to appear in before the English ambassador,—a circumstance which probably led him to promote the cultivation of silk in England. The Roman authors were altogether ignorant of its origin,—some supposing it to be grown on trees, as hair grows on animals,—others that it was produced by a shell-fish similar to the mussel, which is known to throw out threads for the purpose of attaching itself to rocks,—others that it was the entrails of a sort of spider, which was fed for four years with paste, and then with the leaves of the green-willow, till it burst with fat,—and others that it was the produce of a worm which built nests of clay and collected wax. The insect was at length spread into Persia; and eggs were afterwards, at the instance of the Emperor Justinian, concealed in hollow canes by two monks, and conveyed to the isle of Cos. This emperor, in the sixth century, caused them to be introduced into Constantinople, and made an object of public utility. They were thence successively cultivated in Greece, in Arabia, in Spain, in Italy, in France, and in all places where any hope could be indulged of their succeeding. In America, the culture of the silk-worm was introduced into Virginia in the time of James I. who himself composed a book of instructions on the subject, and caused mulberry-trees and silk-worm's eggs to be sent to the colony. In Georgia, also, lands were granted on condition of planting one hundred white mulberry-trees on every ten acres of cleared land.

"The growth of the silk-worm has also been tried, but with no great success, in this country. Evelyn computed that one mulberry-tree would feed as many silk-worms annually as would produce seven pounds of silk. 'According to that estimate,' says Burham, 'the two thousand trees already planted in Chelsea Park (which take up one-third of it) will make 14,000lbs. weight of silk; to be commonly worth but twenty shillings a pound, these trees must make 14,000l. per annum.' During the last century, some French refugees in the South of Ireland made considerable plantations of the mulberry, and had begun the cultivation of silk with every appearance of success; but since their removal the trees have been cut down. In the vicinity of London, also, a considerable plantation of mulberry-trees were purchased by the British, Irish, and Colonial Silk Company in 1825; but we have not learned whether this Company have any active measures now in operation.

"The manufacture of silk was introduced into this country in 1718, at Derby, by Mr. John Lombe, who travelled into Italy to obtain the requisite information; but so jealous were the Italians of this, that according to some statements which have obtained belief, he fell a victim to their revenge, having been poisoned at the early age of twenty-nine."

Then follows the natural history of the spider, which is not ranked among insects, for reasons mentioned:

"Modern naturalists do not rank spiders among insects, because they have no antennæ, and no division between the head and the shoulders; they breathe by leaf-shaped gills, situated under the belly, instead of spiracles in the sides; have a heart connected with these; have eight legs instead of six; and eight fixed eyes. But as spiders are popularly considered insects, it will sufficiently suit our purpose to introduce them here as such."

Of their cunning in catching their prey, the following is an amusing anecdote from Evelyn:

"'Of all sorts of insects,' says he, 'there is none has afforded me more divertisement than the *venatores* (hunters), which are a sort of *lupi* (wolves) that have their dens in rugged walls and crevices of our houses; a small brown and delicately-spotted kind of spiders, whose hinder legs are longer than the rest. Such I did frequently observe at Rome, which, espying a fly at three or four yards distance, upon the balcony where I stood, would not make directly to her, but crawl under the rail, till being arrived to the antipodes, it would steal up—seldom missing its aim; but if it chanced to want anything of being perfectly opposite, would, at first peep, immediately slide down again—till, taking better notice, it would come the next time exactly upon the fly's back: but if this happened not to be within a competent leap, then would this insect move so softly, as the very shadow of the gnomon seemed not to be more imperceptible, unless the fly moved; and then would the spider move also in the same proportion, keeping that just time with her motion, as if the same soul had animated both these little bodies; and whether it were forwards, backwards, or to either side, without at all turning her body, like a well managed horse: but if the capricious fly took wing and pitched upon another place behind our huntress, then would the spider whirl its body so nimbly about, as nothing could be imagined more swift: by which means she always kept the head towards her prey, though, to appearance, as immoveable as if it had been a nail driven into the wood, till by that indiscernable progress (being arrived within the sphere of her reach) she made a fatal leap, swift as lightning, upon the fly, catching him in the pole, where she never quitted hold till her belly was full, and then carried the remainder home.'

"One feels a little sceptical, however, when he adds: 'I have beheld them instructing their young ones how to hunt, which they would sometimes discipline for not well observing; but when any of the old ones did (as sometimes) miss a leap, they would run out of the field and hide themselves in their crannies, as ashamed, and haply not to be seen abroad for four or five hours after; for so long have I watched the nature of this strange insect, the contemplation of whose so wonderful sagacity and address has amazed me; nor do I find in any case whatsoever, more cunning and stratagem observed. I have found some of these spiders in my garden, when the weather, towards spring, is very hot, but they are nothing so eager in hunting as in Italy.'"

And another of their cleanliness:

"We recently witnessed a more laborious process of cleaning a web than merely shaking it. On coming down the Maine by the steamboat from Frankfort, in August 1829, we observed the geometric-net of a conic-spider (*Epeira conica*, WALCK.) on the frame-work of the deck, and as it was covered with flakes of soot from the smoke of the engine, we were surprised to see a spider at work on it; for, in order to be useful, this sort of net must be clean. Upon observing it a little closely, however, we perceived that she was not constructing a net, but dressing up an old one; though not, we must think, to save trouble, so much as an expenditure of material. Some of the lines she dextrously stripped of the flakes of soot adhering to them; but in the greater number finding that she could not get them sufficiently clean, she broke them quite off, bundled them up, and tossed them over. We counted five of these packets of rubbish which she thus threw away, though there must have been many more, as it was some time before we discovered the manœuvre, the packets being so small as not to be readily perceived, except when placed between the eye and the light. When she had cleared off all the sooted lines, she began to replace them in the usual way; but the arrival of the boat at Mentz put an end to our observations."

The treatise ends with Gall-flies and Aphides, including the different kinds of tormentors of cattle. We gladly refer our readers, especially the young, to the work itself, and let them not think that because it is called entertaining, it will not be found highly instructive. It is a delightful consideration, that such are now the books we can put into the hands of youth, in which amusement and instruction are found so happily blended, instead of silly stories and wearisome histories.—Every branch of education has been improved, and it is only to be desired that natural history may form, more than it does, a portion of every person's knowledge, sure, as we are, that it must improve the mind, exalt the understanding, and diffuse a feeling of humanity towards the whole animated creation. A.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Companion to the Almanac, or Year Book of General Information for 1830.

It is said, that the accidental circumstance of Mr. Brougham having called for an Almanac for some purpose, and being struck with the extreme absurdity of the book which was presented to him, was the cause of a sudden determination to have a really useful Almanac prepared by the society for the diffusion of useful knowledge. The idea was no sooner conceived, than it was acted upon—the various parts were distributed to competent persons, and in a time almost incredibly short, the British Almanac for 1828, was prepared. For the last two years, the society has also caused to be prepared, a book of additional information as a companion to the Almanac: the idea was a happy one, and it would be difficult to conceive any thing more complete, than the way in which it has been carried into practical effect. In a little book of 264 pages, price half a crown, we have a mass of information brought together, having a natural connection with the progress of time, and the ordinary uses of an Almanac, such as one could scarcely believe possible, until the book is examined. Of the volume for the present year, the first part contains "*Information connected with the calendar, the celestial changes, and the natural phenomena of the year*," and consists of eleven separate articles, every one of which is of the highest interest, and is treated with great simplicity and scientific knowledge of the various subjects, which comprise the eras and modes of marking and computing time, in the different countries of the world—observations in natural history, applicable to the various months—a short treatise on the tides of the sea, a meteorological essay, or natural history of the weather, and exact information concerning the various scales of the different thermometers, which are in use in the world. The second part consists of "*General information on subjects of chronology, statistics, &c.*" and contains sixteen articles of the most interesting nature on these topics, including a comparison of all gold and silver foreign coins, with British money, and an accurate statement of the French measures and weights now in use, their scientific history, and their relative amount compared with British weights and measures. The third part consists of a concise account of the *Charitable and Literary Institutions* of the country—the various clubs, &c. and the fourth and last part, is a *condensed chronicle* of all the public events of the last year, containing brief abstracts of the acts of parliament, and the public documents prepared for parliament during the session.

The sale of the publication has, we believe, been immense, and that it should be so, is not at all surprising, considering the quantity of knowledge which has been "diffused" by its pages.

The Excitement; or a Book to induce Boys to read.—Waugh and Innes, Edinburgh; Whittaker, Treacher and Arnot, London. 1830.

The object of this volume is to entice boys into reading by furnishing them with a series of narratives likely to engage and fasten their attention. The compilation is judiciously made from Voyages and Travels, Shipwrecks and Sufferings, and signal Preservations, Lion Hunts, Volcanoes and Sieges. The idea is a good one, and the selection such as to reflect credit on the judgment of the Editor.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The Quarterly Review. No. 83. January, 1830.—London, Murray.

This will not be considered an entertaining number, for the *lightest* article in it, is Head's Forest Scenes and Incidents in the wilds of North America. In discussing the question of emigration and recommending that people should always go out in families rather than as isolated individuals, the reviewer thus contrives to weave a compliment into a delicate insinuation of murderous propensities against us wild Hirish: "This is peculiarly to be borne in mind in the case of the *Irish*, for whom emigration, upon a great scale, is strongly advised by Mr. Head; they ought not to leave their parents, and they would not leave them; for though no other people under heaven regard the sixth commandment less than the miserable part of that unhappy nation, there are none (be it said to their honour,) who observe the fifth more dutifully." This is breaking our head with precious balms, and laying on healing cerate with a scalping knife, with a vengeance.

In the review of Mahomedanism unveiled, by the Rev. Charles Forster, B.D. Chancellor of Ardfert, &c. we were disappointed to find, that, very absurdly as we conceive, there is not a single sentence about the work placed at the head of the article: we had looked, with some degree of curiosity, for the opinion of the Quarterly, on Mr. Forster's very complacent view of the Arabic superstition. Our readers may, probably, not be aware that the singular

principle which pervades this curious work is, that two covenants were made with Abraham—one for the son of the bondwoman, and one for the son of the free; whereof Islamism is the spiritual representative of Ishmael—even as the true religion is of Isaac. The hypothesis is curious; but to every sober, unprejudiced inquirer, will, we are persuaded, appear perfectly destitute of any foundation in scripture, or indeed any where else but in the imagination of the author.

He ranks Mahomedanism second indeed—but only second to the Christian dispensation; and seems to think it admirably adapted for preparing the immense proportion of mankind, among whom it prevails, for the ultimate reception of the gospel faith.

Burckhardt's Travels in Arabia are united with Mr. Forster's work in the same article, and form the sole subject of the paper. The revival, by Sir Howard Douglas, of the old dispute as to who broke the enemy's line, in Rodney's battle of the 12th April, 1782, occupies rather more room than we think the interest now taken in the subject by the public in general, altogether justifies. It is written, however, with the great good sense and right feeling which almost uniformly characterise the sentiments of Quarterly. The Tithe question, the Renewal of the East India Company's Charter, the Laws of Real Property, and the Practice and Proceedings of the Courts of Common Law, form the subjects of other four papers, while the leading article of the Review is on the best means of providing subjects for our schools of anatomy, and the eighth and last relates to our internal policy. Here we have again to observe that not the least notice is taken of the books of which the titles are recited at the head of the paper, "but that's not much" in this case. This article is making what Cobbet calls "a and fuss" in London. The parts about Trade and Currency and soforth, are timidly and wealthy written, as if the writer (Southey we believe,) either had no decided opinions upon the subjects of which he treats, or else was afraid to speak out what he thinks, in his anxiety to be exceedingly courteous to all parties; but when he comes to discuss the composition of the House of Commons, he handles the subject with great truth, shrewdness, and delicacy. It is somewhat startling, however, to find the Quarterly Review proclaiming to the world that "Many of the signs of Revolution are upon us." But we wax prosy and political, and must forbear in time.

Christian Examiner, and Church of Ireland Magazine, for February.

We have peeped between the leaves of the forthcoming Number of the Christian Examiner, and rejoice to perceive that it pursues its way with more than wonted vigour and variety since the commencement of the present year. The Number now on the eve of publication, seems not inferior to the last in any respect, and this is no light praise. We suspect we are somewhat indebted to the Dublin Monthly, not only for its own intrinsic merits, but for inducing the conductors of the first-named excellent Miscellany, to bestir themselves more actively, than while they lay upon their oars without a rival to compete the prize of public favour.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

From want of space, we must omit a notice of Lacretelle's French History, which we ought to have presented to our readers ere now—as it has been published for some time in Paris; but we believe it will still be new to the majority of the Irish public. Indeed we have already hinted at the paucity of foreign books in this country, when speaking of the Foreign Literary Gazette; and we since find in that publication a similar complaint respecting England—though we cannot entirely agree in the causes assigned for such a deficiency; for we have not observed the strain of immorality pervading *foreign* books to which it is there attributed. This term, by the bye, is so wide in its signification, that when what is *foreign* is objurgated, it sounds something like illiberality. That there is much improper matter in some of the books printed on the continent, is a matter of equal notoriety and regret; but candour compels us to acknowledge that the press of England is scarcely more pure, and especially in some public papers, which meet the public eye—even more than books. We would submit to all unprejudiced men, whether it is not rather ignorance, than a dread of mental pollution, that prevents us from acquiring and reading more foreign authors. To promote and strengthen the taste for foreign literature of a valuable kind, will be, from time to time, our object in these columns—reviewing foreign works of merit as soon as we can obtain them, and giving, occasionally, a general sketch of the state of literature upon the continent; for which purposes we shall make arrangements to render our notices both interesting and instructive, to the utmost of our power.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, January 23, 1830.

Everything here seems frozen up; the publishers' purses are certainly so—for they have given us nothing good during the last month. Indeed anything that did not treat on cold would be considered out of season; for in every Salon, stories of the calamities caused by the weather are repeated and listened to with avidity: some of these are frightful in the extreme—but, as they do not accord with the nature of your publication, I shall not trouble you with them. Perhaps you will be pleased to find that the excessive frigidity of the present winter does not, however, entirely confirm the prediction of the Italian philosopher, that we should, about this time, be nearly frozen up. The Moniteur has devoted nearly two columns to a refutation of the doctrines of M. Fourier, on the progressive congelation of the globe.—According to M. Fourier, the earth is to go on gradually cooling, until the temperature becomes such as to destroy human life; but we are assured by the Moniteur, that the changes which the earth has undergone, and is undergoing, in the mode of cultivation, the forming of canals, drawing of water, &c. are more than equal to counteract this gradual cooling; and it shows that in countries which have recently undergone the process of civilization, such as America, there has been a sensible increase of temperature. In this article there is a table, showing the greatest degree of cold in Paris, during each year, for the last 160 years. From this it appears that the coldest day was the 25th of January, 1795, and the next in rigidity, the 18th January, 1709: in 1776 there were twenty-five days of consecutive frost; in 1703, sixty-nine days; in 1795, forty-two days; and in 1798, thirty-two days—thus showing, saith the Moniteur, that the winters do not, as persons pretend, become more severe every year. It appears certain, from this table, that the cold in France has been, in former years, more intense than during the present year; but it is generally admitted that on one or two days during the last week, it was almost as great as was ever known. What has been felt in Paris, however, is nothing, compared with Russia; there the winter is described as even more severe than that which was so disastrous to the French army. It is stated in a letter from St. Petersburgh, of the 29th December, that the thermometer stood, on that day, at 26 degrees.

The French Government are using great exertions to dispense with the use of foreign productions. The great success which has attended the cultivation of beet root for sugar, has induced them to turn their attention to another branch of *industry*, the growth of silk.—They are now offering premiums for the largest quantity of land, planted with mulberry trees, and for the best specimens of silk produced in France. It is found that the silk worm, properly attended to, will thrive well in a northern climate; and that the mulberry tree, in addition to its utility as yielding food for the silk worms, gives excellent wood for the construction of wine casks, and imparts a grateful flavour to the wine, whilst the fruit is excellent for fattening poultry and pigs. A more rapid mode, however, of obtaining mulberry leaves than the common process of planting, is recommended. The mulberry seed is to be sown on land previously well manured. In the following year the young leaves are to be plucked from the shoots, and the shoots cut off—the process being repeated as long as fresh shoots are thrown out; the roots are then to be grubbed up, and the land, after being again manured, is to be re-sown. *Might not this hint be taken up in Ireland*, where the production of silk might, under proper management, become a profitable branch of industry?

Another letter from M. Champollion, of a later date than that which appeared last week, is published in the Moniteur. That which now appears is the 16th; it does not, however, contain any details of peculiar interest.

By the last arrival from Egypt, there has been received a file of the newspapers published at Boulac, under the authority and protection of the Vice-Roy, and with the title of the Egyptian Journal: it contains regular reports of all the debates in the National Council, particularly a speech of the Vice-Roy's son, Ibrahim, in which he declares to the assembly that his father is resolved to remain at peace with all countries, and to improve the condition of their own. There is a notice in one of these papers of the construction at Alexandria under the direction of M. Sereci, a French engineer, of a new arsenal and dock-yard, for vessels of the line and frigates. 1697 workmen are employed in ship-building, casting of cannon, &c. and there are upwards of 500 clerks and officers. The Vice-Roy has established, with the National Council, a new Penal Code, from which I extract the following:

"The punishment for theft, where the amount stolen is more than 1000, and less than 5000 piastres, a year and a half in the

galleys; for 5000 to 10,000, two years; 10,000 to 20,000, two years and a half; 20,000 to 40,000, three years; 40,000 to 60,000, three years and a half; 60,000 to 100,000, four years.

"All governors and other officers, whether military or legal, who are guilty of corruption or injustice, are to make full reparation to the amount of the injury, and to be afterwards imprisoned, by way of punishment, for different periods, according to the extent of the offence.

"Assassins, murderers, and coiners, are sentenced to the galleys for life."

C'est ainsi qu'en partant je vous fais mes adieux.

X.

London, January 26, 1830.

The last week was rather a busy one among the publishers; Colburn and Bentley, who send out works with almost as much rapidity as a Manchester manufacturer turns out cotton goods, published five or six new books, two of which are, from their nature, calculated to excite interest. These are: *Lander's Records of Captain Clapperton's Last Expedition*, and *Colman's Random Records*. It is generally known that Mr. Lander, who recently sailed from this country with his brother, on an expedition to Africa, under the orders of government, was servant to Captain Clapperton in the expedition which cost that enterprising traveller his life. Mr. Lander, who seems to be a man of strong mind, now publishes these accounts, which, if Captain Clapperton had lived, would have been given to the world by that gentleman, they are full of interest, and I might add, were it not for the painful accounts of illness and suffering endured by the travellers, highly amusing. It is impossible, however, to peruse without pain, a narrative which describes the deaths of every member of the expedition, except the author, who, but too probably, is destined to pay the forfeit of his enterprise in the present undertaking. The account which he gives of his being courted by a wealthy and fat black widow, named Zuma, who fancied herself a fit wife for a white man because she happened to be herself one shade lighter than the blackest inhabitant of the town in which she lived, is very ludicrous. This lady, who owned a thousand slaves, and who was beloved by the king, warmly besieged the heart of Mr. Lander, and finding herself repulsed, transferred her affections to Captain Clapperton, with whom she was equally unsuccessful. When Captain Clapperton quitted the place of her residence, she followed him, and was near sacrificing the life of her adored, owing to the jealousy of the monarch, both travellers however escaped; one for a short time, and the other to return in safety to Europe. Mr. Colman's Records are interesting as mere reminiscences of a man who has lived in all sorts of society, but they are ill written and will not attract much notice.—Among novels, that which is most talked of is, *The Lost Heir*, by Mr. Power, of Covent Garden Theatre. The story turns upon a conspiracy said to have been formed by four persons to rob a child of its inheritance. The advertisements announcing the appearance of this book, inform us that the story is founded on fact, and that the parties are now living, whether this be so or not we cannot determine, it is, at any rate, a well written work, and must take a leading place in every circulating library. Mr. Moore's Life of Byron continues to sell well, but it is questionable whether it will do more than repay the publisher his outlay. The public are told that Mr. Moore received £4000 for the manuscript of this work, and this I can readily believe, knowing, as I do, that he was offered £500 for a single article as a contribution to the *Keepsake*. It is with literary men as with those of every other profession, they receive something for their labour, but the great bulk for the reputation which they have acquired. It is said by those who must know the fact, that there are now living eight favourite authors who do not receive, collectively, less than £50,000 per annum for their contributions. There is very little news in the literary world, the chief topic of conversation is the Chancery suit relative to the Opera which Rossini undertook to write when he was in this country. It is scarcely credible, that although two thirds of this opera, for which he was to receive, when finished, one thousand pounds, are completed, the *Maestro* is too indolent to write the remainder, and seeks to recover possession of his manuscript, and of £400 which he is said to have deposited as a guarantee for the performance of his contract.

PRIVATE LETTER.

London, Tuesday Evening.

You may consider yourself fortunate, my dear President, in having prompt friends in this Babylon of the nations. What we lack in wit we shall make up in zeal; and I take credit to myself for being the first to transmit the true intelligence of the Election at the Royal Academy, about which the Courier has made so great a blunder, and been copied by divers of his brethren. Wilkie, you must know, is not the man. On Monday night the members met in the Council Chamber—and, as these things 'are a care unto us,' we were there, and like faithful spirits hasten to communicate with you touching the result. They proceeded to the election of a President in the room of the late lamented Sir Thomas, and the decision of the Academicians was in favour of OUR GIFTED COUNTRYMAN, MARTIN ARTHUR SHEE.

Mr. Shee as a portrait painter, cannot be said to hold the highest rank, even in this department of art, which is often designated, as the *inferior*, but to which we are, after all, mainly indebted for the high station British art holds on the continent. It may therefore be a matter of astonishment to many, that the choice did not fall upon a more distinguished artist—his Portraits are not equal to those of some long established favourites—yet his *drawing* is always graceful, and his likenesses correct. The President of our Royal Academy is the connecting link, as it were, between the nobility and the professors of art. Mr. Shee is not only a gentleman—but an *Irish* gentleman, consequently the most perfect gentleman that can be imagined—equally free from the frivolity of the French and the stiffness of the English. We imagine that to this circumstance, in a great degree, he is indebted for his present elevation—he is also gifted with the power of producing effect upon an audience by ease of delivery, and eloquence of language. Mr. Shee is known as a poet of no ordinary talent—his "Rhymes on Art" have been and are deservedly popular. We have heard him "pour forth eloquent discourse" at dinners of the "Artists benevolent fund," and we feel assured that few men could deliver the academical lectures with greater ability or more credit. In private life he is much and deservedly esteemed.

Wilkie declined the contest, but is appointed principal painter in ordinary to his Majesty.—The poet Campbell is to be the biographer of the late president—and is about to visit the west of England to ascertain all and every thing worth knowing on the subject—he was the friend also of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and is well calculated for such an undertaking.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

The first general meeting of this learned body, for the year 1830, took place on Monday, the 25th of January; the Hon. and Rev. J Pomeroy in the chair, Dr. Mac Donnell, F.T.C.D. acting secretary. Several members were ballotted for, and Baron Cuvier was admitted an honorary member. A place in the Council of polite literature and antiquities, vacated by the resignation of Doctor Robert Graves, the great ornament and support of our school of physic in Ireland, (who was, we exceedingly regret to hear, for a short time very alarmingly ill,) was also filled up; the election fell upon the Rev. Edward Johnston.

Professor Hamilton of our University, read a very curious and important paper upon Functions, from which it appears, that he has discovered a fundamental principle adopted by Lagrange, and all former writers on this subject, to be erroneous. We shall give an early notice of the contents of this paper, so interesting to men of science, as indeed every discovery must be, which comes from this most profound and extraordinary man.

An engraved fac-simile of the characters traced upon a brick of Babylon was exhibited; and a conjectural interpretation of some of the characters upon another, was submitted to the meeting. The seal of the Academy was affixed to the accounts prepared by the Treasurer, for the Commissioners of public accounts.

We rejoice to observe that both the purchases and premiums of the Academy, have latterly been so judiciously directed towards the acquisition of the best and most authentic information, on the History, Antiquities, and Literature of Ireland. Many of the recent additions to the library, have been most important. We sincerely congratulate the Academy on having secured, for so small a sum as fifty pounds, the invaluable English-Irish Dictionary, compiled by Crabb, and presented by the late Mr. Burton Conyngham, to General Vallancey. We shall give the very curious history of this M.S. volume, for which we are indebted to the learned and able historian of Galway, through whose intervention it was purchased, for the R. I. A. whenever our space will permit.

THE THEATRE.

THE Theatre re-opened on Monday evening, after a weeks recess, with Bickerstaffs Comedy of the Hypocrite, for the purpose of introducing Mr. Dowton, after an absence of two years, in the character of Doctor Cantwell, in which he has acquired so much and deserved celebrity. Our readers are aware that the piece is an adaptation of the Tartuffe of Moliere, and that the great master of human nature witnessed Mr. Dowton's performance of the wily hypocrite on Monday night, he would have beheld the re-

presentative of all that his comprehensive imagination had designed in the character; it is enough however, to say that Mr. Dowton has long been identified with Doctor Cantwell, and though it may be superfluous to particularise isolated passages when all were good, we cannot avoid remarking his scene in the third act with Lady Lambert, as affording a vivid picture of pious dissimulation and refined artifice.

Miss Kenneth's Charlotte was lively and pleasing, full of the coquette, and that *gaieté du coeur* which should belong to the part; this lady always evinces discrimination and judgment in every thing she undertakes, and is a great acquisition to the company.

Mr. Calcraft's Colonel Lambert was spirited and gentlemanly, he is always at home in a red coat.

We who have seen Liston's Mawworm must be excused, for regarding Mr. Johnson's personification of the character somewhat fastidiously, but we confess he acquitted himself in a manner much beyond our expectation; his sermon in the last act evinced considerable tact, and a thorough acquaintance with the extravagant rant of the conventicle.

Mrs. Pearce went smoothly through the part of old lady Lambert, and looked a puritan of the first water. We do not think Miss Chalmers suited to such characters as lady Lambert. Mr. Shuter's Sir John was but *mediocre*, and we must beg of this gentleman to divest himself of a habit of grimace, by which he so often shews that he mistakes buffoonery for merriment.

With regard to the language of the Comedy itself, we should admire its character much more, were certain expressions which not only admit of equivoque, but border somewhat closely on indecency were expunged.

On Tuesday evening, a historical play was produced for the first time, entitled the Partizans, we have not space to enter at large into its merits, which are indeed somewhat difficult to discover. The incidents appear crowded and badly developed, the language common place and poor.

Mr. Horn is announced, and we learn that Der Freyschutz is to be revived, in order to afford that gentleman an opportunity of playing Caspar.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HYMN.

FROM THE GREEK.

TO HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGITON.

A translation of the Greek original from which this is taken, and which must be familiar to the ear of all our classical readers, is noticed by Lord Byron, in a note to the third canto of Childe Harold; it is attributed to Mr. Denman, and praised as the best English translation.

The conviction that a more worthy version of the noble original might yet be given, has led to the following attempt.

Εν μυρτου κλαδι το ξιφος φορησω
κ. τ. λ.

I'll wear my sword in myrtle wreath,
As erst his blade Harmodius wore,
Till flashing from its verdant sheath,
'Twas redly gilt with tyrant's gore.—
Triumphed Athens o'er the slain;
Law and right revived again.

Cherished Harmodius—heart of fire!
A soul like thine could ne'er expire;
But midst the god-like men of old—
Pelides—Diomede the bold—
Immortal bliss around thee smiles,
Far in the blessed Euxine isles!*

I'll bear the sword in myrtle wreath,
As erst the brother patriots bore,
Till flashing from its festal sheath,
'Twas purpled with Hipparchus' gore;
And Pallas' fane beheld it rise
Reeking with Freedom's sacrifice!

Souls beloved! Harmodious dear!
Aristogiton—name of fear!
Widest earth shall read your story,
Blazoned in the roll of glory.
Deathless honour crown your deed,—
Nobly have you won the meed,—
Striking for that holy cause,
Athens—freedom—equal laws!

A. V. S.

* The Greek poets feigned that the Homeric heroes enjoyed an immortality of happiness in certain small islands of the Euxine sea, hence called Νῆσοι μακάρων.

ANSWER TO MOORE'S "FRIEND OF MY SOUL."

BY A LADY.

Go, recreant Bard, the *Goblet* sip,
And drown sensations tear,
Nor dare aspire to woman's lip—
Nor woman's love sincere.

Love's bright, though transitory beam,
Will elevate the mind—
But wine's insensate fiery dream,
Leaves apathy behind.

Go, twine the wreath thy brows to shade,
'Twill droop ere morrow's noon—
Like flowers, the bloom of love *might* fade,
But yet not half so soon.

Then tell me not thine hope's decayed—
Thy time for love is o'er:
Nor form, tho' thou wert once betrayed,
A vow to love no more.

H.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

The press may literally be said, to groan under the weight of New Works, notwithstanding the universal stagnation of the commercial world. Our chief publishers seem to have their hands quite full. Messrs. Colburn and Bentley announce seventy-seven new Works in the press!!! We cannot find space to enumerate them all; but the following appear the most important:—

The Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence, by Thomas Campbell, the Poet—Rene Caillie's Travels to Timbuctoo—Cloudesley, a novel, by the author of Caleb Williams—Marquis of Londonderry's Narrative of the War in Germany and France—The Garrick Papers—Travels in various parts of Peru, by Edmond Temple—Private Memoirs of the French Cabinet during the Directory, Reign, and Consulate of Napoleon, by M. Bourienne—The Heiress of Bruges, by the author of Highways and Byeways—Tales of the Colonies, by William Howison, Esq.—Travels among the Bedouins and Wahabees, by the late John Lewis Burckhardt—Journal of a Nobleman at the Congress of Vienna—A History of Modern Greece, by James Emerson, Esq.—East and West, by one of the authors of "Rejected Addresses"—Life of John Hampden, by Lord Nugent—Letters from Switzerland and Italy, by John Carne, Esq.—Sketches of the Irish Bar, in 2 vols.—History of the Bible, by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, author of the Subaltern—The Correspondence of Sir John Sinclair, Bart.

Mr. Murray's list of Works, *nearly ready for publication*, amounts to forty-four, among which are the following:—

Consolations in Travel, or the Last Days of a Philosopher, by Sir Humphry Davy—Life of Bishop Heber, with Selections from his Correspondence, by his Widow—Life of Sir Stamford Raffles, by his Widow—Papers of the Earl of Marchmont—Life of Robert, second Marquis of Londonderry—Life of the Earl of Peterborough, by Sir Walter Scott—Popular English Specimens of the Greek Dramatic Poets, with Essays and Notes—The concluding volume of Southey's Peninsular War—Life of General Wolfe, by Dr. Southey—Life of Sir Humphry Davy, by J. S. Paris, M.D.—Conversations on Religion, with Lord Byron, held in Cephalonia, by the late James Kennedy, M.D.—The Progress of Society, by the late Robert Hamilton, L.L.D. &c.

O'Donoghue, Prince of Killarney, a Poem, in several Cantos, with Notes, is nearly ready for press.

The Limerick Magazine is announced for the first of March, to be continued monthly.

The Correspondence between Lord Mountcashel, and the Bishop of Ferns, on the State of the Church, together with an account of the Lay Meeting at Cork, out of which the Correspondence arose, will be ready in a few days.

Blackwood favours us with a twin Number this month. The Traveller's Lay, a Poem, by Thomas Maude, Esq.—The Mirror of the Graces, by a Lady of distinction—Poor Laws in Ireland, by Sir John Walsh, Bart.—The Modern Traveller, No. LX. which will complete the work—Ballingall's Introductory Lectures on Military Surgery—Dr. Andrew Thompson, has in the press, a volume of Sermons, entitled, Faith and Works, the only Standard of Salvation—Dr. Inglis also announces a new volume, A Vindication of Christian Faith, addressed to those who, believing in God, do not believe in Jesus Christ.

Periodical Literature seems at last to be taking root in Ireland. We have the Literary Gazette, as all our readers know. The Dublin Monthly Magazine—The Christian Examiner, and the Christian Herald, monthly—The Friend, weekly—two in Belfast, the Ulster Magazine, and the Orthodox Presbyterian, both monthly—besides, the Limerick Magazine that *is to be*, and the Cork Magazine that *was*: by the bye can any one tell us if it be still alive.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Life a Dream, from the Spanish of Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca, 3s. 6d. Tatam's Compendious Egyptian Grammar—The Family Library, vol. 10, being the 2nd vol. of Allan Cunningham's Lives of Artists—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, vol. 3, being Domestic Economy, by M. Donovan, Esq.—Frazer's Magazine for Town and Country, No. I. 2s. 6d.—Kelty's Times of Trial, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Allen's Panorama of London, 12s. The Corsair's Bride, 3 vols. 18s.—Forrester, a novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. £1. 7s.—Lawrie Todd, or the Settlers in the Woods, 3 vols. £1. 11s. 6d.—Colman's Random Record, 2 vols. post 8vo. £1. 1s.

VARIETIES.

We are infinitely indebted to the "most dear lady" who honoured us with the following delicious *morceau*. Our fair readers will be delighted to learn, that we hope to gratify them occasionally with other anecdotes, traced on satin paper, by the same delicate fingers:

Every body has heard of Baron Denon, the celebrated French traveller, whose work has been so universally read; but few except those whom he honoured with his intimacy, knew that at eighty he was the most amiable and lively old man in the world. The Baron had a magnificent collection of every thing curious, a sort of museum in miniature, containing valuable specimens of the antique, which he had brought from Egypt; besides numerous gifts, both rare and precious, which had been sent him from friends in almost every country. Strangers who were so fortunate as to obtain letters of introduction to this celebrated traveller, were always received in this museum, which formed part of a very handsome suite of rooms in the Quai Voltaire. But the great delight of this amiable old man, consisted in receiving his young friends, to whom free permission was given to copy any thing they chose—nor were female visitors excluded from this advantage, on the contrary, in the true spirit of French politeness, he expressed himself particularly "*charmé*," when they favored him with their society, so that it was not unusual to see his levee a perfect drawing-room composed of persons of both sexes, with whom he was more or less intimate; among those who had the privilege of this entree, was Madame * * * * a lady equally remarkable for her wit and talents, and an especial favorite of the good old Baron; he was, as may have been suspected, a "*Celibataire*," as well as a "*Philosophe*," and in his splendid salon, cleanliness was too often overlooked as an object of but small importance.

Among the various ornaments which adorned his crowded chimney piece was a beautiful little china Cupid; a very chef d'œuvre of art; but so dingy and dirty from accumulated dust, that more than half its beauties were obscured: Madame * * * * often observed this want of cleanliness with regret, and one day when the Baron happened to be out, she washed the little laughing god and replaced him exactly where he had been before. On his return, the Baron immediately perceived what had been done, but affecting complete indifference, he at once spoke of other things, without appearing to observe that any change had taken place; this annoyed Madam * * * so much, that she could no longer refrain from exclaiming—"Voyez, voyez, Monsieur le Baron le cher petit Amour, il etoit si sale si sale! "Je le vois bien, mais je ne l'aime plus"—, "Bon Dieu! quelle Bizarrerie! et pourquoi ne l'aimez vous plus? Parceque maintenant c'est *l'amour propre* Madame." A more brilliant *mot* we scarcely remember.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our correspondence is really grown so multifarious, that we are for the most part constrained to offer only a general acknowledgment for the numerous favours we have received. For W. L.'s long and amusing letter from Glasgow, we are much obliged; but space and time would not permit us either to insert or abridge it. It is strange enough, that of all our communications both from the Continent, Great Britain and the Provinces, the only ones which do *not* complain in the bitterest terms of the extreme and unparallelled rigour of the weather, are those from Scotland and the North of Ireland: from the latter we are assured it is most particularly fine.

To Dr. W. S. of T. C. D. we owe our particular acknowledgments: we shall, of course, be happy to receive the promised contribution of so skilful a naturalist and so learned and able a man.

We regret exceedingly that the accumulation of new books, (notwithstanding that we have left over our reviews of Colman's Random Records, Darnley, and several others,) has obliged us to defer the promised paper on the past and present state of the Fine Arts in Ireland, No. 2. It will form the leading article of our next Number.

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FINE ARTS.

On the past and present state of the Fine Arts in Ireland.

No. 2.

A new era in the history of the Arts throughout the whole of Europe commences in the twelfth century. The conversion of the Normans to Christianity, and the stability of their conquests—the fashion of pilgrimages to Rome and the Holy Land—the Crusades, and various other causes, with which we may presume our readers to be already sufficiently acquainted, concurred to give a new impulse to the human mind, and to let in a fresh stream from the fountains of taste, which had been so long neglected and dried up.

The influence of these circumstances extended even to our remote Western Isle. Under the long and vigorous usurpation of the whole monarchy by Turlough O'Connor, King of Connaught, the Arts, after a long night of darkness, enjoyed a ray of morning sunshine, revivifying, indeed, but not intense enough to nourish them to maturity. Bridges were, for the first time, thrown across the largest of our rivers: Castles were built of unusual magnitude: The decayed churches were re-edified with a rude splendour of ornament and decoration hitherto unknown in the island: Stone crosses were raised, of more picturesque form and of greater variety and elegance of traceries: and the works of our carvers and jewellers more than rivalled in execution, as well as taste in design, the treasured relics of their ancient foreign predecessors. In the style of art of this period, however, we perceive but little change from that of the preceding ages; it was still the corrupt Roman, only rendered more grotesque by a greater mixture of Eastern embellishment. The artists also were still chiefly to be found in the monasteries, and their labours almost exclusively devoted to sacred purposes.

We have many interesting remains of this period yet existing. The Bridges and Castles of Turlough, have, indeed, been long since destroyed, but the Cathedral Church of Tuam, which he re-edified, and Cormac's Chapel at Cashel—an edifice ignorantly ascribed to an earlier age—still exhibit beautiful examples of that style of architecture, known by the various appellations of Saxon, Norman, and Lombard. The Stone Cross of Tuam, a dilapidated and neglected monument, may be particularized as the finest specimen of its kind now to be found in our Island: and the Cover of the Bell of St. Patrick; the Cross of the Archbishop O'Duhy; the Crozier of Cormac MacCarthy; and, above all, the Shrine of St. Manchan, made at the expense of Turlough's son, Roderick—a work which the annalists call the most beautiful piece of art ever executed in Ireland *(opus pulcherrimum quod fecit opifex in Hibernia)* may still be referred to, as evidence of the extraordinary excellence to which the arts of carving and jewelling were carried previously to the extinction of our ancient monarchy.

The stormy reign of Roderick O'Connor, the last native King of Ireland, must necessarily have been unpropitious to the advancement of the Fine Arts in the island; yet that unfortunate Prince appears to have given them such encouragement as his means allowed, and some of the edifices he erected were probably not inferior in extent or magnificence to any of which the country could yet boast. Of these, the Castle of Tuam was one of the most remarkable. It was called "the wonderful castle;" not, however, as seems generally supposed, from its having been the first edifice of the kind erected in Ireland, but on account of its novel construction and great strength. We have examined the small remains which yet exist of this celebrated fortress, and found it to have been erected in the Norman fashion of the time. It consisted of a strong keep, with an extensive court yard, surrounded by outworks, with towers at the angles, and protected by a deep fosse, into which the water of the adjacent river was forced to flow. The Monastery of Cong, a nobler monument of Roderick's reign, is to be seen in its neighbourhood. This was the sanctuary in which he himself found refuge, and we trust peace, in his latter days—a sweeter spot for a wounded spirit to seek repose in, and to shelter from the storms of a world which, to him at least, was bleak, could no where be found. The proportions of this venerable edifice are unusually ample, and in the decorations of the door-ways—in which we may observe the characteristics of the pointed style struggling for ascendancy with those of the old corrupt Roman—there is an elegance of taste, and a beauty of execution, which are not perhaps to be paralleled in any other monastic remains in Ireland.

The partial conquest of our Island by the Anglo-Norman adventurers, appears to have been conducive for a while to the progress of the Arts. Their characteristic love of splendour, was provided with means for its gratification, by the extent of their newly acquired possessions. To secure their conquests, they erected castles of stern but princely grandeur; and though their historian, Cambrensis, complains, in the spirit of a true ecclesiastic, of their ingratitude to Holy Mother Church, yet the ecclesiastical edifices which they founded were many, and have never since been equalled in beauty or magnificence. In proof of this assertion, we have only to refer to the Abbey of Dunbrody, in the County of Wexford, founded by the infamous Hervy de Monte Morres; the Priory of Athassel—so beautifully situated on the Suir!—in which the bones of its founder, the great William Fitzadelm, repose; Saint Patrick's Cathedral, and the Priory of the Holy Trinity (Christ's Church), in Dublin, which latter has been erroneously attributed to a different period.

In this pious, or ostentatious spirit, they were emulated by several of the native princes, who by their valour, or good fortune, still retained considerable portions of their ancient inheritances. The Cathedral Churches of Cashel, Limerick, and Killaloe, founded by the O'Brien's; the Abbey of Ierpoint, by Donogh O'Donogh, King of Ossory; the Abbey of Boyle, by MacDermot, of Moyluirg, and many others that might be named, are coeval monuments, inferior, perhaps, in magnitude to some, but in no other respect second to any the proudest structure of their invaders.

In the ecclesiastical edifices of this period we perceive the imperfect triumph of that beautiful style of pointed architecture, so long known in Europe by the appellation of "Gothic," a term, however, which the architectural antiquaries of the present age, seem generally disposed to reject: towards the conclusion of the succeeding century it arrived at its highest state of perfection.

The origin of this style has occupied the attention, and divided the opinions, of most of the learned and able antiquaries of England and elsewhere, and still remains involved in uncertainty and conjecture. It would be foreign to our purpose, to enter into a minute investigation of the various theories which have been promulged on this subject; but we may observe, that we cordially concur in opinion with those authors—and they are far the greater and more judicious number—who derive the pointed arch, the characteristic feature of the style, from the East, and suppose it to have been introduced immediately after the Crusades.—To us, indeed, it appears that nothing but the most mistaken national zeal could have induced learned and ingenious men to employ their talents, and hazard their reputation, in the vain endeavour to win for Britain the honour of inventing this style, on such feeble grounds as those which they have stated—namely, the supposed origin of the pointed arch, as having arisen from the intersection of two semicircular ones, of which an instance has been discovered in a church of the eleventh century. A little reflection would, we think, at once suggest, that the arch formed by a slight deviation from the inclined sides that by their concourse form the apex of a triangle, would be the earliest and most obvious attempt of its kind; and that it was so, the observations of the most intelligent travellers have proved incontestably. "The advocates of the early origin of the 'pointed style' in Gothic architecture," says the learned Dr. Edward Clarke, "will have cause enough for triumph in the Cyclopean Gallery, at Tiryns, exhibiting 'lancet arches' almost as ancient as the time of Abraham." And he afterwards observes, that "it is evident that the acute or lancet arch is, in fact, the *oldest* form of arch known in the world, and that examples of it may be referred to in buildings erected before the war of Troy." "Lancet arches" are to be

found also in the Cyclopean buildings of Ireland, as well as in many of the early churches and round towers, in which that style was still preserved. We have no intention, however, of claiming the invention of the pointed style for Ireland, for it is not (as certain Bœotian builders of modern churches seem to imagine,) the mere presence of pointed arches in an edifice that constitutes what is properly called a Gothic building, but the harmonious adaption of all the parts of the structure to that, its leading feature. And, if we consider that such an arrangement must intuitively, and of necessity, have occurred to the *skilful* architect, who, in constructing an edifice, should adopt the pointed arch, as the distinguishing characteristic of its style, we shall, perhaps, be at no loss to account for the origin of "Gothic Architecture;" or for the apparently extraordinary circumstance of "Gothic" churches having appeared simultaneously in almost every part of Europe. We are borne out, we think, in this conclusion, by a reference to the pointed architecture of England, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain. We see, indeed, the architects of each country travelling at one and the same time towards the same goal, but yet by very different routes. Each endeavoured, by successive efforts, to get rid of unharmonious incongruities; and though they might, and we are sure they did, borrow occasionally from each other the graces which individual fine taste suggested, they still preserved in their general details, such individual characteristics as make the ecclesiastical architecture of each nation peculiar, and distinct from that of every other. If these observations be well founded, it is vain and useless any longer to enquire what country invented the pointed style of architecture. It was the natural result of the adoption of the pointed arch in ecclesiastical architecture, at a period when the principles of taste began to be generally understood and acted upon. "When men enquire," says Horace Walpole, "who invented Gothic buildings, they might as well ask, who invented bad Latin? The former was a corruption of the Roman architecture, as the latter was of the Roman language. Both were debased in barbarous ages, both were refined as the age polished itself; but neither were restored to the original standard. Beautiful Gothic architecture was engrafted on Saxon deformity; and pure Italian succeeded to vitiated Latin." But we wander, perhaps, from our subject, though we hope and believe our readers will pardon the digression.

We have a few fine examples of beautiful pointed architecture in Ireland, as at Kilmalloc, Kilkenny, Adair, Holy Cross, &c.; but the best of them are poor and meagre in comparison with those of England and Scotland. The "flying buttress," one of the most fanciful and striking features of the style, is only, we believe, to be seen in our Metropolitan Cathedral-church of St. Patrick. While our comparatively happy sister islands were advancing progressively towards refinement, it was the fate of Ireland to be retrograding into more than her ancient barbarism. If the English, as they "waxed Irish," lost much of their civility, the "mere Irish" gained as little by becoming harrassed and unprotected subjects of the British crown. Misrule and civil war debased and demoralized the island from one extremity to the other; and the Fine Arts appear to have been reduced to a lower ebb, even than they had been by the Danish conquests. The ecclesiastical structures of the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries, present a melancholy, but interesting commentary on the history of those times. The edifices of each age are more and more barbarous than those of the time preceding; and previous to the reign of Elizabeth, the Fine Arts might be said to have been almost wholly exiled from the country.

The preceding observations have had reference chiefly to the progress of architecture in our island, but they will apply equally to the fate of the sister arts. The churches of the thirteenth century were frequently adorned with statues, but the Iconoclastic rage of the reformers has saved us the trouble of speaking on their merits, for it left us only the empty niches in which they had been placed. Not a single statue of those times has survived! We can only judge, therefore, of the sculptors' abilities by monumental effigies, which, as we have already remarked, were introduced into Ireland at the close of the twelfth century. These are chiefly figures of mitred ecclesiastics, or mailed warriors, presenting but little variety in their attitudes or costumes; yet, though generally rude and ungraceful efforts of art, they have often an Egyptian simplicity, and a boldness of relief, not unappropriate to works of their kind, and possibly superior to the more laboured productions of more recent times.*

We have still fewer vestiges left us of the art of Painting. Some remains of fresco's of the fourteenth century, are still to be seen in three or four of our Abbeys, of which those at Knockmoy, in the County of Galway, are the most remarkable. They are chiefly interesting to the antiquary for the costumes of the time, the design being rude, and the colours faded.† We must not, however, conclude that these were the best efforts which the painters of those times had produced. The eastern window of the Cathedral Church of Kilkenny, erected in 1318, which contained the History of Christ, from his birth to his ascension, was esteemed so admirable a performance of its kind by Rinucini, the Pope's Nuncio, that he offered seven hundred pounds for it—a large sum in those days—deeming it a worthy ornament for Rome itself. It was shortly afterwards wantonly destroyed by Cromwell's soldiers!

The progressive decline of the Fine Arts is equally observable in the productions of the inferior departments of the carver, jeweller, and die-sinker, as will appear evident on an examination of the articles of *virtu* preserved in the cabinets of the few collectors of our national antiquities in Dublin. The ecclesiastical and other seals, bishop's crosses, rings, &c. are more or less barbarous in proportion to their propinquity to the sixteenth century. We may also refer, in support of this position, to the ornamented metal cases of our ancient religious books, of which representations of three have been published in the valuable antiquarian researches of Sir William Betham. In the most ancient of these—the cover of the 'Cathach,' or Psalter of Columbkille—a work of the twelfth or thirteenth century, the figures are not very ungraceful in design, or rude in execution. In the case of the 'Leabhar Dimma,' a production of nearly coeval age, but in which the figures in bas relief are evidently restorations, of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, there is a lamentable falling off—while, in the case of the 'Meeshac Cearnachan,' which was repaired or newly ornamented in the sixteenth century, (1583) the design and workmanship are utterly barbarous. Finer examples of the carver and goldsmith's skill in those times, than those we have now noticed (and which may be considered, in some degree, as exceptions to our general position), may be referred to in the pontificalia of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Limerick. These beautiful relics of the early part of the fifteenth century consist of a silver mitre and crozier, and were, as an inscription shews, *(artifex faciebam,)* the work of Thomas O'Carty, a Milesian Irishman. The crozier in particular, which is ornamented with a variety of little statues, exhibits an admirable taste in picturesque composition, and the most elaborate beauty of execution. Doctor Milner confesses that in no respect is it inferior in beauty to the celebrated crozier of William of Wickham, preserved with such care at Oxford, and justly considered the most precious ancient remain of the jewellers' art in Britain.

In closing this portion of our subject, we cannot help remarking that the progressive decay of the Fine Arts in Ireland from the the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, is as yet an unwritten chapter in the history of our country. Nevertheless, there are few circumstances in our annals that more strongly depict the debasement which it was the unhappy fate of Ireland to have suffered in those troubled times, or that more strikingly illustrate the indissoluble connection which ever exists between the cultivation of the Fine Arts, and the civilization, greatness, and happiness of a people. If, in such a state of barbarism as Ireland was then reduced to, genius had arisen, it should die, like the flower of the desart, unnoticed and unknown, for it was not the warrior's rude and bloody hand that could preserve and cherish it, or his yet ruder mind that could appreciate its excellence and beauty. The seed should be wafted to some more genial clime, before it could be nurtured into vigour. But let it not be forgotten that Englishmen boast proudly, that one of the greatest glories of art of the Western Peninsula, the monastery of Batalha—founded in 1430, by John, King of Portugal—was planned by the creative imagination of David Hacket—a mere Irishman!

[David Hacket succeeded Thomas Barry in the See of Ossory by provision from the Pope in 1460, and it is, perhaps, to him that we are indebted for the most beautiful portions of St. Canice, the finest Gothic cathedral in our island. There appears to be a striking agreement in the style of its ornamental parts, with those of the Portuguese edifice. He also built the castle of Boly, and the arch of the belfry of St. Canice's church, of squared stone. He died in 1478, and was buried in his own church, near the high altar, but we believe his tomb did not escape the usual desecration of sacred monuments by Cromwell's soldiers. Had his native country afforded him such means and such materials as were freely furnished him in Portugal, we should not have had any occasion to refer to Batalha for a monument of his inventive genius.]

* A curious instance of the bathos in sculpture, illustrating, at the same time, the antiquity of smoking in Ireland, occurs in the monument of Donogh O'Brien, King of Thomond, who was killed in battle in 1267, and interred in the Abbey of Corcumroe, in the county of Clare. He is represented in the usual recumbent posture, with the short pipe or *dudeen* of the Irish in his mouth!

† Doctor Ledwich, a learned man, but most ignorant antiquary, ridiculously supposes these fresco's to have been the work of the confederate Catholics of the seventeenth century.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

The Life of Major-General Sir Thos. Munro, Bart. and K. C. B., late Governor of Madras. With Extracts from his Correspondence and Private Papers. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M. A., &c. in 2 vols. large 8vo.—London, Colburn and Bentley.

Of Major-General Sir Thomas Munro, Mr. Canning declared in his place in the House of Commons, that "Europe never produced a more accomplished statesman; nor India, so fertile in heroes, a more skilful soldier." The life of such a man, whether we consider the comparatively humble origin from which he sprang, the diligence, discretion, and professional exertion by which he rose, or the eminent and honourable station to which he attained, dying, as he did, in the Governorship of the Presidency to which he was originally attached as a Cadet, claims and commands the public attention, and Mr. Gleig's voluminous work will be found to contain all the information on the subject that any one could desire. Sir Thomas was born in Glasgow, in 1761. He was the son of Mr. Alexander Munro, an extensive Virginia merchant in that city, who was ruined by the Act of Confiscation, passed by the Congress of the United States, in 1776. In consequence of this, Thomas, who had been intended for business, was glad to obtain the appointment of midshipman on board the Company's ship Walpole, but his father, who happened to arrive in London just at this time, deputed by the merchants of Glasgow to lay their claims of indemnity for losses sustained during the American war, before Government, succeeded in procuring from one of the East India Directors, with whom he was acquainted, a cadetship for his son. He reached Madras in safety on the 15th January, 1780, at the commencement of, perhaps, the most critical period in the eventful history of our affairs in British India.

Remembering the judicious precept of Horace, we shall not begin our summary of the previous history of India, with the invasion of Alexander the Great, but briefly glance at the origin and progress of the British connexion with that country.

The establishment of the East India Company took place in the reign of Elizabeth.—The check which the naval power of the Dutch received during the Commonwealth in England, enabled the British to resume the influence they had lost during the pacific reign of James I., and the stormy one of his son. Charles II. confirmed the exclusive privileges of the East India Company, and procured for them the Island of Bombay, which was part of the dower of the Infanta of Portugal.

Passing over the dishonourable practices of Sir Joshua Child, as well as the French war in 1774, we come at once to Hyder Ally, the most formidable enemy that the English had ever met in India. From a common sepoy he had risen to the rank of a sovereign prince, and as such he entered into negociations, and formed an alliance with the British power in India. Subsequently, however, Hyder was dissatisfied with the dilatory and dishonest proceedings of the Company. They had stipulated that, in case his dominions were attacked by any foreign enemy, they would furnish him with several battalions of sepoys. His country was invaded by the Mahrattas, and they did not send a man to his assistance. Smothering his resentment for the time, he waited till he saw themselves engaged in a wasting war with the same enemy, and then, aided by the few French who were able to join after the capture of Pondicherry, and the fall of Mahé, he entered the Carnatic (in July, 1780) at the head of a powerful army. It is not for us to dwell upon the supineness and mismanagement of the British authorities in preparing to meet this attack. Our readers will, we think, be more pleased to be reminded of Burke's magnificent description of Hyder's overwhelming invasion.

"Having terminated his disputes with every enemy, and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and, compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation, into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic.

"Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen—no heart conceived—and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of, were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants, flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered; mothers, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function; fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers, and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity in an unknown and hostile land.

"Those who were able to evade this tempest, fled to the walled cities. But, escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

* * * *

"For eighteen months, without intermission, this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore; and so completely did these masters in their art, Hyder Ally, and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic for hundreds of miles, in all directions, through the whole line of their march did they not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four-footed beast of any description whatever. One dead, uniform silence reigned over the whole region."

The military detail of this irruption, the defeat and destruction, by Hyder, of the detachment under Colonel Baillie, the restoration of affairs, when Sir Eyre Coote succeeded Sir Hector Munro (to whom Sir Thomas was not related) in the command, and indeed all the public affairs of that part of India, are fully discussed in young Munro's letters home, which form by much the greater portion of the early part of the work. Those on questions of public importance are usually addressed to his father. We prefer, however, giving some parts of the correspondence which throw more light upon his private character, and the mode of passing his life, as the other is matter of history, rather than of a private memoir. For this purpose, we commence with an extract from a letter to his sister, dated Madras, 23d January, 1789:—

"I have often wished that you were transported for a few hours to my room, to be cured of your Western notions of Eastern luxury, to witness the forlorn condition of old bachelor Indian officers; and to give them also some comfort in a consolatory fragment. You seem to think that they live like those satraps that you have read of in plays; and that I in particular hold my state in prodigious splendour and magnificence—that I never go abroad unless upon an elephant, surrounded with a crowd of slaves—that I am arrayed in silken robes, and that most of my time is spent in reclining on a sofa, listening to soft music, while I am fanned by my officious pages; or in dreaming, like Richard, under a canopy of state. But while you rejoice in my imaginary greatness, I am most likely stretched on a mat, instead of my real couch; and walking in an old coat, and a ragged shirt, in the noonday sun, instead of looking down from my elephant, invested in my royal garments. You may not believe me when I tell you, that I never experienced hunger or thirst, fatigue or poverty, till I came to India,—that since then, I have frequently met with the first three, and that the last has been my constant companion. If you wish for proofs, here they are.—I was three years in India before I was master of any other pillow than a book or a cartridge-pouch; my bed was a piece of canvass, stretched on four cross sticks, whose only ornament was the great coat that I brought from England, which, by a lucky invention, I turned into a blanket in the cold weather, by thrusting my legs into the sleeves, and drawing the skirts over my head. In this situation I lay like Falstaff in the basket,—hilt to point,—and very comfortable, I assure you, all but my feet; for the tailor, not having foreseen the various uses to which this piece of dress might be applied, had cut the cloth so short, that I never could, with all my ingenuity, bring both ends under cover; whatever I gained by drawing up my legs, I lost by exposing my neck; and I generally chose rather to cool my heels than my head. This bed served me till Alexander went last to Bengal, when he gave me an Europe camp-couch. On this great occasion, I bought a pillow and a carpet to lay under me, but the unfortunate curtains were condemned to make pillow-cases and towels; and now, for the first time in India, I laid my head on a pillow. But this was too much good fortune to bear with moderation; I began to grow proud, and resolved to live in great style: for this purpose I bought two table-spoons, and two tea-spoons, and another chair,—for I had but one before—a table, and two table-cloths. But my prosperity was of short duration, for, in less than three months, I lost three of my spoons, and one of my chairs was broken by one of John Napier's companions. This great blow reduced me to my original obscurity, from which all my attempts to emerge have hitherto proved in vain.

"My dress has not been more splendid than my furniture. I have never been able to keep it all of a piece; it grows tattered in one quarter, while I am establishing funds to repair it in another; and my coat is in danger of losing the sleeves, while I am pulling it off, to try on a new waistcoat.

"My travelling expeditions have never been performed with much grandeur or ease. My

only conveyance is an old horse, who is now so weak, that, in all my journeys, I am always obliged to walk two-thirds of the way; and if he were to die, I would give my kingdom for another, and find nobody to accept of my offer. Till I came here, I hardly knew what walking was. I have often walked from sunrise to sunset, without any other refreshment than a drink of water; and I have traversed on foot, in different directions, almost every part of the country, between Vizagapatam and Madura, a distance of eight hundred miles.

"My house at Vellore consists of a hall and a bed-room. The former contains but one piece of furniture,—a table; but, on entering the latter, you would see me at my writing-table, seated on my only chair, with the old couch behind me, adorned with a carpet and pillow: on my right hand a chest of books, and on my left two trunks; one for holding about a dozen changes of linen, and the other about half-a-dozen of plates, knives and forks, &c.—This stock will be augmented on my return by a great acquisition, which I have made here,—six tea-spoons and a pair of candlesticks, bought at the sale of the furniture of a family going to Europe. I generally dine at home about three times in a month, and then my house looks very superb; every person on this occasion bringing his own chair and plate.

"As I have already told you that I am not Aladdin with the wonderful lamp, and that, therefore, I keep neither pages, nor musicians, nor elephants, you may, perhaps, after having had so particular an account of my possessions, wish to know in what manner I pass my leisure hours. How this was done some years ago, I scarcely remember; but for the last two years that I have been at Vellore, I could relate the manner in which almost every hour was employed.

"Seven was our breakfast-hour, immediately after which I walked out, generally alone; and though ten was my usual hour of returning, I often wandered about the fields till one; but when I adhered to the rules I had laid down for myself, I came home at ten and read Persian till one, when I dressed and went to dinner. Came back before three; sometimes slept half an hour, sometimes not, and then wrote or talked Persian and Moors till sunset, when I went to the parade, from whence I set out with a party to visit the ladies, or to play cards at the commanding officer's. This engaged me till nine, when I went to supper, or more frequently returned home without it, and read politics and nonsense till bed-time, which, according to the entertainment which I met with, happened some time between eleven and two. I should have mentioned fives as an amusement that occupied a great deal of my time. I seldom missed above two days in a week at this game, and always played two or three hours at a time, which were taken from my walks and Persian studies. Men are much more boyish in this country than in Europe, and, in spite of the sun, take, I believe, more exercise, and are, however strange it may appear, better able to undergo fatigue, unless on some remarkably hot days. I never could make half the violent exertions at home that I have made here. My daily walks were usually from four to twelve miles, which I thought a good journey in Scotland. You see children of five or six years of age following the camp, and marching fifteen or sixteen miles a-day with the same ease as their fathers.

"I have almost as much local attachment to Vellore as to Northside; for it is situated in a delightful valley, containing all the varieties of meadows, groves, and rice-fields. On every side you see romantic hills, some near, some distant, continually assuming new forms as you advance or retire. All around you is classic ground in the history of this country; for almost every spot has been the residence of some powerful family, now reduced to misery by frequent revolutions, or the scene of some important action in former wars."

The following is from a letter addressed to his brother James, on his arrival in India, in a medical capacity:—

"Though I am, in many respects, a greater boy than you; yet, as I have had the start of you in this country, I will venture to give you some hints. Do not wonder at any thing you see; or if you do, keep it to yourself. Do not pester people with questions about me, for men in general are as much disgusted with hearing a person talk of his relations as of himself.—My father says you are diffident. I rejoice to hear it; for it is a fault more easily corrected than forwardness. You have no reason to be alarmed at what is called launching out into the world. A little experience will convince you, that it is composed neither of wiser nor of better people than you have seen in small circles. Play your own character without affectation, and be assured that it will soon proprocure you friends. Do not distrust your own medical skill; if you do, you are a wonderful doctor. In this country, a good understanding, sound principles, and consistency of character, will do more for you than a thousand discoveries concerning muscular motion."

For the Persian writers, whom Sir William Jones has taught us to admire so much, Sir Thomas professes but little esteem:—

"Colonel Dow, who, from his translations, appears to have been but a poor Persian scholar, affects to be a great admirer of these eloquent writers. Abul-Fazel, secretary to the Emperor Ackbar, is, he says, 'sometimes too flowery; but at other times he comes down in a flood of eloquence on his astonished readers, like the Ganges when it overflows its banks.'

"I cannot say that, in perusing this author, I did not feel the astonishment which the Colonel describes; but it was owing to the immoderate length of his periods, that came down upon me in floods of such paltry nonsense, as can be imagined only by those who have read the Lady's Magazine.

"The Persian writers have always been fond of long, pompous periods; and Abul-Fazel, who seems to have thought that the essence of all good writing consisted in this, has been so eminently successful, that his nominatives and verbs are often posted at the distance of three pages from each other; and the space within is occupied with parentheses within parentheses, where the sense, if any, lies concealed behind such a number of intrenchments, that the Council of Trent would be more puzzled to discover it, than they were to settle the meaning of Grace. Antitheses, and conceits of all kinds, are as much admired as long periods: these are chiefly employed in pathetic scenes; but when they have occasion to argue or moralize, every thing is done by the help of proverbs."

A voluminous correspondence between Sir Thomas Munro and the Duke of Wellington, while Colonel and General Wellesley, occupies part of the first volume; the first of these letters is as follows:—

"Camp, September 1st, 1799.

"DEAR MUNRO,

"I have received your letter of the 17th of August. I long ago took the field, in alliance with my brother Henry, in favour of the military collectors. I gave him a very particular memorandum upon the subject, which I know he showed to the Governor-General.

"He is gone to England; and I don't know what is the consequence. I have, however, written about it again this day. In my opinion, the Revenue Board are against you, which is the reason that Government are not so liberal towards you as you have a right to expect.

"I wish that you would write me something particularly respecting your own situation in an unhealthy climate, having been promised a reward for your services in the Baramahl, which you have never received, &c. &c. which I can shew to my brother. Such a paper is more likely to have a good effect than any thing I can say upon the subject.

"Believe me yours most sincerely,

"ARTHUR WELLESLEY."

The following is an extract from the second:—

"This country, into which I have come to visit my posts on the Mahratta frontiers, is worse than that which you curse daily. It is literally not worth fighting for. Hereafter, it will be necessary to communicate with it from Canara; and I have desired the Amildar to make a good road from Soopah towards your borders. I am told that Sedachee Ghur is not more than sixty miles by the road from Soopah (my most western post;) that in the war of 1780, a detachment of Matthews's army advanced upon Soopah by that road. I wish that you would desire one of your people to communicate with the amildar of Soondah respecting this road, and that you would have a good one made from Sedachee Ghur to meet it.

"The drubbing that we gave to the Mahrattas lately, has had the best effects; and although all the robbers are in motion to cut each other's throats, they treated us with the utmost hospitality, and have sent back our people whom they had driven away.

"Believe me ever yours, most sincerely,

"ARTHUR WELLESLEY."

It is time, however, to introduce our readers to some of the original matter, which links the letters of Munro and his most distinguished correspondents together. Mr. Gleig must really be a most indefatigable writer. No farther off than last week we had occasion to review the Country Curate, from his pen; he is engaged in editing several voluminous works, and here we have these bulky volumes coming at the same time from his pen. We must close our extracts, for the present, with the following account of the manner in which Munro (now advanced to a Majority, and to the superintendance of the affairs of Canara,) spent his public life at this period of his career:—

"As often as the calls of duty permitted him to remain stationary at his head-quarters, Major Munro, who was economical of his time, rose every morning at day-break, no matter how late the business of the preceding night might have kept him up, from a bed which consisted simply of a carpet and pillow spread upon a rattan couch. On quitting his chamber, he walked about bare-headed in the open

air, conversing with the natives, who, on various pretexts and at all seasons, beset him, till seven o'clock, at which time breakfast was served up for himself and his assistants. Of this he partook heartily, more especially of the tea, which he considered a wholesome and refreshing beverage; whilst of sugar he was so singularly fond, as frequently to request an additional allowance, for the pleasure of eating the lump that was left undissolved at the bottom of the cup.

"Breakfast ended,—and the meal never lasted longer than half an hour,—the assistant received his instructions, and withdrew to the office of his moonshee and English writers; upon which, Major Munro first dispatched his private and official letters, and then adjourned to his hall of audience. There he remained during the rest of the forenoon, surrounded by his public servants and the inhabitants, carrying on the current duties of the province, investigating claims upon disputed property, or obtaining such information as could afterwards be acted upon only by the aid of notes and calculations.

"In this manner he employed himself till about half-past four in the afternoon, when he broke up his court, and retired to his apartment to dress. Whilst the latter operation was going on, his assistant usually read to him either public and private letters, should such be received, or, in default of these, a portion of Hudibras, or some other amusing work.—At five o'clock he sat down to dinner, from which hour till eight he laid aside the cares of office, that he might delight those who were so fortunate as to enjoy his society, with his wit, humour, and remarkable powers of conversation; but punctually as the hour of eight returned, his habits of business were resumed. His night-catcherry then opened, which, like that of the day, was always crowded with suitors; and though he professed then to attend only to matters of minor moment, midnight rarely found him relieved from his arduous duties."

The following list contains a general view of his Civil and Military promotions.

Cadet		1779.
Ensign . . .	October,	1780.
Lieutenant . .	11 February,	1786.
Brevet-Captain .	7 February,	1796.
Captain . .	15 June,	1796.
Major . .	7 May,	1800.
Lieutenant-Colonel	24 April,	1804.
Colonel . .	15 June,	1815.
Brigadier-General	December,	1817.
Companion of the Bath	October,	1818.
Major-General, K.C.B. and Governor of Madras		1819.
Baronet . . .	June,	1826.

He died in July, 1827.

Creation, a Poem. By William Ball.—London, E. Bull, 1830.

We are optimists in poetry, and never having heard of Master William Ball, by tongue or pen, until we met his work upon our table, and finding the first book of his poem somewhat grandiloquent and prosy, we were very near throwing him by, with a pshaw! as another of the thousand and one versifiers who monthly, weekly, and daily, afflict us with their milk-and-watery effusions of senseless sound. Luckily, however, we turned to the back of the book, and found that there were *no notes*. As we hold, with Neckar's daughter, that genius is good sense applied to new ideas, we at once concluded that William Ball was of the gifted ones of the earth, we dipped more deeply into his book, and were not disappointed. Creation is a poem which does great credit to its author, and which we cordially recommend to the perusal of our readers.

It is extremely inconvenient to review an author of whom one knows nothing but from his work, because it necessarily entails the trouble of making one's self somewhat acquainted with the contents of the book, a practice to which we are as decidedly averse as ever Curran was to reading his briefs, when, as he said, he could easily pick up the leading features of his case from the statement of the opposite counsel. Thus we usually approach any new work with a number of ready-made opinions about the style and former productions of the author, weave in a few entertaining extracts, judiciously selected by the help of the index, dash off a spirited leading paragraph, and a pathetic tail piece, and leave the wondering world to exclaim, in mingled admiration, astonishment, and delight, "what a clever writer, what a talented review."

But a truce with coxcombry, and let us come to Mr. Ball. In the Induction, (which might just as well have been called the Introduction, as there is no treatise on church livings in the body of the book,) he tells us thus much about himself:—

"My native land, my language will declare:
A bounteous land, although to me unkind,
In it nor competence, nor honour fair,
Nor ease, nor home, nor hope of home I find;—
But rank, disdainful of plebeian pain,—
But wealth, that tramples on a poor man's hope,—
But ignorance, incurious and vain,
With whom dejected merit cannot cope,—
But interest, that keeps the paths of life,
(Save the rough highway,) grown with many a weed,
And shuts the avenues with roses rife
Often for aye against aspiring need;—
But prejudice invincible, and state,
And fumes of haughtiness and pride of birth,
Against their fellows arming men like hate,
Holding we spring unequal from the earth;—
And a wide-spread, idolatry of gold,
A cold and calculating lust, a shame
Unknown unto our virtuous sires of old
Whose ancient bosoms burned for fame, for fame!
Their sons, less noble, suffer this gross vice:
The vulgar great and the great vulgar met,
Dare now, too often, a dishon'ring price
On virtue, genius, beauty, friendship set.

Thy vices these and more; but greater far,
Thy virtues shoot a ray of endless length;
Virtues that all thy vices cannot mar:
That lift thee into grandeur, beauty, strength.

'Tis thine with vigour ever to contend
Against the wrong e'en though the wrong prevail;
'Tis thine with dignity to rise or bend,
To triumph nobly, gracefully to fail.
'Tis thine, and thine alone to own thy faults
And mend them when thou may'st;—at least to strive
Along the narrow way, where folly halts,
Of self-amendment, where the noble thrive.
Thy lib'ral tongue calls by its name the thing,
Thou canst not justify and wilt not hide,
Nor in thy ear abused false praises ring,
Of those whose lips applaud, whose hearts deride.
Thine is the hue of honour, thine the arm
That rises in defence of injured man;
Thy noble many live in proud alarm
To watch the flame of virtue and to fan."

Thy vices and thy virtues these; both known,
The former sharply felt, suffice to make
Thy son an exile from his long loved home;
For these I honour thee, for those forsake.

A little farther on, he partially, and somewhat darkly, unfolds the design of his poem, as follows:—

"'Tis done: I am among the hills, and here
My sad heart's home I find; upon my cheek
Plays the free wind, and, in my list'ning ear,
Sings its loud hymn, and calls on me to speak,
Myself sole auditor; and here I dare
Accept his counsel, here, where none contend,
Or, servile, cringe, or awe with haughty stare
Or flatter or belie, please or offend.

I am alone; all Heaven above me soars,
Grovels below all Earth; the thunder cloud
Hurries to where the distant tempest roars,
And o'er yon servile city casts a shroud.

Screams the dark eagle as he sails away
Scorning the blast, the bolt, the hissing rain;
On some far shore he seeks his trembling prey,
Then calmly to his eyrie mounts again.

I stand upon a cliff: above me piled
The huge, broad firmament its arch sublime
Boundless expands: below me, undefiled
Heaves the deep main. Type of insatiate time
That all devours, art thou, far rolling sea!
And thou, oh, blue abyss! above, around,
Art a grand image of eternity;
Fearful, amazing, fathomless, profound.

A thousand keels furrow the murm'ring tide,
Pass, are forgotten; and a thousand more
Appear, advance, approach, cluster, divide,
Vanish, and leave it what it was before.
And Time like thee, forgetful Ocean drear,
The future hath not and the path hath lost;
A moving present all, of hope or fear,
Sleeping in sunlight or by tempest tost.

All passes;—all! nor leaves a lasting trace.
Our sons forget us,—we our sires forgot.
Evil and good fleet by—glory, disgrace;
What is we hail, and heed not what is not.

But in the measureless immense on high,
The countless lamps of Heaven revolve, return,
Resume their paths rejoicing, in the sky;—
Their endless doom to wander and to burn.
The present, there, we give unto neglect;
The past and future are eternity.
Changeless they roll in order and effect,
And all that is, once was; that was, will be.

I gaze upon these emblems, and am fain,
Man and the world to shun or to forego;
Upon this high and naked rock remain,
Honours and hopes forget, and joy and woe.
And here set up my rest, and glance mine eye
Downward upon the prone and dusty earth,
Upward upon the pure and radiant sky,
And from my heart, tear its false mask of mirth.

Back to my bosom crowd the thoughts of yore,
My spirit revels with his ancient mates.
Throbs with new life unto his central core,
And this new life to virtue consecrates.

Millions of orbs, above, wheel on their course;
Thousands of leagues of solid depth descend:
Yet can I rise o'er all to being's source,
Or plunge below to where all life has end.
My thought now walks the wave, now cleaves the ground,
O'erleaping, bursting, nature's firmest bars;
Now dives to central night, now, at one bound,
Takes his far path amid the unknown stars.

Struggling in the great gulf the visual ray,
By endless depth distressed, trembles and sinks;
Yet on, my mind pursues his awful way,
Nor from the mighty solitude e'er shrinks.

* * * * *

In this high solitude, no echoes wake
The world's loud clamours, boisterous and long;
Then here all trammels from my soul I shake,
And rouse to freedom with my rising song.
My voice I fully loose, and boldly say,
No bondsman's shackle shall my free thought wear;
No slavish tribute to false taste I pay,
Or for applause or censure, long or care.
I will not offer, nor for gold nor fame,
Immoral maxims to the sons of vice;
I will not veil the poet's sacred name,
To pamper sickly minds with fond device
Of nonsense clad in gorgeous raiment rich,—
Ideas slight in many words dissolved,
Or trifling meanings triflers to bewitch,
Or pretty sense in pretty sound involved.
The sensual sweetness too of tinkling rhyme
A light, but tedious, and servile chain,
A barb'rous minstrelsy, a foolish chime,
Here I abjure, as infantine and vain."

Our author then plunges into blank verse and his subject, videlicet: Chaos and the Land of Nod, which he calls the Realm of Nought, the Creation of the Universe, the Elements, Earth and its creatures, and Death, their common lot, which ends the first book of the six into which the poem is divided. We have already said, that this is not the best part of the work, and it is pleasant to find a man improving as he proceeds. After treating of Angels, Sylphs, Elves, Fays and the rest of the Supra-mundane creation, our author comes,

in the third book, to man. The story of his fall he declines to tell, as knowledge too wonderful for one so weak and erring, and only to be sought in Holy Writ. The origin and progress of society from savagery to civilization, he treats of in a manner closely modelled upon the account in Horace. In the fourth book our author sees a vision of all sorts of things, from which we select the following view of Italy, and of an emigrant colony settling far from their father-land, as affording a fair and rather favourable specimen of his poetical powers:—

Again, I gaze on sunny lands where stray
Green vines in long festoons, deep loaden all,
With purple grapes or golden, holding fast
By many clasping tendrils, close enringed,
And ponderous with the gay juice within,
Like revellers from the banquet, overfilled;
Or aged olives, rich with clustering fruit,
And twinkling gladly through their small, pale leaves,
Or meadows moving all with horned herds
Or forests old where loudly strikes and long
The woodman's axe or crash of falling tree;
Or, heard remote, the melancholy horn
Of lonely goatherd sounds, or shrilling pipe
And tuneless drone, wherewith he, patient, charms
The noontide hour; and oft he hears, well pleased,
Afar, from hollow glades or distant rocks,
His sylvan melody re-echo round.
Yet there, on all that wide and bounteous land,
Bounteous, alas! in vain, the peasant bends
In hopeless toil, with scanty raiment robed,
His cheek the home of hunger, and his stare,
Stupid and wild, telling a hideous tale
Of pain and want endured, and rage concealed,
Ferocious degradation, thoughts of fire
That burn, not warm the bosom and the brain.
Beside him stands the master of the soil,
Not happier than the abject thing he rules,
Nay, more unhappy; in his inmost heart
Dried are the founts of joy, of wholesome joy,
And a pernicious gulf discloses wide
Its baleful depths, where should arise and gush
Human affections and the tides of peace
And blessedness of fond benevolence.
Disdainful his attire, with haughty gait,
He comes and glances indolently round;
And coldly eyes the limpid floods of oil,
That, from the groaning presses, unctuous rush;
Or hasty streams that flow from heaped grapes,
Bleeding apace beneath the heavy feet
Of trampling hinds; or heaps of yellow silk;
Or his stuffed granaries of hoarded corn;
Or his fat pastures and his countless flocks;
Yet on his wrinkled brow no radiance dawns
Reflected from his wealth; his heart is chill,
As in the quarry is the unsunned rock;
Within his recreant memory lags a fear,
A fixed spot upon the mental eye,
Of some high tyrant, stronger than himself,
Whose vengeful arm far reaching o'er him holds,
Suspended by a single hair, a sword
Whose point distilleth venom, and whose edge,
He may soon feel and rue, should sport or rage,
Suspicion, slander, hatred, or caprice,
Relax the grasp that holds in dread delay
The blind, remorseless minister of fate.

From these I pass to follow o'er the brine
A timid colony reluctant, sad.
From their lost homes retiring in despair,
Last courage of th' oppress'd; and, from their land,
So long beloved in vain, for ever fled,
To woody wilds or rich but voiceless shores
Where Nature, unconstrained, labours alone
And pours forth rank fertility unseen,
Enriching earth in vain, or lavishing,
With hands profuse and tireless, on the beast,
Unthankful, unadmiring, her great store.
Thither they wend and see, in cold amaze,
Productions new, and beautiful, and life,
Inhabiting strange forms unknown, unprized;
And, overhead, they eye a stellar cope,
Bright and magnificent, all overwrit
With wondrous characters unread before.
Released from the green desert broad they land
And reverently kiss the chosen ground,
And hail the pleasant places and fat plains,
Which none usurp from them with heartless power
That owns no pain it feels not, and feels none
In its hard selfish breast companionless,
That wealth can put aside or force disarm.

Here soon they build their huts of mud and thatch,
House their few rustic stores, name their poor homes,
And next, with spades, the foreign soil they turn
And, trembling, to its bosom moist commit
The half of all their hopes: the woodlands, then,
And far savannah winding they explore,
Bewildered in interminable depth,
And long unable to approach and know
Its many, nameless, shy inhabitants:
Or, after their few toils of innocence,
With wife and children shared, that brace the nerve,
Soften the heart and rectify the mind,
They saunter, calmly, through the shade serene
Of their own bowers or fields, blessing and bless'd,
And ever-bounteous and indulgent Heaven
Humbly address with glad thanksgiving due:
Or, in their hovels, by their ev'ning fire,
Ply the mechanic tool and rudely shape
The household goods necessity demands;
Or quenched the blaze, when silence broods around
And day-light fadeth from the twinkling sky,
What time the sober moon her silver car,
In sad and solitary majesty,
Drives onward through the desert fields of air,
Or, secret, wheels behind bright-listed clouds,
Lending them colours that outvie the mine,
The flower, the iris, or the eye of health
Or beauty's shining tress or blushing cheek,
In their heaped rushes warm, they taste repose,
Untroubled by the thought of robber's knife
Or midnight cry to arms, or morning call
Of greedy creditor, or feeble prayer
Of dying hunger on the threshold lain,
Through whose scant rags the bitter season stings."

A brief picture of rural domestic happiness, and we conclude:—

To them, the happy children of the hills,
A couch of down is the warm bosom pure,
Of their loved partners; gold and gems of price,
Roses and odours and loud sounds of strings,
Or pipes mellifluous mixed in chorus high,
And shooting through the soul a trembling joy,
The poetry of sense, sweet and sublime,
Harmonious extacy; they find them all,
Not one forgotten, in the yellow locks
And glancing eyes of hope, star-bright and blue,
Peeping above the hatch, and ruddy cheeks,
Like cluster'd flowers, and balmy breaths outpoured,
As many a kiss they snatch in haste from each,
And prattle glad of soft young voices small,
That form not yet their words of stature full,
Or phrase of bulk and meaning; not the less
Their notes enchain the ear, and, to the heart,
The father's heart that ever understands,
Are eloquent, and tell a tale of love
And peace and welcome from the forest wild
And daily battle to his home, his fire,
His wife, his child, his couch and his repose.
Secure he finds, in his unenvied hut,
A small, a spacious world of happiness.
And when the round sun wheels towards the west,
And, pausing, swelling on the mountain's top,
Bids an adieu to the wide blushing earth,
And shadows, from the uplands and the cliffs,
Steal o'er their homes, they sink amid dry leaves
And sleep, as, nestled under angels' wings
They slept before the fall; and dreams as bright
As good men's wishes, or as thoughts of Heaven
Fill up their fancies with sweet shapes of air.

To us this is very delightful reading, and we think our readers will not regret our having introduced Mr. Ball's poem to their acquaintance.

Weeds and Wildflowers. By the late Alex. Balfour, with a memoir of the Author.—Lizars, Edinburgh; Whittaker, Treacher, and Co. London; and Curry and Co. Dublin, 1839.

This is a posthumous volume of prose and verse pieces, by the author of Campbell or the Scottish Probationer, and some poetical works, as well as various novels, very little known. The memoir which precedes the selection, will be read with melancholy interest; it is quietly and sensibly told, and affects the reader much more powerfully than if it consisted of an exaggerated appeal to our feelings of compassion for genius pining under poverty and misfortune. Mr. Balfour was engaged in mercantile life; the London house with which he was connected failed in 1815, and he was suddenly reduced from comparative affluence to want, while, at the same time, his family was, for a series of months, labouring under a succession of typhus fevers. It was soon after this, that he completed the Scottish Probationer, and removing from Dundee, his previous residence, to Edinburgh, he obtained a situation in a bookseller's counting house, but the close confinement of his new occupation, combined, probably, with distress of mind, gradually brought on paralysis, and he lingered out a feeble bodily existence, (for his mental energies appear to have continued unabated to the last,) until the 12th of last September, when he died. After the palsy had deprived him of the power of moving, had crippled his hand so that his writing was intelligible to none but the particular member of his family, whom he employed as his emanuensis, and had nearly deprived him of the power of articulation, he composed four volumes of poetry, of which two were published, sixteen volumes of prose, of which thirteen were published, besides pieces in a variety of periodicals and annuals, which would occupy nearly an equal space. This is no slight indication of strength and perseverance of character at all events; and indeed our author appears to have been a most amiable and excellent man, never giving way to discontent, or repining at the painful circumstances in which it was the will of Providence to place him.

His writings rarely rise into the highest order of excellence, but on the other hand, they never sink beneath the middle standard, and on the whole, the volume before us is highly respectable and creditable to its author, both in the prose and the poetical department. We shall give a short extract from each, and recommend the volume, which we understand is published for the benefit of the author's family, to the favourable perusal of our readers:—

Sketches of Village Character.

"You are alone to-day, Margaret," said Mrs. Grahame.

"Jenny is out at the shearing; but I'm no alane, my lady. I have just been reading the consolations of Him who says, 'I am with you always, even to the end of the world,' and He has never left me comfortless."

"Would you like, or be able to bear the air, in your little garden to-day?

"I have learned never to like, at least not to long for, what is inconvenient."

"But we could easily assist you; and, as we intend passing half an hour with you, will again bring you in."

"Had this been the first time you had shewed me that kindness, I would beg you not to take the trouble, although I doubt you'll find me lean heavier now; for I'm wearing weaker."

'Mrs. Grahame and her daughter took each an arm, and the old woman, on her crutch, was slowly conducted to a rustic seat in the garden.'

"I have meikle to thank my good friends for, although I ken that some dinna want to hear of their kindnesses; but, dear Miss Clenny, I didna think, when you caused that seat to be put up, that ever I wad enjoyed it so meikle; but, when Jenny's at hame, an' the wind lowns, she takes me out in the e'e o' the day, an' sits down beside me wi' her seam; I think the cauler air refreshes my heart."

"How long have you now wanted the use of your limbs, Margaret?"

"It's ten years byegane Lammas, since I was owre the door without help."

"And we find you still cheerful and happy?"

"I have good cause to be so;—I'm kindly dealt with in the day of adversity; I have yet many mercies for which to be thankful; I've the use o' my hands, an' also my e'sight, by which I am still able to read my Bible; an' it has taught me not to murmur. When my

gude-man was ta'en frae me, I thought that I was left defenceless; my William grew up, an' he was cut down, like a young aik just coming to its strength; an' now I am bereaved, indeed, said I; but I was justly, yet mercifully, chastised for my mistrust, an' repining; I lost my ability,—an' then my Heavenly Father shewed his kindness in my visitation: my Jenny was then little ither than a bairn; but He proved the widow's stay and the orphan's shield, by raising up friends for me; the best an' kindest, I needna, indeed I'm forbidden, to speak o': I want for naething, an' my lassie is grown up, who does a' in her power to keep me easy."

"Does the minister still call on you?"

"Regularly: he was here last week, an' sees me aye ance in the month; his visits are always pleasant, an', I trust, profitable. He is a faithful servant of his Great Master's; may he have the pleasure, in this world, of seeing the work prosper in his hand, and be the honoured instrument of turning many to righteousness. Besides these visits, I hae mony ane frae ither good characters; an' a' the neighbours, young an' auld, down to the very bairns, are fond of auld Margaret."

"How trim and clean your little garden is, and every thing thriving so nicely! Who is your gardener?"

"We got John Wright to dig the ground, an' plant the cabbages an' potatoes; he's a sair working man, an' puts through a job in a wee time; for he was no lang about it: for ony thing else, it's a' my lassie's handiwark; an' William Smith, wha was in the tither gloamin', says I've the best ingans in a' the village; the lupins, mignoinette, and sweet majorum, too, that Miss Clemy there was so kind as bring the seeds of in her pocket; see how bonny they are, an' sae sweet as they smell! these pinks and roses are so delightfu'! Jenny's a handy an' a thrifty lassie, she tents them a'; up in the morning weeding an' hoeing, syne at her wark by the time that some ithers are only rising; an' the blessing o' Providence is upon a' that she does, for you see ilka thing thriving around you."

A passing cloud now threatened a shower, and they conducted Margaret to the cottage.

"Sit down, ladies, till that scrow of a shower gang bye," said the old woman. Observing that they were looking at the furniture, she said: "The house is hardly sae clean the day as ye use to see it, for Jenny's sair hurried just now; she has the har'st rig to attend by sunrise; but she cleans the house, and puts on my claes, ere she gangs out; rins hame at parritch time, an' makes my breakfast; comes again at dinner, an' trips awa' ilka time as light as a lamb, and as blithe as a lintie."

"But I have heard that she is to be married;" said Miss Grahame.

"To you, my honoured friends, I needna deny that she might have been in her ain house ere now; but she told Robbie that she wad never leave me alane an' helpless. He kindly offered to tak me wi' her. Na, na, said she; my mither has aye had a house o' her ain aboon her head, an' I sall never be the means o' making her sit down at anither's-fire side! An' thus your Ladyship sees that I'm keeping her frae ane wham I ken she loes dearly; yet she's as carefu' an' happy wi' me as if I were a' her stoop and stay in this warld; but I trust she'll no lose her reward. Sae you see, ladies, I've mony mercies, an' gryte cause to be thankfu'; waiting wi' patient resignation, and not without hope, till it be His pleasure, an' His own good time, to call me hame."

SONNET

On reading Wordsworth's "Excursion."

Methinks thy song diffuse, mild Wordsworth, seems
Much like some ever-varying landscape, seen
When Fancy triumphs, and Elysian dreams
Show brighter skies, and fields of lovelier green;
'Midst castled cliffs, pure streams, and flowrets fair,
The breath of eve seems sweeter in the vale;
Celestial music floats along the air,
Melodious, mingling with the fragrant gale:
Though many an object, richly haloed round,
Is dimly seen in the resplendent haze;
Though strange and new the soft harmonious sound,
Still pleased we listen, still delighted gaze,
And, though bewildered, linger on the plain,
So rich the fairy scene—so sweet the hallowed strain.

DEATH.

When sorrowing friends surround my deathful bed,
While floating shadows to my eyes appear,
And dimly seen those long and fondly dear;
When I, though darkness o'er my sight is spread,
From her whose arm supports my sinking head,
Warm on my cheek, feel soft the tender tear—
The parting drop by fond affection shed;
When stagnant pulse, cold limbs, and panting breath,
As harbingers, announce approaching death;—
In that dread moment, Lord, in mercy, send
The hope that plucks from Death the dreadful sting;
The faith that says, "Tho' dust with dust must blend,
The spirit shall ascend on viewless wing,
Where sorrow has no place, and life shall neverend!"

Popular Lectures on the Study of Natural History and the Sciences, &c. as delivered before the Isle of Wight Philosophical Society, by W. Lempriere, M. D. second edition.—London, Whittaker, Treacher, and Co. 1830.

We perceive that a taste for the study of Natural History is spreading pretty generally throughout the empire. Institutions in which objects for study are collected, and whose members hold meetings for the discussion of scientific subjects, are already established in most of the larger provincial towns of England. It is to be hoped that the example of the sister country will shortly be followed in Ireland, where materials for the purpose are so very abundant. From the work with the title of which this article is headed, we find that such an institution has been for some time in existence at Newport, in the romantic Isle of Wight, at which it appears that some one of the members delivers a lecture or discourse on some scientific subject, on the occasion of each meeting of the society. The popular lectures contained in this pleasing volume were delivered on such occasions: and without having any personal knowledge of the author, we would strongly recommend their perusal as being calculated to produce a taste for enjoying the pleasure derivable from the contemplation of the works of the Creator, in those persons who may not yet have turned their attention to such subjects, while to those already acquainted with the sciences which they discuss, must be pleased with the eloquent style of the composition. The following extracts will serve as an example:—

"Commencing our observations at the silent hour of night, when all terrestial objects are obscured under the veil of darkness, and animate nature is sunk into repose; our eyes would be irresistibly directed upwards. And *there*, the vast expanse of heaven, studded and adorned with innumerable luminaries of various magnitudes and at indefinite distances, each subservient to fixed laws, and formed for purposes beyond all human comprehension, would at once awaken our curiosity, and prepare us for those still no less wonderful attributes which the divine hand has so liberally and so benevolently bestowed on the universe.

"As these heavenly objects disappeared from our astonished vision, our attention would be *instinctively* directed to the eastern horizon, now gradually enlightened by the approach of a new luminary of far greater magnitude and powers than any we had yet contemplated;—too vivid, indeed, to be examined by our weaker sight, but whose influence is at once brought home to our senses and conviction—bestowing light, life, and activity upon all nature, and at once displaying a scene of unparalleled grandeur and comprehensiveness—such a variety and order of things—so many causes and effects—so much contrivance with useful results—and such a subservience to one grand system, as at once with language irresistible to bespeak the omnipotence of the Creator, and to sink all human attributes into comparative nothingness and insignificance.

"In every direction we should observe something on which to fix our attention or to awaken our curiosity, to elevate and add dignity to our sentiments, or to call forth our most unqualified devotion. Countries of unbounded extent, a very limited proportion of which can be embraced by our imperfect vision, would present to our observation, in some parts, mountains of almost interminable elevation, whose summits are enveloped in perpetual snow; with corresponding vallies, whose abysses cannot be contemplated without horror. In others, more moderate elevations, which, while they add variety to the scene, attract and give direction to those winds, which, charged with moisture, drop fertilizing showers on the vales below;—or, upon extensive plains, clothed with vegetation in all its shades and varieties, possessing vitality, growth, and the power of regeneration to an indefinite degree; and supporting a still higher class of animate substances which, from the important place they hold in the creation, deserve a separate notice."

The following interesting account of the Tarantula, is a specimen of the descriptive part of the work:—

"The *Tarantula*, of the fatal effects of whose poison, and of the influence of music in the cure, so much has been said, is of the spider tribe, possessing, in most particulars, all the characters peculiar to that species of insect. It is a native of Italy, Cyprus, Barbary, and the East Indies: in the two former countries credulity on the one hand, and imposition on the other, have given it a quality which it does not merit: viz. the power of destroying human life by its bite, unless timely prevented by the most fascinating music. Accordingly, travellers in these countries have furnished us with a number of amusing anecdotes, strongly illustrative of the effects of superstition on the human mind, when unenlightened by the beams of science, or where tradition has closed the door to reason and the most obvious conviction. These anecdotes, which must be familiar to every reading person, we do not deem necessary here to detail; but shall merely observe, that the bite of the tarantula is never inflicted but when accidentally irritated; and though it always produces most severe pain, swelling, and discoloration of the part, and in constitutions of particular irritability, fainting fits, spasmodic affections, and even convulsions; yet it has in no instance, within my

experience, (founded upon a four years' residence in the south part of Europe and in Barbary,) proved fatal; nor could I learn from others, that such an effect was ever produced; the symptoms being readily removed by the remedies, which I shall hereafter describe as being efficacious in the bites or stings of other venomous insects.

"This animal, which, like other spiders, is made up of two divisions united by a slender thread, the one consisting of the head and breast, the other of the belly, rather exceeds an inch in length, and is of an ash colour on its breast, belly, and legs, and underneath is distinguished by blackish rings. It has eight legs united like that of a lobster; and eight eyes, two of which are red, are larger than the others, and are placed in front: four others are placed transversely towards the mouth; the other two are nearer the back. This number of eyes seems necessary in an animal whose existence depends upon its activity and vigilance; and particularly as the eyes are immoveable in the socket, and therefore cannot, when required, turn in different directions.

"Its poisonous mechanism consists of two nippers or fangs on the fore part of the head with strong points, toothed like a saw, and terminating in claws like those of a cat. A little below the point of the claw, there is a small hole through which the animal emits the poison; and from this apparatus, its means of attack and defence are derived.

"It is stated to prefer the bare fields for its haunts, where the lands are fallow; but I have seen it near houses, and within the yards, and sometimes even in the adjoining apartments.

"According to Bingley, it lays between seven and eight hundred eggs, which are hatched in the spring; the parents being very short lived, and seldom surviving the winter. Like other spiders, it makes a net or wall round its dwelling, which is generally about four inches deep in the ground, and half an inch wide."

Bertha's Visit to her Uncle in England, 3 vols. London, Murray, 1830.

This is not, as might possibly be supposed from the title, an exhibition, real or fictitious, of the odd impressions that might arise in the mind of a stranger to our habits and institutions, on a first introduction to European society. Such works have often been composed by eminent authors, and answered the end of amusing English readers very successfully. Witness the popularity of Montesquieu's Persian Letters, Goldsmith's Citizen of the World, and more recently Espriella's Letters by Doctor Southey, and Hajji Baba in England. The plan of the present work is that of a supposed series of extracts from the journal of a young lady, visiting England to be educated along with her cousins, and writing home to her mother in Brazil, an account of all the remarkable things she saw, read, or learnt during her residence in her uncle's family. As a journal of each day's occupations and acquirements is given separately, the Sundays afford an opportunity for instruction in religious knowledge; as the other six do, for the various branches of physiology, geology, description of places and things, and in short every department of civil information which might be supposed to come within the province of an intelligent and well-taught young lady. This outline is skilfully filled up, and both in the number of subjects discussed, and the manner of treating of them, the work reflects great credit on the editor. It has likewise the important advantages of being convenient and attractive in form, and very unusually cheap. We select a passage from the journal, when Bertha is about to set out on a journey from England to Ireland, which will enable our readers to judge of the manner in which this very deserving little work is written. We could easily and willingly cover a great many pages of paper, in refutation of the saucy insinuation implied in the "Even in Ireland," of the first paragraph of our extract, but it is more magnanimous to forbear. At least we shall not take up the cudgels till we can experience

> —— That stern joy which warriors feel,
> When they meet foemen worthy of their steel.

"12th.—The corn fields are coming into ear, the hay harvest is going on, new flowers are springing up; and all the walks and gardens, and shrubberies, are in the highest beauty, and yet we are going to leave this dear place! To-morrow we are to quit Fernhurst and all its happiness! But that is a silly feeling, for we all go together, and surely we may make ourselves happy any where, even in Ireland.—A year ago I was just leaving my dear mamma, and the happy home to which I had been so long accustomed, to place myself among strangers;—and now I am going among still greater strangers—among the Irish. But my uncle says they are a warm-hearted, hospitable people, and that the country is so full of objects of interest, that I shall not have to regret the employments of Fernhurst, nor even my favourite gardening experiments.

"I am happy to tell you, that most of these experiments have succeeded very well as yet: particularly one I have been trying on my dahliahs, by budding them on the roots. They have already produced some very flourishing plants, and as the bearing buds were employed, they will blossom this year. I must make you acquainted also with a little bower, which we have all assisted in making in a charming spot; it is canopied with woodbine, and lined with moss; and you might say of it—

> "Is this Titania's bower, where fairies play
> Their antique revels in the glow-worms light?
> Moss and wild thyme are all the weeds which stray
> To pave her palace with a green delight.

"As we were taking our last walk late this evening, we saw the goat-sucker, which is nearly allied to the swallow in its form and habits; though generally larger in size. Frederick, who is my chief preceptor in everything relating to the feathered race, tells me, that, except on very dark, gloomy days, these birds are seldom seen till twilight. That is the time the insects come out which form their principal food; and, he says, it is probable that the extreme sensibility of eyes calculated for that period of the day, could not bear the dazzling light of the sun. Their mode of perching is singular, as they place themselves lengthways on a branch, and not in a cross direction like most other birds. The mouth is uncommonly large, fringed with bristles, and moistened by a glutinous fluid, to which the smaller insects adhere; and you may therefore conceive the destructive powers of this bird, for it flies through their swarms with its voracious jaws wide open, darts in every direction at its larger prey, and swallows all, without ever closing its bill. It is in this last circumstance that it chiefly differs from the martin, the swift, and the rest of the swallow tribes; for they never open their bills, in flying, but to snap at their prey, and they shut them with a sharp peculiar noise, which every one must have observed.

"There is no end to the variety of names which this bird has acquired in different parts of England—goat-suckers—goat-owl—fern-owl—churn-owl—wheel-bird—dor-hawk—night-jar, &c. In most of these names there is some allusion to its peculiar habits, its haunts, its motions, or its noises, except in the first, which is the commonest and the most absurd of all, as if a goat would allow itself to be sucked by a bird! And yet, however ridiculous, my uncle showed Frederick, in Aristotle and Pliny, that the ancients gave it a similar name.

"I understand that it is not a very common bird here; but we saw it for a considerable time rapidly wheeling round and round a large oak tree, and hawking among the branches in pursuit of the fern-chafer, its favourite food. The hawking of this bird reminds me of an amusing passage in the Persian Sketches:—

"'At Shiraz, the Elchee (envoy) received a present of a royal falcon. Before going out, we had been amused at seeing our head falconer put upon this bird a pair of leathers, which he fitted to its thighs with as much care as if he had been the tailor of a fashionable horseman. I inquired the reason of so unusual a proceeding. 'You will learn that,' said the consequential master of hawks, 'when you see our sport.'

"'The first hare seized by the falcon was very stroug, and the ground rough. While the bird kept the claws of one foot fastened in the back of its prey, the other was dragged along the ground till it had an opportunity to lay hold of a tuft of grass, by which it was enabled to stop the course of the hare, whose efforts to escape would have torn the hawk asunder, if it had not been provided with the leather defences which I have mentioned.

"'The next time the falcon was flown gave us a proof of that extraordinary courage which its whole appearance, particularly the eye, denoted. It had stopped and quite disabled a hare by the first pounce, when two greyhounds, which had been slipped by mistake, came up, and endeavoured to seize its prize. They were, however, quickly repulsed by the falcon, and with a boldness that excited our admiration and astonishment.'

"And now, dear mamma, I must go and pack up my pretty writing-box which my uncle has given me; it holds paper, and pens, and ink, and pencils, my journal and account-book, and every thing one can want; even a nice little red leather case for colours, which Caroline made for me; and yet it is not above two inches deep. It is quite flat—but I can make a desk of the lid, and as it is to lie in the bottom of the carriage, under our feet, I have put it in a green cloth cover. I was afraid it might be troublesome; but my uncle and aunt know how to make every one comfortable without inconvenience to others.

"This is my last line from dear, happy Fernhurst!

13th June, Worcester.

"This morning, at seven o'clock, we set out on our journey. Every thing had been arranged and packed the day before, so there were no delays in the morning; all were punctual, and I assure you, mamma, that I was ready, and my work-box and travelling-book

in my hands, before my uncle gave the first summons for assembling. We have several books in the carriage, but no loose parcels; and within-side it does not look as if it was prepared for a long journey.

"Poor little Grace has been left with the Mandes, in whom my uncle and aunt have the most perfect confidence.

"We have seen the fine old cathedral in this city, and the porcelain manufactory, both of which I had intended to describe to you; but my aunt recommends us to go to bed, as we are to be up very early to-morrow morning, in order that there may be full time for seeing the carpet manufactory at Kidderminster, on our way to Shrewsbury, where we are to sleep. So, good night, though it is scarcely yet dark. What charming long days there are in this country compared with those of Rio.

"14th June, Shrewsbury.

"Sweet is the dubious bound
Of night and morn, when spray and plant are drenched
In dew.

"Everything was in that state when we set out early this morning from Worcester; it reminded me of all my uncle had told me about dew, and I took the opportunity of asking him if dew is formed in the morning—'it continues to form in shaded places, after sun-rise,' said he, 'but there is a shorter interval between sun-rise and its ceasing to form, than between its first appearance in the afternoon and sun-set; though Dr. Wells thinks, that if the weather be favourable, more dew forms a little before and a little after sun-rise, in shaded places, than at any other time.'"

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A System of Regional and Surgical Anatomy, Parts 1 and 2, translated from the French of M. Velpeau, with additions, and Lithographic Plates. By Charles Frederick Staunton, M. D., and George Thomas Hayden, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland.—J. M. Leckie, Dublin, 1830.

Since the commencement of the present session, no fewer than five translations of medical works have issued from the press of Dublin—Richard's Botany, by Dr. Clinton; Andral's Pathology, by Drs. Townsend and West; an anonymous translation of a German Treatise on "Parasytic Tumours;" and a Translation of the Dublin Pharmacopeia, by Dr. Barker; and now we are presented with the work, of which the title stands at the head of this notice.

From the nature of our Journal, and its devotion to the interests of general, rather than of professional literature, any remarks we might feel inclined to make should necessarily be brief; however, we cannot let this opportunity pass, without expressing our most unqualified approval of the manner in which "Andral's" admirable work has been offered to the English reader. As an instance of pure and elegant diction, it stands unrivalled in medical translation, and reflects no inconsiderable credit on the talented authors, of whose classical and collegiate attainments we are not ignorant.

Of the book before us, we have merely to observe, that works on Regional Anatomy possess the singular advantage of combining practical hints with the dull routine of anatomical detail, so as to create a species of artificial memory highly beneficial to the student. We sincerely hope that Drs. Staunton and Hayden may reap the profit their labours so well merit, in thus affording to medical students a well translated manual of this kind. The notes and references evince considerable research, and an acquaintance with the productions not only of French, but of German anatomists.

WORKS ON EDUCATION.

Sacred History, in the form of Letters, addressed to the Pupils of the Edinburgh Sessional School. Part I. comprising the period from the Creation to the Death of Moses.—Edinburgh, Wardlaw.

This little book is written by Mr. Wood, the amiable and excellent author of the various improvements in education, particularly the education of the poor, so admirably carried into effect under his superintendance in the Edinburgh Sessional School. His account of that School, and of the other Parochial Institutions for Education in Edinburgh, together with Strictures on Education in general, is in high and deserved reputation, as a treatise full of sound sense, as well as of originality and beneficence of mind. The present work is a plain and sensibly written epitome of the Pentateuch, with occasional explanations, serving to remove the difficulties which might arise in the minds of the young, from a perusal of the text. Of course it is not at all intended to supersede the reading of that part of the Bible itself, but merely as an explanatory remembrancer, in the form of letters addressed to young persons, to whom the Sacred Volume is supposed to be already familiar. Among the numerous "Libraries," with which the present age abounds, the author declares his anxiety to supply a Sunday Library for youth, and so far as his little work extends, we can safely congratulate him on having well and fully accomplished his object.

A System of Geography; including also the Elements of Astronomy, &c. By Thomas Ewing, 12th Edition, pp. 308.—Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and Simpkin and Marshall, London. *Ewing's New General Atlas.*—Same Publishers.

The estimation in which Mr. Ewing's talents, as a teacher and compiler of works of instruction, are held, is well attested by the number of editions through which his productions have rapidly run. Geography is a subject upon which, until lately, we had scarcely any respectable elementary work in English. We remember having studied in our youth, a book called Sharman's Geography, the one in general use, we believe, in this country, which our subsequent "acquaintance with the world" hath taught us to regard with considerable scorn, mingled with our former horror. We rejoice to see the great improvements recently made in this class of school books.

To the usual information respecting the division of each country, four sections are subjoined, treating of its Historical, Political, Civil, and Natural Geography, and occasional exercises are annexed, containing questions upon the preceding pages. The Atlas is well and clearly executed, and contains the discoveries of the most recent travellers, as Parry, Franklin, Hall, Humboldt, Head, Denham, Clapperton, and Burckhardt.

A Comprehensive Grammar of Modern Geography and History; with Maps, Views, Costumes, &c. pp. 462, by W. Pinnock.—London, Pool and Edwards.

Pinnock's improvements on the School Histories, and Pinnock's nine-penny Catechisms, are known to all. We are glad to see this new edition of a Geography with which historical questions on each country are combined. The questions on each chapter of the work are subjoined, in the same manner as in Pinnock's English and other histories. The book contains a vast deal of information well arranged, and is nicely embellished in addition to its maps.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

1. *The Oriental Quarterly Review*, No. 1.—London, Hurst and Chance. 1830.

A review entirely devoted to East India affairs, and every body knows that Mr. Buckingham, the editor, can treat of nothing else, is rather much of the *toujours perdrix* for us. Tea we love, and the spicy Curry, (we mean no pun,) but we have an uncle a Director, and like not to hear the Company eternally abused.

The leading article, being a review of seven works on India, most of them older than the hills, and far less green, professes to give a historical portrait of the East India Company.—The religious and moral improvement of the Greeks is treated of in a review of the Rev. G. Waddington's work on the subject. Article VII., on D'Agincourt's Histoire de l'Art par les Monumens, depuis sa decadence au quatrième siecle, jusqu' à son renouvellement au seizième, is to us by far the most interesting paper in the number. The want of a philosophical historian of the Fine Arts in England, is justly admitted and deplored. Our desultory efforts to supply from time to time this important desideratum, this hiatus valdé deflendus, in the history of our own country, will, we trust, meet with the greater favour and indulgence. The truth is, that to write a suitable history of the Fine Arts during the middle and remoter ages, requires a combination of powers not easily to met with in any one individual. Antiquaries we have, and artists we have, but pure sound taste, united with solid learning and patient research, can alone suffice to form a writer capable of doing any thing like justice to such a subject. The invention of art, and the period of its progress properly called ancient, have been ably end tastefully recorded in the pages of Winkelmann, Caylus, and others.—The productions of modern continental artists have been duly commemorated by Vasari, Tiraboschi, Lanzi, and a host of distinguished names, but it remained for M. D'Agincourt to supply the annals of the intervening and far less inviting period, and six folio volumes enriched with no fewer than three hundred and twenty-five plates, attest at once his taste, his genius, and his devotedness to this, his favourite pursuit, during a long and laborious life, spent in traversing the galleries, the museums, and all the most valuable collections of Europe.

Russian Antiquities, Burkhardt's Travels, and Carne's Recollections of the East, are the principal of the remaining articles not immediately relating to the Indies.

2. *The Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*, No. 8. Blackwood, Edinburgh. Feb. 1830.

We rejoice to see so excellent a work on so important a subject as Agriculture, (for which, if the truth were known, we entertain quite as much esteem and respect as for the art of making books,) flourishing, as Blackwood's Quarterly appears to be. The present is a good and varied number; the article on the treatment of cattle in winter, we read with great interest, and, as we are strenuous advocates for the general growth of green crops, as winter feeding, we earnestly recommend it, as well as the prize essays on drainage, the cultivation of Lucerne, and the construction of lime-kilns, to the perusal of such of our readers as rejoice in the possession of broad green acres. We would also draw their attention to the experiments on ploughing down buck-wheat as a measure, more especially as we conceive the Editor of the Journal to entertain an unfounded prejudice against that important mode of supplying a deficiency of manure, which is, after all, the moving power in agriculture, and the first and most important object to be attended to by every skilful farmer.

3. *Blackwood's Magazine*, Nos. 152 and 153. Parts 1 and 2. February.

A Siamese Number, and without a Noctes. Atherston's Fall of Nineveh is very unnecessarily, unfairly, and uncritically abused, and Moore's Life of Byron, et Byronus ipse, as uncritically over-praised. Had the great Christopher employed his quizzical powers upon Master Thomas Frognall Dibdin's Tour, we think they would have suited the subject quite as well as the wishy-washy, qualified panegyric bestowed upon him. The review of the Young Lady's Book is good, in the style of goodness peculiar to North. The paper on the Art of Dressing the Human Body, is abundantly comical: by-the-bye, we ourselves "seriously incline" to write a philosophical essay on Dress, considered as one of the Fine Arts, and the propriety of establishing a national costume on the fixed principles of true taste, the very first time we can snatch an hour from the weightier affairs of this naughty worky-day world. Crusty on the Decay of the Picturesque, is an excellent article, and we heartily sympathise in the feelings of the writer.

4. *The Dublin Monthly Magazine*, No. 2.—February. Tyrrell and Tims.

It gives us very great pleasure to be able to recommend this new Periodical to the favourable attention of our readers. It really does great credit to the conducters, and we have only one marked defect to point out—namely, the want of any distinct *political* character. Our readers will probably smile at such an objection coming from such a source, but carefully as we do, and always shall, avoid the subject in the columns of the Literary Gazette, were we conducting a Monthly Magazine, we should certainly make politics, in the large and most enlightened sense of the word, a leading, and most interesting feature of the work. The hint is kindly meant, and will, we hope, be as kindly taken. In conclusion, we have to congratulate our City on possessing two Magazines, which, not only in cheapness, but in general interest, always excepting political interest, surpass those of either metropolis of Great Britain.

5. *The London University Magazine*. February, 1830.—London: Hurst, Chance and Co.

A very spirited and pleasant Number; but this Magazine, like the last we have noticed, altogether shuns the subject of politics. The attention paid to subjects connected with Ireland, in this and the London Magazine, is highly complimentary to this country; and with the very flattering panegyric on ourselves, contained in the paper on the Revival of Irish Literature, we have every reason to be particularly gratified. Indeed the Notices of the Dublin Literary Gazette, in the leading Literary periodicals of Great Britain, have been so numerous, and so uniformly favourable in the very highest degree, as somewhat to surprise, as well as please us. To the Editors of very many newspapers, we also owe our thanks. To those, and they are not a few, who have paid us the *delicate compliment* of fathering our offspring, by appropriating our labours to themselves, without acknowledgment, we would recommend Mr. Curran's favourite toast: "honour and honesty;" to which they may perhaps respond as the bar-maid did to him, "aye! our absent friends!"

The London Monthly, New Monththly, and the British Magazine, must lie over till next week.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Histoire de France depuis la Restauration. Par Ch. Lacretelle.—Paris.

This work forms one of a series of histories written by M. Lacretelle, which begin with the period of the reign of Henry II. to the reign of Henry IV. inclusive. Then follows, in 14 vols., a History of France during the Eighteenth Century, of course including the glories and horrors of the Revolution. To some of our readers this distinguished author is doubtless already known, and those to whom he is, will hail with satisfaction the same impartial pen, exercised on the more recent History of the Restoration, and its consequences.

The present volumes extend from 1814 to 1820; and two more, are to bring down the history to our own days. The work begins with a sketch of the French empire, traced in large and masterly characters, perhaps, rather severe in its judgments of Napoleon, respecting his measures for the attainment of power, and too little considering the *ménagements* so indispensably requisite in humouring the foibles of his countrymen. The author thus reprehends the mode of Bonaparte's accession to the empire:—

"The assumption of empire was magnificent, cold, and dark—and, although a Holy Pontiff had descended from the Alps to come and crown the new Charlemagne, nothing seemed religious in this theatrical scene. Men yet felt themselves in the presence of a great man—but of a great man fallen."

Unquestionably had not the French people liked *theatrical scenes*, Napoleon would not have treated them to them, and if they did, it was politic, as well as self-gratifying to him, to indulge them. M. Lacretelle goes steadily through the period above mentioned, and we could extract many fine passages, but from the usual reason, (want of room,) we must forbear, and confine ourselves to the following brief, but animated sentences:—

"However, a warlike transport breaks forth in all the North of Europe; the cabinets are shaken; the people take on themselves the breach of faith. The names of Arminius and of Witikind are mingled with the cry of vengeance. In place of the fictitious crusade, which Buonaparte directed against Russia, a real crusade is formed against himself. Here there is no need of orders to raise armies—they are formed of themselves, under the names of *Landwehr* and *Landsturm*."

The catastrophe is slightly touched on, and he comes to the period of the Congress of Vienna, which he characterises in the following just terms:—

"The Congress of Vienna was opened; and its first acts caused to vanish like a dream, that reign of philanthropy, of equitable, and magnanimous policy, which had been seen to dawn even in the midst of the tumultuous events of the invasion. The people of Germany and of Italy saw themselves put up to auction as a reward for their fidelity. * * * * * They all strove which would most exert a conquering diplomacy. The dexterity of statesmen mended with the stroke of a pen, the oversights of generals. In this lottery of kingdoms and provinces, the wheel of fortune always turned to the advantage of the three great monarchies of the North. The promises which had been made to the people were forgotten by common consent—those promises which had been made at the time that the Landwehr, the Landsturm, the German Universities, the *friends of virtue*, exhausted their blood to raise up thrones almost brought to the dust. There was no ceremony in giving new masters to people, in passing flocks on to new pastors, without ever consulting those who won or lost by the change.—Manners, customs, laws, taxes, habits, all were overturned. The Catholic awoke the subject of a Protestant Prince, the inhabitant of a free city arose the subject of an absolute government. Old recollections and new antipathies, all were disregarded. The pen of the diplomatist operated as many changes as the sword of Napoleon."

Most persons will coincide in these opinions, and also with those on the Holy Alliance; that strange, mysterious bond, seemingly formed for the extinction of liberty, which, fortunately, since the death of its most enlightened member, Alexander, is fast falling to decay. The cruelties exercised by the Royalists in the South are justly reprobated, particularly the assassination of Marshal Brune, and other officers, while the Army of the Loire was nobly laying down its arms, and, as M. Lacretelle says, still showed itself the *Grand Armée!* We have also a fair and unprejudiced account of the strange perversion of intellect which seemed to pervade at that period the Royal Council—the affectation of Louis, dating the *charte* from the nineteenth year of his reign, and other puerilities, which filled the enlightened part of the nation with surprise and dissatisfaction. The proceedings of the government since, on the laws of the press, and other subjects, have not been treated of in such a manner as to satisfy the French themselves. They seem to think that M. Lacretelle is too indulgent; however, foreigners will be better able to judge on that subject; indeed, a tone of moderation is visible throughout all his writings, and it is difficult to retrace such recent events to the satisfaction of a people excited as the French have been, and are at present. The style is pleasing, and truly historical; some expressions will, however, be found, not in common use, which may puzzle the English reader.

A DAY IN TOWN.

BY A RAMBLER.

The morning was gloomy, heavy, and lowring, and I had destined myself to remain an entire day at home, polishing certain piquant passages in my Log Book, when my door opening, presented to my astonished sight, a tall figure enveloped in a box-coat and Belcher neck-kerchief. There was something in the fixed gaze of his dark eyes, which beamed from under a hat drawn down far upon his forehead, that awed me; and I instinctively hurried my wide spread MSS. into an open drawer, dreading lest the great unknown might be an angry author coming to take signal vengeance upon his reviewer in his den.

He slowly unbuttoned two dreadnoughts, and unfurling the banner of Boxiana from his neck, displayed the person of my wild and worthy friend, Frank F.—— I was overjoyed to see him; years had rolled over since we met—and at the very moment I had been anticipating the merry evenings we should have, and the old recollections we should conjure up, for "we had heard the chimes at midnight;" but alas! how was I disappointed at his informing me, that his visit was to be of only twenty-four hour's duration, and that he calculated upon my dedicating the entire day to showing him the lions of our far-famed city; he concluded a splendid panegyric upon my qualities as cicerone, by an enumeration of about five hundred persons with whom he had particular business, and about as many commissions, he should personally execute *for a fair friend* in the country.

I was thunderstruck at this announcement, and for some minutes felt like the worthy man described by Coleridge, in "the Ancient Mariner" impelled by two opposite destinies—

"The wedding guest,
Here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon."

And although I certainly did not hear the aforesaid bassoon, yet I mentally heard the muttered maledictions of an enraged Editor, and almost ejaculated—what shall I do? 'Do!' said my friend, who caught the half-uttered words—'Do! why give me your best bowl of Bohea, and an infinite series of eggs and hot rolls, for I have been travelling all night, and have the appetite of a Boa." This appeal was conclusive. I seated my friend beside me, and began talking over our plans for the day.—New, you are not to suppose, most inquisitive and penetrating reader, that I had any tall unlicked cub of a country cousin to deal with, with whom I should dive into the bowels of the College kitchen, or scale up to the crown of the naval stylite in Sackville-street—no, my friend knew the city as well as I, and only wished to see what changes, time and the march of intellect had made, since his last visit to our raking metropolis.

He was equally unambitious of walking the cold and comfortless corridors of the now deserted Custom-house, and indifferent to the charms of that Archimedes of spring locks, and ear trumpets, who reigns paramount in that splendid money office, which was erst the house of Legislature of Old Ireland.

Breakfast over, and having persuaded my friend to denude himself of certain heathen appendages to his dress, yclept cords and top boots, for a more reasonable mode of investing his lower man, we set out for the Four Courts, where Frank said he had some business to transact. On our way he remarked the extreme filth and muddiness of our streets. My esprit de corps, as a Dublinite, was touched, and I triumphantly pointed to a placard which ornamented a wall before us: it ran thus—

"It having appeared expedient to His Majesty's Ministers to place the Scavenging Corporation upon a new *footing*, and for the future to dispense with all cleansing of the streets of Dublin, on Friday next, the 30th instant, will be sold by auction, a great variety of mud-spoons, scrapers, shovels, spades, scoops, and scavengers, all which being very little used, are nearly as good as new.

"Also various Commissioners, Secretaries, Clerks, and other *flag*-officers, by inch of candle, if not previously disposed of by private contract."

This satisfied my friend, who is a reasonable man; and we at length arrived at the Courts, when having soon dispatched our official business, we were, preparatory to our departure, making one tour of the hall, crowded with wigged barristers, keen-eyed attorneys, and pale litigants, when hearing the sound of merriment issue from the Court of Exchequer, I drew aside the curtain, and saw the saffron visaged Cheops-like figure of Baron S——, listening with imperturbable gravity to a cross-examination which convulsed the Court and even the crier with laughter.

Leaving this, we passed the King's Bench, where the crowded doors and passages, not less than the sound of a Kerry accent, neatly dovetailed into a French pronunciation, uttering the singularly novel and unused quotation:—

'Great, glorious, and free,"

told us that the Member for Clare was on his legs; and after a vain effort to get within the precincts of the Court, we left the building.

We now perambulated the streets for some hours, during which I took the opportunity of showing my friend the Turk in Grafton-street, and the tiger in the College of Surgeons:—returning thence, as we strolled up Westmorland-street and turned into Foot's to replenish our respective mulls with unsophisticated Lundy, from the hands of that passionless pale-eyed little old man, with the grey hair and the grey coat and the grey buttons, who must be the double of that celebrated *l'homme gris*, who persecuted Napoleon—he seems, indeed, as if he were a part of the machinery of the great globe itself, handing out pennyworth's of snuff since the beginning of time—a large placard, setting forth the contents of the "Dublin Literary Gazette," caught my companion's eye, and he immediately began discussing its merits—for he had seen it in the South. Question followed question, so rapidly, as to the names, characters, professions and pretensions of the various contributors, that I became fairly exhausted; when, perceiving that I knew more about that all-engrossing topic than I cared to own, he bluntly demanded, what do you mean by your Pentagonals? Little did he know, at the moment, the difficulty of answering that unfortunate and trying query—I endeavoured to evade it, as well I might, but it was in vain, and I was obliged to unfold the mysterious secret; in fact, said I, what these Pentagonals were meant to be, the editor himself, perhaps, knows; but I certainly do not; all I can say of the matter is, that about a fortnight since I received, while at breakfast, a note, commanding my attendance at the editor's symposium the same evening, intimating that I should prepare myself to be particularly brilliant and facetious in conversation, as "faith he'd prent it." A postcript hinting something savoury about devilled kidneys and *pouche rouge*, decided my ready acceptance of the invitation. After this I rode out, visited various public places, heard all the on dits of the day, and then returned to my lodgings, ordering my servant to deny me to all comers, being determined to bottle up my conversation for the evening, and not even trust myself to an interview with a member of the deaf and dumb institution.

At length it was evening, and I set out for the meeting. On my arrival, the hall-door was open, and I dashed at once up stairs—pushed into *the Sanctum*—and guess my surprise on finding the room in almost total darkness. There was, it is true, a large blazing fire, and before it sat the fat, round, happy little figure of the Editor—the prince o' critics, and the wale o' men—fast asleep. I pulled out my watch, and then discovered that I had mistaken the time, and had in my impatience come an hour too soon. I lighted a candle, and began to search, amid a mountain of loosely-piled papers, to which Ossa was a wart, for a printed book; for I scrupled to wake the Editor—fatigued and exhausted as I knew he was—having that day scribbled the leading articles for three first-rate London Periodicals—Reviews for Blackwood, and the two Foreign Quarterlies—written the Irish for the London University Magazine—and composed all the miscellaneous articles for the Christian Examiner, as well as the original poetry for three weekly journals. In my search for some book to while away the time, my eye rested upon two large packets, which peeped most invitingly from the Editor's pocket, and though in ordinary cases I detest the sight of an original MS. in the intensity of my curiosity and idleness I withdrew this quietly, and without disturbing him—one I found to be a collection of rejected articles, tied with a large piece of black tape, and labelled—ruinous—swamp the concern in a week; the other, I blush to confess it, was headed—memo. for conversa. at the first Pentag.

I was so utterly horrified at the deliberate baseness of this *unheard-of* proceeding, that in my indignation I resolved to forego the peppered kidneys, and took my departure that moment.

But, said my friend, what did you do with the premeditated Balaam? Nothing, as yet, said I—but I am now in treaty for it with the Editor of the —— Magazine, whose fortune it would make; but if he should be stupid enough to refuse the cool hundred, which is all I ask, I shall have an opportunity some of these days, when *our* Editor is off to fox-hunt or cock-shoot in the country, and shew him up in his own Gazette as he deserves. My friend, thereupon, entered into a minute criticism of the contents of the Gazette, and left nothing unnoticed, from the "Gentle Reader," in No. I. to the "most dear Lady," in No. V.

But with all the generalship of your Editor, said he, and he certainly does seem rather a knowing hand, I observe that though the paper is in general very nicely "got up," there are sometimes typographical mistakes which mar the effect of the most intellectual passages, and which a little common attention might certainly prevent. The article on the Quarterly, for example, in your last, was in one or two places quite unintelligible. Much as I was

enraged with the Aristarchus of the Gazette, for his unprincipled enormity in the matter of the Pentags. a sense of justice constrained me to vindicate him from this ill-founded charge, by assuring my friend, that if, according to the Northern proverb, he has need o' a langshankit spune that sups kail wi' the deil, so he requires a sharp-pointed pen who corrects proofs for him, and the deuce of it is, my dear fellow, I added, that after you have revised your proof as clean as a whistle, and got to bed with eyes and fingers wearied and aching at four o'clock in the morning, you find next day, as I know by sad experience, that the paper is published with half your corrections newly blundered, and the last state of your article is worse than the first. Besides, continued I, forgetting my just causes of indignation, and waxing warm in my advocacy of him whom I once rejoiced to call my friend, you know such *infernal* concerns are quite too "base and mechanical" for the refined and elevated mind of our illustrious president.

By this time we had reached Hayes's, and dinner time. Shades of Kitchener, how odoriferous is Calipash—how restorative Mullagatawny. It is not generally known, that Hayes is in possession of the receipt for that valuable sauce, so pathetically described in the Almanach des Gourmands, as one with which "On peut manger son pere," and although neither I, nor my esteemed friend, had the slightest intention of such an unfilial repast, yet we did commend ourselves to the tender mercies of the he-cook—and elbowing our way through some dozen of booted, spurred, moustached, and spruce-looking heroes, reached a table in safety.

Sans badinage, Hayes's is the only dining-house in town for single gentlemen or parties quarrées—Morrisson's is absolute starvation without you dine with the Beefsteak Club, or are vulgar enough for a civic feast.

In the evening we thought of the play, and adjourned to the Theatre. Oh for words to express my esteem and admiration of the manager, he has worked a great and important revolution—the Theatre is no longer the scene of bustle and confusion, no longer is heard the din turmoil and incessant roll of carriages arriving and setting down, there is no crushing, or squeezing, no losing of shawls, and shoes, wigs and waistcoats, all is peaceful, and quiet as the Custom-house, we ascended the broad and dimly lighted stair of the box entrance, to wake the sleeping check taker at the top, and request his acceptance of our billet: we paced the long lobby, and the saloon, but still all was sad and deserted, the only living thing we encountered was a broad fat figure, with a seal skin cap, sucking an orange behind a counter, thinking most probably that home consumption is preferable to dependance upon a foreign market; we placed ourselves in a box near the stage, the reason of our selection being that it was the only one inhabited. Two grave looking old gentlemen occupied the seat before us, whom by their conversation we discovered to be bond-holders, mourning over the melancholy prospects of the house,

Lulled by the drowsy orchestra, in which our old friend the Bass viol seemed to have taken an opiate, we soon fell asleep, and did not awake till it was time to dress for Lady L's——— soirée, and when next we meet, you shall hear how we spent our evening in town.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, January 30, 1830.

A 17th letter from M. Champollion, dated Thebes, June 26th, appears in the Moniteur of Wednesday. M. Champollion announces in this letter having paid a visit to a perfect little temple, called the little temple of Isis, near Ameophiom. Some of the paintings representing Ptolemey Soter the 2nd, the goddess Hathor (Venus) and others, are as perfect as if they had been recently produced, and appear to be in a very good style. From the painting and the sculpture, M. Champollion supposes that this temple was erected by the fifth Ptolemy, two hundred years before Christ. M. Champollion's letter which is very long, is entirely devoted to a description of the temple, which wonld be uninteresting to the general reader.

A sudden thaw has come on since I last wrote to you; but I do not think it will be of long duration, for it has been partial; and persons most conversant with meteorological affairs state, that we may expect a further and even more severe frost in February.

It has been for some time remarked, that whilst great encouragement was given in Paris to painters, the art of engraving was rapidly losing ground. The publication of the London Annuals, with their splendid graphic illustrations, has, however, created a proper spirit of emulation here; and we may hope to see in another year or two, the same encouragement given to engravers as in England. For the purpose of encouraging this art, a society has just been formed, with a capital of 200,000 francs, which is to be applied to the purchase of engravings, and the distribution of medals and rewards, to successful candidates for the approbation of the society. There are various regulations by which it is expected to keep up the funds of the society, so as not only to maintain the present rate of encouragements and prizes, but even to add to them considerably. The king, and some other members of the royal family, warmly patronize this institution.

Great efforts are making by the French ministry to improve the Cotton and Woollen manufactures: for this purpose persons have been despatched to England, to obtain information; and it is intended to offer premiums for various improvements in the different branches of cotton manufactures.

The Theatres have, on the whole, been pretty well attended, notwithstanding the severity of the weather; but several of them are notoriously in a state of bankruptcy. A good deal of interest has been excited among Theatrical persons, by an application made by the celebrated actress, Jenny Colon, to have the marriage between her and M. Lafonte, annulled, on the ground of its having been contracted without the consent of the mother of Mademoiselle Colon. This marriage, it appears, took place in England last year; and as Mademoiselle Colon was abundantly of age, there would have been no ground for the present application on the score of the non-consent of the mother, but that M. Lafonte was as tired of a wedded life as his wife, and therefore offered no opposition; the consequence was that the lady's prayer was granted.

Thine, X.

London, February 2, 1830.

No work of particular interest has been published since I last wrote you; several, however, are announced for early publication. In the absence of other information, you may not dislike to receive some particulars respecting the new Literary Union Club, slight notices of which have appeared in the newspapers.—This Club, which has now nearly 600 members, was established by Mr. Campbell, the poet, for the purpose of bringing together literary men, and forming a sort of Republic of letters. Orignally the entrance money was only 2 guineas, and the yearly subscription 4 guineas; the admission has now been encreased to 4 guineas, but without any addition to the yearly subscription. All persons of respectability connected with literature, and also private persons not iu trade, are eligible to become members. Among those already on the list, are several persons of title, officers of rank, in the army and navy, members of Parliament, &c. Reporters upon the public press, are excluded, it being considered, that although many of these persons are highly respectable, there are others, who are not so; and, therefore, it would be better to exclude them altogether.—The Committee have engaged the old Athenaeum Club house in Regent-street; but they have been able as yet, only to fit up one room for the reception of the members. In a few days, however, the drawing-rooms will be opened; and in March, the dining-rooms will also be ready.

It is intended that the eating part should be conducted with every regard to economy, but that luxuries shall be provided; and that the cooking shall be as perfect as possible. Their head cook is to receive £300 per annnm; and the wines and provisions are to be of the finest quality; yet is expected, that a good dinner of fish, poultry or joint, tart, &c. with a pint of excellent wine, may be had for about 3s. 6d.; coffee, and all other refreshments, will be on the same economical scale. There is to be a conversazione once a week; and it is intended, if possible, to have similar institutions formed in the different capitals of Europe, so that literary men may in their travels find themselves at no loss for good society. The plan has been communicated to some of the leading persons among the literati and artists of Paris and Vienna; and it is expected that Literary Union Clubs on the same principle, will soon be established there. An idea is entertained of having a peculiar waistcoat, to be worn by the members for evening dress in public; but this has not yet been regularly discussed in the committee.

The cold continues to be intense: but it has been remarked by medical men, that the great severity of the weather has not been attended with such fatal effects upon aged and infirm persons, as on former occasions.

The Theatres are pretty well attended; but of the two large ones, the favourite on the whole, excepting the performances of Miss Kemble, appears to be Drury-lane. At Covent Garden, however, the expenditure is said to be less, than at Drury-lane, the system of nightly salaries having been put an end to—except in the engagements of Miss Fanny Kemble, and Lady William Lennox, the former of whom has £50 per night, and the latter, I believe £20. At Drury-lane, Mr. Keane is said to have £60 per night;—an enormous sum certainly upon the whole: but he appears to be worth it to the manager.

Edinburgh, 2nd February.

In the publishing world, nothing very interesting is stirring. Moore's Life of Byron is of course the principal topic at all literary parties. Dr. Inglis, one of the most eminent of our Scotch divines, announces a work on the evidences of christianity. I understand that two of your countrymen are preparing works for Constable's Miscellany; the one is a History of Ireland by John M'Caul, Esq. M. A. of Trinity College, Dublin, and the other a History of Modern Greece, by Thomas Keightley, Esq. author of "Fairy Mythology." The *North Briton*, a new paper to be published twice a week, under the management of Dr. Browne, from whom a good deal is expected, commences its career on Wednesday next. It is in contemplation to establish here a Literary Union, something like that which has recently been set a-going in London; but as yet nothing very decided has been done.

The publication of the Waverley Novels proceeds prosperously, the current impression is now 30,000, and the back volumes are bringing up to this as quickly as steam and men's hands can accomplish it.

The new number of the Edinburgh Review is printing rapidly, most of the articles seem heavy. There will be a review of the Laureate's Colloquies; I dare say nothing complimentary will be said of them, if we may judge from former exhibitions of the spirit of the review. I am afraid the Edinburgh is a sinking concern, not 2000 copies are now sold in Scotland. We are absolutely doing nothing here in the literary way at present. The Waverley Novels, new edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, and Blackwood's Magazine, are all we have to keep us alive.

On Thursday last was held the first public assembly of the season. It was rather gay, though not crowded. On the whole, however, our assemblies here are dull things, terribly deficient in liveliness and spirit. Scotch ladies are never quite sure of themselves when brought into contact with a number of strange faces. They are apt to be stiff and uneasy. Besides they give nothing at these assemblies, but weak tea, and that most insipid of all kinds of biscuit, called "ladies' fingers." It is impossible for any human being to sustain for three hours, an equable flow of spirits upon such food as this. The dancing commonly begins about half past ten, and ends about one. Our fancy balls are better; but Edinburgh is not the place for public assemblies. There are, however, a more than usual number of private parties this winter—many of which are delightful—to those who know how to make them so.

Braham, who was recently in Dublin, makes his appearance here this evening. He is to remain only a week.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

This Society has recently been much occupied with the recommendations respecting their body, contained in the Report of the Committee on Irish Estimates, last session of parliament. The leading features of the regulations recommended by the Committee of the House, were to charge for the Society's lectures, instead of continuing them gratuitously, and to reduce the estimate for any department not yielding, by the price charged for admission, 200l. per annum, at least. To discontinue the present mode of admission by ballot, and to enable any person to become a member by paying the admission fee and annual subscription, which should be fixed at such sums as might be deemed most expedient. By these means the Committee hoped that the expenses of the Society would be mainly defrayed.

The advice contained in this report remained, like most mere speculative opinions, altogether unheeded, until Lord F. L. Gower addressed a letter to the members of the society, informing them that his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant concurred in the recommendations of the committee, and was of opinion that the society's early and effectual co-operation in the introduction of the new regulations which it suggests, would afford him the best means of recommending in favor of this institution the continuance of that parliamentary support which had hitherto been extended to it.

This letter, it appears, was received during the summer recess of the society, and consequently remained unanswered till it re-assembled in November. A select committee was then appointed to take the subject into immediate consideration, and the result has been a letter in reply to that of Lord F. L. Gower which may be fairly viewed as the society's defence of its character as an institution of national utility, and the justification of its present modes of proceeding in opposition to the alterations recommended by the parliamentary committee, and approved by the Lord Lieutenant, but deprecated by the society itself. We have been favored with a copy of this interesting document; but as it is very long, and we are pressed for space, we shall confine ourselves for the present to a few of the most striking features of the society's case as it is here presented to Lord F. L. Gower, by their assistant-secretary, Mr. Hardman.

"The Royal Dublin Society, desirous o taking this opportunity to lay before your Lordship the general objects of the Institution, and the advantages derived to the public from its establishment, has directed me to state, that the Society maintains five Professors, namely, of Chemistry, of Mineralogy, Mining, Natural Philosophy, and Botany, to give Lectures on these subjects of most extensive practical utility, and has supplied them with apparatus, not only adapted for the illustration of the principles of the Arts and Sciences, but also for the exhibition of experiments, on a scale not attainable by private means.

"A very commodious Theatre has been erected, in which the professors deliver their lectures; this is capable of containing near 500 persons, and it is generally well filled, which the Society considers a gratifying proof of the estimation in which these lectures are held by the public.

"The Schools for instruction in the ornamental arts, form also a branch of the establishment, of great practical utility, comprehending Figure Drawing, Landscape and Ornament, Architecture and Sculpture. The instruction is gratuitous and a ready admission given to all young persons, properly recommended, who evince any talent for those arts.

"The Society feels a pride in adding, that some of the most distinguished masters of the arts of painting and sculpture, were educated in this Institution, and cultivated under the auspices of the Society those talents which have raised them to a high reputation in other countries.

"With respect to the Lectures delivered by the Professors, the Society fears that any produce which they could anticipate from annexing a price to admission, would be so small, as completely to exclude the prospect of any pecuniary advantage worthy of consideration, being derived from that source; the class of persons in the habit of attending these Lectures consists, for the most part, of students, and young persons, in a walk of life too humble to enable them to pay a sufficient sum to realize such an expectation.

"But the Society is perfectly ready to make the experiment of fixing a price for admission to lectures in the department pointed out in the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons.

"With respect to the admission of Members, I am directed to state, that the Society is enjoined, by the express terms of its Charter, to proceed by election; and the Society is humbly of opinion, that this mode of admission has never operated to the injury of the public. In the course of near thirty years there have not been above four instances of the rejection of a candidate; while the number elected since the year 1800 has been 739.

"The Society humbly conceives, that the abandonment of all power of rejection (if it were practicable) would be pregnant with consequences highly injurious, if not absolutely destructive, of the well-being of the Society, and the proper management and government of its internal affairs.

"With respect to the Museum of the Society, it is, in strictness, the National Museum of Ireland, and is an appendage to its establishment particularly valuable in a country poor in such public repositories. It contains collections in the several departments of Natural History, and an interesting assemblage of antiquities and works of art; and in particular, it contains a large collection, every day increasing, of the mineralogical productions of Ireland; and this branch of Natural History is, in fact, indebted to the Society for its introduction into this part of the United Kingdom. It is hoped, that it has some claim to share in the bounty of Parliament, so amply extended to the British Museum, in a city and a country where wealth, and the sources of information, are so far more abundant.

"The protection afforded to the Society by the Irish Legislature was uniform. One of the last acts of the Irish Parliament had for its object the maintenance of the Institution; so large a sum as £15,000 was appropriated, in the year 1800, for the purposes of its establishment; the Parliament thus evincing, in the last hour of its existence, its sense of the value of the Royal Dublin Society—and committing, at the moment of its dissolution, its favourite Institution to the protection of that body to which it was about to transfer the superintendence of the general interests of Ireland."

THE DRAMA.

Mr. Dowton has continued to exhibit during the past week, at our Theatre, in all those characters in which he has obtained most celebrity, without, however, attracting what is termed, in theatrical phraseology, 'good houses.'

In Dublin, as well as London, dramatic taste appears to be on the wane, and the managers have, in consequence, been obliged to withdraw the productions of all our best standard authors, in favour of the ephemeral effusions of modern

writers, and miserable adaptations from the French stage—"Harlequin and Cock Robin," and the Elephant of Siam,—as it is only by a rapid succession of novelties, and the appearance of an occasional "star," like Miss Kemble, that audiences can be procured. We are happy, however, to perceive that Opera (particularly that of the Italian and German schools,) continues to advance in public favor, affording evidence that the cultivation of musical knowledge and taste is on the increase.

The French Company commenced their performances for the season, at the English Opera House last week. *Potier* (the Liston of the French stage) appeared in the *Centenaire*, and afterwards as the *Bourgemestre de Saardam*. His able delineations of these characters earned for him the warm acclamations of the audience, and confirmed the high character he has long since attained in his own country.

Bishop is busily engaged at Covent Garden Theatre, in getting up the Maid of Paliseau, of which he is the adapter. It is expected to be produced early in the present month. Miss Paton is to be the heroine, and the other characters are said to be strongly cast.

Laporte has returned from the Continent, after recruiting new forces for the ensuing campaign at the Italian Opera House.—*Lalande* is said to be engaged as the *prima donna*.

MUSICAL SOCIETIES.

We are glad to observe, that in addition to the Anacreontic, the Philharmonic Society has resumed its sittings at the Rotunda, under new and improved regulations. Mr. James Barton has been appointed leader. The last evening we attended (Wednesday se'nnight,) the selection commenced with Beethoven's symphony in *D*, which was succeeded by Rossini's Cenerentola, both admirably performed. Two glees by Bishop followed, after which we had the "Two blind men of Toledo," an overture by Méhul, which expresses, with beautiful simplicity, the chief interest of the piece.

We had likewise Weber's overture to Euryanthe.

We enjoyed our evening, and cordially wish the society every success. It is gratifying to see respectable men joining together to support genuine musical performances in our city, and we are happy to find that they can trust to the attractions of the art itself, unaided by the stimulus of viands and wine.

Carlingfords and mulled port at Morrison's, in the private room above stairs, are no bad things of a frosty and sleety night, but on this occasion we stole away *impransi*, in satisfied and tranquil mood, and reached our peaceful home at the canonical hour of eleven.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ON EARLY DECAY.

Who that has watched—from day to day,
The stealthy pace of slow decay;
Has seen each ling'ring beauty fade,
Beneath its dim and twilight shade;
Has seen the soul—like taper's light,
That wanes each moment—yet less bright—
Haply at times more vivid beam,
Flashing an instants's fitful gleam—
Yet in the effort losing strength
Sinking the lower;—'till at length
The spirit of its being flies—
The soul exhales—the body dies!
Who has beheld the wasting form
Ere now, with glowing freshness warm,
The seat of beauty—grace divine—
Drooping in early—sure—decline?—
Beheld all this! Nor yet has felt
His soften'd heart in pity melt:—
Beheld!—nor shed an inward tear
For youth thus snatch'd—for death so near!
None could behold such scene unmov'd;
And few untaught—few unimprov'd,
Could see th' unconscious victim smile
(Nor dream of pain or death the while)—
A smile that o'er her wan face plays,
As though to mock its marble traits,
And oh!—when o'er the faded brow
The hectic flush awhile shall glow;
How like the flick'ring cloud—that, lit
By the last sun-beam, seems to flit
And hover o'er the dark'ning scene,
To show us where his light has been;
And warn us—with a thought of fear,
The shades of gloomy night are near!
To tell of glory's fading ray,
As hectic tells of pale decay!
How like!—And like that light cloud too,
Anon dissolved, 'tis lost to view;
And round us steals the pale twilight—
The harbinger of coming night.
'Tis sad—to see the set of life,
The struggling spirit's feeble strife;
But oh! one glorious hope remains,
Reward of earthly toils and pains—
One hope from Christian faith is drawn—
The promise of a future dawn;
When souls that set on earth's dull shore,
Shall rise in heaven, to set no more!
Such thoughts—and such alone, have pow'r
To gild in death—the last chill hour;
And round the brow of youth's decline
A flow'ry wreath of hope to twine!

M.

The following compliment was found by Michael Angelo, written on the pedestal of his figure of Night, which accompanies the Aurora, beneath the statues of Julian and Lorenzo de Medici;—

La notte, che tu vedi in se dolci atti
Dormire, fu da un Angelo scolpita
In questo sasso, e perchè dorme ha vita;
Destala se no 'l credi, e parleratti.

The artist immediately pencilled the answer of the Goddess:—

Grato m' è il sonno, ma piu l' esser di sasso,
Mentre che il danno e la vergogna dura
Non vedir e non sentir m' e gran ventura
Pero non me destar—deh! parla basso.

TRANSLATION.

Night, whom thou seest reclined in matchless grace,
An Angel hand carved out in breathing stone,
That life glows warm upon her sleeping face
Shouldst thou but doubt—speak, and her voice shall own.

THE ANSWER.

Oh! rouse me not! Be hush'd th' inquiring tone,
I love to sleep—and more to be of stone.
While shame or sorrow fill each heaving breast—
Then, not to see nor feel, is to be blest.

For the above delicious gem we are indebted to the same fair and far-distaut friend who last week favored us with the anecdote of *Denon*.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Elements of the integral and differential Calculus, by Dr. Thomson, of the Belfast Institution.—Mr. Britton's History and Antiquities of Bristol Cathedral, and the Fifth Part of his Picturesque Antiquities of English Cities, both very splendidly embellished, will be ready early in February.—The Fallacies of Dr. Wayte's Anti-Phrenology Exposed, is another of our promised performances.—Mr. Cousins and Mr. Lupton are preparing to make a Series of Engravings from the most beautiful and interesting Pictures of the late President; and a Series of Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels, in Monthly Parts, by Barret, W. Daniell, Dewint, Copley Fielding, J. D. Harding, Prout, Robson, Stanfield, and W. Westall, engraved by W. and E. Finden, is also on the tapis.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lardner's Cyclopedia, Vol. III.—Domestic Economy, Vol. I. 6s. bds.—The Lost Heir, 3 vols. post 8vo. £1 11s. 6d. bds.—Creation; a Poem. By W. Ball. post 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Tales and Illustrations. By Charlotte Elizabeth. 2 vols. 18mo. 6s. bds.—Life of a Lawyer. By Himself. Royal 12mo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Arthur Russell, the Deaf and Dumb Boy. 18mo. 1s. 6d. bds.—Irish Priests and English Landlords. 18mo. 3s. bds.—Belfrage's Portrait of John the Baptist. 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Tweedie's Clinical Illustrations of Fever. 8vo. 7s. bds.—The Young Wanderer's Cave. 12mo. 6s. half-bd.—Turner's Selections from Pliny's Natural History. 12mo. 4s. 6d. sheep.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a letter and a book from a person signing himself Joseph Hamilton, who addresses us Sir and Brother, and who calls upon us to assist him in crushing a monster. As we never had the honour of being introduced to the gentleman, we cannot receive his fraternal embrace; and have only to assure him that we crush all our monsters single-handed—and when he is as used to the occupation as we are, he will think nothing of it. We must decline compliance with any of his modest requests.

We have received a letter and a *Review* of a Book, from another man who signs himself a sincere friend, and who seeks to lure us, by the promise of advertisements, into the insertion of his puff. Communications relating to advertisements belong to the province of the agent in the office—the Editor has nothing to do with them. On the cool impertinence of the rest of the letter, the Editor has only to remark, that he congratulates the writer on being anonymous.

Thanks to our friend and Reader in T.C.D.; but we cannot insert his lines:—and it may save time and trouble to others and ourselves, to state, once for all, that the least approach to the Thomas Little vein in verse-making, we cannot away with. The novelty and originality of the illustration of fidelity, by the turning of the needle to the pole, is necessarily fatal to the song.

Thousands of thanks for millions of verses, from hundreds of signatures. We must be honest enough to express our great disappointment at having received no good poetry from the voluminous contents of our letter-box.

We place, of course, the most implicit reliance on Hakaf's statement, and shall redeem the pledge touching his relique, on the earliest opportunity.

The treatise on the cultivation of vines must bide our time: We shall always be glad to hear from the author; but he need not fear that we shall smother him in honey

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PERSONAL SKETCHES.

No. III.

MR. BROUGHAM.

(By the Author of the Sketch of the Duke of Wellington.)

I almost marvel at my own temerity, in essaying that which seems to myself so bold an attempt, as the delineation of the celebrated man whose name I have placed at the head of this paper. To those, however, at a distance from the scene of his labours, and his glories, even that which I am able to tell, may not be without interest and instruction; and those who more intimately know him, will, I trust, pardon the defects of a description, which shall be, according to the best of the writer's knowledge, faithfully and fairly drawn.

It is one of the misfortunes which attend upon the career of men in public life, that all their actions are viewed through the eyes of prejudice, and while they are unreasonably censured by opponents, and undeservedly lauded by partizans, a just description, or even a just estimation of their characters, is generally postponed to that time, when the impenetrable barrier of the tomb lies between them, and all censure, or all praise:

> Urit enim fulgore suo, qui prægravat artes,
> Infra se positas.

Well, if we can add,

> Extinctus amabitur idem—

and fortunate is their memory, if even after death, intemperate enthusiasm does not mar the fame it meant to guard, or lingering malignity seek to cast a stone upon their grave. Of all living men, Mr. Brougham is, perhaps, the one most obnoxious to that false estimation, which arises from causes extrinsical to himself. The brilliant light, that sweeps along the darkened heaven of the political world, is not regarded, or disregarded for itself alone, but cursed as a baleful meteor, or hailed as a propitious star, according to the party glasses through which it is viewed. The writer of the present sketch, does not pretend to be wholly uninfluenced by party sentiments; for if he were placed in a situation in which it would be natural for him to be so, he would not have the opportunities of observation, which alone can justify him for undertaking his present task; but he believes it to be possible to join with feelings of strong opposition to Mr. Brougham's political character, a sincere admiration of his genius, and a sincere desire to do him perfect justice; and in this spirit he will endeavour to proceed.

Will the reader pardon this somewhat too elaborate preface to the light matter which is to follow, and bear with me, if I now address him rather in the style of a familiar letter, than that of a grave essay, respecting the eminent subject of my sketch? If you walk down to Westminster Hall, any morning when the Courts there are sitting, and go in to the King's Bench, you will probably see, sitting near the right hand end of the king's counsel's seat, a man whom, if you judge with me, you will conclude, without further question, to be no common man: his head is perhaps leaning on his hand, which is covered with an old shabby black glove; or if perchance a new glove is there, you will see him stare at it occasionally, with a look of half abstraction and half wonderment, like that of Dominie Sampson, when his integuments of many years use and wont, were secretly replaced by a novel suit. His face you will immediately decide to be ugly and intellectual—he has a certain grimy paleness of complexion; his nose is long, and its arch, if arch it may be called, is concave; his eyes appear small, and but little worthy of observation in repose; but rouse him for an instant, and they flash forth the fervor of that soul, which seems to know no *medium* of excitement. His eye does not shew that small dark perpetual glitter, which seems common among lawyers, and expresses cunning in the morning, and lasciviousness at night: on the contrary, its light seems to hang back for some occasion of bitter sarcasm, and then forth it darts—

> "And pours at once its venom and its strength."

The nervous twitchings of his face—by which the point of his nose and his upper lip are every now and then jerked up from their natural position—are at first very disagreeable to look upon, because they convey to the spectator, the idea of pain; but this feeling soon wears away, and you come to regard them, (if this be not a whimsical fancy peculiar to myself,) as the consequence of the violent action of his mind, and something analogous to the quivering motion, which at every strain of some engine of vast force, is exhibited in the building which covers it. You see him occasionally look at his brief, "but not intentively;" just as if he were refreshing his memory with some *circumstance* on which he meant to dwell; another lawyer would be thinking of "cases," and calling out to the tipstaff for "Barnewall and Alderson's Reports, volume second;" but Mr. Brougham does not do this *much*, and though he may be the worse lawyer, I confess I like him all the better. It is humiliating to see such a man, running in the same yoke with some mouse-minded nibbler of cases, or spending the attention of his comprehensive mind upon some mystified jargon, headed, "Doe on the demise of Jackson," or the like.

Meantime, the tipstaff shoves over towards Mr. Brougham, and whispers in his ear, that Doctor Dionysius Lardner is without, and wants to speak to him: whereupon, away goes the lawyer, and for an hour, Mathematics and Mechanical Philosophy, and the affairs of the London University, and the Society for the Dissemination of Useful Knowledge, take place of law, and Mr. Brougham's motion for a new trial of a cause tried at the last Assizes in Lancaster. He comes in again, just as it is his "turn to move," and makes a speech full of energy and vigorous reasoning, which leaves no doubt upon your mind, that a new trial must be granted, until Mr. Frederick Pollock (if you happen to be fortunate,) gets up, and in a close, serious, and logical harangue, in which the lore of the lawyer is tastefully blended with the art of the scholar, and the manner of the gentleman, completely oversets Mr. Brougham's case. This, I say, happens if you are fortunate; but it is just as likely, that some other person, with a mincing yet husky voice, will get up with a pile of books before him, from which he quotes nineteen cases, every one of which Mr. Justice Bailey takes down in his wonderful little book, calling out with painful exactness, for the number of the volume, and the page, which are repeated five times over, the lawyer all the while holding up the book with a look of smirking sagacity, and assuring "my Luds," that these cases clearly defeat Mr. Brougham's case, which "my Luds" probably find out to be true; and beaten with this rod of twisted cases, the subject of our sketch walks away.

It is, however, in detailing and commenting upon facts to Juries, more than in arguing legal points before the Judges, that the great and peculiar powers of Mr. Brougham's mind are displayed. It is astonishing with what interest, the energy, and force, and idiomatic earnestness of his language, invests even the driest subjects of detail; and when the facts themselves are of interest and importance, the speaker rises with them, and launches forth into general observations, and pithy remarks, upon the affairs of mankind, as foreign and unknown to the professional harangues of those around him, as the philosophy of the pendulum is, to the most ordinary clock-maker that ever took his hire for notching and filing bits of brass and copper. It is not, however, to be understood, that he is, on this account, more "successful," as the phrase is, with Juries, than other men who are immeasureably inferior to him, in every thing which constitutes greatness of mind: it is only upon great occasions, and where the Jury is likely to be composed of men rather above the average range of intelligence, that he whose mind is set upon gaining a verdict, would be fortunate in having Mr. Brougham for his leading counsel. If it be true, as Mr. Brougham says, that "the schoolmaster is abroad," it is no less true, that the manner of the schoolmaster is too frequently "at home," with him, for great success with common Juries. He does not practice, and I hope and believe he utterly scorns, the despicable cunning upon which some lawyers, even of great name, plume themselves. He does not flatter fat short-necked retailers of Cheshire cheese, or tallow candles, or bloom raisins, upon their probity, and respectability, and sagacity, and so forth, and thus wheedle them out of a verdict

by sleight of tongue; but he falls into error on the other side, and will hardly forbear even launching a sarcasm, when some special oaf blurts forth his stupidity upon the Court. He stands before a Jury, as one placed there to *teach*, and not to solicit; he is not slow to reprimand, and even his courtesy has not unfrequently something in it, which gives the alarm, that irony or sarcasm is intended. It is a vexatious thing to behold a man, evidently bringing himself down to the level of the subject, or the persons to whom he addresses himself; and this is manifestly Mr. Brougham's situation in his ordinary business in the Courts; it is, therefore, in the House of Lords, as an Advocate, or in the House of Commons, as a Senator, that he is to be seen to most advantage. Let us follow him to the latter place, and look at him, sitting, perhaps, beside one or two of his companions from the Law Courts. How different *now*, are their relative situations! There, they are superior to him in extent of business, in adroitness, and in knowledge of those minute details of legal erudition, which constitute the efficient weapons of the lawyer; here, they appear like creatures of an inferior order of being. While the desperate energy of Brougham is heard, pouring itself forth for mischief or for good, upon the largest questions of general policy, these people may be found, magnifying with common-place solemnity, some wretched matter which is to add new complication to some act of parliament, already a heap of disgusting verbosity, alike revolting to common sense, which seeks to understand its meaning, and to common taste, which, in a public document, looks for some decency of style. Mr. Brougham generally takes his seat in the centre, or near the upper end of the principal opposition bench, on the other side of the table, from the Ministers; he generally wears shabby black clothes, and being without his wig and gown, looks many years older than he does when they are on; he appears to me, to have a peculiarly dark, serious, and even sullen look, as he sits with his arms folded, and his hat pulled down over his face, as if to keep his eyes in the shade, listening to what is said, but never (in all the many times that I have observed him,) taking down any note of it.

It is difficult to describe by written words, the effect upon the House, when he gets upon his legs—there is a *black* determined earnestness in his manner, which seems to say, I have got a work to do, and with the blessing of God I *will* do it, before I sit down. When uncovered, his iron-grey hair appears, lying in the flattest and least ornamented style upon his forehead—his arms are extremely long, and his first motion is to stretch out one of them to its utmost length across the table, and there to deposit his hat, in a fixed position, as if he would say, there you shall lie for some time to come. He then commences, in a manner in which ease is curiously combined with great earnestness, and frequently in a tone, that for absolute loudness, does not much exceed a whisper; he goes on, enunciating his words with a clearness of utterance which he possesses in a very remarkable degree, insomuch, that in every part of the House, he is quite distinctly heard. His accent is, as far as I know, quite peculiar to himself; it is neither English, nor Scotch; and whether it be that of Berwick-upon-Tweed, I cannot pretend to say. I have heard many Englishmen ridicule it as Scotch; but they knew nothing about the matter—some call it disagreeable; those who think with me, do not. As he proceeds, he becomes more warm and loud, but his words are still clear, and dispose themselves into sentences with admirable precision, even when uttered with the most tempestuous fury. Now it is that his eyes flash; he strikes the table with his hand, and pours out his soul in a torrent of bitter words, which exceedingly affect the gallery: but the "gentlemen of England," are rather an imperturbable race, and do not, like the Irish, catch the contagion of excitement.

The first time I was ever in the House of Commons, was a few months before the awful end of the late Lord Londonderry. It was a beautiful evening in summer: there were few persons in the House, and I was amusing myself looking through the windows at the gay boats with their white awnings, gliding swiftly along the Thames, when my attention was called to two persons walking into the House almost together, yet keeping as far apart as the breadth of the passage up to the table would permit—they were Lord Londonderry and Mr. Brougham—two men, who, except that they measured about the same number of inches from head to heel, were in all respects as opposed to one another in mien, mind, and manners, as they were in politics. Lord L. was eminently handsome, and possessed in his noble bearing and appearance, that happy combination of mildness, elegance, and dignity, which may, perhaps, be expressed at once, by the word gracefulness. Mr. Brougham has scarcely the least pretension to any of the three. They took their seats on either side of the table, exactly opposite each other, and the member for Winchelsea, happening to be in one of his furious moods, was not long of breaking forth. Some ale-house man had sent him a complaint of his licence having been discontinued, in consequence of his taking-in a particular newspaper, which the angry Senator, holding up in one hand, clenched the other, and shaking it at the Minister opposite, thundered out an invective, which in the old Irish House of Commons, would have set a whole host of orators in a blaze during the night, and some charges of gunpowder a flashing in the morning. But the mildness of Lord Londonderry's countenance was not, for a moment, disturbed—it was his manner to affect a contempt for Mr. Brougham, when he was furious, and he sat, now smelling to a bouquet of flowers which he carried in his button-hole, and now regaling his nose with the touch of his cambric pocket handkerchief, while the storm of anger raged at the other side of the table. I was surprised to see that Mr. Brougham's fiery eloquence did not produce the least reply—it fell like a thunderbolt upon an ice-berg, glanced along, hissed, and was extinguished.

Mr. Canning's warm, and (until he became Prime Minister,) joyous temperament, did not admit of his treating this formidable antagonist with the composure of affected scorn. I shall not allude to the remarkable personal altercation between these eminent statesmen, because it is a painful subject, and sufficiently known already, but in general, Mr. Canning used his wit with the happiest effect against Mr. Brougham's fierce invective. Who has not heard of "Mr. Brougham's thunder," at which the House laughed for a night, and the public for a week, or of the Minister's courteous expressions of regret, that Mr. Brougham should have thrown away so much "excellent indignation," upon a matter where it was altogether superfluous? They say that the fierce Member for Winchelsea became at last absolutely afraid of the witty Minister, and, even when he was bursting with a redundant storm of rage, used to wait for the departure of Mr. Canning from the House, ere he ventured to open the safety valve and let it blow off.

As the House of Commons is at present filled, I have little hesitation in saying that Mr. Brougham stands completely without a rival. It is impossible to imagine any such thing as a struggle for the superiority, between him and any of the present ministers, who, whatever may be thought of their ability in other respects, certainly do not hold any very lofty place as public speakers. Mr. Peel is no more than a fluent debater, who never utters a striking sentence, or even by accident, hits upon an original expression—for such a man as Brougham to exert his oratorical powers against Mr. Peel, would be like hurling his arrows against a wool pack; they would neither rebound nor pass through, but would fall ineffectual, by reason of the softness of the body against which they were directed. Yet it is to be remarked that Mr. Brougham is by no means perfect as an orator. In the power and even fierceness of energy, he is scarcely to be surpassed; in sarcasm he strikes with harsh, but irresistible violence, and he uniformly grasps the most sonorous and expressive terms, with the facility of a perfect master of his language; but there is scarcely a touch of tender feeling, of simple pathos or of perception of *goodness*, in all that he has ever spoken. The lofty excellence of knowledge, the stern nobleness of virtue, the majesty of freedom, and the glory of resistance to oppression, have all been set forth by him with matchless eloquence and force; but for all that he has ever said, there might be no such thing as the power of affection, the solicitude of love, the sympathies of charity, or the tenderness of feeling which subdues the heart by softening it. To those who have studied the best models of eloquence, who know that there is a something in almost the worst of human breasts, which responds to well directed appeals to the feelings, and that these appeals may be delicately wrought up with the most energetic expositions of wrong, or demonstrations of right, it will not be necessary to say, that the orator who relies upon force and energy alone, uses but a part of the armoury which his art affords. Mr. Plunket, whose oratorical powers were similar in many respects, and equal in all, to those of Mr. Brougham, possessed also a feeling in his eloquence, of which the latter gentleman seems utterly destitute. It is with no slight sentiment of national pride, that I name the name of my Lord Plunket, in speaking of the eloquence of the House of Commons, of which he was so long the brightest ornament, even when it boasted the presence of men, of whom, alas! we are doomed to see no adequate successors. While he felt and used the gentler, but not less effective instruments of oratory, he governed his energy with more prudence and discretion than belonged to Mr. Brougham, but those who have heard or read his speeches in the Irish House of Commons, and recollect how he lashed, as with a scourge of fire, the manager of the Government business in that House, will scarcely doubt that the will, and not the power, was wanting, to put forth speeches of even more appalling force than those with which Mr.

Brougham almost terrified the members of the English Legislature.

There was a calm consciousness of strength about Mr. Plunket, on important occasions, where some courageous step seemed necessary, that was very admirable. Upon one of the occasions just referred to, he undertook, what perhaps no other man in the House, (except under the influence of personal feeling, which overleaps all thought of consequences,) would have ventured to attempt. He coolly, but peremptorily, interrupted the fiery orator, and in the very tempest and whirlwind of his passion, stopped him by an appeal to order. Mr. Brougham glared at him with a blaze of fury and astonishment streaming from his eyes, as a tiger may be supposed to do upon a lion, when the forest monarch comes between him and the prey upon which he is about to spring. There was a taunting bitterness of expression, which loudness could not reach, in the low conversational tone in which he said, that the Right Honorable Gentleman seemed to have forgotten where he was—that perhaps he might have been accustomed to such interference in the *Irish* House of Commons, but in *that* House he should recollect that gentlemen were not to be interrupted. Who is there that cannot imagine how this bitterness of speech, and the sneering allusion to the scene of his youthful prowess, coming together, roused the indignation of Mr. Plunket, and stirred, as with a sword, all the slumbering fire of his youth?

"—— Utque leo, specula cum vidit ab alta
Stare procul campis meditantem prœlia taurum"—

He started up to battle with his adversary, but the Speaker, fearing, as he well might fear, the consequences that were likely to ensue, interposed, and the belligerents were pacified.

I find this sketch has already grown to such a length, that should I attempt within its limits to touch upon all the various matters in which the subject of it is concerned, I would but add the defects of hasty and partial notice, to those which the nature of my undertaking, and the inadequacy of my own powers, have rendered me unable to avoid. At another opportunity, I may, perhaps, return to the task, should I be led to suppose, that in what I have already done, I have succeeded in imparting any "useful or entertaining knowledge" respecting so celebrated a man as Mr. Brougham.

Ουτις.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

The Family Library No. 10. The Lives of the most eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. By Allan Cunningham, Vol. 2.—London, Murray.

The perusal of the former volume of this publication, (No. IV. of the Family Library,) must have created in the lovers of the Arts an impatience for the appearance of its successors. One of these has just issued from the press, and amply fulfils the expectation which the former volume had excited: memorials of the lives of deceased artists, published by their surviving brethren, tinged, as they frequently are, either by the glowing idolatry of disciples, or the jaundice-eyed envy of rival professors, too often prove delusive and unsatisfactory, and their censures or their praise are equally inglorious to their subject. While, therefore, we congratulate the votaries of art, we rejoice for the fame of the artist, when the office of biographer is undertaken by such men as Mr. Cunningham, (and we could mention others of the same class,) a man of genius, a scholar and a poet, with a kindred spirit, and a true, discriminating and cultivated relish of the excellencies of art, but without the personal and sectarian partialities and animosities, which are apt to haunt its professors; with easy access, from his position as Chantrey's foreman, to original and authentic sources of information, and when recourse is necessarily had to the statements of other men, or other writers, with calmness and sagacity to elicit the harmony of truth, from the discord of jarring improbabilities. Such are the advantages with which Mr. Cunningham enters on the task of preparing a popular and connected series of the lives of those artists whose genius is indebted to the British Isles for its birth, or its nurture, or for both, and who in recompense have bequeathed to this country the imperishable legacy of their renown. Our extracts will serve as a specimen of the style and spirit in which the undertaking is executed.

The volume opens with the life of the former President of the Royal Academy, Benjamin West. The spirit of the art first animated this eminent painter, in the village of Springfield, in the State of Pennsylvania; and in the bosom of the peaceful and unimpassioned Society of Friends. His intuitive genius for delineation, developed itself so early as his seventh year, when, says Mr. Cunningham, "little Benjamin was placed with a fly-flap in his hand, to watch the sleeping infant of his eldest sister, while his mother gathered flowers in the garden. As he sat by the cradle, the child smiled in sleep; he was struck with its beauty, and seeking some paper, drew its portrait in red and black ink. His mother returned, and snatching the paper, which he sought to conceal, exclaimed to her daughter, 'I declare he has made a likeness of little Sally.'

The future president of the British Academy, received his first lessons in colouring from a party of Cherokee Indians. In the twenty-second year of his age, West was enabled by the liberality of some American merchants to visit the schools of Italy.

Some time afterwards, when at Rome, he went to take up ten pounds from his agents, the last of the sum with which he had commenced his studies; one of the partners opened a letter and said, "I am instructed to give you unlimited credit—you will have the goodness to ask for what sum you please." It is not without sufficient cause that Mr. Galt says, "the munificence of the Medici was equalled by these American Magistrates."—West's subsequent progress need not be detailed.

Our own Barry—the bold, the gifted, the unfortunate—is the next subject of the biographer's pen. The account of his first introduction to notice, beyond the limits of his native city of Cork, is singularly interesting; but 'tis better to give the introduction just as it stands, and let the reader judge for himself:

"James Barry was born in Cork, on the 11th of October, 1741. His mother's maiden name was Juliana Reerden; her ancestors had lost large estates in the county Cork, through rebellions and revolutions; 'and his father, whose name was John,' says one of his biographers, 'had no occasion to blush at his pedigree, if it be true, that he was of a collateral branch of the family, which has been honoured with the Earldom of Barrymore.' Whatever his remote ancestors were, we are certain that John Barry was bred a builder; that his want of success drove him to sea; that, for many years, he commanded a vessel which traded between the Cove of Cork and England; and that he was fortunate in none of his pursuits.

"Of the early education of James Barry we have but an imperfect account; but it must have been watched over with no common care, for, in after-life, when learning was wanted, no one found him deficient. When very young his father took him to sea; but to be pent up in a floating prison—to see the same monotonous scene setting upon him at night, and opening upon him every day, and to drudge and become familiar with the severe duties of a mariner's life, were not for one on whose mind art had already dawned. In the first place he ran away, and was with difficulty found and brought back; and secondly, instead of handing ropes and adjusting sails, it was his pleasure to make sketches of the coast along which he sailed, or to draw groups and single figures upon the deck, to the amusement of the sailors and the vexation of his father. It was idle to contend against the determined disposition of this wilful boy; his father sent him back to his mother, and he resumed his books and crayons. In the happier moments of his manhood he has been heard to allude jocularly to his marine apprenticeship.

"Painting was the natural rather than the accidental direction of his mind—he sketched and drew at an earlier age than his sister, who long survived him, could name. When the rough sailor returned and saw his son's colossal outlines in black and red chalk, on walls, floors, and furniture, he spoke with great bitterness, and said, the boy had abandoned a trade which produced daily bread, for wild and unprofitable nonsense. He sought shelter behind his mothers' chair, who protected him, and encouraged him in his pursuits.

"On returning from sea he was sent to school, where his quickness of parts, and his stubborn and solitary disposition attracted notice. During the hours of leisure he read or drew. Whole nights, his sister said, were taken from sleep; he spent all his pocket money on pencils and candles; and when, alarmed for his health, the servants, in arranging his room, secreted his candles, he would not allow them to go there any more, but locked the door and made the bed for himself. His bed became hard and uncomfortable—his mother wished to render it softer, and to introduce order into his apartment—but he resisted her also; even in these early days he exhibited a spirit intractable and capricious, and declared his love for those ascetic and self-denying habits which assume the name of virtues in the legends of the Romish church.

"He sometimes, however, mingled in schoolboy amusements; and on one of those occasions, wishing to conceal himself from his companions in the favourite game called 'Hide and Seek,' he entered a ruinous house in an obscure lane, which had neither doors nor windows, and was said to be haunted. On running up the half-rotten stairs, and entering an upper room, he saw two old and withered figures sitting in rags and wretchedness beside a handful of expiring embers, tearing each other's faces, and accompanying every tug with grimaces which demons might have envied. They heeded him not, but tore away, and he

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retired, making, he said, two reflections on what he had seen—'That man is malicious in proportion as he is impotent,' and 'that age and want add to their inherent miseries evils all their own.' The moral inference which he seeks to draw from this sad scene is unjust to human nature. The evils, indeed, of weakness and want are not little; they are an ill-matched pair, though often seen together; but weakness of body is frequently accompanied by great benevolence of mind, and there is a philosophic or devout spirit of endurance in those afflicted with poverty and old age, which Barry might have discovered wherever he went on the earth. But from his earliest years he indulged in curious opinions, and affected singularity of dress—as those often do who are resolved to become noticed for *something*. He sought the company only of the old and the educated—listened to all they said—showed anxiety after knowledge—and wore a garb so coarse and so plain, that it seemed as if he were suffering under a rule of religious mortification. His school-fellows considered his learning so extraordinary, that, in letters yet extant, they speak of him as a prodigy of knowledge, from whom they were accustomed to receive opinions as from a master.

"His mother, a zealous Catholic, and whose affection for the old faith was increased by a sense of the loss of family wealth and importance, exercised a strong and a lasting influence over him. His father, a Protestant, committed all domestic matters to his wife, and probably thought of doctrinal disputes with the lightness of a sailor: she, in her turn, committed her son to the care and conversation of two Catholic priests, who, to learning, added the zeal which thirsts for proselytes—and that enthusiasm which, directed with prudence against the youthful and the imaginative, is sure to triumph. He was artfully involved in the mazes of religious controversy, and had to seek his way out in the company of those who coveted his conversion—other temptations were held out, of notice and preferment, and he was soon hailed as a stray sheep won back to the fold. A report was diligently circulated that his learning and talents were to be dedicated to the service of the suffering church; but as soon as he had openly committed himself as a Catholic, his nomination to the priesthood was heard of no more.

"To the Romish church he was much attached in youth, but his residence in Rome made him waver not a little. There he saw more than he wished to have seen, and was about to seek refuge from superstition in infidelity, when he was saved, as he always acknowledged, by a book sent to him by Edmund Burke. The work which did this good deed was that precious one—'Butler's Analogy of Religion, natural and revealed, to the constitution and course of nature." In after-life he rewarded the author by placing him high amongst those divines whom he admitted into his painting of elysium. But he was far too ardent and unbalanced to remain steady at the wholesome point of belief where Bishop Butler had left him. He became, as life advanced and vexations thickened, a blind and bigoted follower of the creed of Rome, and somewhat stern and uncharitable towards those who differed from him in matters of faith: but we are anticipating.

"When he was some twelve or fifteen years old—tradition is no accurate observer of dates—a book-seller in Cork had such confidence in his powers, that he employed him to make the designs—some add the etchings—for a small volume of tales which he was publishing. Of these, if they ever existed, no account is given, and the book has been sought for in vain; nor, indeed, is there any precise information to be had concerning the subjects which employed his boyish pencil: he probably retained his sketches till ripening judgment condemned them, and then committed to the fire these witnesses of an undisciplined hand and an ill-regulated fancy. He had no one to guide him in art as he had to mislead him in religion—he had to grope his own way to excellence, and attain it as he best might. We know that ere he left Cork, he had painted in oil colour, 'Eneas escaping from the burning of Troy,'—'A dead Christ,'—'Susanna and the Elders,'—'Daniel in the Lions' Den,'—and 'Abraham's Sacrifice;' but whether these were copies or original compositions it is not mentioned. Such subjects are frequently chosen by young and presumptuous men, who imagine that it is grand and daring to single out a sublime or splendid scene from history or poetry—they have yet to learn, and they will soon discover it, that a lofty subject requires to be as nobly handled. Those early attempts of Barry were long afterwards to be seen on the walls of his father's house.

"His name had not yet been heard of beyond Cork; it was soon to be known in remote parts, and received with a favour which must have fallen on Barry like a shower upon a summer drought. There is a tradition in the Irish Church concerning the conversion of a king of Cashel by the eloquence of St. Patrick. The barbarian prince, when the apostle concluded his exhortation, called loudly to be baptized, and such was the hurry of the one, and the fortitude of the other, that though the Saint, implanting his iron-shod crozier in the ground, struck it unwittingly through the royal convert's foot, he uttered not one murmur, nor yet moved a muscle, but conceiving it to be a part of the ceremony, stood and was baptized. 'The moment of baptism,' says Dr. Fryer, 'rendered so critical and awful by the circumstance of the king's foot being pierced with a spear, is that which Mr. Barry chose for the display of his art; and few stories, it is presumed, have been selected with greater felicity, or with greater scope for the skill and ingenuity of the artist. The heroic patience of the king, the devotional abstraction of the saint, and the mixed emotions of the spectators, form a combined and comprehensive model of imitation, and convey a suitable idea of the genius of one, who, self-instructed, and at nineteen, conceived the execution of so grand a design.'

"With this work in his hand, Barry went to Dublin, and placed it among the paintings collecting for exhibition by the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce. He was at this time utterly unfriended and unknown, coarsely clad, and with something of the stamp of one enduring poverty upon him. The picture was exhibited and admired; but so little was such a work expected from a native artist, that when the name of the painter was demanded, and he stept modestly forward, no one would believe him—his brow glowed, he burst into tears, and hurried out of the room. All this was observed by Edmund Burke, one of the greatest and best-hearted of all the sons of genius. He sought the young artist out, commended and encouraged him, laid down the natural rules of composition, and directed his attention to what was pure and poetical. One of those incidents which biographers love to relate, and the world indulgently believes, is said to have happened at the very first interview between those two youthful adventurers. They had plunged into controversy in the first hour of their friendship, and Barry, in aid of his argument, quoted a passage from the Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, then published without the author's name. Burke refused to bow to the authority of a performance which he called slight and unsubstantial, and the fiery Barry exclaimed, 'Do you call that a slight and unsubstantial work which is conceived in the spirit of nature and truth—is written with such elegance, and strewn all over with the richness of poetic fancy? I could not afford to buy the work, Sir, and transcribed it every word with my own hand.' Burke smiled, and acknowledged himself the author. 'Are you, by God!' exclaimed Barry, embracing him, and holding out the copy which he had made of the work. Such is the story. Burke was well known to be the author, and enjoyed the reputation, of the Essay, before his name was attached to it; and if Barry had taken the trouble to transcribe the work, it does not seem likely that he should have carried the copy in his pocket. Still we must not too rashly apply to such a person, the rules by which we are entitled to judge in matters concerning the ordinary brethren of the race.

"He continued to reside for some time in Dublin. The way to fame, and perhaps fortune, lay open before him. Burke had praised his works, and assured him of his protection, and he had only to walk circumspectly, and act with prudence, to become an honour to his native land. Dr. Sleigh, of Cork, an early and benevolent friend, congratulating him on having met with that countenance in Dublin which he had sought and merited in vain in his native city, counselled a journey to Rome, and the study of Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton. This was not lost on Barry. 'To Dr. Sleigh,' he used to say, 'I am indebted for whatever education and fortune and fame I may have in the world.' Sudden success unsettled him for a time; the fame of his work brought a crowd of those unsafe companions who clap their hands at the sight of a new favourite of fortune, and flutter about the prodigy like moths round a candle. In their company he sometimes forgot himself; he was sensible of the folly, and on his way home from a deep carouse, determined on immediate amendment. This fit of repentance found him at the side of the Liffey; he stood and upbraided his own easiness of temper, and cursed the money in his pocket as a fiend that had tempted him to the tavern. He threw his purse into the river, ran home, and resumed his interrupted studies. He afterwards related this to an outspoken friend. 'Ah Barry! man,' said he, 'you threw away your luck—you never had either gold or good temper to spare afterwards.'

"In his twenty-third year he went to London, on the invitation of Burke, who introduced him to Athenian Stuart, whose talk confirmed him in his love of the ancients, and to Sir Joshua Reynolds, in whose works he studied delicacy of style, propriety of character, and force of light and shade. 'If I should

chance to have genius, or any thing else,' he observes, in a letter to Dr. Sleigh, 'it is so much the better; but my hopes are grounded upon an unwearied intense application, of which I am not sparing. At present I have little to show that I value; my work is all under ground, digging and laying foundations which, with God's assistance, I may hereafter find the use of. I every day centre more and more upon the art—I give myself totally to it; and, except honour and conscience, am determined to renounce every thing else. Though this may appear enthusiastic, or rather extravagant, it is really the state of my mind.'—Nothing great can ever be accomplished without enthusiasm—but it requires to be a little better regulated than poor Barry's. For the most part his notions of other men's talents were at this early period equally decided and just. 'The colouring of Wilson is very masterly;' he observes, in one of his letters, 'his style of design is more grand, more consistent, and more poetical than any other persons' amongst us.' His admiration, however, was not always so well placed; he praised the Achilles and Patroclus of Hamilton, for which he was rebuked by some of the elder brethren of the brush. He gave them a tasting of his spirit in two or three sarcastic sentences, in which he vindicated his right to freedom of opinion. They shrugged their shoulders, looked to one another, were irritated, and were silenced.

"Barry pursued his studies in London for a year. The presence and the society of Burke awed down the natural sharpness of his temper, and in his company he began to practice the courtesies of polished life, and appeared in a dress becoming the station to which he aspired. He had already determined to be a historical painter. The true nature of that style could never, in the opinion of Reynolds, be ascertained, without a visit to the Sistine Chapel—but such a pilgrimage could not be accomplished by one so poor as Barry, and he was in despair—when Burke generously interposed, fitted him out for his journey, and settled an annual pension upon him during the period of probationary study."

When at Rome we are told—

"His letters, his conversation, his skill in drawing, his enthusiasm and poetic imagination, had raised high expectations in the minds of English friends. They thought with satisfaction of the rich opportunities now before him, and of the use such a man must make of them—but unfortunately controversy was his chief delight; and of this he soon found enough to satisfy a whole academy."

This spirit, and the impetuosity and irritability of Barry's unfortunate temper, continually involved him in a sea of troubles. In the midst of these, and the distraction of mind, and dissipation of time consequent upon them, Sir Joshua Reynolds, (to whose mind and disposition, by the bye, we think Allan Cunningham did much less than justice in his former volume,) wrote him a long and friendly letter, to turn his attention from idle and petulant disputes, to the earnest study of Angelo and Raphael:

"'If you should not relish their works at first,' said the President, 'which may probably be the case, as they have none of those qualities which are captivating at first sight never cease looking till you find something like inspiration come over you, till you think every other painter insipid in comparison, and to be admired only for petty excellencies.'"

"Barry failed to discover in the compositions of these illustrious masters the entire proportion, and grace, and simplicity, of the Grecian sculpture. He was too ardent in his nature to keep this belief to himself; he preached this unheard-of heresy in Rome, with the fervour of a devotee; and thus unbosomed himself to Burke. 'I see,' he said, 'in no part of Raphael's works any figure that I may call truly and correctly beautiful, like the Antinous, or the Venus of Medici—or any that is truly good, like the bust of Alexander—or sublime, like the Apollo. As to the Torso, the Laocoon, and such like characters, he appears not at all qualified to succeed in them. As to his cartoons and his pictures in the Vatican, they may be more expressive of the passions, and may be more correct in a mediocrity of character; a little more than that which comes any of those works, or even into his Transfiguration. Michal Angelo appears still less near the standard than Raphael. He is infinitely above Raphael in knowledge and correctness, yet his ostentation and show of this, and Raphael's art of concealing—with choice of subject and pleasing well-wrought draperies—his want of it, bring them nearly to a level, at least with the bulk of mankind; yet I rather believe fewer people have attained Michael Angelo's merits than Raphael's, though no one has come near Raphael upon the whole.

With all his genius, and his was indeed of no common order, poor Barry, partly from his own stubborn and unyielding temper, and partly from untoward external circumstances, lived a wretched life, and died a miserable death:—

"No previous illness had given him warning when, on the evening of the sixth of February, 1806, he was seized, as he entered the house where he usually dined, with the cold fit of a pleuritic fever, of so intense a degree that all his powers were suspended, and he could neither speak nor move. Cordials were administered; he came a little to himself, and was conveyed in a coach to his own house; but some idle boys had plugged the key-hole with dirt and pebbles, and the door could not be opened. The night was dark and cold; he was shivering with disease, and a person who accompanied him carried him to the house of Mr. Bonomi. A bed was procured in the neighbourhood. Barry was laid down. He desired to be left alone, and bolted the door. So well were his orders obeyed, that he remained for forty hours without medical aid, and when it came it was too late.

"James Barry said seriously of himself, 'I am a pock-pitted hard-featured little fellow.' He was in person under the middle size—the vicissitudes of fortune, frequent controversies, and bitter disappointments, had impressed in early life the aspect of years upon his brow—his face was naturally grave and saturnine, which gave uncommon sweetness to his smile, and great fierceness to his anger. If we lament his unhappy temper, we cannot refuse praise to the fortitude which baffled all manner of discomfort: he resided, without a murmur, in a house the perfect image of desolation—the rent walls admitted the wind, the shattered roof let in the rain; and there, without a servant—without even a decent bed, the companion of poverty and solitude, he painted many noble works. When he commenced his far-famed Six Pictures, he was advised by one who loved him, to take a better house, wear better clothes, hire a steady servant, and set up a neat establishment. Barry answered—'The pride of honesty protests against such a rash speculation.' Many are the stories which have been told concerning this singular man—they are chiefly ludicrous tales of privation and pride; such as are gladly remembered by those who love whatever lowers genius to their own level, and who are as incapable of honouring amidst eccentricities what is high-minded and noble, as a pocket loadstone is of picking up an anchor.

"Barry was the greatest enthusiast in art which this country ever produced—his passion for it almost amounted to madness; and but for his works, his words and actions might have been gravely cited in proof of mental alienation. He hungered and he thirsted, not figuratively, but truly, for its sake; and from boyhood to the tomb devoted all his faculties to establish a School of Painting, which, avoiding common or familiar subjects, should embody only what is dignified, magnificent, or sublime. To this high task he brought an imagination second only to that of Fuseli, a strong love of the poetry of nature, an intimate knowledge of the works of the great masters, a deep feeling for their excellencies, fine skill of hand, and unequalled fortitude and perseverance. That he failed to reap the harvest which such qualities and attainments promised, must be imputed mainly to his infirmity of temper, but partly also to what he so often complained of, the unawakened taste of the country for works of an historical nature. He wanted that graceful spirit which conciliates and persuades—which, like the fabled cestus of the goddess,

'Can from the wisest win their best resolves.'

There were few at that time to patronise historical painting, save his Majesty, and West monopolized all subjects for the palaces, both sacred and profane. Portrait painters were the prosperous in British art; and few, save themselves, found the way to the tables and to the confidence of the great. Nor indeed, little as it was then, has the love of historical painting much increased among us since; all the efforts of his present Majesty, of Sir George Beaumont, Sir John Leycester, Sir John Swinborne, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Egremont, the Duke of Bedford, and a few others have been nearly in vain.

"Other reasons, however, may be assigned for Barry's want of success. His first picture, the Legend of St. Patrick, was right—it was one of his own island's tradition—in it he heard the voice of Nature, and he who obeys her will seldom err. But afterwards the miracles of Greece and the Vatican oppressed and enthralled his fancy. The artist who disdains to work in the spirit of his own country will rarely work well in the spirit of any other. The names of Barry's pictures will tell where his heart was—Pandora, or the heathen Eve—the Conversion of Polemon in the presence of Xenocrates; the Birth of Venus; Philoctetus in Lemnos; Jupiter and Juno—and many more. Affection for such subjects had long since fallen asleep, and it was not in the power of Barry to awaken it. To be truly classic he should have done for Britain what the artists of old did for Greece: their works are classical—not from being the offspring of a classic land, but because they were

the embodied poetry of its actual beauty and sentiment."

The other lives contained in this volume, are those of Blake, Opie, George Morland, Bird, of Bristol, and Fuseli.

We regret that our limits forbid us to present to our readers more copious extracts from this interesting little work. Some of those we had marked, from the life of Blake in particular, are exceedingly entertaining; but we shall give them, instead, our earnest advice to peruse the book itself, which will answer the purpose much better; and we are convinced that those who have any touch of art in them, or any feeling for the divine creations of genius, will thank us for our counsel.

This volume is embellished with six well-engraved heads on steel, and one on wood—two of the former are from portraits by the lamented Lawrence, whose life Mr. Cunningham promises to give in the succeeding volume. Alas! that he has bequeathed his well-earned fame to the historian!

We are glad to see the wood-cuts so much less numerous in this than in the former volume; for such illustrations they are not calculated at all.

In the typographical department of this work many inaccuracies are observable, in addition to those acknowledged in the list of errata.—This cannot, or should not, arise from the celerity of publication—seven months having elapsed since the appearance of the former volume. We look forward, with satisfaction, to the time when, according to our former prediction, "Mr. Murray's Works," as our friend the Emperor of the West styles his publications, shall be regularly forwarded to the Irish press for the sake of securing typographical accuracy. Where, indeed, could that illustrious potentate more fitly fix his court than in the metropolis of our western isle.

Library of Useful Knowledge.—Geometry. Part VI. Solid Geometry.

Library of Entertaining Knowledge.—The Pursuit of Knowledge under difficulties: published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

The Works published by the Society for the diffusion of useful knowledge, are of a character which one cannot look at without being forced to ponder upon the peculiar circumstances of the times in which we live. They are generally the very best, among the thousand cheap books of instruction in true knowledge, which are now so copiously prepared, and so actively distributed, and when we contemplate such efforts, and are naturally led to ask, do the people of these realms profit by these things as might be expected? do they appear wiser and happier than they were in the old time before us? we are bewildered in reflections of no very pleasing nature. We confess that we do not see upon the surface, or even in the heart of society, so far as we are able to look into it, the advantages which we think should arise from the various fountains of instruction, which are in every direction pouring their streams through the mass of the population, and the disagreeable conviction presses itself upon us, that the moral and religious dispositions of the people, the recipients of all this knowledge, are not sufficiently prepared, to turn it to beneficial account.

Sincerum est nisi vas, quodcunque infundis acescit.

An old saying, and trite perhaps, but nevertheless exemplifying one of the most important moral truths that can be impressed upon mankind—Knowledge—we speak particularly of scientific *physical* knowledge, is, after all, not so much a good in itself, as the seed of good; and if the soil be not prepared for it, or if it be injudiciously or even indiscriminately distributed, we may find either no fruit at all, or such as we had not expected. The vine which we looked should bring forth good grapes, may prove barren, or what is often-times much worse, bring forth wild grapes, which spoil that which should be the wholesome vintage of society.

There seems to be in all instruments of good, a medium point to which they may be beneficially increased, and beyond which they either lose their energy, or change their character. Even the excellence of knowledge—and none can be more sensible than we are of its exalted excellence, when rightly and cordially embraced—but even the excellence of knowledge, we fear, is not, nor from the constitution of human nature, is it probable that it ever will be, prized for itself alone. It is because of the *distinction* which knowledge confers, that men forego their natural inclination to idleness, and embrace physical hardship in order to obtain it, and we shall in vain look for those daring efforts of original discovery, those brilliant lights of scientific genius, springing up out of the darkness, while every little head is crammed with a heap of undigested notions, rapidly acquired, and lightly used, rather as a feather to play with in conversation, than a subject to which the whole energy of the secret soul should be devoted.

But whatever may be the effects of the wide distribution of books of real knowledge, among the people, there can be no doubt of the immense advantage of substituting such books in the room of other books, which did heretofore circulate either nonsense or falsehood. Indeed we look upon the accounts of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, which forms the subject of the particular part of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge now under review, as of especial value, from their tendency to disabuse the minds of those who read them, of the absurd opinion, that true knowledge is a slight and easy thing, that can be picked up, as it were, by the bye. They will here find it amply exemplified, that it is not by feeble, desultory efforts, such knowledge can be attained; but that, like every thing else indeed that is truly great and excellent, unwearied diligence and unremitted exertion are the indispensable conditions upon which, and upon which alone, it can be reasonably hoped for—though with these, almost any external difficulties whatever, may be, by steadfast perseverance, effectually overcome.

The life of Mr. Gifford, the late Editor of the Quarterly Review, affords the most extraordinary instance of the pursuit of knowledge, under utterly disheartening difficulties, that we recollect. We well remember reading it with deep and painful interest, many years ago, in the Introduction to his Juvenal; and, if we mistake not, some notice of it has since appeared in more than one publication; but our readers will not, we think, regret the repetition of a very brief epitome of a narrative, at once so curious and so instructive. Gifford's father, after his marriage, ran off to sea, and served on board a man-of-war, eight or nine years. During this time he saved nearly a hundred pounds, of prize money and wages, with which he returned home again, and set up in business as a glazier—but died a few years after. His wife followed him to the grave in about a twelvemonth, leaving two children—William, the subject of our narrative, not quite thirteen years old—and his brother, about two.

The infant was sent to the workhouse, and William was entered a cabin-boy in a Brixham coaster, where, notwithstanding the numerous hardships he had to endure, and the menial offices he was compelled to perform, the chief cause of his discontent, he says, was being precluded from all possibility of reading; for, during the whole time of his abode on shipboard, he never saw a single book of any description, except the 'Coasting Pilot.' By the kind interference of some fishwomen of Brixham, who had known his parents, and took compassion on his miserable plight, he was brought back to Ashburton, his native village, and apprenticed to a shoe-maker, who agreed to take him without a fee.

"I possessed at this time," he writes, "but one book in the world: it was a Treatise on Algebra, given to me by a young woman, who had found it in a lodging-house. I considered it as a treasure; but it was a treasure locked up; for it supposed the reader to be well acquainted with simple equations, and I knew nothing of the matter. My master's son had purchased 'Fenning's Introduction:' this was precisely what I wanted—but he carefully concealed it from me, and I was indebted to chance alone for stumbling upon his hiding-place. I sat up for the greatest part of several nights successively, and, before he suspected that his treatise was discovered, had completely mastered it. I could now enter upon my own; and that carried me pretty far into the science. This was not done without difficulty. I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one: pen, ink, and paper, therefore, (in despite of the flippant remark of Lord Orford,) were, for the most part, as completely out of my reach as a crown and sceptre. There was, indeed, a resource; but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying to it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrought my problems on them with a blunted awl; for the rest, my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide by it to a great extent."

After he had spent nearly six years in this untoward condition, he was fortunate enough to meet with a surgeon, named Cookesley, who heard from himself the story of his efforts; and was so much interested in his favour, that he determined to rescue him from obscurity. A subscription was accordingly set on foot, which yielded ten or eleven pounds—six of which were paid to the shoe-maker, to free Gifford from serving the remainder of his apprenticeship, and the rest sufficed to maintain him for a few months, during which he assiduously attended the Rev. Thomas Smerdon, to improve himself in writing and English grammar.

"The rest of the story may be very compendiously told. The difficulties of the poor scholar were now over, for his patrons were so much pleased with the progress he had made during this short period, that, upon its expiration, they renewed their bounty, and maintained him at the school for another year.—'Such liberality,' he remarks, 'was not lost upon me; I grew anxious to make the best return in my power, and I redoubled my diff-

gence. Now that I am sunk into indolence, I look back with some degree of scepticism to the exertions of that period.' In two years and two months from what he calls the day of his emancipation, he was pronounced by his master to be fit for the University; and a small office having been obtained for him by Mr. Cookesley's exertions at Oxford, he was entered of Exeter College, that gentleman undertaking to provide the additional means necessary to enable him to live till he should take his degree. Mr. Gifford's first patron died before his protegé had time to fulfil the good man's fond anticipations of his future celebrity; but he afterwards found, in Lord Grosvenor, another much more able, though it was impossible that any other could have shewn more zeal, to advance his interests. A long and prosperous life, during which he acquired a distinguished name in the literary world, was the ample compensation for the humiliation and hardships of his youth. He was the Editor, for many years, of the 'Quarterly Review,' which was placed under his management at its commencement in 1809;—and which attained the most distinguished success, in a great degree through his judicious and careful attention to its conduct." Mr. Gifford died in London, on the 31st December, 1826, in the seventy-first year of his age.

Another narrative, scarcely less extraordinary, and much less generally known, is that of Dr. Alexander Murray, the late Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Edinburgh. He was the son of a common Scotch shepherd, and destined for the same occupation himself. From his earliest days, however, he was more distinguished for his love of literature than for his skill in tending sheep. Having learned to read, (by the help of a penny catechism, and an alphabet, traced by his father on an old wool-card, with the charred end of a heather stem drawn from the fire,) he discovered an old loose-leaved bible, which he secretly carried away, leaf by leaf, and committed the greater part of it to memory, so as to astonish the neighbouring shepherds, as they

Set simply chatting, in a rustic row,

by the extent and variety of his scriptural attainments. A brother of his mother's happened, at this time, to visit his father's cot—and hearing the fame of his nephew's genius, which had now spread over the glen, he undertook to defray the expense of sending him to school. The boy had scarcely been there three months, however, when he fell into bad health, and was obliged to return home, where, for five years, he remained without any farther assistance, and employed in assisting the rest of the family as a shepherd boy. Still, however, like Lucian, he 'thirsted after learning;' and for lack of better matter, he got by heart all the ballads he could procure.

In addition to the bible and the ballads, he at length succeeded in borrowing L'Estrange's translation of Josephus, and Salmon's Geographical Grammar.

"He was now twelve years of age; and as there seemed to be no likelihood that he would ever be able to gain his bread as a shepherd, his parents were probably anxious that he should attempt something in another way to help to maintain himself. Accordingly, in the latter part of the 1787, he engaged as teacher in the families of two of the neighbouring farmers; for his services in which capacity, throughout the winter, he was remunerated with the sum of sixteen shillings! He had probably, however, his board free in addition to his salary, of which he immediately laid out a part in the purchase of books. One of these was 'Cocker's Arithmetic,' 'the plainest,' says he, 'of all books, from which, in two or three months, I learned the four principal rules of arithmetic, and even advanced to the Rule of Three, with no additional assistance except the use of an old copy-book of examples made by some boy at school, and a few verbal directions from my brother Robert, the only one of all my father's sons by his first marriage that remained with us.' He borrowed, about the same time, some old magazines from a country acquaintance,—'My memory now,' says he, 'contained a very large mass of historical facts and ballad poetry, which I repeated with pleasure to myself and the astonished approbation of the peasants around me.'

"At last his father having been employed to *herd* on another farm, which brought them nearer the village, Alexander was once more permitted to go to school at Minnigaff for three days in the week. 'I made the most,' says he, 'of these days; I came about an hour before the school met; I pored on my arithmetic, in which I am still a proficient; and I regularly opened and read all the English books, such as the 'Spectator,' 'World,' &c. &c. brought by the children to school. I seldom joined in any play at the usual hours, but read constantly.' 'It occurred to me,' he adds, 'that I might get qualified for a merchant's clerk. I, therefore, cast a sharp look towards the method of book-keeping, and got some idea of its forms by reading 'Hutton' in the school, and by glancing at the books of other scholars.' This second period of his attendance at school, however, did not last even so long as the former. It terminated at the autumn vacation, that is to say, in about six weeks; and the winter was again devoted to teaching the children of a few of the neighbouring farmers.

"In 1790, he again attended school during the summer for about three months and a half. It seems to have been about this time that his taste for learning foreign languages first began to develope itself, having been excited, as he tells us, by his study of 'Salmon's Geography.' 'I had,' he writes, 'in 1787 and 1788 often admired and mused on the specimens of the Lord's Prayer, in every language, found in 'Salmon's Grammar.' I had read in the magazines and 'Spectator,' that Homer, Virgil, Milton, Shakspeare, and Newton, were the greatest of mankind. I had been early informed that Hebrew was the first language, by some *elders*, and good, religious people. In 1789, at Drigmore, an old woman who lived near shewed me her Psalm-book, which was printed with a large type, had notes on each page, and, likewise, what I discovered to be the Hebrew alphabet, marked letter after letter, in the 119th Psalm. I took a copy of these letters, by printing them off in my old way, and kept them.' Meantime, as he still entertained the notion of going out as a clerk to the West Indies, he took advantage of the few weeks he was to be at school to begin the study of the French language. Not satisfied, however, with learning merely the tasks set him by his master, he used to remain in the school, during the middle of the day, while his companions were at play, and compare together the different grammars used in the class. But we must allow him to tell in his own way the manner in which his French studies introduced him by accident to the Latin tongue also.

"'About the 15th of June, Kerr (one of his class-fellows) told me that he had once learned Latin for a fortnight, but had not liked it, and still had the Rudiments beside him.—I said, 'Do lend me them; I wish to see what the nouns and verbs are like, and whether they resemble our French.' He gave me the book. I examined it for four or five days, and found that the nouns had changes on the last syllables, and looked very singular. I used to repeat a lesson from the French Rudiments every forenoon in school. On the morning of the midsummer fair of Newton Stewart I set out for school, and accidentally put into my pocket the Latin grammar instead of the French Rudiments. On an ordinary day, Mr. Cramond would have chid me for this; but on that festive morning he was *mellow*, and in excellent spirits—a state not good for a teacher, but always desired in him by me, for he was then very communicative. With great glee he replied, when I told him my mistake and shewed him the Rudiments, 'Gad, Sandy, I shall try thee with Latin;' and accordingly, read over to me no less than two of the declensions. It was his custom with me to permit me to get as long lessons as I pleased, and never to fetter me by joining me to a class. There was at that time in the school a class of four boys, advanced as far as the pronouns in Latin grammar. They ridiculed my separated condition. But before the vacation in August I had reached the end of the Rudiments, knew a good deal more than they, by reading at home the notes on the foot of each page, and was so greatly improved in French, that I could read almost any French book at opening of it. I compared French and Latin, and rivetted the words of both in my memory by this practice. When proceeding with the Latin verbs, I often sat in the school all mid-day, and pored on the first page of Robert Cooper's (another of his school-fellows) Greek grammar—the only one I had ever seen. He was then reading Livy and learning Greek. By help of his book I mastered the letters; but I saw the sense of the Latin rules in a very indistinct manner.—Some boy lent me an old Corderius, and a friend made me a present of Eutropius. I got a common vocabulary from my companion Kerr. I read to my teacher a number of colloquies, and before the end of July was permitted to take lessons in Eutropius. There was a copy of Eutropius in the school that had a literal translation. I studied this last with great attention, and compared the English and Latin. When my lesson was prepared, I always made an excursion into the rest of every book; and my books were not, like those of other schoolboys, opened only in one place, and where the lesson lay.'

"All this was the work of about two months and a half before the vacation and a fortnight after it. During the winter, he was as usual employed in teaching; but he continued to pursue his own studies in private. Having stated that he had bought an old copy of Ainsworth's Dictionary for eighteen pence, and been lucky enough to find a few other Latin books in the possession of some of his friends, he proceeds:—'I employed every spare moment in pondering upon these books. I literally read the Dictionary throughout. My

method was to revolve the leaves of the letter A, to notice all the principal words and their Greek synonymes, not omitting a glance at the Hebrew; to do the same by B, and so on through the book. I then returned from X and Z to A; and in these winter months I amassed a large stock of Latin and Greek vocables. From this exercise I took to Eutropius, Ovid, and Cæsar, or at times to Ruddiman's Grammar. The inverted order often perplexed me; and I frequently mistook, but also frequently discerned, the sense. The wild fictions of Ovid have had charms for me ever since. I was not a judge of simple and elegant composition; but when any passage contained wild, sublime, pathetic or singular expressions, I both felt and tenaciously remembered them. Here I got another book which from that time, has influenced and inflamed my imagination. This was Paradise Lost—of which I had heard, and which I was eager to see. * * * I cannot describe to you the ardour, or various feelings, with which I read, studied, and admired this *first-rate* work. I found it as difficult to understand as Latin, and soon saw that it required to be *parsed*, like that language. * * * I account my first acquaintance with Paradise Lost an era in my reading.'

"The following summer, that of the year 1791, appears to have been spent by this indefatigable student still more laboriously than any of the preceding; and the advancement he made is a surprising evidence of what diligence may accomplish. He again attended school for about three months, where he found a class reading Ovid and Cæsar, and afterwards Virgil. 'I laughed,' says he, 'at the difficulty with which they prepared their lessons: and often obliged them by reading them over, to assist the work of preparation.' In addition to the tasks of the school, he read with avidity by himself, whatever books in English, Latin, or Greek, he could any where borrow. Beside remaining in the school, according to his old custom, at the hours of play, when his amusement was to read the books belonging to the other scholars, he employed his time at home in almost incessant study. 'My practice was,' he says, 'to lay down a new and difficult book after it had wearied me; to take up another—then a third—and to resume this rotation frequently and laboriously. I always strove to seize the sense; but when I supposed that I had succeeded, I did not weary myself with analyzing every sentence.' Having introduced himself to Mr. Maitland, the clergyman of the parish, by writing letters to him in Latin and Greek, he got from that gentleman a number of books, and these which included Homer, Longinus, the 'Œdipus Tyrannus' of Sophocles, a volume of Cicero's 'Orations,' &c. he read and studied with great diligence. Nor were his studies confined to the classic tongues. Having purchased a copy of Robertson's Hebrew Grammar, he got through it, with all the intricacies of the doctrine of the points, of which the author is an uncompromising champion, in a month. He was soon after fortunate enough to procure a Dictionary of this language, from an old man living in the neighbourhood, whose son had been educated for the church; and as the volume happened to contain the whole of the Book of Ruth in the original, he considered it an invaluable acquisition. But a still greater prize than this was a copy of the entire Bible in Hebrew, which was lent to him for a few months by a woman, with whom it had been left by her brother, a clergyman in Ireland.

"He was again engaged in teaching during the winter, and received, as he states, for his labours about thirty-five or forty shillings. 'I devoted,' however, he says, 'as usual, every spare hour to study. French, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, occupied all my leisure time.' In the summer of 1792, he returned to school for the last time; and remained for about three months and a half.' The different periods of his school attendance, added together, make about thirteen months, scattered over the space of nearly eight years. From November 1792, till the March following, he was once more employed in teaching the children of one of the farmers, at a salary of thirty shillings.

"Unknown as our poor scholar was to the wealthy and powerful, he had a friend, in the same sphere of life in which he himself moved, who became the means of at last procuring for him the opportunity, which he so greatly desired, of prosecuting his studies. This was an itinerant tea-merchant, of the name of M'Harg, who knew Murray well, and had formed so high an idea of his genius and learning, that he was in the habit of sounding his fame wherever he went. Among others to whom he spoke of him, was Mr. James Kinnear, of Edinburgh, then a journeyman printer in the king's printing-office. Mr. Kinnear, with a zeal in behalf of unfriended merit which does him infinite honour, immediately suggested that Murray should transmit an account of himself, and some evidences of his attainments, to Edinburgh, which he undertook to lay before some of the literary characters of that city.—This plan was adopted—and the result was, that the young man, having come up to town, was examined by the Principal, and several Professors of the University, and so surprised them by the extent and accuracy of his acquaintance with French, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, that measures were immediately taken for having the classes thrown open to him, and his maintenance secured while attending them.

"For the next ten or twelve years of his life he resided principally in Edinburgh. During that time, beside passing through the course of education necessary to qualify him for the ministry of the Scottish Church, he continued to devote himself with all his old enthusiasm to the study of languages, in which he was so admirably qualified to excel. No man that ever lived, probably, not excepting Sir William Jones himself, has prosecuted this branch of learning to such an extent as Murray. By the end of his short life, scarcely one of either the oriental or the northern tongues remained uninvestigated by him, in so far as it was possible to acquire the knowledge of it from sources then accessible in this country. Of the six or seven dialects of the Abyssinian or Ethiopic language in particular, he had made himself certainly much more completely master than any European had ever been before; and this led to his being selected by the booksellers in 1802, to prepare a new edition of Bruce's Travels, which appeared in seven volumes octavo three years after, and at once placed him in the first rank of the oriental scholars of the age."

He died in 1813, nine months after he obtained the professorship of Oriental Languages, and in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

Random Records; by George Colman, the Younger.—2 vols. 8vo.—London, Colburn and Bentley.

To attempt any thing like a regular review or analysis of these volumes, which have been lying on our table for some time, would be absurd for seven reasons. First, the thing is impossible; secondly—but let the first plea suffice, though the other six are equally cogent. The book is an idle gossipy book, like Kelly's Reminiscences, and, if we may trust our recollection of that work, not nearly so amusing.

For a diverting author by profession, Colman is abundantly dull and trashy in his garrulity. In the introductory chapter, he informs us that he is "fallen into the sear;" a species of lapse common and peculiar, we believe, to him and our witty and brilliant country-and-town's-woman, Lady ———, who in her profound and idiomatic acquaintance with the English as well as divers other strange tongues, can doubtless inform us of the meaning of this novel figure of speech, mistaken for Shaksperian, we believe, by those who use it. An occasional sentence of pure unadulterated nonsense, however, shows off to greater advantage, the feeble rays of reason which glimmer through the rest of the tittle-tattle of some writers.—In the ardour of our zeal in the cause of our readers, we have gone steadily through these volumes, seeking for something to amuse them, and the result of our most diligent search has been as follows:—

"It sometimes happens, when a Cynick has uttered a sarcasm, that drivellers echo it, till it almost passes for a proverb;—thus, the sophistry has obtain'd that "our school-days are our happiest;—a remark as ungrateful to the Giver of all Good as it is untrue:—for, under an affectation of moralizing, it has become the side-wind complaint of every discontented old fool, for all the bitters of life, and his avowal of thankleesness for the sweets. It erases from his reckoning all the bounties which Providence has extended to rational man;—such as the exhaustless treasures of Nature, for his support and solace;—the respect, honours, and rewards, attainable by merit;—the ties of kindred, the endearments of love, the glow of friendship, the pleasure of social intercourse, the interchange of kindly acts, the generous heart's universal philanthropy;—all, all the various soft and silken ligaments, which bind us to the civilized world, and attach us to it as much for the sake of others as for ourselves;—all these it strikes from the account; and, in lieu of them, implies, that the clouded morning of the mind is the broadest sunshine of our existence; that the blessings of life recede, in proportion as expanding reason (a blessing in itself) enables us to estimate their value; and that, consequently, the closer we approximate to beasts, the nearer we approach to human felicity!

"This is illiberal, if not profane, doctrine;—but admit the cares, calamities, and disappointments, incidental to manhood,—have not children, also, their comparative heart-aches?—and, though this were not the case, what are the beatitudes of a scholastic paradise?—to be fagg'd, flogg'd, thump'd, coerc'd to mental labour, and constrain'd in personal liberty. This may all be very proper and salutary, (so is physick,) but it is not happiness; and, there is, very, very rarely, an instance of a boy, while he is in one of these prisons for the body, and tread-mills for the mind, who is not always wishing to get out of it, and to get home.

"Still, the Driveller says, that, he talks from experience of what he was, and what he is; and that school-boys are happiest, if they knew all:—then he talks nonsense:—for (not to waste time with him upon this metaphysical point) school-boys *don't* know all, and they *can't* know all; so how are they one jot the happier?—and, if the old gentleman still sighs for the elysium of his Academy, let him return to its birchen groves;—let the Domine whip him well, every day,—soundly, till he roars again,—for a grumbling blockhead as he is;—and if this should not alter his opinion, I have nothing further to say to him.

"My escapes to the paternal roof, from the overhanging beams and rafters of Westminster School, (for ceiling it has none,) were very frequent; but, allowed by the usher, resident at my boarding-house, and admitted by my father;—and were much more propitious to my taste for pleasure than to my advancement in erudition.

"There are certain Saints in the Calender who never dreamt how much they should contribute, centuries after their deaths, to the protraction of rudimental learning;—many of their Anniversaries give the boys a whole day of relaxation;—even Saint David, seconded by Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, released us annually from study, by nine o'clock in the morning:—these, with other red-letter days, and the constantly recurring half-holidays, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and whole holidays, of course, on Sundays, in addition to the periodical vacations of a month, and sometimes more,—all these were so many loop-holes to creep out at; and I took advantage of them all, by excursions to my father's house, either in town or country;—to the first for half a day's stay; to the latter, chiefly, except in the depth of winter, for my more extended visits.

"Now and then, indeed, instead of going home, I devoted a half-holiday to a trip upon the water, or upon land, with some of my school-fellows; which was effected by *skipping out of bounds*, in the *lock-up hours*;—this we called "going upon a scheme;" so termed, I suppose, (like "lucus a non lucendo,") from having no regular scheme in it at all.

"It is evident, however, that I had too many opportunities of blending the *Home and Foreign Departments*; and, as "all the talents" of my father's time were occasionally his guests, I soon grew better acquainted with the countenances of Living Great Men than with the pages of Dead ones. Unable as I then was to enjoy brilliant conversation, even in my own language, or to relish fine writing, in any language whatever, still I was decidedly of opinion that listening to Modern Wits, in English, was greatly preferable to reading the Ancient Classics, either in Latin or Greek.

"A Constellation of Genius was shining forth at this period; and, when I was first suffered to be dazzled with their blaze, at my father's table, I was so young that I scarcely ventured to open my mouth, but to eat and drink;—a taciturnity of which I am not now, in convivial parties, very particularly observant;—and it is certain that I have long ceased to be a votary of Harpocrates.

"At one of my earliest admissions to the onours of these *symposia*, I sat down with ohnson, Foote, Gibbon, Edmund Burke, the to Wartons, Garrick, Lord Kellie, Topham Beauclerk, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and some others.—Most of these (if not all) were members of the LITERARY CLUB; which title, given to them by the million, was not pleasing to several of its fastidious members; who styled it, *par excellence*, THE *Club*; as the Sacred Text is call'd the Bible, (i. e. THE *Book*,) to mark its superiority over all other volumes.

"This Club, though it boasted certain individuals of the first order, in natural and acquired ability, was rated too high;—or, rather, society rated itself too low;—for so pusillanimous, in that day, were educated persons in general, that they submitted to the dominion of a self-chosen few, and were almost afraid to say that their intellects were their own, in the presence of these despots;—who, in their turn, had a despot over themselves;—for, while the Club intimidated the town, Johnson awed the Club.

"My boyish mind had anticipated an awful impression when I was first unwillingly brought into the presence of the stupendous Johnson. I knew not then, that he had "a love for little children," calling them "pretty dears and giving them sweet-meats," as Boswell hath since, in the simplicity of his heart, narrated. It was my hapless lot, however, to be excluded from the objects of this propension;—perhaps at my age, of about fourteen, I might have been too old, or too ugly;—but the idea of Johnson's carrying *bon-bons*, to give to children of any age, is much like supposing that a Greenland bear has a pocket stuff'd with tartlets, for travellers.

"On the day of my introduction, he was ask'd to dinner at my father's house, in Soho-square, and the Erudite Savage came a full hour before his time. I happen'd to be with my father, who was beginning his toilette, when it was announced to him that the Doctor had arrived. My sire, being one of the tributary princes who did homage to this monarch, was somewhat flurried; and, having dress'd himself hastily, took me with him into the drawing-room.

"On our entrance, we found Johnson sitting in a *fauteuil* of rose-coloured satin, the arms and legs of which (of the chair, remember, not of the Doctor,) were of burnish'd gold; and the contrast of the man with the seat was very striking;—an unwash'd Coal-heaver in a *vis-à-vis* could not be much more misplaced than Johnson thus deposited. He was dress'd in a rusty suit of brown cloth *dittos*, with black worsted stockings;—his old yellow wig was of formidable dimensions; and the learned head which sustained it roll'd about in a seemingly paralytick motion; but, in the performance of its orbit, it inclined chiefly to one shoulder,—whether to the right or left, I cannot now remember;—a fault never to be forgiven by certain of the *Twaddleri*, who think these matters of the utmost importance.

"He deign'd not to rise on our entrance; and we stood before him while he and my father talk'd.—There was soon a pause in the colloquy; and my father, making his advantage of it, took me by the hand, and said,—"Doctor Johnson, this is a little Colman." The Doctor bestowed a slight ungracious glance upon me, and, continuing the rotary motion of his head, renewed the previous conversation. Again there was a pause;—again the anxious father, who had fall'd in his first effort, seized the opportunity for pushing his progeny, with—"This is my son, Doctor Johnson." The great man's contempt for me was now roused to wrath;—and, knitting his brows, he exclaim'd in a voice of thunder, "I *see* him, sir!"—he then fell back in his rose-colour'd satin *fauteuil*, as if giving himself up to meditation; implying that he would not be further plagued, either with an old fool or a young one."

"The learned Gibbon was a curious counterbalance to the learned, (may I not say *less* learned?) Johnson. Their manners and taste both in writing and conversation, were as different as their habiliments. On the day I first sat down with Johnson, in his rusty brown, and his black worsteads, Gibbon was placed opposite to me in a suit of flower'd velvet, with a bag and sword. Each had his measured phraseology; and Johnson's famous parallel between Dryden and Pope, might be loosely parodied, in reference to himself and Gibbon. Johnson's style was grand, and Gibbon's elegant;—the stateliness of the former was sometimes pedantick, and the polish of the latter was occasionally finical. Johnson march'd to kettle-drums and trumpets; Gibbon moved to flutes and haut-boys;—Johnson hew'd passages through the Alps, while Gibbon levell'd walks through parks and gardens.—Maul'd as I had been by Johnson, Gibbon pour'd balm upon my bruises, by condescending, once or twice, in the course of the evening, to talk with me;—the great historian was light and playful, suiting his matter to the capacity of the boy;—but it was done *more suâ*;*—still his mannerism prevail'd;—still he tapp'd his snuff-box,—still he smirk'd, and smiled; and rounded his periods with the same air of good-breeding, as if he were conversing with men. His mouth, mellifluous as Plato's, was a round hole, nearly in the centre of his visage.

"Perhaps the reader may think himself relieved in finding that I have no other celebrated persons to record, who either brow-beat or petted me;—I have, therefore, little or nothing more to say of *the Club*,—which word, as defined by Johnson in his Dictionary, means, "an assembly of good fellows;" but in his own club it is certain that there were 'good, bad, and indifferent.'"

We shall transcribe Mr. Colman's records of two of our countrymen, for his reminiscences of various members of the celebrated Literary Club, are, (notwithstanding the flippant impertinence about Johnson,) to us by much the most readable part of the book:—

"Oliver Goldsmith, several years before my luckless presentation to Johnson, proved how "*Doctors differ*."—I was only five years old when Goldsmith took me on his knee, while he was drinking coffee, one evening, with my father, and began to play with me;—which amiable act I return'd with the ingratitude of a peevish brat, by giving him a very smart slap in the face;—it must have been a tingler;—for it left the marks of my little spiteful paw upon his cheek. This infantile outrage was followed by summary justice; and I was locked up by my indignant father, in an adjoining room, to undergo solitary imprisonment, in the dark. Here I began to howl and scream, most abominably; which was no bad step towards liberation, since those who were not inclined to pity me might be likely to set me free, for the purpose of abating a nuisance.

"At length a generous friend appear'd to extricate me from jeopardy; and that generous friend was no other than the man I had so wantonly molested, by assault and battery; it was the tender-hearted Doctor himself, with

* This is Mr. Colman's Latin.

a lighted candle in his hand, and a smile upon his countenance, which was still partially red, from the effects of my petulance.—I sulk'd and sobb'd, and he fondled and sooth'd;—till I began to brighten. Goldsmith, who, in regard to children, was like the Village Preacher he has so beautifully describ'd,—for

"Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd,"

seized the propitious moment of returning good-humour;—so he put down the candle, and began to conjure. He placed three hats, which happen'd to be in the room, upon the carpet, and a shilling under each:—the shillings, he told me, were England, France, and Spain. "Hey, presto, cockoloram!" cried the Doctor,—and, lo! on uncovering the shillings which had been dispersed, each beneath a separate hat, they were all found congregated under one. I was no Politician at five years old,—and, therefore, might not have wonder'd at the sudden revolution which brought England, France, and Spain, all under one Crown; but, as I was also no Conjuror, it amazed me beyond measure. Astonishment might have amounted to awe for one who appear'd to me gifted with the power of performing miracles, if the good-nature of the man had not obviated my dread of the magician;—but, from that time, whenever the Doctor came to visit my father,

"I pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile;"

a game at romps constantly ensued, and we were always cordial friends, and merry playfellows. Our unequal companionship varied somewhat, in point of sports, as I grew older, but it did not last long;—my senior playmate died, alas! in his forty-fifth year, some months after I had attained my eleventh. His death, it has been thought, was hastened by "mental inquietude;"—if this supposition be true, never did the turmoils of life subdue a mind more warm with sympathy for the misfortune of our fellow-creatures;—but his character is familiar to every one who reads:—in all the numerous accounts of his virtues and his foibles,—his genius and absurdities, his knowledge of nature, and his ignorance of the world,—his "compassion for another's woe" was always predominant; and my trivial story, of his humouring a froward child, weighs but as a feather in the recorded scale of his benevolence."

* * *

"I may surprise some, and offend others, by saying that, I think Sheridan did not excel in light conversation;—at least, not to that degree which might be expected from his transcendent abilities. Many men of inferior powers were, in my humble conception, pleasanter dinner-companions;—his son Tom, for instance. I admit that nobody sitting down with him, for the first time, and ignorant of his abilities, could have mistaken him for a common-place character; nor would the evening pass without some thoughts, or turns of expression, escaping him, indicative of genius; but he wanted the flickering blaze of social pleasantry,—the playful lightning of familiar discourse; his style appear'd to me more an exercise than desultory table-talk. I have heard him, late in the evening, recapitulate nearly all that had been said at table, and comment upon it with much ingenuity, and satire; but,—to say nothing of people disliking to find their careless chat thus remember'd, and *summ'd up*,—this was rather speechifying than conversing; and less fit for a dinner-party than for a debating society. It was turning a private eating-room into St. Stephen's Chapel, making the guests representatives of counties, towns, and boroughs, and the master of the mansion Speaker of the House of Commons. This habit of harangue grew so much upon Sheridan in his declining days, that he would, in answering the observation of any person in company, call him '*the honourable gentleman*.'"

The bulk of the book is filled up with such important matter as the following:—

"The Piece was introduced by an excellent Prologue from my father; the allusions in it to the parent bird leading forth its young one, and to Dædalus and Icarus, were happily imagined, and as happily express'd,—and were, to *me*, very touching. In the brief interval between the Prologue and the beginning of the Play, I press'd my father's hand, and thank'd him;—my spirits were afloat,—and he, old Stager though he was, appear'd so much affected by my manner, that I—in short, I could not help shedding a few tears;—it may be ridiculous, perhaps, to mention it here; but let those laugh who may,—I do not envy them their feelings.

"On second thoughts, as the Prologue is, now, in few hands, it may not be unwelcome to my readers, in general;—I, therefore, introduce it here, &c. &c. &c."

It is but justice to Mr. Colman, to add, that he assigns in his Introduction, a satisfactory reason, (to him) for writing these foolish volumes, namely—the promise of his Publishers that he should be well paid for it. We would almost undertake to book up nothings ourselves, on such a condition; though not perhaps, like Mr. Colman, to write ourselves down an ass, by putting our name to our nonsense.

The Manners of the Day. 3 vols. 8vo.
Darnley; or the Field of the Cloth of Gold.—By the Author of Richelieu, 3 vols. 8vo.
The Lost Heir, and the Prediction, 3 vols. 8vo.
Adventures of an Irish Gentleman, 3 vols. 8vo.
London, Colburn and Bentley.

THE European publisher beats Shakspeare all to sticks. Panting time toils after him in vain, with a witness. The press of New-Burlington-street is in one respect as the horse Eclipse, it leaves all competitors a mile behind the distance post. Though we regularly devote three-and-twenty hours a day to devouring its productions alone, we are always fifty volumes in arrear, and at this this present writing we have twelve tomes to discuss, besides a few dozens more or less in other parts of the Gazette, and a pile uncut on our table. We remember a story, and a very good story it is, though somewhat venerable for its antiquity, of a Kerryman, who said a good thing to an English Militia Captain. It was thus:—At the time of the interchange of the English and Irish Militias, a Captain, of the former country, had toiled with his troop through a laborious day's march in the wilds of Kerry, very little delighted with the prospect of being stationed in such a quarter, and grumbling at the wretched roads, and the unconscionable length of the *Irish* miles, which were not then reduced to the British standard; towards the close of the tedious and toilsome day, they met a brisk little mountaineer, tripping along as light as a fairy. "I say, Mr. Bogtrotter," cried the Captain, "what's the reason you make the miles so confounded long in this cursed country of yours?" "Och, place your honour's glory," replied Phaidrig, with a look of the most profound deference, "the roads, as your honour perceives, is mighty bad entirely, so, when we heard the army was comin' from foreign parts, we thought the least we could do was to make it up to them in good measure any how." It is not for us to make any application of our apologue.

Much as we detest what are commonly called "fashionable novels," in ordinary, we must do "The Manners of the Day" the justice to acknowledge, that, with the usual mixture of French and foppery, and rather mistaken views as to what really constitutes the *fireside* life of the higher classes of society, there is a great deal of sprightliness, and without a vein of common sense running through it, that renders it very pleasant reading. It is curious to observe the pervading influence of politics throughout all grades and persons in England. Here is a book written by a lady, about ladies, and for the entertainment of ladies, yet, in order to make it interesting, it is thought necessary to make the heroine the wife of a prime-minister, and some of the principal incidents turn upon the ins and outs of party, and on the results of a political duel.—One volume is devoted to a sojourn in Ireland, whither the ex-minister, with his beautiful young wife, betakes himself to eat grass for a season, at his hereditary castle, till the "course of events" brings him back again to office, and Hamilton-place. There is nothing nationally characteristic, or displaying any acquaintance with the habits of society in this country, as distinguished from those of England, in this part of the work, the scene of which is laid in Galway. We prefer offering as a specimen of the book, a passage which relates to the perfectly novel, and no less important subject of an admission to Almacks:—

"'In crossing St. James's-street this morning,' said Captain Mordaunt, 'I received the congratulations of no less than three idlers upon an accession of family honours. I am told, Helen, that you have taken Lady Danvers's list; or rather, that you are to be the new patroness.'

"'Such was the report last night at Whites,' added Forreston, 'and various pretensions were formed, and numerous bets laid, concerning the probable distribution of your favours.'

"'In the first place,' said her brother, 'I protest against the Forsyths; I shall never pardon them for deserting the respectable sphere which was of right their own.'

"'Your protest, my dear brother, is as superfluous and as Quixotic as the Duke of N.'s against the Catholic Question. I have no patronage to bestow or withhold;—the honour was offered me, indeed,—but a thousand reasons induced me to decline it.'

"'Quite right,' observed Lord Forreston.—'What had you to gain from such an invidious distinction?—A doubtful position in society, or a large family of ugly daughters, might apologise for the heroism of a woman devoting herself to martyrdom in such a cause; but Lady Willersdale would be inexcusable in rational eyes, for bestowing her time and patience on such a labour of folly; and for involving herself in the paltry *tracasseries* of a society which it is her business to keep—where it will be satisfied to remain,—*at her feet*.'

"'It was humility, however, rather than pride, which motived my refusal. I am revol-

ing no secret to you, Lord Forresten, or to my two friends, in confessing that I find myself by accident rather than by desert or right, the wife of the prime minister of England; and that I am but a single season removed from my provincial obscurity. The muster-roll of the clique of fashion is at present only half familiar to me; for, after all, *le dictionnaire des etiquettes* forms but a dry study of those born without the pale of the purlieus to the courts of kings. I know nothing of your bye-laws, your prejudices, your antipathies, and excommunications;—a duchess is still to me a duchess, however dowdy; and I should neither dream of rejecting a Lady Julia for being too fat, nor a Lady Maria from the disfigurement of her red hair. Were Almack's a purely aristocratic reunion, claimable by privilege of peerage, there could be no difficulty in adjusting the demands of its aspirants; but the decrees of mere fashion are too arbitrary, and too ungracious, and too difficult of comprehension, to one so inexperienced as myself.'

"'You remind me of the malefactor whose plea of insanity was rejected, from the subtle logic with which he proved himself to be mad. But whatever your motive, real or alledged, I cannot but revere, Lady Willersdale, the prudence of your decision.'

"'Miss Dudley says nothing,' interrupted Captain Mordaunt. 'Perhaps she already regrets the delicious security of having her interests safe in the immediate hands of a patroness.'

"'Lady Willersdale has already the promise of subscriptions for the season for us both,' replied Florence, lifting her face from her work, and throwing back the raven hair which had intruded over her beautiful forehead. 'But as you provoke me by this accusation of selfishness, allow me to assure you that even with my insignificant experience of society, I despise your Almack's altogether.'

"'Indeed!' said Lord Forresten, 'are you aware of the pains and penalties annexed to such a declaration? Do you know that you may remain partnerless for the whole season? that you may be burned at the tea-room fire for heresy?'

"'Yet I formed my old opinion upon the good information of one of the most exclusive of the exclusives,—who assured me last night, 'that Almack's was the most unfirtable ball in London;—'qu'on y étoit trop en évidence;—that in the memory of the oldest dowager, its glaring publicity had never been selected as the local of a proposal;—that the decided *abonnées*, who are as sure to be found there as the chandeliers, are neglected at other balls, and postponed as partners till the inevitable Wednesday night; that it forms an indispensable certificate to persons of doubtful *ton*; but a weak of supererogation to those who are better assured elsewhere.'

"'Excellent!' exclaimed Lord Forreston, perceiving by the contemptuous glance of Miss Dudley's eye, that her maxims were ironically recited. 'Who could not swear to one of Lady Julianna C.'s *tirades*.'

"'Pardon me, my instructress was a person far more interesting to yourself.'

"Lord Forreston coloured deeply with the gratification of discovering that *himself* and his predilections had not escaped notice in Hamilton Place. He did not, however, disclaim the insinuation.

"'As I perceive that Lady Alberville has favoured you with her confession of fashionable faith, you will be the more surprised to learn, as I have already learned from herself, that she has graciously accepted the post rejected by Lady Willersdale's better discernment.'

"'By no means!—like other potentates, she will despise the mob she rules.'

"'And no one,' added Lady Willersdale, 'can be better versed in the art of its government. The world of fashion is all her own; *et elle connoit bien son monde!* Besides, Lady Alberville is at present unincumbered by the care of a husband's popularity; a care which must necessarily have fettered my own movements in a similar position.'

"'Long may she remain so,' observed Lord Forreston, rising with a parting bow. 'We cannot spare so brilliant a meteor to the twilight of domestic life;—no, no!—let her remain a petroness.'

"Captain Mordaunt suffered his friend to depart alone, with a view to interrogating Miss Dudley's opinions of her new acquaintance.

"She did not, however, keep him in suspense; acknowledging that of all the strangers she had seen in London, Lord Forreston was the only one gifted with the *air noble*, her inexperience had assigned to the universal aristocracy of England.

"'Forming my conclusions from Lord Willersdale's person and address,' she added, 'I had expected to find the whole nobility graceful, and polished, and intellectual; and I almost wish that the error of my judgment had not been rectified by the sight of Lord K——, and Lord S——; or by the sound of Lord Bernard Neville's *niaiseries*. But this Lord Forreston of yours, Captain Mordaunt, is a younger brother of the Willersdale school.'

"'For his sanity's sake, I rejoice that he is out of hearing; for I fancy he is somewhat more than Willersdale's contemporary.'

"'Not quite:' observed Captain Mordaunt, 'but he is within a year of the fatal forty; a fact betrayed by the provoking veracity of the peerage. But have a care of your enthusiasm in his cause, Miss Dudley: have a care!—for I forewarn you that Forreston is not a marrying man.'

"'Nor *I* a marrying woman!' replied Florence, neither resentfully, nor discomposedly. And as Captain Mordaunt at that moment took leave of them, Lady Willersdale hastened to remonstrate with her on her rejoinder.

"'Not a marrying woman! *voilà bien une phrase de demoiselle!*'

"'But not the less a true assertion on my part. How! my dear Lady Willersdale!—can you suppose that *I*, who know so well the miserable influence extending from the poverty of an Irish landlord over his wretched dependents, that I can still selfishly dream of augmenting the embarrassments of the Mitford family?—that I, who know and care for every inmate of every hovel on its estates, could wish to wring the means of my future existence out of their squalid labours?'

"'Indeed I do not! and still less do I imagine that you would condescend to waste your affections on one who has consented to resign them.'

"'Harry Mitford has done well!' resumed Florence indignantly, 'and I will follow his example.'

"'But I wish you would begin your good works by assigning the prejudice that this Anacharsis Cloots of yours represents the whole human race.—You have Lord Burton at your feet—Mellerton—my poor brother;—and, unless I am much mistaken, Lord Forreston, the unique and supreme Forreston himself, is already on the critical verge of a sentiment.'

"'Possibly! but not for me.—*Nous verrons.*'

"The conversation was now interrupted by the arrival of Lady Isabella Vyvyan, who came to insure the company of Florence Dudley in a visit to Lady Gertrude Wentworth; who, as she was well disposed to escape from a further discussion with Lady Willersdale on the subject of her private attachments and public admirers, readily consented; while Helen resolved to devote the period of her absence to a visit in Wilton Crescent, where Lady Mordaunt was now established."

Darnley is also an agreeable piece of light reading to while away an idle evening with. It is of a more ambitious, Walter Scottian character, than the last named novel: and there is a good deal of spirit in the descriptions both of character and scenery. We had marked a scene at the court of Henry, for an extract, but we find our limits forbid.

The Lost Heir is no favourite of ours: the opening character is, we think, a poor imitation of Father O'Collogan, in Colly Grattan's story of the Priest, or the Garde du Corps. The *Irish* in both tales is miserably bad, and so is the radicalism.

The Irish Gentleman belongs unfortunately to that class which lends its name to a certain plain and pungent species of snuff: it is a coarse nasty book.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Memoirs of the Tower of London. By Britton and Brayley, embellished with a series of engravings on wood, by Branston and Wright. London—Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1830.

This is a cheap compendious history of the great metropolitan fortress of Britain, compiled in that able workmanlike manner, which we might expect from the experienced hands of Messrs. Britton and Brayley, embellished with wood cuts by the more juvenile, but, in their way, not less skilful workmen, Messrs. Branston and Wright. It is an amusing, as well as very pretty book, but yet not at all equal in beauty of embellishment to the "Tower Menagerie," by the same artists, to which this volume is intended to form a companion. We think it bad taste, and dislike exceedingly the system adopted in this and some other recent works, of printing wood vignettes on blank pages, instead of incorporating them with the text. It is not doing the cuts justice, for they invariably look like dingy blots in the mass of white paper by which they are surrounded; while, by taking a place legitimately belonging only to the finished copper or steel plate embellishments, and to which the wood cut has no just pretension, they provoke a comparison that would not otherwise have been thought of, and deserve the rebuke due to presumption and forwardness. As a head or tail piece nothing can be more appropriate and effective than the good wood cut; it is far better for these purposes even than the most elaborated copper or steel plate, for its bold and vigorous effect easily receives that character of freedom and facility which should always appertain to such embellishments, while its colour is in perfect harmony with the page

on which it is placed. The Art of Wood Engraving has been recently carried to an astonishing and unexampled pitch of excellence in Britain—a consequent result of that general diffusion of knowledge of the principles of light and shadow, and of picturesque effect, which constitute two of the chief characteristics of modern British Art. But this success should not tempt the wood-engraver from his proper sphere—ne sutor ultra crepidam. We respect and admire the elephant very much, but have no desire to see him, or her, (for we believe the one most in vogue at present is a lady,) dancing a hornpipe—and much as we like the brazen serpent—we mean the musical instrument so called—as a fundamental bass in an orchestra, it would give us but little pleasure to hear it grunting out, (we cannot use the appropriate term,) in ever so captivating a style, a solo concerto. By the way, talking of wood cuts, has the reader ever seen "Northcote's Fables," published about a year since? Probably he has not—yet it is, of its kind, one of the most beautiful of books!

Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, with the First Principles of Analytic Geometry. By James Thomson, L.L.D., Professor of Mathematics in Belfast College. Second Edition, Belfast, Simms and M'Intyre. 1830.

THOUGH this is called a second edition, it is, in fact, the first offered to the public; the former having been intended chiefly as a text-book for Dr. Thomson's pupils, and written as an outline to be filled up and illustrated orally in his lectures. In the present edition "the investigations are given at such length as to be easily understood by readers of ordinary talents and attainments;" and it has been the author's aim, to comprise in a small compass, useful and interesting matter, "so that the person who shall make himself well acquainted with what it contains, will find it easy to acquire a knowledge of all that is yet known in Trigonometry, and to apply it to Astronomy, and other branches of Science." Dr. Thomson's high character as a Mathematician, and the deserved success of his Treatises on Arithmetic and Modern Geography, are powerful recommendations of the present work; whilst the execution of it, both in printing and plates, is highly creditable to the press of Belfast, and shows that excellence in this department is not confined to the capital, but is to be found also in at least one of our provincial towns.

A Compendium of Astronomy, and an Astronomical Dictionary, designed for the Youth of both sexes. By R. T. Linnington.—London, Whittaker and Treacher. 1830.

THIS Compendium aims simply at offering a methodical arrangement of the elementary parts of astronomical science, collected from the latest works of the most eminent astronomers. As a popular compilation, introductory to more profound and scientific works upon the subject, we can warmly recommend it, as a clear and intelligent treatise, full of useful information to the uninitiated, and easily understood. There are few, if any, mathematical calculations employed in the work, but, as a mere Introduction to works of a higher order, we prefer it considerably to Ferguson or Keill, and it is less bulky than either. To the treatise itself, an Astronomical Dictionary is subjoined, comprising an explanation of all the astronomical terms in general use, a brief memoir of the most celebrated astronomers of all times and places, an account of the different constellations, of the instruments chiefly used in astronomical observations, and a variety of desirable information. The writer is a teacher in the City-Road, London.

The Ghost of Freedom; or, a Voice from the Stone on which the Treaty of Limerick was signed. A satirical Poem on the History of Ireland; with Notes. By Michael Sellers.—Dublin, 1830.

A copy of a coarse-looking little book, under the above astonishing title, was left some time ago at our office. We dipped into Canto 15, and read as follows:—

"But Billy had also some reason to know,
That he had some friends in the island of green,
Fortune planted seed which corruption let grow,
While virtue denied the poor papist a screen."

We thought this rather a bad hit of the satirical rogue, and turned over a new leaf in hope of something better; this was our reward:—

"But tho' James had bequeathed his warriors to chance,
Tho' fortune did frown on their fate at the Boyne,
The trumpet of fame still bid them advance,
For in Limerick the females were ready to join.
And the man attended to the woman's call;
The brave indignant soul was burning,
Death, or Glory! let us fall:
Let Limerick's ruins be our mourning."

The sublimity of this passage was too powerful to admit of our reading a word farther; we *laid* the Ghost of Freedom on our shelf, among the rest of the rubbish, never, we hope, to rise again.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The Monthly Magazine. February.

THE articles are not so well *worked-up* in this, or indeed in any of the Magazines, as in Blackwood, but this is a lively, varied, and entertaining Number. Walks in Ireland are better than usual, though they are generally good. The Devil's Mill, a Lucan, or rather Luttrell's-town story, reminds us strongly of a German tradition, from which we more than suspect it is principally borrowed. We think the German story has somewhere appeared in an English dress; our own recollection of it is a little misty, but it runs somewhat thus:

The Devil's Mill.—(From the German.)

There is a mountain called Ramberg, in the district of the Harz, the peak of which is crowned with enormous blocks of granite, piled in gigantic masses of the most fantastic shape. If the reader happens to be acquainted with the rocks called the Needles, near the Bailey, in the Bay of Dublin, and imagine them ten times as high, and based upon a lofty cliff, he will have some conception of the group in question, which, like the structure on the road to Lucan, is called the Devil's Mill.

At the foot of the mountain, a mill once stood, raised in the ordinary way, by human hands. It had provided bread to many successive generations of jolly millers, till at length a peevish discontented tenant got possession, who continually grumbled at every thing about him, but especially, that in the shelter of the valley, he could seldom get a cap-full of wind to drive his mill. In the depth of his discontent, after a three days calm, during which he could not grind a grain, he wished in the bitterness of his heart, that the devil would fly away with his mill, and fix it on the highest pinnacle of the peak of the Ramberg.

Parlez du diable et voila sa queue. Auld Hornie was at his elbow in the twinkling of a bedstaff, with a "what's your wull," on his tongue's end, and a ready promise of compliance with the wish of the miller, or rather an engagement to build a new and much better mill on the proposed site, on the usual condition of leasing his soul and the mill together, for a term of years, after which they were to revert to the new proprietor.

Eager as the miller was for a nice new mill, on the top of the Ramberg, he demurred for some time to the condition of the horned de'il. At length, however, the calm continuing, and his customers growing importunate for their flour, he sullenly assented to the stipulation, scratched his arm with a bit of glass, and sealed the compact with his blood; while the Devil, on his part, agreed to build a perfect model of corn-mills, on the appointed spot, before cock-crow the next morning. Night fell, cold and dark, dreary and wet, and dismal, but the Devil was in his element, and worked like himself, while his brother demons tossed him the huge granite rocks, each in itself a mountain, from the summit of the neighbouring Blocsberg, as easily as an Irishman could throw stones to a paviour in the plains of Piccadilly.

Many hands make light work—the mill was speedily completed, and the Devil called down upon the miller to request he would step up, and see how he liked the job. Gladly would the miller have been spared the excursion at such a time and place, and in such company, but old Sootie cried "honour among thieves," and the reluctant miller was obliged to comply, his only remaining hope being that he might find some defect in the mill, which would enable him to refuse taking it off the builder's hands as a finished structure.

Now it happened some years before this, that the miller had married a wife, and she was a gentle and pious woman, though mated to so wicked a husband, and she saw and feared the visits of the tall, ill-looking man with the lame foot, and she prayed Heaven to avert all evil and mischief from her husband, and when she saw he was going away from his home with the ill-favoured stranger, at that suspicious hour of the night, she did not attempt to restrain him, for that she knew would only inflame his determined obstinacy, but she besought him to take their eldest little boy with him, to keep him company, for, she said in her heart, if he be tempted to mischief, he will look on little Hans, and withhold his hand from harm, for our innocent child's sake.

So the miller took his son in his hand, and set out with Auld Clootie for their gunde, and scaled up the rough and shingly side of the mountain, as easily and swiftly as ever they glided over the green sward in summer, but the miller trembled as he went for all that, and stood aghast, when on reaching the ridge of the hill, the moon, emerging from behind a dense mass of dark vapours, discovered a stupendous mill of faultless finish, which a rising gust set in full motion, wanting nothing but corn, in order to yield a plentiful supply of the finest flour imaginable. But the miller had read the Bible in his youth, and heard it upon Sundays still, and both as he climbed the mountain, and gazed

upon the mill, despite of the presence of the Evil One, the same awful text still rang in his ears, "What shall it profit a man though he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" The pains of hell gat hold upon him, and in the agonies of a late repentance he prayed for forgiveness and mercy. The Devil grinned in mockery, but just then little Hans, who had been running about into all the holes and corners, delighted with the magnificent building he found so unexpectedly in so extraordinary a place, ran up to his father, exclaiming, "Oh, papa, papa, did you ever see so beautiful a mill! only there's no gudgeon-stone for the axle to play in, and the upper mill-stone waggles in its socket." A drowning man will catch at a straw—the miller, breathing a prayer to Heaven for his deliverance, insisted strongly that the Devil had not fulfilled his bargain: the enemy maintained he had, but, after a long and fierce debate, which was purposely lengthened out by the miller for the end he had in view, the Infernal architect agreed to finish the dispute, by supplying the deficiency which the boy's sagacity had discovered so opportunely. He flew away for this purpose, and was in the act of alighting on his return, with the missing stone in his claw, when the miller's cock was heard distinctly crowing at day-dawn in the vale below. "Vade retro Sathanas," shouted the exulting miller, the demon vanished in a thunder-clap which overset the mill, and shook the surrounding hills to their foundations, while the miller's wife, and his boy Hans, jogging him at the same moment in the bed, asked him "What he was trembling, and sweating, and groaning for, in his sleep, at that rate?"

We shall not absolutely take upon us to affirm that the story ever appeared in this form before, indeed we have a shrewd suspicion that we have been inventing most part of it, whilst we wrote, but we think it is nearly as good as the Magazine story at all events, in which the Devil's defeat is made to turn on the trite incident of a command to twist a rope of sand, which, baffling him, compels him to give in.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, February 8, 1830.

You will be gratified to hear, that notwithstanding the obstacles thrown in the way of Science and Literature by the old court party, they continue to make gradual way, and the Royal Family have good sense enough to feel, that in proportion as they encourage the Arts and Sciences, their own reputation and power will encrease. Since the beginning of the year, more than twenty new periodical papers, chiefly devoted to Science, have appeared in different parts of France and in Paris, all those which were well conducted have met with good success. The Globe, which has hitherto appeared only twice a week, is now to be published every day, and two new Literary Papers are announced to commence in March or April. There is indeed one great advantage possessed by the projectors of periodical papers in this country, which is denied to you in England. In France, for a very small additional sum, all periodical works are distributed throughout the country by the post office, so that for a sum less than what is paid for the stamp alone in England, the inhabitant of Bordeaux or Marseille may receive a Paris paper—with this great facility, it is not to be wondered at, that newspapers and periodicals devoted to Literature and Science, encrease and prosper. There is now scarcely any profession in France which has not a Journal exclusively devoted to it. The law has two daily papers, the medical profession has two or three, the Drama has not less than ten, and each of seven or eight handicraft professions, has either a daily or a weekly Journal. There is another very gratifying thing to notice, as connected with the French periodical press. In Great Britain, gentlemen connected with the press are obliged, as it were, to create for themselves the distinction in society, to which their talents and pursuits fairly entitle them. The aristocracy of birth, attempting to treat them with disrespect, and the aristocracy of wealth frequently acting with rudeness and insult towards persons of great mental superiority. In France, the case is very different, there is here no better passport to good society than the reputation of being connected with a respectable political or literary periodical, and any person however exalted his rank, or however enormous his wealth, who should be guilty of disrespect towards a *Littéraire*, would himself be considered unworthy to mix with good society; this feeling is not confined to political party. In the salons of the ministers, as well as in the delightful *soirées* of General Lafayette, literary men are treated with such attention, that they never for a moment feel themselves ill at ease, or desire those distinctions of birth and property, which are but too frequently considered in England, the only certificates of fitness to mix with the upper classes.

The Moniteur of Tuesday and Wednesday last, contains an 18th letter from M. Champollion, dated Thebes. It would be impossible to give you within any reasonable compass an analysis of this letter, which fills several columns of the Moniteur. It is chiefly devoted to an account of the examination of the remains of Menephtheion, a large building constructed by the son and successor of Rhamses the Great, and of a mass of monuments surrounding it, which mark all the different periods of Egyptian history. In some of these ruins, M. Champollion found paintings in tolerable preservation, which have enabled him to give a long and interesting account of the manners and customs of the age in which they were executed. It must be allowed that this scientific traveller has accomplished his task with great skill and attention, he has indeed stated but few new main facts, because the ground had been already gone over by equally zealous but less able explorers of antiquity. But, however, for a complete history of the remains of Egyptian greatness, M. Champollion's work is very satisfactory.

Great attention is now paid by the French government, to the treatment of persons imprisoned for different offences; at the last meeting of the Royal Society for the improvement of prisons in France, at which the Dauphin presided, a circumstantial report was read, of the various works which had been executed in every department of the country, for the amelioration of the treatment of prisoners, from which it appeared, that the number of deaths among prisoners had been reduced from a proportion of one in ten, to only one in thirty. Their moral conduct had been considerably improved, and habits of industry had been so successfully cultivated, that in the course of the last twelve months, 15,000 prisoners had earned 1,480,000 francs, of which 685,000 had been distributed among them, and 480,000 carried to the fund reserved for them on their discharge, so that when turned again upon society, they may not be driven by necessity to the commission of new crimes.

There have been no publications of interest since my last letter, the *Memoires of Robespierre* excite a little attention, but as the relations of that extraordinary man declare positively that they are fictitious, and support their statement by some undoubted facts, they are not expected to obtain a very great sale: the last number of the *Revue Encyclopédique* is now before me, it contains some very long but admirably written articles on public education, and the attempt recently made to impede its progress, and there are also some good essays on political and moral science, but generally speaking, the work is rather dull. Under the head of Germany, there is an account of the comparative number of books published in France and Germany, from which it would appear that from the year 1814 to the year 1826 inclusive, there were published in Germany, 50,303 new works, and in France, 33,775, being an excess for Germany of 16,528, this excess is probably to be attributed more to the cheapness of the cost of production, than to the greater demand for mental food among the Germans. The same work contains a table of the number of suicides in the different provinces of Lombardy, from which it appears, that in Brescia there is annually one suicide in 120,256 inhabitants; in Lodi 109,410; in Como, one in 100,749; in Cremona, one in 72,747; in Milan and its territory, one in 53,238. The weather has lately been excessively severe; and some parts of the Seine at Paris were frozen, even a second time, which is considered an extraordinary occurrence, and at Rouen the navigation was again completely stopped. M. Arago, the celebrated astronomer, stated a few days ago, that towards the middle of the present month the cold would be greater than it had been at all, owing to the breaking up of the polar ice, which he says exerts a considerable influence on the atmosphere of Europe. This gentleman however, is, I think, destined to have his prediction falsified, for a thaw has come on, and there is every prospect of a total change in the weather.

London, February 10th.

The last week was a very dull one among publishers—there was not, indeed, a single book published worthy of notice. The second volume of Moore's Byron is expected to be ready in a few weeks. The first volume has lately sold so well, that, notwithstanding the high price paid to Mr. Moore, Mr. Murray is expected to clear a handsome sum by the undertaking. Mr. Power's Novel of the Lost Heir sells very well, and has met with kind treatment from the critics. The chief publishers' business since the meeting of Parliament is in pamphlets; not fewer than fourteen have appeared, within the last few days, upon the currency. Lord Palmerston has printed one on Mexico, which excites much attention; and last night Lord Rossmore published his appeal in behalf of the Ex-Parliamentary Peers of Ireland and Scotland. It is forcibly written. Several pamphlets on South America have appeared.—Two of them are attributed to Madrid and Goristitza, the Colombian and Mexican ambassadors. Those are both very clever men, and

it is much to the credit of their respective governments that such representatives have been sent here. It is worthy of remark, that all the Republics choose for their ambassadors to foreign countries, men who have distinguished themselves in literature, whilst the old States send persons who are indebted for the distinction either to court intrigue or high birth.

The theatres are rather dull—at Drury-lane Kean's illness has thrown things into the shade; and at Covent Garden, Miss Paton, or rather Lady Wm. Lennox, does not draw such good houses as were expected. She has £20 per night for her performance. It is the intention of Lord Wm. Lennox to take his wife from the stage, when she shall have acquired, in funded or other property, such a sum, as when added to his own property, will yield £1500 per annum. The French theatre is by no means well attended, and the Opera people have made a bad beginning.—The prospect, too, is bad, for in consequence of the reduction of rents, it is supposed that the number of fashionable people now in town is not equal, by one half, to what it was at this season last year, and hundreds of families who usually come to town in February or March, intend to remain in the country.

The Literary Union Club goes on very well. It is proposed to raise the admission fee to ten guineas.

The weather is now delightfully mild—we have all suffered dreadfully from cold, and the distress among the poor has been horrible.—It is stated, by the astronomer royal, that the thermometer at Greenwich, marked, on one day last week, (I forget which,) a greater degree of cold than had been known for ninety years.

The London Express, a new English paper, published in Paris, contains an account of a person, in the department of the Lower Seine, who slept from the 15th to the 31st of Dec. last, and he is said to have had frequent sleeping fits of equal duration.

THE DRAMA.

On Saturday evening Lord Glengall's new Comedy, entitled "Follies of Fashion," was produced for the first time at our Theatre. We feel it unnecessary to enter into a detail of the plot, or advert to the particular merit of this piece, as both have already been amply discussed in the daily journals. Lord Glengall is already known to the public as a dramatic author, from his amusing Farce of the *Irish Tutor*—a production, we think, much more likely to hold a permanent place on the stage, than the present Play, which is certainly deficient in originality, and connected plot, though the various incidents are evidently adapted with much skill, to produce stage effect. Few of the ideas bear the stamp of novelty, but we must admit his Lordship has evinced much tact in displaying the fashionable follies of the present day.

In the Afterpiece, *(Der Freischütz,)* Mr. Horn appeared as Caspar: It would be unfair to offer any observations on his performance, as he evidently laboured under the effects of indisposition. We cannot, however, forbear to animadvert upon the very defective manner in which this noble effusion of Weber's genius was got up—the Opera itself appeared to have suffered much mutilation, and, with the exception of the Trio in the second Act, and the "Hours of Rapture," by Miss Byfield, we saw every thing to censure in the musical department.—The choruses were miserably ineffective, and some of the female voices quite discordant.—We never heard the overture so badly performed, for the basses were weak, and the brass instruments out of tune.

Miss Smithson, with whose Jane Shore the French were so enraptured, is announced for Monday night.

A Bagatelle, translated from the French, called *A Husband's Mistake*, has been produced at Covent-Garden, in which Keely and Miss Ellen Tree sustain the principal parts. A Farce too, called *The Phrenologists*, has appeared, which has drawn forth the ire of some of the disciples of Gall and Spurzheim, through the columns of the *Times*. It holds up those demonstrators on the capita of the public, to most amusing ridicule.

Young, Kean, and Miss Phillips, at Drury-lane, are dividing the attention of the English metropolis with Miss Kemble at Covent-Garden.

MUSIC.

The Messrs. Hermann have returned to this city, and announced a Concert for the 12th instant—that for the benefit of Mrs. Blakeny, on Friday evening, we were glad to see well attended. Some of the vocal performers from the Theatre Royal lent their aid on the occasion.

It appears that Rossini's new Opera of *William Tell*, is to be produced at the opening of the King's Theatre; the fame of the great *Maestro* for originality, has been placed somewhat in jeopardy by a letter addressed to the Editor of the *Revue Musicale*, at Paris, by Monsieur Voizel, who accuses Rossini of adopting as his own, and introducing into the Opera in question, without acknowledgement, a Swiss Air, composed by a friend of Monsieur V. who resides at *Rouen*.

A new Opera, founded on Sir Walter Scott's Bride of Lammermoor, the music by Caraffa, has been brought out at the Théâtre Italien, and, though aided by the talents of Sontag, Zuchelli, and Donzelli, it has been but partially successful. The manager of the Bologna Theatre has been reaping a golden harvest by the performance of Pasta—Rossini attended the rehearsals of several of his own operas in which she appeared.

POETRY.

MEMORY.—A FRAGMENT.

I.

While others sweetly sing
Of lights from memory cast,
Which heavenly radiance fling
O'er the pleasures they have past,
So mine to tell the sadness she brings,
When her weary flight she steers,
O'er the waste of cheerless years,
And deep in bitter tears—dips her wings.

II.

Age, in her peaceful vale,
Where tranquil joy still dwells,
May smile to hear the tale
That memory sweetly tells,
Of pleasures, which, in youth we have known:
But joyless is the lore
That memory hath in store,
Of pleasures, which no more—are our own.

III.

For, memory grief renews,
When *I* think of joys gone o'er,
As the shipwreck'd sailor views,
From the tempest-beaten shore
The bark that beamed, once, o'er the wave:
Or the mother, whose chill tear
Trickles down, if she hear
The name of baby dear—in the grave.

L.

TO ELODIE.

A GEM.

I.

Nay weep not! mid those orbs of light,
There surely is some world more bright—
A world of bliss,
To which our souls shall wing their flight,
When done with this.

II.

And there, beneath its azure sky—
The pain, the grief of days gone by,
Will only seem,
To memory's retrospective eye—
Like a sad dream.

III.

And thoughts and words to memory dear,
Which chilled by woe and sorrow here—
Have perished,
Shall surely be revived there,
And cherished.

IV.

And hope which cheered us on our way,
A transient flash—a meteor ray,
Yet fondly prized,
Will in those glorious realms of day,
Be realized.

V.

Oh! when our spirits burst the chain,
Which binds us to this world of pain—
And from it sever,
How sweet in bliss to meet again,
And live—for ever!

To the Editor of the Dublin Literary Gazette.

I enclose the copy of an ancient ballad, from a source hitherto untouched. It was found among the papers of an eminent literary character, lately deceased; and I have no doubt of its antiquity, though I cannot determine its age. Your approval of its insertion will gratify your faithful reader and admirer,

H.

THAE STORIE OF SEYNCTE DAVODD.

Whatte tyme al merie Engelande,
Net mezie thanne alace,
Thae Pictis revers overspradde,
Thilke storie came toe pas.

Thaire lyved yn Menevia,*
Ane werie hallie wighte;
Sike everich one dyd prayse him hie—
Seynete Davodd was he highte.

Thae edeur of hys seynctitie
Spradde al thae countrie throu;
Bothe fazre an wyde, onty‡ it came
Thae heythen leyder toe.

Nowe whanne thae Pictis monarche herde
Al peple prayse thys manne,
Sathan's envie yer hys herte,
E'en hym toe rayse beganne.

Thanne hee yn yre sed toe hymselfe,
Thys Seynete shal theie prayse moe
Than mee, who al theire armyes colde
Sloe ethie† overthrowe.

Straite thanne he syur ane michtie othe,
Ane michtie othe swar hee,
Thatte hee wolde of thys godelie manne
Revengit reutheless‡ bee.

Twale whantoune wemyng frae hys hoit,
Maiste hedefulle eheis hee,
An sed toe them, "wythe mickel goulde
"Yee shal rewarded bee;
"Gif faythfulie whatte I desyre
"Yee wil performe for mee.

"Theie sale thatte yn Menevia
"Ane godelie Seynete dos dwel;
"Eke of hys wonder § myracels
"Thynges selcouthe‖ doe theie tel.

"Gee tempit wythe wantoune werds an wyles
"Thilke hallie manne toe syn:"—
Soe dyd hee spak—for Sathan was
Hys wyckede herte wythin.

Nowe marke howe Gode hys provydens
Thilke Seynete hys rescue wrought;
An howe thae wycked heythen, hee
Yn hys owen snair was caught.

Theie went, an maist allurynge artes
Toe tempit hym wythe, theie pryed;
Bot al theire connynge artes an wyles
Hys seynctitie defyed.

Nowe, whanne theire wantoune werds an wyles
Theie founde them al yn vayne;
Toe yeve ¶ themselfes moe lyberte,
Straite madeneese theie dyd fayne.

Thanne fyrst Seynete Davodd rayseti hys voyce,
Fyrst turneti his eyne on them;
An theie, dismayed, hunge downe theire heden,
Adrede toe leke at hym.

* St. Asaph. † Easy. ‡ Fearfully. § Wonderful. ‖ Strange. ¶ Give.

" Ceas foleish wemyng, for yn vayne
" Yee trie toe tempit my herte;
" For frule thae rode of rectytude
" I nevere wyl departe.

" Bot for youre fytting punyshmente,
" Soe doe thae Hevens deycree,
" Yee shall bee trewlie made indede,
" Whych yee nowe faygne toe bee.

" Toe hym thatte sente yee shal retorne,
" Unable to relait,
" Or thatte yee fayled, or whatte thae cause
" Of youre maiste piteous state."

Thae hopelesse wemyng loked as gif
Ane levyn-bolte * frae Heven
Descendede fleyning, an thae grownd,
Afore theire fete had ryven.

Them fonde thae Pictis dysconsolate,
Eke straying toe, an fro;
Theie brocht them toe theire kynge, thatte hee
Of theire socces mote knowe.

Bot vaynely dyd hee question them—
Soe soone hys brethe hee spared;
Theire wanderinge eyne, an senseles werds,
Theire morneful fate declared.

Oh! sorelie was theire kynge dysmaied,
An smyten yn hys herte,
Thatte evere ayen this hallie manne
Wythe Sathan hee toke part.

Ble everich worthie dede hee strawe
Hys cryme for toe atone;
At laste hee socht Menevia,
Barefootede, an alone.

Seyncte Davodd, hee, wythe mickel praier,
Besocht hym toe forgyve,
Toe teche howe ane Chrysteen gode
Hee mote theneceforth lyve.

Seyncte Davodd, hym, wythe joie baptized,
Hee toke hym for hys sonne;
Who soone ane worthie seynct became;
An soe mie tale ys donne.

* Thunder-bolt.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

A. V. S. has our best thanks for his very kind letter; a confidential communication from him would be very gratifying, and might save the annoyance of playing at cross-purposes, as he will easily perceive we were doing this week. We trust our leading article of this day, will satisfy him, that we are not wholly without the power of imparting "a touch of graphic individuality," to our Personal Sketches. Might we hope that he has in *petto*, some of the portraits he alludes to; and that, like his friend Coleridge's hero, he will "beat his breast," and let us hear the echoes. We ourselves, unfortunately, are most familiar with the brethren of that Guild, on the other side of the water.

To the query in Mr. Howard's postcript, we answer, "Yes, very much desired." We are sorry we cannot "greatly delight" our friend in Cutpurse-Row, by the insertion of his verses. Hakaf is very obliging; as we affect to be 'learned in the tongues,' the *literal* translation of Von Sassen was superfluous. The German is, if we mistake not, given at the back of Mr. Aster's book. Many poetical and other favours, are unavoidably postponed. The Sketch of the Opening of Parliament, with divers other matters from our kind friends in London, Cork, and Belfast, in our next.

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No. X. will be Published in February, 1830.

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SKETCH.—No. IV.

OUR VILLAGE AND ITS INHABITANT.

About twenty-eight miles from Dublin, on the high-road to Cork, is a village situated in a valley, wide in proportion to the height of the gentle hills that bound it. The name of one of these—Mount-Bleak—is somewhat inauspicious; another, on the opposite side of the valley, is called the Nine-Tree Hill; and, being conspicuous at a considerable distance, serves as a beacon to the approaching visitant. I have said that the village is on the high-road, but incorrectly: it is about a quarter of a mile removed from it; and this somewhat retired situation has been fancifully pronounced by some who love the people of the vale, as emblematic of their retiring virtues. The inn alone, and a small range of habitations adjoining, stand on the high-road, which here descends along the slope of Mount-Bleak. The village itself is approached by two avenues: one of these is a public road, which, previously to the rebellion of 1798, was embellished with trees, whereof a straggling few still remain: the other, although also a free thoroughfare, is private property, and leads to the dwelling of some of the most respected inhabitants. A babbling rivulet meanders through the valley. In the midst of the fields, which slope down from the high-road, is a square walled inclosure, surrounded internally by low pines. This is the Friends' Burying Ground; for a numerous colony of the sect miscalled Quakers, reside in the quiet vale. The little river (shall I be pardoned for calling it a *rivulet?*) washes no proud palace, no magnificent temple; yet there are simple structures along or near its banks, some of which are not unknown to fame, all the abode or resort of virtue—the Mill, the Meeting-house, the School, the Retreat, the Post-office.

Let not the cynic, or the worldling, sneer at the homeliness of these appellations. There are hundreds and hundreds by whom each place is considered a hallowed sanctuary—the Post-office in particular; for they knew the being who, for many a long year, discharged the duties of its mistress, sympathizing alike with those to whom she thus became the unwilling harbinger of sorrow, and those who rejoiced in the arrival of the packet that crowned their hopes, or surprised them with unexpected good tidings: but why trifle longer with my reader?—the "village" *is* BALLITORE—"its inhabitant" *was* MARY LEADBEATER.

It was my fortune in youth, to contract a friendship with a near relation of Mary Leadbeater. An invitation to Ballitore was one consequence of this intimacy. Few of those who have ever sojourned at the "Village" for their education, or as visitors, have neglected any opportunity of renewing these enjoyments, which result from an intercourse with its inhabitants, or from the contemplation of the surrounding scenery. To the lover of nature, of literature, or of man, Ballitore presents no common attractions. In addition to its own local advantages, it lies in the vicinity of many beautiful and interesting spots. The high-road from Dublin passes through a country of a monotonous character, but there is another route, which forms one of the most delightful rambles in the province of Leinster. Leaving the metropolis by the charming outlet of Rathmines, the traveller follows a winding road, that leads him into the bosom of the Dublin, and subsequently of the Wicklow mountains. A beautiful succession of scenes, on which it would be irrelevant to expatiate, occur on his way—the Dodder (a river more lovely than its name,) and the adjacent village of Rathfarnham; Mount Pelia (a corruption of Montpellier,) one of the most romantic of the Dublin hills. The sweet vale of Glanismole, (in English, "Thrush-Glen,")—the wild mountain *Clachan* of Ballinascorney; the river Liffey, greeted as an old acquaintance by the perambulating cit; the Three Castles; the small but neat town of Blessington; Russborough, the seat of the Earls of Milltown, rich in productions of the Italian pencil; the fine boisterous waterfall of Poola-Phooka, where the Liffey descends; and the villages of Ballymore-Eustace and Dunlavan.

Nor are the precincts of Ballitore Vale itself less interesting. Here are the ancient domains of the Eustaces, the Keatinges, and the Geraldines, the baronial or manorial dwelling—

> Once stern and strong in the pride of power,
> And awful still in its evening hour—

scenes, wherein the admirer of Spenser and Ariosto may revel in the dreamy delight of musing over their pages, when leisure and summer weather have won him for a season from the turmoil of city occupation. Here, too, are many a rath, and moat, and ruined abbey, for the enthusiast in Irish antiquities; even the hill of Allen, the resort of Fin Mac Cool and his merry-men, is at no great distance. However, I shall restrict myself to a glance at some of the most interesting spots, which lie within the compass of a summer day's ramble.

The seasons of refreshment at Ballitore, are patriarchal. Forth then betimes, thou who preferrest to the couch of sloth, the myriad delights of a sunshiny morning—that thou mayest return early in the afternoon to some hospitable board, whence thou mayest again rise to behold the gay flaunting beams, gradually melting into that subdued and melancholy splendour, which renders the evening hour so agreeable to the pensive and contemplative spirit—forth I say, with some favourite volume in thy hand, some favourite friend, the partner of thy literary pursuits, at thy side; and, slung around thee, not a gun or a powder-pouch, but a botanical box; if mayhap, thou be one of those who love to dally with the floweret by the brook-side, on their way, and to trace in the minutest of his works, the wisdom and power of the Creator.

The castle of Kilkea forms a most agreeable object for a day's excursion. Built many centuries ago, by John, sixth Earl of Kildare,* it still retains much of its strength and feudal dignity. The most direct road to it winds along a gentle ridge of hills, rising above the vale of Ballitore, through which winds the river already mentioned: the Griese-Moone, a sequestered spot, two miles distant from Ballitore, exhibits a striking contrast between dilapidation and improvement. On one side of the river stand congregated together, a square tower, such as is frequently met with along the English pale, the ruins of a Franciscan abbey, and a Manor-house, lately a more ghastly ruin itself. The abbey contains some curiously sculptured tombs; and in the adjoining cemetery is a fragment of a cross, whose rude carving of scriptural subjects, announces its antiquity. The opposite side of the river exhibits the embryo operations of a discreet and enterprising hand. At a short distance from Moone, is one of these artificial circular mounds, vulgarly called *raths:* this was chosen for a burial-ground, by a gentleman of the neighbourhood. Further on, the road merges in the avenue of Belan, the beautiful but neglected seat of the Stratford family. Those who love basking by wood and stream, in the sultry hours of summer, undisturbed by the intrusion of fashion—and frivolity, could hardly find a spot more appropriate: nor is the fountain of Blandusia itself (if it still exists,) more limpid and refrigerative, than yon crystal well with its pebbly bottom, surmounted by a wooden figure of St. Patrick.

The castle of Kilkea, although still inhabited, is but slightly modernized. The site is beautiful and lonely. The sweet still Griese washes its walls, which are surrounded by luxuriant trees. In the lawn, and exactly opposite to the entrance of the castle, are the scanty remains of an ancient church, with a burying-ground, involved in tangled foliage. An old flag-stone inserted in the embankment, records in Latin verse, not easily decipherable, some alliances of days gone by. There is a curious legend of one of the Earls of Kildare, connected with this castle. His sprite is supposed to visit it annually, or triennially, (I forget which), about midnight, riding on a horse shod with silver, like the presentation steed sent annually to the Pope, from the Court of Naples. The spectral Earl enters the castle mounted, ascends the stair-case to a narrow chamber wrought in the wall, wheels round, and departs. The term of his probation is to continue until the shoes be worn off the hoofs of his steed: by the last accounts, they are already

* A.D. 1420.

as thin as a sixpence. The Earl generally resides in the rath of Mullomast, near Ballitore, the scene of the slaughter of Carmen, an event celebrated in verse, by Mary Leadbeater, and also by a gentleman of the Dublin University, now at the English bar.

The summit of the Nine-Tree-Hill, is a sort of natural observatory, like the Righi in Switzerland, albeit on a minor scale. From this eminence the eye takes in a great and varied expanse of country. Towards the East, is a fine chain of the Wicklow mountains, including Lugnaculliah, the highest in Ireland, with one exception, and a favourite excursion for the inhabitants of Ballitore. Towards the South, appear the hills about the rock of Dunamase, in the Queen's county, and those of Carlow. In the remote distance, rise Mount Leinster, Blackstairs, and the range of Slieve Bloom, mentioned in the Fairy Queen. Towards the west, extends a champaign country, wherein lies the Curragh of Kildare, with the round-tower and monastic ruins of old Kilcullen, on the verge of the horizon. At the distance of two miles, is Grangecon, in the county of Wicklow, the seat of a gentleman possessed of a fine picture gallery, mineralogical cabinet, china-closet, &c.

Sweet Narraghmore! My last glance through the environs of Ballitore shall be directed towards thee; for never, during many wanderings, (and I have wandered through all the countries, from Calabria to Scandinavia,) have I seen anything in its way to compare with thy avenue—Narraghmore Avenue! Then the wood, and the little church beyond, and the mansion-house itself, in a state of decay, but commanding a prospect of exceeding beauty. Some years since, I visited the villa of its late proprietor,* on the Lake of Como, and, sooth to say, the scenery of Narraghmore, (water apart,) needs not shrink from a comparison with the stately Italian landscape. The mansion, and an outer gate-way, are built in the Hispano-Moresco style—a fancy of the gentleman just alluded to, who, many years ago, travelled through Spain, and visited Morocco in a diplomatic capacity. A mutilated bas-relief of Minerva, converted into the bulwark of a pig-stye, *(ne sus Minervam!)* and some heraldic fragments, scattered about the church-yard, attest the splendour that has long since waned away. The monument of the late proprietors' three daughters, sculptured by Canova, has not yet been erected. The handsome glebe-house, with its fine plantations, completes the attractions of Narraghmore.

Hitherto my task has been easy. It requires no great effort of the pen, to describe mountain and valley, lake and river, hamlet and homestead. Nor is it very difficult to pourtray the more shining qualities of mind, that stand forth in bright array like the features of a partially illumined landscape: but the unobtrusive virtues, whose silence is a part of their essence, which claim the mute panegyric of mental approbation, but shrink from the publicity attendant upon the labours of the press—he, who undertakes to unveil these, commences with the disheartening reflection that he is attempting to describe the non-descript; and it is only through the presumption that his efforts, however inadequate, may be serviceable to youthful and unsophisticated minds, that he is at all encouraged to proceed.

MARY LEADBEATER was grand-daughter to Abraham Shackleton, of Yorkshire, who founded the Ballitore School, and whose centenary was celebrated simultaneously in Dublin, Cork, Limerick, and elsewhere, on the 13th of March, 1826. "At this school," to adopt her own words, "the illustrious Burke was educated. He came hither in 1741, with his elder brother Garrett, and his younger Richard. He left Ballitore in 1744, and immediately entered T. C. D. He formed a friendship with R. S. [Richard Shackleton, father to Mary L.] son of his preceptor, which was never broken. He loved the scene of his childhood, and re-visited it with apparent delight. In his last visit, in 1786, he pointed out the ancient appearance of the village, recognized the situation of trees which had been felled, and of altered houses; and discovered the genuine, simple kindness of a heart, which neither years nor the contact with the world had chilled. Another pupil of the peaceful school-master, was the celebrated James Napper Tandy, who came to school in the year 1749. Matthew Young, who died a bishop, I forget of what place, came to school in 1763. He was, besides being a superior scholar, a most amiable man and boy. Michael Kearney, who died at a great age, I believe in 1814, was my grand-father's pupil. He was remarkable for literary attainment, and for his virtues and modesty. He came in 1743." The friendship of Edmund Burke was extended to the daughter of Richard Shackleton. She visited the statesman's family at Beaconsfield, and wrote a poem on the occasion, which drew forth a letter from his pen. This was, I believe, the only time she left Ireland; but she frequently journeyed from home to visit her friends and relations in remote parts of the country. The even tenor of her life was interrupted only by some domestic afflictions, except during the dreadful period of 1798; and "she slumbered away into the fields of peace,"* as Klopstock beautifully expresses it, on the 27th of June, 1826.

Were I, after the manner of Plutarch, to select a parallel for the character under consideration, I should be inclined to refer to a small plaster cast now lying beside me. It is that of one whose virtues, although of the same unobtrusive character with Mary Leadbeater's, were, not many years ago, blazoned from one extremity of Europe to the other, owing to the peculiar mode of their developement. In another respect, as well as in the nature of their pursuits, my parallels differ. The FEMALE PESTALOZZI enjoyed, so long as infirmity allowed her to enjoy anything, all the comforts necessary for a mind, the very possession of which was affluence, while HENRY PESTALUTZ† perished in indigence. I would say of each min', in the words of a favourite authoress, that "it possessed a loveliness to which no term of mere corporeal beauty can give a name; something of angelic purity, absence from guileful thought or suspicion of others, with all that is endearing in the bright and good of human kind."‡

It was indeed this utter inaptitude for suspecting, this incapacity for thinking ill of her fellow-creatures, which distinguished Mary Leadbeater from all other persons with whom I have ever been acquainted. That this did not arise from want of discrimination is evident from the happiness wherewith she pourtrays the peculiarities of the Irish character, in her "Cottage Dialogues," and other works. Still, when the conviction of the baseness or worthlessness of an individual was forced upon her mind, she manifested a degree of incredulity as to the extent of his delinquency, which was visible upon her countenance even when she remained silent; and the avidity with which she seconded every effort at palliation, or extenuation, evinced the abundance of that *charity*, which was in her beautifully and richly personified.

Her attachment to literature was intense—her success as a writer considerable: and yet, although the popularity of her works procured her the acquaintance of many distinguished persons, her humility was such, that she not only submitted whatever she wrote to the scrutiny of friends, before publication, but quietly adopted such corrections as they proposed, without attempting a defence. Her printed works, which were numerous, are too well known to be adverted to in this article; but there are others which, owing to their local or personal nature, will never be submitted to the press, but which bear still more conspicuously the imprint of her character. She was one of the most delightful letter-writers that ever handled a pen. With the Rev. George Crabbe she corresponded for many years, and also with the Cumbrian bard, Thomas Wilkinson. The family of Elizabeth Smith, the author of the interesting "Fragments," resided for some time in Ballitore, at the *Retreat*, already mentioned. An intimacy was, on this occasion, formed between Mary Leadbeater and the mother of Elizabeth, which led to a frequent interchange of letters, after the Smiths returned to England. The late Dr. O'Beirne, Bishop of Meath, and the late philanthropic and talented William Lefanu, editor of "The Farmer's Journal," were among the number of her friends. Miss Edgworth furnished notes to her "Cottage Dialogues." A lady of rank and genius,* who was also a writer, and whose benevolence has endeared her memory to the inhabitants of Ballitore, near which she possessed considerable landed property, was one of her most attached and regular correspondents. The grateful office of adjudging prizes to the deserving among this lady's tenantry, who were rewarded periodically in proportion to the neatness of their cottages, devolved on Mary Leadbeater. And it was a gratifying day to her, when the son of Sir Walter Scott visited her at her abode, in consequence of an interchange of communications which had taken place between her and his father.† She kept the letters of each friend stitched together in separate volumes. Some of these correspondences, begun early in life, continued for nearly half a century; and it was curious to compare the auto-

* Colonel Maurice Keatinge, Author of "The True History of the Conquest of Mexico," from the Spanish of Bernal Diaz; "Travels through France and Spain to Morocco;" and "*Memoria sulle Operazioni Eidometriche eseguite in Firenze.*" The last, as its title imports, is in the Italian Language.

* . . . *In die Gefilde des Friedens*
Hinuberschlummerte . . .

† The original Swiss name of Pestalozzi.

‡ See "Duke Christian of Luneburg," by Miss JANE PORTER.

* The late Honourable Mrs. Trench.

† The kindness of a friend, enables me to subjoin a copy of Sir Walter's letter to *Mrs.* (erroneously directed to *Miss*) Leadbeater. It was written in reply to a poetical address, wherein she had invited him to undertake some work, illustrative of Ireland:—

Madam, I am honoured by your beautiful verses and beg your acceptance of my most respectful thanks. You do me great honour in supposing me able to celebrate a nation in which I am so much interested

graphs of the same individual at different periods, and to mark the gradations between the full, firm characters, inscribed by the vigorous hand of youth, and the palsied and almost illegible symbols traced by the faultering hand of age. Many of her own epistolary productions are characterized by a rich vein of humour, but the specimens which I possess are too local for citation.

But Mary Leadbeater left one manuscript after her, as unique among literary works as she was herself among the children of men. "The Annals of Ballitore"—the simple record of events that occurred within the compass of a few acres, and almost within the bosom of one family—stands, perhaps, unrivalled as a faithful depository of interesting anecdotes, and a treasure of really christian sentiments. I advance this, not as my own unsupported opinion, but as that of several competent and fastidious judges, unacquainted with the annalist, and unbiassed in her favour; and I would appeal, in particular, to the Society of Friends, among whom a duplicate copy of the manuscript has been widely circulated, whether that opinion is exaggerated.

I have heard it more than once observed, with something like censure, that the works of Mary Leadbeater, although breathing the purest morality, are not written in an actually religious spirit. That this did not arise from the absence of religious principle, I can, I think, satisfactorily prove. I will first cite the words of one who was admitted to the inmost recesses of her thoughts—who formed, as it were, part of her own identity:—"Great diffidence of herself, as well as deep veneration for sacred things, caused her seldom to speak on religious subjects; yet she had an admirable method of awakening pious feelings in very young minds, or giving them the proper bias. 'How often,' says one of her children, 'has she told me of the all-seeing eye that watched over us, and that our heavenly Father would be best pleased by our love and gratitude.' I have, by accident, laid my hands upon a letter, written during the rebellion of 1798; where we see how she was supported, in time of great danger and trial, by a thorough dependance upon superhuman aid, and that a deep sense of religion was interwoven with her thoughts. 'Never was there a time when all dependance upon human help was more fully shaken, and faith and patience more necessary. We cannot rejoice, though we may tremble at our escape; for all rejoicing seems over, and our lives still appear to us in great jeopardy. Yet I believe many of us dare not wish things otherwise, as to our own particulars; for this terrible shaking of our earth may be for our everlasting good; and, if we be favoured to attain resignation, perhaps preservation may be added.'"

On opening a few letters forming part of a correspondence which I had the happiness of maintaining with her for many years, I find the following passages:

"The heart which depends on Providence will not be disappointed in its trust. 'Seek first the kingdom of heaven, and all things necessary will be added.' When Job could say, 'I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee, wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes;' then it was, after this humiliation, that 'the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than the beginning.'"

"Dost thou think we could know each other in a future state? This is a mystery which we should not endeavour to pry into."

Speaking of the celebrated Sword-song of Körner, the German poet, she says:—"But the Sword-song should be burnt—burnt to ashes, I say. Why make a picture of war so completely fascinating? What an effect must that admirable poem have on young, ardent minds! How early was that noble creature sacrificed to false glory!—he who might have been now diffusing delight around him! Oh, when shall war be no more learned?—When shall the evils of slavery end?—When shall righteousness cover the earth?—When shall our minds be fitted for that place—'where all is peaceful, all is pure?'"

Again, speaking of one who fell a sacrifice to the laborious unremitted duties of a christian pastor, she writes thus: "Thy account of poor M.....'s death brought tears into my eyes, and Charles Wolfe's brought sorrow to my heart. I wished, while I read it, that it might not have been the author of those exquisite lines, "The Burial of Sir John Moore"—for I grudged so much genius to the grave; but it is he who has laid down his head. Yet, why regret? When such a death is more glorious, more desirable than a life adorned with all that fame could bestow."†

I shall conclude this *apology* for the religious character of Mary Leadbeater, (understanding the term in Bishop Watson's sense,) by citing the conclusion of her poem, entitled "Ballitore," which, being dated 1778, when she was much under twenty, shews that even in early youth she was impressed with religious feeling:

"But where are all these blessings found,
Unless by thee, Religion, crowned?
O, be thou first to gain my breast;
And be it worthy of the guest!
Content and innocence appear,
Celestial maid, when thou art here.
Thou raisest contemplation's eye
To seek the blest abodes on high:
Our friendships formed by thee endure;
'Tis thou our blessings canst secure;
Thou bidst our passions all subside:
Be thou my guardian and my guide!
Then, in this sweet sequestered shade,
More lovely by thy presence made,
Remote from envy, care, and strife,
Calm will I pass my quiet life;
Taste purer joys when these are o'er,
And lay my bones in Ballitore."‡

G. D.

† Chance has led me to the mention of another admirable friend, a native of the same county with Mary Leadbeater—Kildare; and who, of all persons I have ever known, (for Pestalozzi was not of the number,) most nearly resembled her. On the harmony subsisting between the characters of this inestimable pair, I should be tempted to expatiate, were justice not already done to his, in a work ("Remains of the Rev. Charles Wolfe,") edited by the present Archdeacon of Clogher. It is a curious fact, that a well known print of Schiller, bears a strong resemblance to this lamented Irish poet. This print is considered to be a correct likeness. The features are, at least, very similar to those of one of the German dramatist's sons, a jurist of Cologne, whom I saw at Weimar, a short time before the curious ceremony took place there—the solemn deposition of his father's skull in the public library.

‡ Her wish, or rather prophecy, has been realized: she calmly passed a quiet life, and her bones are laid in her native village.

as Ireland. Whether I shall ever strike the harp again my graver occupations render very doubtful but should it so happen I will not fail to consider carefully the hint you have favoured me with, especially should it ever be in my power to visit Ireland. From the mode of dating your letter I conclude I am addressing a lady of a religious profession for whose simplicity of manners and purity of morals I have had from infancy the most deep respect and which adds to the sense of obligation with which I subscribe myself your honoured and

Very humble servant
WALTER SCOTT.

Edinburgh
12 *March* 1811.

The punctuation, &c. in the original, is exactly as given above.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Travels through Central Africa to Timbuctoo; and across the Great Desert to Morocco, performed in the years 1824—1828.—By Réné Caillié.—2 vols. large 8vo. vol. 1.—London, Colburn and Bentley, 1830.

Africa is the quarter of the world to which attention, for the purpose of geographical discovery, has been chiefly directed in the nineteenth century. It was but the other day that we had occasion to consider the history of that fatal expedition in which Clapperton, and all his associates perished; and Lander his servant, and indeed his faithful friend, alone survived to tell the tidings. Within the last few weeks, the same Lander, accompanied by his brother, sailed from Spithead, under the auspices of Government, in a merchant vessel, bound for Cape Coast Castle. They carry with them a letter from the Secretary of State, addressed to the captain of the first King's ship they may chance to fall in with, off the west coast of Africa, containing instructions to convey them to Badagry, and to present them to Adolee, the king of that country, as persons authorized by the British Government to pursue their researches in Africa.

From Badagry they are to proceed to Katunga, thence to Boussa, where Park perished; and trace, if possible, the Niger to its termination. We need scarcely say, that Laing's hypothesis as to the termination of the Niger, namely that it flowed into the river Volta, has been already disproved by Captain Clapperton.

We have in the volume now before us, the narrative of a Frenchman, of still lower rank in life than Lander, who, with very little aid beyond his own slender resources, voluntarily undertook, and, if his story may be trusted, successfully prosecuted, a journey through a large unknown tract of Africa, including the much-talked-of city of Timbuctoo. It is, we may presume, still freshly remembered by our readers, that Timbuctoo had been previously visited by our countryman, (for in the investigation of literary and scientific subjects at least, we may venture to consider Great Britain almost equally with Ireland, as our country,) Major Laing, who remained there upwards of five weeks, being kindly received, and for that length of time well treated, by the Governor.

In a letter to our Consul at Tripoli, during this period of his stay in the city, and dated at Timbuctoo, the 21st of September, 1826, he writes:—

"I have no time to give you any account of Timbuctù, but shall briefly state that, in every respect except in size, (which does not exceed four miles in circumference,) it has completely met my expectations. Kabra is only five miles distant, and is a neat town, situated on the very margin of the river. I have been busily employed during my stay, searching the records in the town, which are abundant, and in acquiring information of every kind; nor is it with any common degree of satisfaction that I say my perseverance has been amply rewarded."

At the end of about five weeks, however, from his arrival, an order came from the Sultan Laboo, or as Laing himself affirms, from Bello, to the Governor of Timbuctoo, commanding the stranger to be forthwith sent away. He was sent away, and under the guidance of a person by whom, within three days after he left the city, he was treacherously murdered.

With respect to what is alleged to have been accomplished by Réné Caillié, we know not that we can place it more briefly, fully, and favourably, before our readers, than by quoting the notice prefixed to the volume of his travels now under review:—

"Among the geographical problems which, during the last half century, have occupied the attention of the scientific world, and awakened a spirit of adventure in enterprising individuals has been the existence of a large and populous city in the heart of Central Africa. The solution of this problem appeared to be a subject worthy of the solicitude even of Societies and Governments; and various expeditions have been dispatched at their expense to explore the unknown interior of that continent, with a particular view to the settlement of this long agitated question. In vain, however, have Houghton, Browne, Hornemann, and Park—in vain have their successors, our countrymen, Tuckey, Peddie, Campbell, Gray, Ritchie, Bowdich, Oudney, Clapperton, Denham and Laing—in vain have other European travellers, Burckhardt, Beaufort, Mollien, Belzoni, started from different points of the coast of Africa, animated with the hope of removing the veil which enveloped the mysterious city:—all have either perished or been baffled in the attempt. Of this number Major Laing alone reached the desired goal; but the results of his perseverance and his observations were lost to his country and to the world, through the barbarous murder of that officer, and the consequent dispersion of his papers and effects.

"Our neighbours, the French, have therefore just ground for exultation in the fact, that what British enterprise, seconded by the liberality of the British government, failed to accomplish, has been achieved by a very humble individual of their nation, and by means of his own slender unassisted resources; and they have certainly a right to boast that M. Caillié, the author of the work here presented to the public, is the first European who has succeeded in the attempt to penetrate to Timbuctoo, and returned, in spite of the perils interposed by the climate and by the still more destructive passions of men, to communicate all the information that circumstances enabled him to collect.

"Of the importance of this information the adjudication of a premium of 10,000 francs (upwards of £400 sterling) by the Geographical Society of Paris to the traveller, affords presumptive evidence. When it is considered that, pursuing his course eastward from the French colony on the Senegal, he advanced by way of Kakondy, Kankan, and Timbo, to the distance of two hundred miles beyond Soulimana; that he then proceeded northward through more than one hundred villages to Jenné; that, there embarking on the great river Dhioliba (the Joliba of Mungo Park) he enjoyed the best opportunities for observing its course, its islands, and the extensive lake of Debo, which has afforded matter for so much discussion, during a voyage of nearly a month to Timbuctoo; that he has furnished positive information of high political and commercial interest respecting that city; and that he has proved the practicability of reaching it from the coast of the Mediterranean by traversing the great Desert which girdles Africa, and through which he returned to the territories of Morocco:—when all this is considered, it must be admitted that his merits have not by any means been overrated.

"In this country also, which has long taken the lead in the encouragement of geographical discovery, it is fair to presume that the work in which M. Caillié has recorded, in language of unaffected simplicity, the observations made in a journey of 4500 hundred miles, (of which 3000 were through regions either absolutely, or nearly unknown,) cannot but possess powerful attractions for every class of readers, whether pursuing the career of trade, of science, or of politics, whether in quest of individual advantage or personal information."

Such is the statement, the doubts of its authenticity we shall have occasion to mention by and bye.

Réné Caillié was born, as he informs us, at Mauzé, in the department of the Deux-Sèvres, in the year 1800. His parents were poor, and died during his childhood, so that the only education he received was at the village charity-school, from which, as soon as he had learned to read and write, he was put to learn a trade. To this, however, he soon took a dislike, owing, as he says, to the reading of voyages and travels, which occupied all his leisure moments, and especially the history of Robinson Crusoe. In addition to this reason, we may be permitted to add, that we observe, in many passages of his earlier adventures, abundant marks of a disposition naturally restless, fanciful, and discontented. At the age of sixteen, having read all the books of travels he was able to lay his hands on, he determined to set out in search of adventures, despite of the disapprobation of his uncle, the only person upon whom, he seems, to have had any tie. All that he possessed in the world, at this period, (1816) was a sum of 60 francs, with which he proceeded to Rochefort, and embarked in the brig La Loire, bound to Senegal.

We shall not dwell upon his various adventures, previously to the time of setting out upon his great expedition, except to mention, that during his residence at Freetown, in Sierra Leone, he became acquainted with certain Mandingoes, and seracolets, or African pedlars, whose confidence he won, and gleaned from them all the information in his power, respecting the countries he thought of visiting. "At last," he tells us, "to make sure of their friendship, I gave them a few trifles, and then I told them with a very mysterious air, and a charge of secrecy, that I was born in Egypt, of Arabian parents, and that I had been carried into France in my infancy, by some soldiers of the French army which had invaded Egypt; that I had afterwards been brought to the Senegal by my master, who in consideration of my services had given me my liberty. *I added, that as I was now free, I felt a natural inclination to return to Egypt, to seek my relations, and to adopt the Mahometan religion.*"

We shall not here stop to consider whether any circumstances or incentives whatever, and far less those of mere curiosity, or the love of exploring unknown regions, can possibly justify any man that is a christian, in denying his faith, and deliberately assuming the mask and practising the rites of a false religion, for the sake of convenience, as both Burckhardt and Caillié have evidently done; but before proceeding with the narrative of the latter, we may observe, that to say the least of it, the testimony of a man who shews such a practical disregard of truth, is to be received with considerable caution, in a case where his interest and inclination would naturally prompt him to give his story the turn he has done. He describes his preparation for the expedition, as follows.—

"Before I set out for Kakondy, I converted my two thousand francs partly into specie, and partly into merchandize. This was my whole fortune, but I meant to devote it all to the accomplishment of my project. I expended seventeen hundred francs in the purchase of gunpowder, paper, sundry glass wares, tobacco, amber, coral, silk handkerchiefs, knives, scissors, looking-glasses, cloves, three pieces of Guinea stuff, and an umbrella. All these goods formed a bundle of no great bulk; they did not weigh one hundred pounds, for I had bought but a small quantity of each article; the price of European goods being then high in all the colonies. I put into my girdle the rest of my two thousand francs, half in silver, and half in gold. Thanks to the kindness of my friends at Sierra Leone, I had no need to buy medicines; they furnished me with cream of tartar, jalap, calomel, and different kinds of salts, sulphate of quinine, diachylon plaister, and nitrite of silver.

"Provided with all these useful things, and with two pocket compasses to direct me, and dressed in my Arabian costume, with my pockets filled with leaves torn out of the Koran, I embarked at Sierra-Leone, on the 22d of March, 1827, for Rio Nunez, on board the schooner Thomas. The wind being foul, we did not arrive at the mouth of the Rio Nunez till the thirty-first of the month. I had here the good fortune to meet with a Frenchman of the name of Castagnet, who, though not acquainted with me, took me home with him, and promised that he would do all he could to forward my undertaking. He was then going to Rio Pongo, and as he was to be absent a fortnight, he begged me to defer my journey till he came back. I was glad to accede to this obliging request, for I was told that M. Castagnet owned one of the principal factories at Kakondy, where caravans from the interior were arriving daily, and particularly from Kankan, a part of the country which I was particularly anxious to visit. I must confess that this meeting with M. Castagnet was a most fortunate circumstance for me, and that the generous hospitality which I enjoyed in his house during my stay at Kakondy merits my everlasting gratitude.

"On the 5th of April, I was conducted to Rebecca, by Mr. Bethman, an English merchant, the proprietor of an establishment near M. Castagnet's residence, and who had the kindness to introduce me to the presumptive heir of the Landamas, whose name is Macandé. The king had been dead for some months, and they were waiting for the rainy season to choose a successor.

"Mr. Tudsberry, who possesses a noble factory at the foot of the mountain, was so good as to accompany us to see the prince, who received us without ceremony in the corridor belonging to his house. This corridor is supported by pillars, and goes all round the premises.

"The prince was informed in the Landamas language of the object of my journey, and my wish to visit the almamy of Fouta-Dhialon. The prince of the Landamas is not a Mussulman; he drinks spirits, and so do his subjects. My visit did not appear to interest him much; he told me jokingly that he thought I was a Christian; but they assured him of the con-

trary, and added, that I was a real Arab. He did not speak to me, but he could not take his eyes off my Arabian costume, which seemed to surprise him.

"The news of my arrival soon spread in the neighbourhood, and some of the inhabitants, attracted by curiosity, came to visit me. They all shook hands with me, in token of peace.—Amongst the crowd was a Mandingo, who had been settled for some time in that country; he had travelled amongst the Moors of the Senegal, and acquired some knowledge of the language, in which he asked me several questions. I answered them, and begged him to tell the prince that I had been taken prisoner by the Christians when very young; that I had been long away from my native land; and that, being now free, I was returning to my relations. This Mandingo interpreted my words very faithfully, and told the prince and his ministers that they were very fortunate, and ought to thank God, for having sent to them an Arab from the prophet's own country, to open to them the gates of heaven; and lastly, that they had that day seen what their ancestors had never beheld. After this short conversation, we took leave of the prince and returned to Mr. Tudsberry's.

"A few days before this time a caravan had arrived at Rebeca from Kankan, with a large quantity of gold. I soon made acquaintance with the chiefs; they were not a little surprised when they heard the object of my journey, and congratulated me on my attachment to Islamism, assuring me that the chief of Tembo would be happy to see me, and anxious to forward my plans. I said prayers with my new friends, after which they received me as a true Musulman, and gave me part of their supper, which consisted of boiled rice.

"As it was then the time of the Ramadan, I pretended not to eat before sunset. I did not sit down to table till towards night, and took nothing but some dried beef which a Mandingo brought to me."

Our traveller next visits and describes the Landamas, the Nalous, and other tribes on the banks of the river Nunez, and subsequently thus proceeds:—

"I was endeavouring to arrange the notes that I had made respecting the Nalous, the Landamas, and the Bagos, when M. Castagnet returned. He was so good as to turn his attention immediately to my journey, and gave me much useful advice respecting my conduct amongst the tribes whom I intended to visit. He furnished me with all the particulars that had come to his knowledge concerning their manners, their jealousy, and their distrust of Europeans; and thinking that this was not sufficient, and that he had not done enough to oblige me, he sent for some Mandingoes, who deservedly enjoyed a considerable reputation in the neighbourhood for their probity, experience, and wealth. He endeavoured to persuade these Mandingoes to accompany me to Timbuctoo; and he communicated to them the object of my journey, with many encomiums upon my love of my country; he had expatiated on the courage displayed by so young a man in braving such dangers to return to his kindred: then, gradually unfolding the tale of my Egyptian origin, he endeavoured to interest their feelings in my behalf, and to secure their assistance. In vain did M. Castagnet exert his eloquence; they were perfectly indifferent till he promised to reward them for any thing they should do for me; then indeed, they showed great zeal to serve me, and protested, every one of them, that they would treat me like their own son.

"They made some remarks upon the difficulties and fatigue which I should have to endure and which I might not have strength to sustain; but, upon my reply that I was determined to bear every thing, that I might return to my country, they fixed a day for our departure. M. Castagnet gave them the value of an ox in merchandize, and the Mandingoes, as they had promised, procured a slave to carry my small bundle. These arrangements were speedily terminated.

"On the 19th of April, I took leave of M. Castagnet; and—shall I confess it?—I shed tears at parting from this generous friend; my regret at leaving him, however, sincere as it was, could not damp the joy which I felt at undertaking a journey upon which my mind had been bent for so many years.

"Our caravan consisted of five free Mandingoes, three slaves, my Foulah porter, my guide, and his wife. All except the last two and myself carried enormous burdens.

"We travelled along the left bank of the river Nunez, and in two hours arrived at Mr. Bethman's factory. I again saw the graves of Major Peddie and other officers of the same expedition, and was seized with an involuntary shudder at the thought that the same fate perhaps awaited me; these sad forebodings vanished however on leaving the tombs, and gave way to hopes of a happier issue.

"At nine in the morning we directed our course S.S.E. Ibrahim, my guide, to whom I had given several articles stopped all of a sudden, and told me, by means of a negro who could speak English, that he should be obliged to make a great many presents on the way, and that he was afraid, after all, I should never get safe to Fouta-Dhialon, on account of my fair complexion. This reflection appeared to come a little too late, but I understood the purport of it, when he added in good Arabic that I must give him a piece of cloth.

"It would have been dangerous to encourage his importunity, so I pretended that I did not know what he said, and went on in the same direction without giving him any thing. We found the soil composed of red earth, and rather stony, but covered with most beautiful vegetation; the *nédé** in particular is very abundant. We came to a group of Mandingoes and Foulahs seated under some large trees; they were quarrelling with one another, and looking out for the customary presents. There is such a competition in the Kakondy trade, that the proprietors of each factory send couriers before the caravans to make presents to the leaders and to draw them to themselves; if they are numerous, an ox is killed on their arrival at the factory, and they are supplied with rice all the time the traffic lasts: when they are about to return a present is made them, and they are furnished with provision for the journey. So great is the competition that the merchants will even sell their goods without profit."

For the present we shall only subjoin that the volume now before us, carries our author no farther than Jenné; and leaves him embarking in the canoe which was to convey him on board the larger boat bound for Timbuctoo.

* The nede is a species of mimosa, the fruit of which contains a ferulent substance, which is eaten by the negroes of this part of Africa.

Lawrie Todd, or the Settlers in the Woods. By J. Galt, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo.—London, Colburn and Bentley.

THE style of Mr. Galt's fiction is very peculiar, as those who have read and relished his Annals of the Parish, are well aware. It is the very opposite of elevated, and rejoices in a semblance of naïve simplicity, which not unfrequently oversteps the bounds of strict good taste, and descends into coarseness and vulgarity. Yet it is for the most part extremely natural and engaging, though the scene is laid in low life, and the incidents are rarely striking or important. The present work, we are told by the author, though written to amuse, was intended to answer in some degree the higher purpose of imparting useful information to the emigrant, respecting the rise and progress of a successful American settlement. The privations to be endured, he assures us, are not exaggerated, nor is the rapidity with which they may be overcome; and he rests his qualifications for presenting to the reader a faithful description of the scenes he pourtrays, on the fact that he has recently superintended a colonial experiment of considerable magnitude in Canada.

On reading the book, however, we feel inclined to view it only in the light of an amusing fiction, but as one which affords much opportunity for the description of scenery and the developement of character and circumstances, peculiar to the New World, which is skilfully taken advantage of by the author. In incident, however, the history, we must confess, reminded us somewhat of Matthews' famous old story of Sandy Anderson and the Meenester.

Lawrie Todd is the son of a nailer, born in one of the pleasant holms of the sylvan Esk, in the shire of Mid-Lothian. When in his third year, his mother dies, and he being naturally feeble and puny, and the servant-lass, whom his father hires to take charge of the house, being thoughtless and neglectful, he gradually becomes helpless, decrepid, and a dwarf, but withal, old-fashioned and cunning, as such creatures often are.

After many descants of the neighbouring gossips on the best cure for his weakliness and deformity, a certain Lucky A'things, a rambling tinkler, (anglicé gipsy,) proposes a new remedy:—

"No sooner did she begin to speak anent my ailments, than it was manifest to my hearing that she knew wherein lay the cause. For she remarked to my father, that instead of letting me sit all day, croining and dwining, peaking and pining, at the fire-side, I should be taken to the hill-top to breathe the good-will of the westlin winds. This was surely sensible; for sometimes, when sitting in my chair at the door-cheek, on the shady side of the house, in a summer-day, I have had a pleasant experience of a freshness in my blood, that gave me an inkling of what health might be."

This advice was accordingly followed, and proved so effectual that after some time Lawrie, though still of diminutive stature and feeble constitution, was enabled to follow his father's trade, and being "though small of body, yet of mighty mind," he grew to be a politician, and in 92, joined one of those associations so rife at the commencement of the French Revolution, and styling themselves "Friends of the People." For this cause he was after some time marched into Edinburgh, with sixteen of his confederates, to answer a charge of high treason be-

fore the Lords. The bailies called him a modiwart, and a duddy bogle, and agreed that it was not possible that he could have been guilty of imagining and compassing the death of our Lord the King. He was accordingly admonished and dismissed; but his father took the disgrace to heart, and the good ship Providence of New York being then lying at Leith, for passengers, in order to get Lawrie and his brother out of harm's way, he paid their passage, and sent them off to seek their fortunes in America, giving them his blessing, and twenty shillings between them, to defray their contingent expenses, till they should get into employment in New York.

After the usual sickness and sorrow of a voyage across the Atlantic, they arrive at their destination, and Lawrie's reflections are given as follows:—

"Here were my brother and I in a new world, two inexperienced young men, with scarcely a crown remaining of all the pound which our loving father had bestowed upon us, with the tear in his eye, and his blessing. It is true, like Adam and Eve, when driven out of the gardens of Eden, we had Providence for our guide, as that solemn sounding gong of the Gospel, the mighty John Milton, bears testimony; but we were worse off, for they had the world all before them where to choose: we had no choice.

"I say we scarcely had a crown remaining; we had but three shillings and sixpence, for with all our frugality, and notwithstanding our well-plenished ark, we had several items of necessaries to buy from the ship's steward, by which our pound was cast into a consumption. But an encouraging spirit inspired our bosoms, and in our fortunes we feared none ill.

"It was on the 16th of June, Anno Domini 1794, about ten o'clock, A.M. that our ship came to anchor opposite to the city.

"In those days New York cut but a *humelt* appearance from the water. The only steeples tall enough to be seen to any advantage, were those of the Trinity church, St. George's, and the new Dutch church fronting on Liberty, Nassau and Cedar streets. The stores were mean, temporary timber tabernacles, compared with those Tower-of-Babel warehouses which now surpass the warehouses of Tarshish and of Tyre, and lift their lofty foreheads, in the pride of prosperity, over the tributary fleets that pamper them with treasures from the uttermost ends of the earth.

"The anchor was scarcely cast into the water when the vessel was surrounded with boats, and I believe every passenger but myself went on shore—my brother went too, and, for fear of accidents, took all that was left of our cargo of specie with him. If ever I felt the chill of the shadow of the clouds of fate fall upon my spirit, it was at the moment when he stepped over the gunwale down into the boat, and yet it was a sadness without dread. I felt I was on the wall-top of my fortune, and that to return was as dangerous as to leap the unknown side—moreover, there was in my imagination a glimmering of bright and beautiful things—they may be summer couts thought I; and the fear of that was the cause of my solemnity.

"In those days a ship with passengers was a rare sight; but as New York was then full of Scotchmen, I was not long of discovering among the crowd that came on board to hear the news, several of my countrymen, which emboldened me to address one who had come from Edinburgh about a year before.

"After some talk, I inquired if he thought my brother and I could get employment to make nails; but he struck my heart with a snow-ball, in saying he thought not, for that a machine for cutting nails out of iron hoops had been recently set up, by which the Americans were of opinion they would soon have the supplying of the whole world with nails. The dismay did not last long.

"While we were conversing, a passenger, who had been on shore, returned, and having changed a guinea, he paid me a sixpence, which he owed for a glass of wine to one of his children when it was sick. At the time there was none but ours remaining on board, all that had been provided for the cabin passengers was drank out: we had been then eight weeks at sea.

"I should here note as a matter worthy of remark, and creditable both to my brother and me, although we could afford to bring with us but one bottle of wine, we yet, by a judicious economy, had the last wine in the ship.

"About eleven o'clock the captain returned on board, bringing a capital supply of fine fresh beef and new potatoes, which he told the cook to get ready for the sailors' dinner, and seeing me looking very sober and somewhat downhearted, he bade me join the mess and not to be discouraged—'for if there is a man on board,' said he, 'to make a figure and a fortune, you are the man.'

"Being thus so cheered, my heart was lightened, and I went about as usual to assist the cook, (he was a black man,) and being anxious to taste fresh meat we proceeded to get dinner ready as quickly as possible. I sat down with Cato, as he was called, square on the deck, his feet against my feet, with a wooden bowl of potatoes between our legs, and began to scrape off the skins.

"While thus employed, a boat came alongside with several visitors. One inquired for a farmer's servant, wishing to engage one; another for a housemaid; and the third, thanks be and praise! asked if there was a nail-maker on board. My greedy ear snapped the word, and looking up, I answered 'I am one.'

"'You,' replied he, looking down as if I was a fairy, 'you, can you make nails?'

"'I'll wager a sixpence,' (all I had) was my answer, 'that I'll make more nails in one day than any man in America.'

"This reply, the manner of it, and the figure of the bragger, set all present into a roar of laughter, which ended by Mr. Tongs (that was the stranger's name) giving me his card and requesting me to call with my brother at his store.

"As an apology for having made so bold a brag, I may mention, that a few weeks before leaving home I did, for a bet of sixpence, make in one day, between six in the morning and nine at night, three thousand two hundred and twenty nails, which was more, by four hundred, than ever was heard of in Britain as the work of one man among the craft within the like period of time.

"When my brother returned on board, and the vessel had been hauled to the wharf at the foot of Government-lane, we went ashore together; but, like Noah's dove, we were timid, and having no place of rest, returned back to the ship for the night, where we slept with more comfort than we had done since the day of our departure from the pier of Leith, communing and rejoicing together at the wonderful manner in which an angel of deliverance, in the shape of Mr. Tongs, had been sent, a present aid, in the midst of our straits and fears."

Lawrie and his brother engage with Mr. Tongs, and after a season Lawrie falls in love:—

"But before I proceed with the tender part of our courtship, I should mention that my brother's health about this time began to decline, which induced us, in order to save him from the toil and smoke of the nail-shop, to hire a small store. Having saved about one hundred dollars, we laid it out, and fifty dollars more on credit, in hardware, consisting of needles and pins, and scissors and knives, &c. My brother was to attend the store, while I was to make nails to support us both.

"When I began to place our stock on the shelves, I found they would make a very poor appearance, and as I was just beginning to find out that appearances were of great effect in this world, I procured a number of brick-bats and round junks of wood. The wood I sawed into suitable lengths, and covered it with ironmonger's paper, having a shaving-box or a snuff-box attached to the one end of each piece. These, when laid on the shelves, occupied the space of, and appeared to be six, twelve, or twenty boxes, as the size of the wood served. The brick-bats being covered and adorned with a knife and fork outside, looked equally ornamental and opulent. By this device the shelves appeared to be furnished most respectably. I also procured a glass-case to stand on the counter, in which I placed several articles for retail, and as they were sold off, I procured more, so I had no occasion to discompose my brick and wood representatives.

"But although it must be allowed that this was a clever and innocent artifice, yet, like other dealers in the devices of cunning, I had not been circumspect at all points, for by mistake I happened to tie a round shaving-box on a brick subterfuge, which a sly pawkie old Scotchman, who sometimes stepped in for a crack, observed.

"'Ay, man,' says he, 'but ye hae unco' queer things here! Wha ever saw a four-corner't shaving-box?' whereupon we had a hearty good laugh. 'Od,' he resumed, 'but ye're an auld farrant chappy, and na doubt but ye'll do weel in this country, where pawkrie is no' an ill nest-egg to begin with!"

"I shall not intimate to the sagacious reader what might be the matter with my brother, but he tired of keeping store, and went off to Philadelphia, an event which caused me to be much troubled in mind. We were beginning to make a bawbee by the store, and I did not like to give it up; neither did I like to give up the nail-making, for that was sure; so I resolved to push my courtship, calculating that if I got married, I would have a store-keeper of my own, but if not, to sell all off, and leave the city; for by this time I could not endure the thought of seeing Rebecca the wife of another. In the meantime, I continued to keep the store and to follow my trade. I rose at four o'clock in the morning and made nails until eight; I then opened the store, where I remained until eight in the evening, when I shut up, and went to nail-making until twelve; thus getting but a short four hours' sleep in the four and twenty. But the Lord was working with me, and lessened the privation, and lightened the toil.

"My nail-shop window opened into the yard of the house where I boarded and where Rebecca lived; and after I came from the store in

the evening, she used to come like a dove to the window: I helped her in, where she stayed, sewing or knitting, till midnight—I working and courting—killing two birds with one stone."

In due time Lawrie is married; soon after the plague breaks out at New York, and its commencement is thus described:—

"On the 12th of August, a wail and lamentation spread throughout the town—Rachel weeping for her children; then there was a hurrying to and fro—the inhabitants flying from destruction, followed by carts loaded with furniture, feather-beds, and tables, a universal flitting. The city was forsaken, and silence, with weeping eyes, sat in the market-place.

"We having no friends in the country to fly to, and not having money to support us there in idleness, concluded that it was ordained for a purpose, that we should remain in the midst of the calamity—and in this frame of mind, I invited my brother and my wife's mother to join us in an offering to the Lord. We assembled in the evening; it was the sabbath, and on that day there had been no worship, for the stern angel with his phials stood at the church door, and the worshippers dreaded to enter.

"The air was fearfully warm, and our windows were open. The setting sun shone in upon us, and we all thought, as we prepared for the prayer, that there was a yellow drowsiness in his eye, as if the glory of the world was smitten with mortal disease—we contemplated the prodigy in silence, and when he disappeared, we all fell by one thought upon our knees. It was my intent to have spoken, but utterance was denied to me: we folded our hands and offered ourselves to the mercy of Providence with the voices of our hearts. After a season we arose and embraced one another, and cried aloud, let the will of God be done. My brother then went home to his master, and sickened next day, but Rebecca's mother remained with us for the night—such a night!

"Next morning my employer removed his wife, and having laid in a stock of iron and coals, desired me, as he bade me farewell, to make and sell the nails; and my employment was making and selling nails for coffins. Some days after, three young men of our acquaintance, who assisted in sitting up and attending on my brother, sickened. The family where they resided had fled to the country, so that none were in the houses to give them a drink. I thought they had caught the fever from my brother, and I felt myself bound to attend them; which I did, going from house to house by day and by night; but it was not with them only that I fearlessly (trusting in the Lord) hazarded myself, I had many patients.

"In one house lay three brothers—one after the other died, but I had time to attend the remains of the last only to Pottersfield, and it was then I felt grief for the first time. They had been my school-fellows, we came from Scotland in the same ship, and we had all sat with our parents in the same pew in the same church.

"The hearse had brought five other bodies for the sepulchre, but they were all unknown, and I was the only mourner at that funeral. I assisted the hearsemen and the sexton to lower them one by one into the same grave; but when the coffin of my friend, which was the last, was drawn out, my limbs so shook, that I could not take the cord.—Lord, in thy mercy spare me from the sorrow of such another trial!"

The plague is assuaged, but Lawrie's wife 'dwines away' after childbirth, and dies of consumption. After a reasonable time of mourning, Mr. Zerobabel L. Hoskins, a farmer, from Vermont, who had come to New York about a cod-fish adventure, and was waiting with his wife and niece, the returns from Sicily, proposes the said niece as a fit helpmate for Lawrie, in the place of his deceased Rebecca:—

"This old Mr. Hoskins was, in his way, something of a Yankey oddity. He was tall, thin, and of an anatomical figure, with a long chin, ears like trenchers, lengthy jaws, and a nose like a schooner's cut-water. His hair was lank and oily, the tie of his cravat was always dislocated, and he wore an old white beaver hat, turned up behind. His long bottle-green surtout, among other defects, lacked a button on the left promontory of his hinder parts, and in the house he always tramped in slippers.

"Having from my youth upward been much addicted to the society of remarkable persons, soon after the translation of my Rebecca, I happened to fall in with this gentleman, and without thinking of any serious purpose, I sometimes, of a sabbath-evening, called at the house where he boarded with his family, and there I soon discovered, in the household talents of Miss Judith his niece just the sort of woman that was wanted to heed the bringing up of my little boy. This discovery, however, to tell the truth quietly, was first made by her uncle.

"'I guess, Squire Lawrie," said he, one evening, "the Squire has considerable muddy time on't since his old woman went to pot.'

"Ah, Rebecca! she was but twenty-one—

"'Now, Squire, you see,' continued Mr. Zerobabel L. Hoskins, 'that ere being the circumstance, you should be a-making your calculations for another spec;' and he took his cigar out of his mouth, and trimming it on the edge of the snuffer-tray, added, 'Well, if so be as you're a-going to do so, don't you go to stand like a pump, with your arm up, as if you would give the sun a black-eye, but do it right away.'

"I told him it was a thing I could not yet think of; that my wound was too fresh, my loss too recent.

"'If that ben't particular,' replied he, 'Squire Lawrie, I'm a pumpkin, and the pigs may do their damnedst with me. But I ain't a pumpkin, the Squire he knows that.'

"'I assured him, without very deeply dunkling the truth, that I had met with few men in America who better knew how many blue beans it takes to make five.

"'I reckon, Squire Lawrie,' said he, 'is a puffing of a parley voo, but I sells no wooden nutmegs. Now look ye' here, Squire. There be you, spinning your thumbs with a small child that ha'n't got no mother; so I calculate, if you make Jerusalem fine-nails, I guess you can't a hippen such a small child for no man's money—which is tarnation bad.'

"I could not but acknowledge the good sense of his remark.

"He drew his chair close in front of me, and taking the cigar out of his mouth, and beating off the ashes on his left thumb nail, replaced it. Having then given a puff, he raised his right-hand aloft, and laying it emphatically down on his knee, said in his wonted slow, and phlegmatic tone.

"'Well, I guess that 'ere young woman, my niece—she be'nt five-and-twenty—she'll make a heavenly splice!—I have known that 'ere young woman 'liver the milk of our thirteen cows afore eight a morning, and then fetch Crumple and her calf from the Bush—Dang that 'ere Crumple! we never had no such heifer afore—she and her calf cleared out every night, and would'nt come home on no account, no never, 'till Judy fetch'd her right away, when done milking t'other thirteen.'

"'No doubt, Mr. Hoskins,' said I, 'Miss Judith will make a capital farmer's wife in the country, but I have no cows to milk—all my live stock is a sucking bairn.'—

"'By the Gods of Jacob's father-in-law! she's just the cut for that.—But the Squire knows I ain't going to trade her. If she suits Squire Lawrie—good, says I—I shan't ask no nothing for her; but I can tell the Squire as how Benjamin S. Thuds—what is blacksmith in our village—offered me two hundred and fifty dollars—gospel, by the living jingo!—in my right hand away; but you see, as how, he was an almighty boozer, though for blacksmithing a prime hammer,—I said no; no, and there she is still to be had—and I reckon Squire Lawrie may go the whole hog with her, and make a good operation.'

"Discovering by this plain speaking of Mr. Hoskins how the cat jumped—to use one of his own terms—we entered more into the marrow of the business, till it came to pass, that I made a proposal for Miss Judith, and soon after a paction was settled between me and her, that when the Fair American arrived from Palermo, we should be married; for she had a share in the codfish venture by that bark, and we counted that the profit might prove a nest-egg; and it did so, to the blithesome tune of four hundred and thirty-three dollars, which the old gentleman counted out to me in the hard on the wedding-day."

Then are Lawrie's various speculations and manœuvres in trade most circumstantially related, with that painful minuteness which stamps a character of fidelity upon Mr. Galt's delineations. With all his efforts to turn the penny, however, Lawrie becomes unfortunate, and is rescued from the depth of poverty only by the the gift of five hundred dollars from his wife's uncle, Mr. Hoskins; with this sum he proposes to betake himself to the woods with his family, and clear a piece of ground for a farm; on mentioning this design to his benefactor, Mr. Hoskins, he approves highly of it:—

"'I calculate,' said he, 'the making of the bush into corn-fields is the right American manufacture; and if a man can never grow no richer at that, he's sure to be roasted like a quail on the devil's prongs at every thing else. 'Somsever, that ere chopping, I reckon, is tarnation hard work; and if the location bean't a 'dicious one, the swamp fever will hop off with the Squire like nothing in a fortnight.'"

This settlement in the woods of course affords the opportunity referred to by Mr. Galt, in his preface, of describing the various circumstances incidental to the "location" of an emigrant in the forests of America.

Ultimately Lawrie becomes a prosperous, and wealthy man; revisits Scotland in time to attend his father's funeral, and marry a third wife, his second having died in the woods. He again repairs to America, which he had not yet any thought of abandoning. Other ventures he makes with the prudence and circumspection of a thrifty Scotchman, and finally returns to Great Britain, to spend the evening of his days in honour and glory, and the land of his fathers.

Sydenham; or Memoirs of a Man of the World. 3 vols. 8vo.—Colburn and Bentley.

Were we anxious to commence our review of Sydenham with a smart saying, we should describe this Novel as a very clever and contemptible production. But smart sayings are seldom strictly true, and still more seldom useful or becoming, we shall, therefore, adopt a more suitable, and, we trust, more beneficial method, of making our readers acquainted with our opinion of the book. In the first place, then, there is no story; the beginning, the middle, and the end required by Aristotle, are all wanting; the book consists of a series of sketches of character and of society. Secondly, Sir Matthew Sydenham, the principal actor, and narrator, is professedly a heartless, selfish satirist, who deems himself at full liberty, on all occasions, to sport with and wound the feelings of all other persons, without the least remorse, and who, indeed, continually plumes himself on the skill with which he is able to contribute to his own amusement, by torturing, as far as in him lies, the minds of the various persons with whom he happens to be in any way connected or acquainted. He also selects his father and his mother, as persons whose characters are proper to be held up to the especial scorn and derision of his readers.

We have detected and detested these revolting characteristics in many popular modern novels.—Vivian Grey, for example, Granby, Pelham, et multis aliis. The danger is great that public taste and public morals may be thereby vitiated, so far as the influence of such works extend. Raw inexperienced young men, readily take up the opinion that it is very fashionable and knowing, and 'quite correct,' to get rid of all the warm and kind and good emotions of the heart, and to substitute in their stead, a cold, stony, sneering indifference, to all persons matters and things, that do not centre in the amusement or glorification of their noble selves, and pitiable puppyism or degrading worldly-mindedness is elevated into the place which ought to be occupied by exalted virtue, or at least by pure benevolence, and is made the model,

——— The glass indeed,
In which each noble youth should dress himself.

Bad as the world is, and we are far from thinking well of it, things are not yet quite come to the pass which this supposes, and those who exhibit their talents only in the infliction of pain, or the affectation of indifference, will speedily find themselves slighted and despised, by those by whom they had hoped their cleverness would make them only feared and hated. It is more particularly to the first volume of Sydenham that these observations apply: in it the author confines himself chiefly to the world of fashion, and beau Brummel is for the thousand and first time caricatured, under the name of Beaumont. Several of the well-known, and really piquant anecdotes of the exquisite, are grievously spoiled by the way of disguising them, and considerably more of character is attributed to him, than he really possessed. Character in a man whose soul was in his coat and his cravat, is among the impossible quantities of the mathematicians. The concluding volumes, from the time that Sydenham gets into parliament, are exclusively devoted to celebrated political characters, who will be easily recognized by every reader. We are inclined to agree with our author in the opinion that the most independent man in the House of Commons, is the representative of a rotten borough.

Sydenham joins the whig party, chiefly, he tells us, for the sake of the society at Brookes' and elsewhere. As usual, however, he makes a point of showing up his intimates in the most unamiable light he can, and the portraits of the whig leaders are any thing but captivating. After a great deal of cabal and intrigue, in which Mr. Brougham, under the name of Broughton, is very severely and unfairly handled, he, with several others, of whom Sheridan (called in the book Singleton,) is one, are represented as deserting their party, and forming a coalition with the moderate tories. We shall give Sydenham's interview with Sheridan, when first he met him after this supposed coalition, and a subsequent one with Cobbett, as a specimen of the author's powers.

"One day, in the latter part of the week, as I was walking down one of the streets leading from Piccadilly toward Pall-Mall, I espied Singleton a few yards before me. I quickened my step, overtook him, and laid my hand upon his arm. He turned round, started, stammered, and was evidently as much annoyed at the sight of me, as he would have been had the Devil or a bailiff stopped him.

'Ah, Syd, my boy! How are you? I'm delighted to see you—where have you been this long time?'

'This long time! Why, I think you have seen me at Dick Lutwyche's and at Brookes's within this week.'

'Ay, true! I forgot,' cried Will, not yet recovered from his confusion. 'Which way are you going?'

'*Your* way,' answered I, and I thrust my arm within his to make sure of the slippery dog. We walked on a few paces in silence. I was the first to speak.

'Well, Singleton, I can't congratulate you upon your new alliance.'

'Come, Syd, you are not a man to adopt the common cant upon these matters,' answered Singleton, whose wit generally opened a door of escape to him from every dilemma: 'You must feel as well as I do, that in politics our desires naturally tend to office; and surely you can't think it very inexcusable for a person with my accomplishments to yield to the temptation?'

'I think,' replied I, 'that after you have preserved your virtue so long, it is a pity you should now sacrifice it, and that, too, for an office of inferior rank.'

'Between ourselves, Syd,' rejoined Will, 'my case is like that of a young lady, who, when she first comes out, thinking that her perfections will enable her to take her choice of mankind, refuses many good offers, but at length, finding herself upon the wane, and the expected proposal not yet made, is content to lower her price as her attractions fade, and to dispose of herself before they become utterly unmarketable.'

'Your comparison won't do,' said I; 'for you have been long united to a most respectable party, and the connexion which you have lately formed, though it may be more agreeable than the barrenness of your legitimate marriage, is nevertheless a *faux pas*, from which, believe me, your reputation will never recover.'

'I never pretended to "outrageous virtue," answered Singleton; 'and I have only done what hundreds have done before me, and will do after me.'

'Be that as it may, your act has divorced you for ever from the Whig body.'

'Has it?' cried Singleton, bitterly; 'I fancy, however, it will feel the deprivation of such a rib as me.'

'This is a delicate subject,' I observed, 'which it appears to me that we have been treating in rather an indelicate manner. We will dismiss it, and in doing so, suffer me to express my sincere hope,' and I uttered these last words with an impressive tone and manner, 'that you may never feel remorse for having abandoned, and thereby materially injured, that party with which you have so long been united, and which, notwithstanding all your faults, esteemed and admired you; and that he to whom you have committed yourself may not, when you have answered his purpose and ceased to be usefnl to him,

'Whistle you down the wind,
A prey to Fortune,'

when your talents will only suffice to mingle a few grains of pity with the general reprobation which awaits the adversity of the public and private profligate!'

"So saying, I abruptly quitted him, and turned down an adjoining street. When I had gone forward a few yards, I looked behind and saw Singleton still standing where I had left him; but, observing that I watched him, he started from his reverie, and hurried forward.

"On the morning after this conversation with Singleton, I was favoured with a visit from a very extraordinary person, of whom I must give some account before I bring him in *propria persona* before the reader.

"While the pit and boxes of the political theatre were interested and amused by the representations of the regular actors, the raff of the shilling gallery has usually been entertained by buffoons, whose performances were more suitable to their less refined apprehension. C—— had been for many years the capital jack-pudding of this class of spectators. The man was not destitute of abilities, but was the most coarse, violent, profligate, and intolerable of human creatures. Let the reader conceive, if possible, the idea of a wild beast endowed with intellect, which directed, but did not subdue his savage and treacherous nature, and it will be the nearest illustration that I can give him of C——'s character. When he first appeared in public, an eminent Whig, finding him to be a powerful animal, and thinking that he might be made an useful one, endeavoured to put him into training for that purpose; but the brute proved utterly untractable, and his ferocious propensities first broke forth in an attack upon his benefactor, who was obliged to get rid of him as quickly as possible. Principles C—— had none; and his opinions he changed, perhaps, about as frequently as he did his linen. He was chiefly governed by rage, malice, and money, and accordingly as those motives actuated him, he wrote, wholly independent of what he had formerly asserted. Altogether, it was a moral monster, which one would have been curious to examine, if one could have overcome the disgust which the contemplation of it inspired.

"I was rather surprised, then, upon being informed that this man waited below requesting to speak to me. I desired, however, that he should be admitted, to the scarcely concealed surprise of the supercilious footman. Accord-

ingly, C—— was ushered into the room where I was sitting. His person and manners, I should observe, were an admixture of country clown and city blackguard, in nearly equal proportions.

'Pray, Sir,' said I, as he entered the room, 'what is your business with me?'

'Sir,' answered the fellow, 'I come as one of the people to speak to you as a representative of the people, and I hope I've at least as much right to do so as a lord has to demand an audience of the king.'

'I'm quite ready to admit your claim in that character, and to hear what you have to say.'

'I'm not apt to praise public men,' cried C——, throwing himself into a chair, 'because in general they're a set of rascals, and bullying beastly blackguards, who feed themselves and their ravenous relatives out of the very heart and guts of the country; but when I see a man do his duty, I'm as willing to praise him, as I am to lash him if he neglects it.'

"He paused, and I, suspecting the tendency of this preliminary observation, merely made an inclination of my head, and he proceeded.

'Now, I approve of your conduct, and I think it right to tell you so. I honour you for the dressing you gave that shuffling, sneering, Scotch, damned, dunghill son of a b—— Broughton. I honour you for not joining that fellow Tewkesbury, and that swindler Singleton, whose wife had a child by Chepstow's long-legged son, and that old master-pick-pocket Lessingham, and all the rest of the rapscallion Whigs.'

'Flattering as your commendations may be, Mr. C——,' said I, 'I presume that you did not take the trouble of coming to my house for the express purpose of bringing them to me. Be so good, therefore, as to proceed to the point.'

'I will—I will, Sir Matthew; I'm a plain, straightforward, honest Englishman, who never uses roundabout words, and speaks out fearlessly upon every occasion, as you know. Now, you've been scurvily, and basely, and infamously gulled by those Whigs—I mean lawyer Broughton's Whigs.'

"He stopped again; I signified to him to proceed.

'Very well. Admitting this, I've a proposal to make—a proposal to make. You'd like to have these fellows shown up; I'm a blunt man, and hate humbug; *lend* me a couple of hundreds, and I'll show them up in grand style for you, and be the making of yourself into the bargain. What do you say to it?'

'Have you any thing farther to propose to me on this or any other point?'

'Nothing,' answered the demagogue.

"I then addressed him in the following terms.—

'Impudent scoundrel! How dare you insult a gentleman with your praise, and menace him with your support? If you attempt to put your threat into execution, I will have you scourged for your insolence; but if between this and your next publication you should think better of it, and abuse me with all your might, I will give you a guinea for the service which you will thereby render me. In the mean time, vanish from my presence! If you do not immediately make your exit by the door, I will show you a short cut out at the window. And mind, you rascal! that you lay your hand upon nothing in going out of the house, for you will be watched and detected.'

"A painter only could describe the effect which this speech produced upon the old wretch. He started up, stamped upon the floor, glared at me with the expression of an incarnate fiend, foamed at the mouth, attempted to speak, but was dumb with rage, gnashed his teeth, shook his clenched fist at me, and darted out of the room.

"In his next paper, the Tewkesbury Ministry and the Broughton Whigs were highly bepraised, while the Opposition Rump was vilified; I myself being treated with an extraordinary portion of his most potent abuse."

We confess we think the reply to the radical, savours somewhat too much of Billingsgate for an exclusive.

Some of the after-dinner scenes, too, especially the night-visit with Singleton, and the tete-a-tete with the young Oxonian toad-eater, we should consider grossly indelicate, and unfit to be written by a gentleman or read by a lady. The author has undoubtedly the ability to write a far superior book to Sydenham, if he would exert his powers in a better cause, and qualify his satire with some shew of good feeling, or better still, of good principle.

The Cabinet Cyclopædia. Domestic Economy, Vol. 1. By Michael Donovan, Esq. M.R.I.A. Professor of Chemistry to the Company of Apothecaries in Ireland.—London: Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown and Green.

THIS volume treats of brewing, distilling, wine-making and all manner of intoxicating liquors. The making of vinegar and the baking of bread are also included in it, as indeed are all those processes in domestic economy which depend upon, or are connected with, fermentation. A great deal of research is evinced in tracing the origin of the various manufactured liquids employed for domestic purposes, the general contents of the volume, however, are not of a nature to interest the general reader very strongly, as they relate so exclusively to operations in which none but those who are practically conversant with them, seem to concern themselves much. We shall extract the passage, in which the claim of Ireland to priority in the art of making malt spirits is vindicated, and shall subjoin Mr. Donovan's strictures on the fatal results of immoderate indulgence in the use of spirituous liquors, that we may lend our aid to the Temperance Society in disseminating information on this important subject.

"At what period the art of distillation was introduced into Britain is not certainly known: it is commonly believed to have taken place during the reign of Henry II. It would appear that in Ireland the practice of obtaining a spirit from malt was better understood, even at the earliest period of the invention, than elsewhere. In the Irish language the spirit was called *Uisge-beatha* or *Usquebah*. Moryson, who was secretary to Lord Mountjoy, during the rebellion in Ireland of the Earl of Tyrone, wrote a history of Ireland, including the period between 1599 and 1603, which in many respects is one of the grossest libels that ever defiled the page of history; in this he nevertheless gives the following account:—'At Dublin, and in some other cities (of Ireland,) they have taverns, wherein Spanish and French wines are sold; but more commonly the merchants sell them by pints and quarts in their own cellars. The Irish aqua vitæ, vulgarly called usquebagh, is held the best in the world of that kind, which is made also in England, but nothing so good as that which is brought out of Ireland. And the usquebagh is preferred before our aqua vitæ, because the mingling of raisins, fennel-seed, and other things, mitigating the heat, and making the taste pleasant, makes it less inflame, and yet refresh the weak stomach with moderate heat and good relish. These drinks the English-Irish drink largely, and in many families (especially at feasts) both men and women use excess therein:'—'neither have they any beer made of malt and hops, nor yet any ale; no, not the chief lords, except it be very rarely.'—'But when they come to any market-town to sell a car or horse, they never return home until they have drunk the price in Spanish wine (which they call the King of Spain's daughter,) or in Irish Usquebagh, and until they have outslept two or three day's drunkenness.' The latter passages prove how little this writer was disposed to praise any thing Irish, had praise been undeserved.

"Sir James Ware supposes that ardent spirit was distilled in Ireland earlier than in England. He says, 'the English aqua vitæ, it is thought, is the invention of more modern times. Yet we find the virtues of usquebagh and a receipt for making it, both simple and compound, in the red book of Ossory, compiled nearly two hundred years ago; and another receipt for making a liquor, then called *nectar*, made of a mixture of honey and wine, to which are added ginger, pepper, cinnamon, and other ingredients.' Dr. Ledwich observes, that the early French poets speak of this nectar with rapture, as being most delicious. The Irish distilled spirits from malt in 1590, and imitated foreign *liqueurs*, by adding aromatic seeds and spices, as was practised in France, so early, according to le Grand, as 1813. The Irish *bulcaan*, Rutty tells us, was made from black oats. *Buile*, madness, and *ceann*, the head, intimate the effects of this fiery spirit.

"Having now sketched an account of the introduction and use of intoxicating liquors, as far as the few annals preserved have furnished materials for it, as a proper sequel we may notice the consequences of indulgence in these insidious poisons. Fortunate, indeed, were it for mankind, if the history could truly terminate with an account of their introduction, and if there were nothing to be added to complete the subject. But a dismal picture remains to be exhibited of the effects of excessive indulgence. It is the more to be lamented that the power which those stimuli possess over the intellectual economy should be turned to such bad account, when, under proper restrictions, they might have been made conducive to real benefits. From them, rightly administered, the afflicted in mind or body might receive comfort, the desponding might be inspired with hope, and the melancholy elevated into joy. But the limits of moderation are easily surpassed. He who experiences these advantages does not always rest satisfied with their reasonable enjoyment: the cup of bliss continues to be quaffed, but the infused poison throws round him its magic spell. His senses no longer convey true impressions. Innocent hilarity gives place to mischievous mirth: good humour and benevolence are converted into causeless quarrel and vindictive rage: the faculties of the man are only recognisable by their perversion: and fortunate for him is it if

the progress of crime is arrested by the death-like profundity of apoplectic sleep. How unenviable are his awaking moments!—memory confused with obscure recollections of insult received and outrage committed; the body exhausted and oppressed; and the mind harrassed with the terrors of a remorse-stricken conscience. Amidst the repetition of these practices, the springs of health are dried up; an appalling train of diseases derange the functions of the body; the withered frame wastes down into sepulchral tenuity; the grave closes on the victim, and he is remembered only with the contemptuous pity of mankind."

We observe that Mr. Donovan treats of opium, bangue or wild hemp, thorn apple seed, tobacco-fumes and laughing-gas, somewhat preposterously under the head of intoxicating *liquors*. This affords the newspaper critics, and "such small deer," on the other side of the channel, an opportunity of sickening one with their vile attempts at cockney wit, which we could wish the Professor to the company of apothecaries had spared us, unless indeed he had an eye to business in his procedure, in which case we forgive him.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Illustrations of Ireland. Parts I. and II.—London: Fisher, Son and Co.—Dublin: W. F. Wakeman.

The modern improvements in the steam engine, and the adaptation of its wondrous powers to machinery, have not exercised a greater influence upon the commerce of the country, than the invention of engraving on steel has had upon that portion of its literature, which requires the aid of the graver's illustrations. Ten years ago the introduction of copper-plate engravings into a book, was attended with such a serious increase of expense, that it operated almost as a prohibition: when they were introduced, either from the necessity of illustrating the text, or with the design of rendering a work more attractive, they were, in general, confided to the *burin* of second-rate artists, and did not possess the advantages in their design or execution, which so happily distinguish similar productions of the present day. With the exception of the names of Fuseli, Stothard, and perhaps one or two others, no royal academicians then lent their aid to the illustration of our literature: the former never had the satisfaction of seeing his vigorous, though somewhat eccentric conceptions done justice to, by any engraver of talent; and, although the latter has been in his old age more fortunate than Fuseli, it is only since his designs have been less prized; and his laurels are shared with the host of young aspirants who have since sprung up, to claim the admiration of the public. Mais nous avons changé tout cela. The highest names in the Royal Academy now willingly lend their best assistance to the illustration of all the various branches of our literature. The Drama has received the powerful aid of Smirke and Howard. The charms of Poetry have been heightened by the designs of Leslie, Martin, and Westall. Topography has found a new source of interest from the magic pencil of Turner, Calcott, Collins, and Prout; and Biography has to boast the assistance of the lamented Sir Thomas Lawrence, of Pickeragill, Shee, and Jackson, whilst that elegant and beautiful portion of our periodical literature, the Annuals, has laid them all under contribution. This important and desirable change, we have no hesitation in saying, is owing in a very great degree, to the recent discovery of engraving on steel. We should have informed our fair readers, to whom this latter class of publications has naturally proved particularly attractive, that it is not owing to any greater facility that steel gives to the engraver, or any diminution of expense which attends it, that it has been so generally adopted, for the contrary of these suppositions is the fact; but by a hardening process which the plate undergoes after the engraving is completed, it acquires a quality that allows from ten to twelve thousand impressions to be taken from it, without any material alteration in the clearness and brilliancy of the prints. Heretofore, a publisher in making his calculation of the price at which he could afford to sell his work to the public, had to take into account the very small number of impressions that his copper-plate would afford him; and the consequent addition to his expense, obliged him to execute whatever he resolved on at the lowest rate; in common parlance, to get his work done as cheaply as he could; and, therefore, to employ those artists only, whose humbler talents brought them within his price. Engravings on steel, from the great number of impressions they yield, enable a publisher to go to a much greater cost in procuring designs, and employing first-rate engravers; and it is not now at all unusual to see the very highest names in both branches of the art united, in the decoration of a book sold for a few shillings: this must, ere long, have a prodigious effect in extending the love and knowledge of the Fine Arts; and we cordially wish success to the good work.

We have been led into these observations by the inspection of the two parts already published, of the "Illustrations of Ireland," commencing with "Views in the Metropolis, and County of Dublin." We hope that it may become as widely known, as its merits as a work of art justly entitle it to be: it is sold too, at a price that places it within the reach of all. Four Views of the most interesting scenes in our beautiful country, or of its cities, towns, and remarkable buildings, with letter-press descriptions, cost but a shilling, though formerly they could hardly have been procured for six times that sum.

Out of the thirty-three drawings for the first eight numbers, twenty-three are from the well known and highly finished pencil of George Petrie, Esq. R.H.A.; and in stating this, we give a sufficient guarantee for their faithfulness, their tastefulness of choice as to subject, and their excellence in execution. If Ireland is proud of Moore as her poet, she may well rejoice in Petrie as her artist; and we trust, ere long, to see him employed on works which will make his fame more generally and proudly known, and reward his taste and talents as they deserve. Of his associates in the work, we know little; but the drawings are, for the most part, good, and well adapted to give strangers a faithful picture of the most remarkable views in our town and country scenery: they are, in general, well engraved, under the direction of Edward Goodall; and if the work does not degenerate from its commencement, we trust, that it will meet that extensive encouragement which it deserves.

The vignette in the title-page of Part I. "Howth Light-House," taken from a romantic and singular rock, called "the Needles," is a very delightful production of Mr. Petrie's pencil, and the scene, which is a very peculiar and striking one, being so near Dublin, we are sure will tempt many to visit it. The point of view is admirably chosen, and shews what genius can effect, even with a subject of no very elevated character. The view of Dublin, from Blaquiere-Bridge, in the first number, fails to give a just idea of the city. Mr. Petrie has made all he possibly could of it; but though it forms a pleasing picture altogether, with the noble back ground, formed by the Dublin mountains, yet it does not give a satisfactory general view of Dublin; indeed, it is not easy to select a favourable point for this purpose, for that from the rising ground in the Park is now too hackneyed. The architectural views in the city are chosen with taste, and are enlivened with a geat variety of figures, in which Mr. Petrie is particularly happy: they give an accurate representation of our great city as it is seen daily; and we are sure will be highly prized by strangers, as a faithful remembrancer of their visit to Dublin. The view of College-street, the Post-Office, and the great Court-yard of Dublin Castle, in Part I. are very happy illustrations, as well as those of the Bank and Royal Exchange, in Part II. There are *two* views of the same Bridge (the King's Bridge), in Part I. which we think un-necessary, where so many more important, and more interesting subjects present themselves.

The view of the inside of the Church of the Carmelite Friary, during the celebration of mass, is very fine, and took us by surprise, as we were not conscious of so splendid an interior of a building, remarkable for its plain appearance outside: it must be well worthy of a visit.

Mr. Kirchoffer, another amiable and excellent Royal Academician, has contributed a very faithful drawing of Poula-Phuca Waterfall, in the county of Wicklow, with the bridge recently thrown over it, which, by-the-bye, adds very much to its picturesque effect. Prefixed to two of the illustrations in Part II. is the name of Austin; and we are sorry to be obliged to say, that they do not appear to have any right to be in such company. By the way, there are views in the county of Kilkenny, and we do not see why they, as well as two views of Kilkenny Castle, a building not yet in rerum natura, and two views in the county of Waterford, in the same Part, should be introduced in the first portion of a work, avowedly devoted to the "Metropolis and County of Dublin."

We have devoted rather a larger space to this notice, than we had intended, but as it may be truly called a national work, we trust that an account of it will be acceptable to our readers, and induce such as have not yet seen it, to look at its embellishments. We should add, that the descriptions, which, however, we look upon as but a secondary matter in a work of this kind, are "poor indeed;" destitute alike of taste and accuracy, and reflecting anything but credit on their compiler. We observe, too, that Mr. Wright styles himself a Royal Hibernian Academician, which unless we have been altogether misinformed as to the rules of that body, cannot be the case, as he is certainly not an artist.

Tales and Illustrations, chiefly intended for Young Persons. By Charlotte Elizabeth. Dublin, published by the Religious Tract and Book Society.

A series of stories intended apparently to answer the same purpose to the children of the educated classes, that the shorter and cheaper tracts are designed to effect with the children of the poor. This is not exactly the way that we should choose to teach our children religion, but we must do these tales the justice to acknowledge that they are written in a pious and christian spirit, and we do not hesitate to recommend them as safe and profitable Sunday reading, for those young persons who are already well-informed in the doctrines and theory of religion, but who require it to be brought more home to their bosoms and business, that they may have the Divine Being, his love, his attributes, and his requirements, perpetually present in all their thoughts.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

LAW MAGAZINE.

Every profession is now provided with a well conducted periodical, devoted to the promotion of its interests, and the supply of its wants. To the general reader, the title "Law Magazine," would, we fear, prove very uninviting, and certainly though there are articles, such as the lives of eminent lawyers, which would be entertaining to every scholar, still the work will not, on the whole, be likely to obtain extensive circulation, outside the legal profession. This periodical has completely eclipsed the Jurist, and deservedly, for it is conducted with much more energy and spirit; it consists, for the most part, of concise and well written essays on doubtful points of law which it professes to clear up, for the great edification of the student, and also, there have appeared a series of articles on conveyancing, composed with considerable taste, and containing much practical information. The life of Selden is not such as we should have expected, it is poorly done, the less excusable when we consider the ample materials which the varied events of his life supplied, connected as they were with the most stirring times of English history. The sketch of the great Fearne is done in better taste, and exemplifies the truth which Brougham has so repeatedly proclaimed, that the highest professional attainments are not incompatible with general and comprehensive knowledge. The "tittle tattle" of the bar is all given in an appendix, from which we extract the following anecdotes:—"Mr. Justice—— was particularly attentive during the whole of his circuit, to the arrangement of the gallery, and the comfort of the country girls and bumpkins who came to stare at him, and on one occasion he actually broke off a summing up with "Mr. Under Sheriff, I should be glad to know what that fat man means, by pressing against those two young women in the third row of the gallery." And on another occasion, he singularly diversified his reply to an honourable foreman of a grand jury, by a somewhat similar parenthesis—"really Mr. Foreman, I am so exhausted, so worn out with the conduct, the outrageous conduct—(note, the witness, amongst other profanities, kept on saying, that what he deposed to was, 'as sure as God made apples')—of the witness in the box, that,—there now is another man standing up in the gallery with his hat on, and," added his Lordship with a deep sigh, "and a *tall* man too." Again, Mr. Baron—— once passed sentence of transportation on a prisoner, by telling him in a tone of thunder, "your indignant country shakes you from her shores;" and excited the imagination of another offender who had incurred a still severer penalty, by telling him, "the sun now rising in meridian splendour will shortly light you to an ignominious dissolution."

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Schiller's Briefwechsel mit Göthe von den Jahre 1794 bis 1805. 5. Th. 1827-29.——— Stuttgard und Tübingen.

A man who after a long interval has met again with the friend of his youth, who had assisted to form his taste, to improve his heart, and who had opened to him a store of endless enjoyment, will be able to represent to his mind the mournful pleasure with which we enjoyed the delightful correspondence of *Schiller* with such a kindred spirit as Göthe. Published now, after twenty-five years of silence in the grave, it seems as if the same friendly and heart-stirring voice were once again to recall the world to that admiration which was bestowed on him, (and never bestowed more justly,) while living, by all who had souls to feel, and minds to reason. We have some misgivings, however, that we shall meet with but little sympathy from the majority of our readers, so few in this *ultima Irlanda*, can, comparatively speaking, enjoy the transcendental beauties of this poetical enchanter; yet the English reader can not find any author so similar to Shakspeare, in true sublimity and fidelity to nature; but Schiller wrote in a character so like old English, and so difficult to decipher, that few will undertake the trouble of reading him in the original. Well, we shall not quarrel with those whose prejudices, or whose idleness, prevent them from making themselves as happy as their neighbours; and, though addressing ourselves principally to these latter, to give them some account of our author, and perhaps make a convert or two, yet we hope to refresh in the memories of our German readers also, amongst whom we are happy to number some of our fairest and dearest friends, the pleasing impressions made upon them by their perusal of the great Schiller.

Frederick Schiller was born on the 10th of November, 1759, at Marbach, in Wirtemberg. He was the only son of a Lieutenant in the Duke's service, and was early placed at the *Carlsschule*, in Stuttgard, where he studied surgery, and already gave proofs of his exalted imagination, which were not, however, at all well received by his superiors in that unimaginative profession. He published his first poems in 1775, but nothing of extraordinary excellence appeared till his Robbers, in 1780, which produced, as every body knows, an immense sensation throughout Germany, and brought him into disgrace with the Government, on account of some obnoxious passages the play contained. He was obliged to fly to Manheim, where, after having practised for a while, as surgeon to a regiment, he was engaged as Dramatist to the Theatre, which, as in some other cities of Germany, was rising by the genius and taste of Iffland, Kotzebue, Göthe, &c., as authors, and Winter, Mozart, and others, as musical composers. The theatres in the smaller states of Germany, are kept up in a manner totally incomprehensible to one who can judge only from the tasteless and shabby exhibitions of our provincial theatres. The instrumental part of a performance is so correct, the chorusses so well maintained, and an opera is not performed to show off *one* actor, in the manner in which an Irish audience is sometimes entertained. The cause is partly owing to the general sound and critical taste of the Germans, and partly to the encouragement given by the princes, so as to secure rational and elegant and improving performances for their subjects. In Manheim, among other productions, chiefly published in the *Thalia*, he wrote *Fiesko*, and *Cabale und Liebe*. By these he soon became popular, though the last is a frightful picture of the corruption of a German *most serene* court. Driven, however, by his restless spirit, he roved from Manheim to Mainz, (Mentz,) to Leipsig, to Dresden, and in the course of that time wrote *Don Carlos*, the first Act of which he read to the Grand Duke of Weimar. This was the commencement of a friendship honorable alike to the prince and to the poet, and which the former wished to extend even beyond the grave, for his mortal remains repose beside *Schiller's*, and when the venerable Göthe shall at length be called from *his* labours and worldly honors, a place is prepared for him by the side of his friends.—Schiller's poetical exercises were interrupted repeatedly by philosophical and historical studies; yet poetry seems still to have had most influence over his mind. He thus expresses himself in one of his letters to Göthe:—"I cannot express to you how painful the feeling is, which I experience at quitting a production of this sort, (Göthe's Wilhelm Meister,) to look into matters of philosophy. There all is so serene, yet so lively, so harmoniously resolved, and so *humanly* true. Here all is so severe, so rigid, and abstract, and so extremely unnatural, because all nature is but *Synthesis*, and all philosophy Antithesis. Indeed, I dare bear testimony to myself, that I have remained as faithful to nature in my speculations, as consists with the idea of Analysis; perhaps I have remained more faithful to her, than our *Kantists* will consider permitted or possible; but nevertheless, I do not feel the less vividly the infinite contrast between life and reasoning; and I cannot help sometimes explaining as a deficiency in my nature, what, in a more serene moment, I must consider as a natural property of the thing itself. This much is, however certain, the poet is the only true *man*, and the best philosopher is only a *caricature* in comparison of him."

Schiller's great historical attainments were, however, of vast use to him in his dramatic compositions, as he has uniformly preserved a striking and delightful propriety of character and scene, in which respect he, of course, surpassed our own Shakspeare, who was not very particular as to a metabasis of time and country, but represented human nature in large and general features, as it appears in all men and all times. His historical acquirements Schiller also employed in writing a History of the Revolution of the Netherlands, under Philip the Second, an undertaking which he never completed, and which was suggested to him by Watson's admirable work, which being a general History of Philip, of course, gives only a short account of that memorable struggle between tyranny and liberty, but was sufficient to fire a soul like Schiller's, open as it was to every thing generous and noble; we would only refer our readers

to the character of the Marquis, in Don Carlos, and to some of his speeches, for the exquisite feelings of Schiller on that inspiring subject. Another work was one which is now pretty generally known and read, especially since Mr. Constable's publication of it in his Miscellany, we mean the Thirty Years' War. In 1789, he was appointed Professor Extraordinary of Philosophy at Jena, after having for some time assisted in the publication of the *Mercur*, along with Wieland. In 1794 commenced his friendship with Göthe, on the occasion of publishing the *Horen*, a most extraordinary monthly periodical, commenced in January 1795. The main object of it was, to tell the German public, that they were still very ignorant in matters of taste and criticism, and that they could and would enlighten them on these important subjects. Their first contributors were Fichte, in the philosophical department, Woltman, in the historical, Von Humboldt, Herder, Jacobi, and Meyer. In this work appeared a great many of Schiller's best smaller pieces, as is easily seen by the number of them marked 1795-96 among his poems. This was also the first occasion of the letters lately published, which commence in 1794, the first being an invitation to Göthe to contribute to the Horen, and many subsequent ones referring to the same subject. This publication excited numerous animadversions, which occasioned severe reprisals in the Xenien, an epigrammatic production, also written by Schiller and Göthe, jointly, and sometimes unjustifiably severe upon excellent authors, as for instance the Stollbergs. Schiller was long a victim to extreme ill-health, which deeply affected his mind as well as body: thus he writes to Göthe, on the 7th of September, 1794:—

"I accept your kind invitation with great pleasure, yet with the earnest petition that you may not reckon on me in one point, as to your domestic arrangements; for, alas! my crampe oblige me commonly to devote my whole morning to sleep, because they give me no repose during the night, neither can you reckon upon me any hour of the day. You will, therefore, permit me to consider myself as a mere stranger in your house, and, by letting me isolate myself, to escape making any one depend upon my health. Order, which does good to every one else, is my most dangerous enemy, for I have only to intend something *certain*, at some *certain* time, to be sure not to be able to accomplish it."

This wretched state of health fell particularly heavy on him in unfavourable weather, the following passage describes the genial influence of Spring upon his mind, and illustrates a curious but well-known psychological truth, in such a highly gifted genius as Schiller's:—

"27th Feb. 1795.

"If the favourable days which we have here are also enjoyed by you, I wish good luck to the fourth book of *Wilhelm Meister*. This announcement of Spring has very much refreshed me, and poured out over my business a new life which it very much wanted. How are we, notwithstanding our boasted independence, tied to the powers of nature, and what is our will, if nature fails? That, over which I have been brooding these five weeks, a mild look from the sun has developed within me in three days; certainly my attention heretofore had prepared this development, but its maturity I owe to the warming sun."

We shall return to these interesting volumes ere long.

THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

One never is properly sensible of the honor and glory of living in London, till the Parliament meets. Then, indeed, you feel that you are a dweller in the head of the Empire; and that all other places are but subservient members. How pleasant to find on the breakfast table, a report of all that took place in the Houses of Parliament during the *last night*, while you snored (if ever you are guilty of such an enormity,) at your ease, just comfortably warm under nine pairs of blankets. The thing comes fresh to you, you have it as soon as any one else; whereas, when you are at a distance from the capital, notwithstanding Macadamized roads, and fast coaches, and steam packets, which bear news along, swift as the stream of the "arrowy Rhone," still you feel that your newest news is old to some people, and that they are then in possession of what you can only anticipate. Moreover, if, being a dweller in London, you be very voracious of the first intelligence, and wish to see and hear, rather than judge Homerically, by *report*, why then you may march down to the House, and if you are not an M. P. a remote possibility, the mention of which, I trust, the gentle reader will pardon, you may pay your half crown, and get jammed into the gallery, whence you will issue by and bye, "a sadder and a wiser man," by various sage and solemn reflections upon how two-and-sixpence might have been better spent.

If you were an 'Irishman in London,' last Thursday, you would, of course, have been down to the House, at the opening of the doors, to see the "grate O'Connell," member for Catholic Ireland, to say nothing of the County of Clare, take his seat. But as you were not, I shall tell you all about it, so that you shall have the knowledge, and be saved all the waiting, starvation, crushing, half crown paying, and a million other miseries endured by your countryman, and very faithful servant, who inditeth this epistle for your instruction.

The gallery was opened a little before two o'clock, when in rushed the crowd, which had previously assembled on the stairs. A gentleman from the country, who stood next me, underwent the ordinary fate of rural gentlemen, in having his pocket picked; but the bills it contained, being, as he said, neither accepted nor endorsed, he took his seat with true English sang froid, determined, that it would in no whit diminish the loss of his bills, to abandon the position for which he had just paid his half crown. For the first two hours there was no amusement for our money, save in looking at a solitary member, who now and then came in to stick up his name in the particular place which he intended afterwards to occupy; amongst these I perceived Sir James Mackintosh, who walked in after his usual cautious fashion, with spectacles on nose; and after putting up his own name, examined with deliberate care, the names already posted up on his side of the house; and then quietly walked over to the Treasury side, and examined with equal accuracy the names there, as if he thought it possible he might find those of some of his old companions, even in the seats of the ministerialists.

A little before five o'clock, the Speaker having taken the chair, and asked if any members were to be sworn, Mr. O'Connell came forward, and was sworn by the Clerk at the table, according to the usual form; after which he advanced to the Speaker, to "shake hands," as the phrase is; but the congratulatory conquassation, reminded me of Byron's manner of touching Lord Chancellor Eldon's palm, on a similar occasion, it bore about as much resemblance to a *real* Irish shake hands, as a drop of icy-cold water does to a screeching hot tumbler of whiskey punch. The great Dan took his seat at first high up on the left of the Speaker, between Whittle Harvey and Joey Hume; but after a while changed his position, getting nearer the floor, and to the end next the cross benches.

Assuredly no Irishman would have been struck with deep respect for the intellectual or oratorical powers of the House, on Thursday evening. The mover of the Address, who made his appearance in full dress military uniform, spoke away glibly enough, until he came to a dead stop in the words, which he had evidently gotten off by heart. Your English, however, are a cool people—he floundered not, nor seemed much embarrassed; but diving his hand into his pocket, drew therefrom his written oration, and examining carefully for the proper spot, gathered up the thread of his discourse; and bolting out of his stand-still into a hand-gallop, proceeded smoothly as before, with his lesson of repetition: he described the administration in such terms as would have been more than smiled at, had an Irishman used them. He called it a *Tory* administration, acting on *Whig* principles. The seconder of the Address had a very ludicrous appearance in his city uniform, "all covered with lace." He looked amazingly like a servant in state livery, and warned, doubtless, by the interlude in the preceding speech, or dubious of the efficacy of the Mnemonical system, he *read* his speech, ab initio ad finem; familiar as this had been to us in the Chamber of Deputies at Paris, we could have spared it here.

Sir Edward Knatchbull spoke as he always does, boldly, plainly, fluently, and like an English country gentleman, with a sound clear head, and a fair portion of John Bull's prejudices and peculiarities. Mr. Peel was smooth and middling—Lord Blandford blunt and vehement, declaring for the utility of speeches of ten minutes long, and better attention to the business of the people, who were, as he affirmed "*disgusted*" with the House. Lord F. Gower was fluent and gentlemanly; but he indulges in the most extraordinary species of attitudinising that ever I beheld.—Brougham sat dark as night; and cast now and then a gaze of seeming half wonderment, half contempt, at the Secretary for Ireland, who stood opposite to him.

But come we to the O'Connell. After all there is nothing very particular to describe.—Sensible of the nature of the place in which he was, he adapted his versatile abilities to it, and was well and favourably received.—There was to me a "joy of home," in the sound of his broad, brilliant, brassy brogue, as it rolled forth in its strength, and filled the building; and it was an agreeable relief from the lisping dandyism of tone and manner, which, it must be confessed, is but too prevalent in the lower House. The sound of Daniel's voice, 'came o'er my ear like the sweet south,' as he poured forth the broad vowels of dear Munster. When he got on his legs, he drew himself up to his best height; and folding his arms, he told the House, that "perhaps he had little

to say, that would either interest or instruct them on the present occasion; but he would make no apology for what he was going to say, more than this, that as he expected they would hear him pretty often, he would be brief;" and then he dashed along in his own easy manner, making some very good hits, which *told* upon the House, and he was, throughout, listened to with very great attention.—At his concluding observation, indeed, about "sitting from day to day," until a remedy for the distresses of the people was devised, there was a pretty general laugh; but what the Honourable Members found of the ludicrous in this observation, I had not the skill to discover. In sober sadness, the House—I speak of it merely as an assembly of public speakers, made but a very sorry appearance on Thursday evening. No thought was sent forth which bore upon it the light of genius,—no expression that seemed to aspire beyond the least ambitious mediocrity.

Your faithful correspondent,

I.

[This letter was intended for our last Number, but press of matter compelled us to defer it; the less reluctantly, that we thought it contained salt enough to keep a week without growing stale.]

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 15th February.

The cold weather has again returned; the thermometer, which for several days had been as high as from five to nine degrees, is now again at zero. The accounts from the provinces, and from foreign countries, are very distressing, as to the effects produced by the intensity of the cold. At Berlin several persons have been frozen to death, as also at Stuttgard where the thermometer was on the 2d instant, at 25 degrees below zero. At Mulhausen, on the 3d instant, the cold was almost as severe as at Stuttgard, several persons were frozen to death; and in a house badly sheltered, a poor woman and two children were found frozen in their bed.

Considerable sensation has been excited here by the appearance of a pamphlet, on the celebrated violin player, Paganini; the general notice of this extraordinary musician, is very cleverly done, but the most important part of the pamphlet is that which contradicts the report of Paganini's having committed murder; this report had been for a long time fully believed; and yet it is worthy of remark, that it was current nearly two years, and occasioned great coldness towards Paganini without his being aware of its existence. In April, 1828, whilst he was giving concerts at Vienna, in the course of a criticism, highly flattering to the musician as to his talents, the writer expressed astonishment that such a man should labour under an imputation calculated to excite horror amongst his hearers; this, to Paganini, strange remark, induced him to enquire of the author what was meant, and he was then told that he was generally considered to have been guilty of poisoning his wife at Milan. Paganini instantly applied to the magistrates to institute an enquiry, which turned out completely satisfactorily; it was proved that Paganini had been the victim of a mistake. Whilst he was at Milan another violin player was really arrested for the murder of his wife, and a report having got abroad that a celebrated violin player sojourning at Milan, had been guilty of this crime, the public unfortunately fixed it upon Paganini.* M. Lafont, the first violin player to the King of France, has, in reference to this pamphlet, addressed a long letter to the French papers, contradicting a statement made in it, of his having been completely defeated by Paganini in a trial of skill at Milan; M. Lafont, however, speaks in the highest possible terms of the musical talent of his opponent.

The *Volur* contains a curious, I will not say a true account, of a strange freak of nature, which throws the Napoleon child, and even the Siamese boys into the back ground; it is stated, that as a gentleman was walking with his wife, who was in an advanced state of pregnancy, she observed on the outside of a gate, a large printed placard—*Joli appartement garni à louer*—the lady had a longing for this placard, and as her husband refused to steal it for her, a quarrel ensued, which very much affected the lady. On the birth of the child, which took place several years ago, some strange marks were perceptible on the body, which in the course of time became distinct, and were found to be the very words which were on the placard, viz.:—*Joli appartement garni à louer.*

Letters have been received from the Morea, dated January 2d, stating that the heat of the climate has been very destructive to the topographical brigade, which was sent out by the French government; only five persons survived, and they are said to be so debilitated as scarcely to value existence.

There is very little new in the theatrical world; the favourite Theatre for some time past, has been the Italian, which, however, is to close in little more than a month. At the *Académie Royale*, the celebrated dancer, Tag lioni, continues to draw good houses; but the musical part of the entertainments at this Theatre, is almost beneath criticism.

London, February 17th.

The fashionable people are now moving rapidly up to town, which, however, is by no means so full as it usually is at this season; the clubs, indeed, are much frequented, and they seem to increase in number with the decline of splendour in large families. At the Athenæum the applications for admission are beyond belief; and the same may almost be said of every other club; even the Literary Union, which is but of recent date, has now nearly seven hundred members.

In the theatrical circles, the chief topic of conversation is the divorce of Miss Love from her husband, Captain Calcraft; it is generally thought that Lord Harborough will marry her. This, however, must be a mistake, as no action has been brought in the lower courts for crim. con. Mr. Calcraft merely gets a divorce a mensâ et thoro; to enable the parties to marry again, a divorce, a vinculo matrimonii must be obtained, by means of a bill before the Houses of Parliament, founded upon the action in the lower court.

The newspapers have all been in error, in stating that Captain Dillon, who discovered the fate of La Perouse, has been engaged by the French government to make another voyage of discovery, connected with the same event. I have the authority of Captain Dillon for stating, that his intended voyage will be of a very different nature; his object is, however, for the present a secret.

The only publications of interest during the last week, have been Caillié's Timbuctoo, vol. 1; and the Memoirs of the Countess du Barri, mistress of Louis 15th, vol. 1. Some letters from Paris state, that doubts are entertained of the authenticity of Cailliés relation. With respect to the memoirs of the Countess du Barri I have only to observe, that it is an autobiography full of anecdote, and highly interesting to all who can feel an interest in the memoirs of a profligate woman, and a description of the vices and intrigues of a court. Madame du Barri's memoirs, if generally read, would do more to bring royalty into contempt, than the united efforts of all the liberals and radicals of every country.

* Paganini was condemned to the galleys, but not for murder, and it was whilst he remained in "durance vile," that he composed those splendid concertos for the fourth string, as his violin happened then unfortunately to possess but one, and he was unable to supply the deficiency. Ed.

THE DRAMA.

Otway's Tragedy of *Venice Preserved*, was performed at our Theatre on Monday evening, in which Miss Smithson appeared as Belvidera. So much extravagant praise has been lavished on this lady by the French critics, for her performances on the Continent, that one would have been led to imagine some new luminary had appeared in the theatrical firmament, which would eclipse the glories of Siddons and O'Neill, who so long shone with such brilliancy in our hemisphere. Though, from former recollections of Miss Smithson, we were never inclined to give credence to those inflated panegyrics of our Parisian neighbours, yet we must admit that on Monday evening, she exhibited evidences of great improvement, and many characteristics, which entitle her to assume, if not the highest, at least, a leading rank in tragic representation. Her enunciation is distinct, and her action truly graceful, united to a dignified deportment, and a countenance capable of much, and varied expression. In the earlier scenes of the play, we were not so much interested, but in the last act she developed powers of a superior order; we would, however, consider her acting much more true to nature, were it divested of some of the mannerism of the French school, in which she appears to have been studying. Mr. Calcraft will excuse us when we say he is not adapted for such parts as *Pierre*; in his peculiar line, no one can please us more, nor does he in any thing absolutely offend, but his *forte* does not lie in the higher walk of tragedy. Mr. Cooke evinced much discrimination and judgment in his delineation of the querulous and uxorious *Jaffier*—but he lacks physical energy, and what is termed, "a good stage face," which are essential requisites in an actor of his pretensions.

Of the minor characters in the play we shall not now speak, as we intend, in a future number, to advert more particularly to this neglected department of the Theatre.

Mr. Dowton appeared, on Saturday night, in Lord Glengall's comedy; and Mr. Horn in Masaniello: the house was but indifferent. Mr. Horn gave the songs with his usual sweetness, neat execution, good taste, and just expression—but his voice is incapable of producing those effects of *piano* and *forte*, in which so much of the power of Braham consists, and without which, no public singer, whatever may

be his other qualifications, can take any but a second rate station in the ranks of dramatic fame. This inferiority of power in Mr. Horn, as compared with that of the great vocalist we have named, is particularly observable in the last scene of Masaniello, in which the beautiful arias, "the Barcarole," and "my Sister Dear," are repeated with such happy effect. It is, probably, in the recollection of the reader, what a touching pathos Mr. Braham communicated to these melodies, chiefly, if not altogether, by the subdued tone in which he gave them the second time, compared with that with which he had delighted his hearers an hour earlier in the same strains. In the first, there was the energy of an heroic character in the vigour of manhood, and under the influence of strong excitement: but in the repetition, the expression was that of a man on whom the hand of death was pressing heavily, and who was roused with difficulty, to an indistinct sense of the persons and events by which he was surrounded. This repetition, which is not a mere copy, like a duplicate impression of the same print, but rather like an *oftrack*, faint, and powerless, yet preserving, with minute fidelity, every line of the original, is at once the most beautiful, as well as original idea of the piece. Yet it was in this that Mr. Horn was most strikingly ineffective; conscious of the inability of his voice to fill the house, he was afraid to decrease its power, and gave the songs with the same vigour as before, there was consequently no contrast, no perceptible diminution of force, no delicate gradation of the lights and shades, as in a picture placed in a dim light—nothing, in short, to affect the feelings, by a pathetic expression of the altered circumstances in which the character was placed before us.—In this, therefore, we think Mr. Horn erred—as the contrast should, at all events, have been marked; and as he had not the power to give greater energy to the songs in the first instance, he should, at least, have given them less in the second; and though, by doing so, he might probably have pleased the thoughtless and injudicious less, who estimate the goodness of the music by the greatness of the noise, he would certainly have satisfied the skilful and reflecting part of his hearers more. We offer these remarks to Mr. Horn in a kind spirit; his defects are generally those for which he is not accountable—those resulting from a vocal organ of inferior and uncertain power, but he rarely sins against good taste, and just musical expression—far more rarely, indeed, than the great vocalist, with whom we have, in the present instance, compared him.

In the same spirit, we shall offer one or two observations to Miss Byfield. This lady has considerable powers, and appears to us to improve, but she has also great defects, and much to learn before she can become a really fine singer. The greatest of these is her eternal effort to sing loud, a fault of the worst character in a woman's singing, and one to which unfortunately, they seem wonderfully prone. Shakspeare says, or at least makes Lear say, that a voice ever soft, gentle and low, is an excellent thing in woman—and so it is, and we have often wished that our second rate female vocalists were of the same opinion, when they were distracting our ears with their discordant screams. With Miss Byfield there is no piano, no *diminuendo*, and no true *crescendo*, because there is no contrast. It is therefore mere gallery singing, without impassioned expression, without pathos, and without beauty. Has this lady never heard the divine Pasta? Miss Byfield must also learn to articulate her words, which she might easily do by straining her voice less; and finally, she should shake less, or rather not at all, until she knows how, for at present it is not properly a shake, it is only a cackle, or break on the one note. If Miss Byfield will attend to these hints, she may become an excellent, though perhaps not a first rate vocalist, and we shall rejoice at her success.

At Covent-Garden, Bishop's adaptation of *La Gazza Ladra*, aided by the powerful talents of Miss Paton, has become highly attractive. At the rival house, a Piece, translated from the French by Planché, called the "National Guard," has also proved profitable to the treasury of Mr. Price.

It appears from the authorized accounts published in the French journals, that at the thirteen theatres which Paris contains, one hundred and seventy-five new Pieces were produced during the year 1829, of which the *Vaudeville*, or Ballad Opera, furnished the greater proportion.

MUSIC.

On Monday evening last, the Anacreontic Society treated their friends with their first private Concert for the Season, at the Rotunda. The Room displayed a galaxy of beauty and of fashion, such as we have seldom seen assembled on a similar occasion. The Orchestra was led by Mr. Alday, with his usual ability, and presented all the Amateur talent of which this city boasts. The Concert commenced with a grand Symphony of Beethoven's, which was, indeed, finely performed. The stringed instruments were most effective on the occasion; and of this our readers may judge, when we inform them that amongst those presiding were Messrs. Alday, Barton, Pigott, Fallon, and two of the Herrmans.

Mr. Latham was particularly happy in the *Aria*, "Sei Morelli," by Cimaroso; and a Divertisement for the Violincello, consisting of airs from *La Dame Blanche*, by Mr. Pigott, was warmly applauded. Nothing could be finer than his execution of "Robin Adair;" it was full of taste and feeling, and remarkable for that ease and brilliancy of execution, as well as mellowness of tone, for which Mr. Pigott is so deservedly distinguished in his performance on this instrument.

Mr. James Barton captivated all present, by his admirable performance of a Solo, arranged for the Violin by *De Beriot*, and which, we do not hesitate to say, was the principal feature in the entertainment of the night—his execution of the more rapid passages displayed at once a celerity and precision truly wonderful, and where pathos was required, he was exquisite, in fact Mr. Barton left us nothing to wish for, but that his talents were employed in a more extended and profitable sphere.

The concert concluded with Haydn's Grand Chorus, "The Heavens are telling," the effect of which was truly sublime. We have now to close this notice with congratulating our fellow citizens, on the possession of so much native talent as we saw collected on this occasion, and on the existence of a society so eminently calculated to cultivate and advance musical science in this country.

The Messrs. Herrman gave their first concert since their return to this city, on the 11th instant. The auditory assembled on the occasion was highly fashionable, and we noticed a number of amateurs in the room; the selection of music consisted entirely of the works of foreign composers, with the exception of the *Venite Adoremus* of Webbe, which was first introduced instrumentally, and by a sudden and pleasing transition changed to a vocal quartette, in which harmony was combined with masterly effect, we were also particularly struck with an Adagio and Waltz, for four voices by *Beethoven*, and a vocal Overture, by *Zwing*, of a novel and fantastic character.—Messrs. Zeugheer and Lidel Herrmann, the former on the Violin, and the latter on the Violincello, delighted their audience by the performance of two beautiful concertos, the production of Mayseder and Romberg, in which they displayed a highly finished style, and wonderful facility of execution. On the whole the Messrs. Hermann are a most talented family, and well worthy the support of every lover of music.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

We have been again favoured with another Poem from the same source from which we gave the beautiful lines "To Elodie," in our last; and we have the expectation of being, from time to time, the means of rescuing from oblivion all that remains of one of the most highly-gifted men, whom we have ever known. He is now "passed into the skies," and beyond our flattery or our praise. But he shall live in his verses, and his fellow-countrymen shall know how much talent has been lost to them for ever, for want of a protector!

Spirit of Music! who dost sit
At rise of sun, 'mid roseate bowers,
Or sigh'st, when evening shadows flit,
O'er beds of sweetest flowers:
But lovest best the witching hour
When glancing moonbeams play
On forest dark, and ruin'd tower—
When, as if subject to thy sway,
Their silver light illumes the sea,
And wakes the tides to harmony!

Oh! at that hour, in land afar,
How oft is heard the soft guitar,
Which wakes the heart to love:
How often on the ravish'd ear,
The even-song of Gondolier,
Bursts as from heaven above!

Oh gentle spirit, o'er the whole
Of Nature's works is breath'd thy soul:
Thy voice is heard in dashing fountains,
In vallies green—on heathy mountains;
And when the thunders roll,
The lightning's flash displays thy form,
Floating in beauty 'mid the storm!
And should not nature bow to thee,
Sister of Love and Poesy?—
When even the angelic choirs,
With saintly rapture strike their lyres,
To praise the Deity!

O music, at thy magic call,
The human passions rise and fall:
'Tis thine to soothe the breast—
Thou biddest care and grief be still,
Obedient to thy sovereign will,
They quickly sink to rest.

Then Music, be with roses crown'd—
With laurel wreaths thy temples bound,
Which justly thou may'st wear;
Say where shalt thou be found?
Alas! thou art too bright—too fair,
Too much a spirit of the air,
For earthly offerings:
And yet is not thy form display'd
In all its native charms array'd,
When . . . . . sings?

Then let us wreath, of roses fair,
Chaplets for her flowing hair:
A double wreath to her is due,
Both Music's crown, and Beauty's too.

SONNET.

THE RUINS OF KILMALLOCK.

What ruined shapes of feudal pomp are there,
All in the moonlight fading silently!
The castle with its proud baronial air,
Lifting its ivied ramparts frowningly;
The Gothic street, where Desmond's chivalry
Dwell in their pride; the cloistered house of prayer,
And gate towers mouldering where the streams moan by,
Now, but the owl's lone haunt, and foxes lair.

Here, once, the might of princely Desmond flushed;
His courtiers knelt, his steel-clad squadrons rushed,
His white-stoled priests poured forth their sacred strain,
Here beauty bowed her head, and smiled, and blushed:
And what of all these glories now remain?
The charnel of yon desecrated fane!

A. de V——

[We are delighted to be able to promise several successive Sonnets on interesting local scenery in the South of Ireland, from the pen of the same distinguished Author.—Ed.]

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

What Hakaf means by the wound he received, and the pain he suffered, we are utterly at a loss to conjecture. In the simple sincerity of our hearts, we wrote in our last Notice to Correspondents, "Hakaf is very obliging," and, as our wont is, we said exactly what we meant, for it was in reply to what we really considered a very kind offer, to furnish us with translations from any German author we pointed out to him as desirable. To our astonishment he tells us, in reply, that he considers our acknowledgment an unhandsome sneer, and without attempting to assign any reason for this extraordinary interpretation, he arraigns us on the strength of it, in the bitterest and most unmeasured terms. He likewise throws away a great deal of superfluous indignation on the injustice of cheating his signature of its fair proportions, and giving his glory to another, by retaining only the initial H., in the communication relative to the copy of the Ancient Ballad, given in our last. This resulted purely from a general direction to the printer to insert only the initials of fanciful names at the foot of chance contributions. We were not even conscious of possessing any other correspondent whose signature was H. Hakaf's observation on the information respecting the German of Von Sassen, contained in our notice, and the *courteous* language in which that observation is couched, would doubtless be very pointed and severe, were not his statement destitute of any the least foundation in truth. His letter, inclosing the translation, (which, by the way, we like, and shall print one of these days, with some trifling alterations of our own,) is now before us, and it does not contain the remotest hint of the very unimportant fact we mentioned. We do not for a moment suppose, or insinuate, that Hakaf meant to deceive us, or to state what he knew to be untrue, but his written letter remains, and it may teach him an useful lesson, to be less rash and presumptuous, in imputing want of candour and ingenuousness to others. In conclusion, we shall only add, that it is to the diffidence of his former communications, and not to the petulance of the last, he is indebted for our present forbearance. Had we chosen, we might have retorted on him in a very different, and a much more cutting tone; but, if, as we hope and believe, he regrets, as we do, that he should have written as he did, we should think meanly of ourselves indeed, were we capable of indulging a sneer at the expense of inflicting unnecessary pain upon a noble nature. In this, and we trust in every other instance of our life and writings,

We would be cruel only to be kind.

Hibernians, by M. B., arrived too late for this week, but will appear in our next; we shall be very happy to receive his further communications, but could wish them to be somewhat more full and effective. Why have we never heard again from S. G. D., or our *fair friend* Z. Y.? Many poetical and other favours necessarily postponed.

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THE Friends of Temperance Societies, who lately associated themselves for the purpose of collecting and circulating information relative to the evils of Intemperance, and the means of its suppression, having been called upon, from various respectable quarters, to extend their exertions, and to submit the American Plan to the Public, hereby apprize benevolent persons, of every class, that they are ready to receive, in writing, the Names and Residences of such individuals as are willing to co-operate with them. The following Resolutions are proposed as the Basis of a General Society:—

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A Book for enrolling names, is open at the Depository, and communications may be placed in the Society's Letter-box, addressed to Doctor Harvey, Temperance Depository, No. 10, William-street.

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No. 9. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1830. PRICE 9*d*.

Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.—With Etchings, by W. H. Brooke, Esq. 2 Vols. 12mo. Dublin, W. Curry, Jun. and Co. 1830. [UNPUBLISHED.]

WE have just glanced through these volumes, and satisfied ourselves that they afford a faithful and most amusing exposition of the character and habits of the "rural population," as the phrase is, of our country. It would be idle and useless to enter into any lengthened critique of the work until it is before the public; in the meanwhile, we shall content ourselves with presenting, as a bonne bouche, a part of the first story, which cannot fail, we think, of pleasing our readers highly:

THE THREE TASKS,
OR
THE LITTLE HOUSE UNDER THE HILL.

'Every person in the parish knows the purty knoll that rises above the Routing Burn, some few miles from the renowned town of Knockimdowny, which, as all the world must allow, wants only houses and inhabitants to be as big a place as the great town of Dublin itself. At the foot of this little hill, just undher the shelther of a dacent pebble of a rock, something about the bulk of half a dozen churches, one would be apt to see—if they knew how to look sharp, otherwise they mightn't be able to make it out from the grey rock above it, except by the smoke that *ris* from the chimbley—Nancy Magennis's little cabin, snug and cosey, with its corrag, or *ould man* of branches, standing on the windy side of the door, to keep away the blast. Upon my word, it was a dacent little residence in its own way, and so was Nancy herself, for that matther; for, though a poor *widdy*, she was very *punctwell* in paying for Jack's schooling, as I often heard ould Terry M'Phaudeen say, who tould me the story. Jack indeed, grew up a fine slip; and, for hurling, foot-ball playing, and lepping, hadn't his likes in the five quarters of the parish. It's he that knew how to handle a spade and raping-hook, and what was betther nor all that, he was kind and tindher to his poor ould mother, and would let her want for nothing. Before he'd go to his day's work in the morning, he'd be sure to bring home from the clear spring-well that ran out of the other side of the rock, a pitcher of water to serve her for the day; nor would he forget to bring in a good creel of turf from the snug little peat-stack that stood, thatched with rushes, before the door, and leave it in the corner, beside the fire; so that she had nothing to do but put over her hand, without rising off of her sate, and put down a sod when she wanted it. Nancy, on her part, kept Jack very clean and comfortable; his linen, though coorse, was always a good colour, his working clothes tidily mended at all times; and when he'd have occasion to put on his good coat to work in, for the first time, Nancy would sew on the forepart of each sleeve a stout patch of ould cloth, to keep them from being worn by the spade; so that when she'd rip these off them every Saturday night, they would look as new and fresh, as if he hadn't been working in them, at all, at all. Then, when Jack came home in the winter nights, it would do your heart good to see Nancy sitting at her wheel, singing "*Stachan Maragah*," or "*Peggy Na Laveen*," beside a purty clear fire, with a small pot of *Murphys* boiling on it for their supper, or in a wooden dish, comfortably covered with a clean praskeen, on the well-swept hearthstone; whilst the quiet, dancing blaze might be seen blinking in the nice earthen plates and dishes, that stood over against the side-wall of the house. Just before the fire, you might see Jack's stool waiting for him to come home; and on the opposite side, the brown cat washing her face with her paws, or sitting beside the dog that lay asleep, quite happy and contented, purring her song, and now and then looking over at Nancy, with her eyes half shut, as much as to say, "Catch a happier pair nor we are, Nancy, if ye can." Sitting quietly on the roost above the door, were Dicky the cock, and half a dozen of hens, that kept this honest pair in eggs and *egg-milk* for the best part of the year—besides enabling Nancy to sell two or three clutches of March-birds every season, to help to buy wool for Jack's big-coat, and her own grey-beard gown and striped red and blue petticoat.

'To make a long story short—no two could be more comfortable, considering every thing. But, indeed, Jack was always obsarved to have a dacent, ginteel turn with him; for he'd scorn to see a bad gown on his mother, or a broken Sunday-coat on himself; and instead of dhrinking his little earning in a sheebeen house, and then eating his praties dry, he'd take care to have something to *kitchen* them; so that he was not only snug and dacent of a Sunday, regarding wareables, but so well-fed and rosy, that the point of a rush would take a drop of blood out of his cheek. Then he was the comliest and best looking young man in the parish, could tell lots of droll stories, and sing scores of merry songs, that would make ye split your sides with downright laughing; and when a wake or a dance would happen to be in the neighbourhood, maybe there wouldn't be many a sly lookout from the purty girls for pleasant Jack Magennis.

'In this way lived Jack and his mother, as happy and contented as two lords; except now and thin, that Jack would feel a little concarn for not being able to lay past any thing for the sore foot, or that might enable him to think of marrying—for he was beginning to look about him for a wife; and why not, to be sure? But he was prudent for all that, and didn't wish to bring a wife and small family into poverty and hardship.

'It was one fine, frosty, moonlight night—the sky was without a cloud, and the stars all blinking that it would delight any body's heart to look at them, when Jack was crassing a bog that lay a few fields beyant his own cabin. He was just crooning the '*Humours of Glynn*' into himself, and thinking that id was a very hard case that he couldn't save any thing at all, at all, to help him to the wife—when, on coming down a bank in the middle of the bog, he saw a dark-looking man, leaning against a clamp of turf, and a black dog sitting at his ase beside him, with a pipe of tobacky in his mouth, and he smoking as sober as a judge. Jack, however had a stout heart, bekase his conscience was clear, and, barring being a little daunted, he wasn't very much afeard. "Who is this coming down towards us?" said the black-favoured man, as he saw Jack approaching them. "It's Jack Magennis," says the dog, making answer, and taking the pipe out of his mouth, with his right paw, and after puffing away the smoke, and rubbing the end of it against his left leg, exactly as a Christian (this day's Friday, the Lord stand betune us and harm,) would do against his sleeve, giving it at the same time to his comrade—"It's Jack Magennis," says the dog, "honest widow Maginnis's dacent son." "The very man," says the other, back to him, "that I'd wish to serve, out of a thousand.—Arrah! Jack Magennis, how is every tether-length of you?" says the ould fellow, putting the *furrawn* on him—"and how is every bone in your body, Jack, my darling? I'll hould a thousand guineas," says he, pointing to a great big bag that lay beside him, "and that's only the tenth part of what's in this bag, Jack, that you're just going to be in luck, this very night."

'"And may worse never happen you, Jack, ma bouchal," says the dog, putting in *his* tongue, then wagging his tail, and *houdding* out his paw to shake hands with Jack.

'"Gintlemen," says Jack, never minding to give the dog his hand, bekase he heard it wasn't safe to touch the likes of him—"Gintlemen," says he, ye're sitting far from the fire this frosty night."

'"Why, that's true, Jack," answers the ould fellow, "but if we're sitting far from the fire, we're sitting very near the makins of it." So with this, he pulls the bag of goold over to him, that Jack might know by the jingle of the shiners what was in it.

'"Jack," says dark-face," there's some born with a silver ladle in their mouth, and others with a wooden spoon; and if you'll just sit down on the one end of this clamp with me, and take a hand at the *five and ten*," pulling out, as he spoke, a *deck* of cards, "you may be a made man for the remainder of your life."

'"Sir," says Jack, "with submission, both yourself and this cur——I mane," says he, not wishing to give the dog offince—"both yourself and this dacent gintleman with the tale and claws upon him, have the advantage of me, in respect of knowing my name; for, if I

don't mistake," says he, putting his hand to his hat, "I never had the pleasure of seeing either of you before."

'"Never mind that," says the dog, taking back the pipe from the other, and clapping it in his mouth; "we're both your well-wishers, any how, and it's now your own fault if you're not a rich man."

'"Jack, by this time, was beginning to think that they might be after wishing to throw loock in his way; for he had often heard of men being made up entirely by the fairies, till there was no end to their wealth."

'"Jack," says the black man, "you had better be sed by us for this bout—upon the honour of a gentleman, we wish you well; howsoever, if you don't choose to take the ball at the right hop, another may, and you're welcome to toil all your life, and die a beggar after."

'"Upon my reputation what he says is true, Jack," says the dog, in his turn, "the lucky minnit of your life is come; let it pass without doing what them that wishes your mother's son well desire you, and you'll die in a ditch."

'"And what am I to do," says Jack, "that's to make me so rich all of a sudden?" "Why, only to sit down and take a game of cards with myself," says black-brow, "that's all, and I'm sure its not much."

'"And what is it to be for?" Jack enquires, "for I have no money—tarenation to the rap itself's in my company."

'"Well, you have yourself," says the dog, putting up his foreclaw along his nose, and winking at Jack, "you have yourself, man—don't be faint-hearted: he'll bet the contents of this bag;" and with that the ould thief gave it another great big shake, to make the ginneys jingle again—"It's ten thousand ginneys in hard gould; if he wins, you're to sarve him for a year and a day; and if he loses, you're to have the bag."

'"And the money that's in it;" says Jack, wishing, you see, to make a sure bargain any how.

'"Ev'ry penny," answered the ould chap, "if you win it; and there's fifty to wan in your favour,"

'By this time the dog had got into a great fit of laughing at Jack's sharpness about the money. "The money that's in it, Jack," says he, and he took the pipe out of his mouth, and laughed till he brought on a hard fit of coughing; "O, by this and by that," says he, "but that bates Bannagher! and you're to get it ev'ry penny, you thief of the world, if you win it;" but, for all that, he seemed to be laughing at something that Jack was'nt up to.

'At any rate, surely, they palavered Jack betune them, until he sot down and consinted.—"Well," says he, scratching his head, "why, worse nor lose I can't, so here goes for wan trial at the shiners, any how!"

'"Now," says the obscure jintleman, just whin the first card was in his hand ready to be laid down, "you're to sarve me for a year and a day, if I win; and if I lose, you shall have all the money in the bag."

'"Exactly;" says Jack, and just as he said the words, he saw the dog putting the pipe in his pocket, and turning his head away for fraid Jack would see him breaking his sides laughing. At last, when he got his face sobered, he looks at Jack, and says, "surely, Jack, if you win, you must get all the money in the bag; and upon my reputation you may build castles in the air with it, you'll be so rich."

'This plucked up Jack's courage a little, and to work they went; but how could it end otherwise than that Jack should loose betune two such knowing schemers as they soon turned out to be? For what do you think, but as Jack was beginning the game, the dog tips him a wink, laying his fore claw along his nose, as before, as much as to say, "watch me, and you'll win,"—turning round, at the same time, and showing Jack a nate little looking glass that was set in his oxther, in which Jack saw, dark as it was, the spots of all the other fellow's cards, as he thought, so that he was cock sure of bateing him. But they were a pair of downright knaves, any how; for Jack, by playing to the cards that he saw in the looking-glass, instead of to them the other held in his hand, lost the game and the money. In short, he saw that he he was blarnied and chated by them both; and when the game was up he plainly tould them as much.

'"What, you scoundrel!" says the black fellow, starting up, and catching him by the collar, "dare you go for to impache my honour?"—"Leather him, if he says a word," says the dog, running over on his hind legs, and laying his shut paw upon Jack's nose, "say another word, you rascal," says he, "and I'll *down* you;" with this the ould fellow gives him another shake.

'"I don't blame you so much,'! says Jack to him, "it was the looking-glass that desaved me."

'"What looking-glass, you knave you?" says darkface, giving him a fresh haul.

'"Why the wan I saw under the dog's oxther," replied Jack.

'"Under my oxther! you swindling rascal,' replies the dog, giving him a pull by the other side of the collar; "did ever any honest pair of jintlemen hear the like?—but he only wants to break through the agreement; so let us turn him at wance into an ass, and then he'll break no more bargains, nor strive to take in honest men and win their money." So saying, the dark fellow drew his two hands over Jack's jaws, an' in a twinklin' there was a pair of asses ears growing up out of his head. When Jack found this, he knew that he was'nt in good hands; so he thought it best to get himself as well out of the scrape as possible.

'"Jintlemen, be aisy," says he, "and let us understand one another; I'm very willing to sarve you for a year and a day, but I've wan requist to ax, and it's this; I've a helpless ould mother at home, and if I go with you now she'll brake her heart with grief first, and starve afterwards. Now, if your honour will give me a year to work hard, and lay in provision to support her while I'm away, I'll sarve you with all the veins of my heart—for a bargain's a bargain." With this the dog gave his companion a pluck by the skirt, and after some chat together that Jack did'nt hear, they came back, and said they would comply with his wishes that far; "So, on to-morrow twelvemonth, Jack," says the dark fellow, "the dog here will come to your mother's, and if you follow him, he'll bring you safe to my castle."

'"Very well, your honour," says Jack; "but as dogs resemble wan another so much, how will I know him whin he comes?"

'"Why," answers the other, "he'll have a green ribbon about his neck, and a pair of Wellington boots on his hind legs."

'"That's enough, Sir," says Jack, "I can't mistake him in that dress, so I'll be ready."

'During that year Jack wrought night and day, that he might be able to lave as much provision with his poor mother as would support her in his absence; and when the morning came that he was to bid her farewell, he went down on his two knees and got her blessing.—He then left her with tears in his eyes, and promised to come back the very minnit his time would be up. "Mother," says he, "be kind to your little family here, an' feed them well, as they're all you'll have to keep you company till you see me again."

'His mother then stuffed his pockets with bread, till they stuck out behind 'im, an' gave him a crooked sixpence for luck; after which he got his staff, and was just ready to tramp, when, sure enough, he spies his ould friend the dog, with the green ribbon about his neck, and the Wellington boots upon his hind legs. He did'nt go in, but waited on the outside till Jack came out. They then set off, but no one knows how far they travelled, till they reached the dark gentleman's castle, who appeared very glad to see Jack, an' gave him a hearty welcome.

'The next day, in consequence of his long journey, he was ax'd to do nothing; but, in the coorse of the evening, the dark chap brought him into a long, frightful room, where there were three hundred an' sixty-five hooks sticking out of the wall, and on every hook, but one, a man's head. When Jack saw this agreeable sight, his dinner began to quake within him; but he felt himself still worse, when his master pointed to the empty hook, saying, "Now Jack, your business tomorrow is to cleanse out a stable that was'nt cleansed for the last seven years, and if you don't have it finished before dusk—do you see that hook?"

'"Ye—yes;" replied Jack, hardly able to spake. "Well, if you don't have it finished before dusk, your head will be hanging on that hook as soon as the sun sets."

'"Very well, your honour," replied Jack; scarcely knowing what he said, or he would'nt have said very well to such a bloody-minded intention, any how—"Very well," says he, "I'll do my best, an' all the world knows that the best can do no more."

'Whilst this discoorse was passing betune them, Jack happened to look to the upper end of the room, an' there he saw one of the beautifullest faces that ever was seen on a woman, looking at him through a little panel that was in the wall. She had a white, snowy forehead—such eyes, and cheeks, and teeth, that there's no coming up to them; and the clusters of dark hair that hung about her beautiful temples—by the laws, I'm afeard of falling in love with her myself, so I'll say no more about her, only that she would charm the heart of a miser. At any rate, in spite of all the ould fellow could say—heads an' hooks an' all—Jack could'nt help throwing an eye now an' then to the panel; an' to tell the truth, if he had been born to riches and honour, it would be hard to fellow 'im, for a good face an' a good figure.

'"Now, Jack," says his master, "go, an' get your supper, an' I hope you'll be able to perform your task—if not, off goes your head."

'"Very well, your honour," says Jack, again scratching it in the hoith of perplexity, "I must only do what I can."

'The next morning Jack was up with the sun, if not before him, and hard at his task; but before breakfast time he lost all heart, and little wonder he should, poor fellow, bekase

for every one shovel-full he'd throw out, there would come three more in: so that instead of making his task less, according as he got on, it became greater. He was now in the greatest dilemmy, an' did'nt know how to manage, so he was driven at last to such an amplush, that he had no other shift for employment, only to sing *Paddeen O'Rafferty* out of mere vexation, and dance the horn-pipe trebling step to it, cracking his fingers, half mad, through the stable. Just in the middle of his tantrum, who comes to the door to call him into his breakfast, but the beautiful crathur he saw the evening before, peeping at him through the pannel. At this minute, Jack had so hated himself by the dancing, that his handsome face was in a fine glow, entirely.

'"I think," said she to Jack, with wan of her own sweet smiles, "that this is an odd way of performing your task."

'"Och, then, 'tis you that may say that," replies Jack, "but it's myself that's willing to have my head hung up any day, just for one sight of you, you darling."

'"Where did you come from?" asked the lady, with another smile that bate the first all to nothing.

'"Where did I come from, is it?" answered Jack, "why, death-alive! did you never hear of ould Ireland, my jewel?—hem—I mane plase your ladyship's honour."

'"No;" she answered, "where is that country?"

'"Och, by the honour of an Irishman," says Jack, "that takes the shine!—not heard of green Erin—the Imerald Isle—the Jim of the ocean, where all the men are brave and honourable, and all the women—hem—I mane the ladies—chaste and beautiful?"

'"No;" said she, "not a word: but if I stay longer I may get you blame—come into your breakfast, and I'm sorry to find that you have done so little at your task. Your master's a man that always acts up to what he threatens; and, if you have not this stable cleared out before dusk, your head will be taken off your shoulders this night."

'"Why, then," says Jack, "my beautiful darl—plase your honour's ladyship—if he hangs it up, will you do me the favor, *a-cushla machree*, to turn my head *toardst* that same pannel where I saw a sartin fair face that I wont mintion, and if you do, may I never——"

'"What means *cushla machree?*" enquired the lady, as she turned to go away.

'"It manes that you're the pulse of my heart, avourneen, plase your ladyship's reverence," says Jack.

'"Well," said the lovely crathur, "any time you speak to me in future, I would rather you would omit terms of honour, and just call me after the manner of your own country; instead, for instance, of calling me your ladyship, I would be better pleased if you called me *cushla*—something—" "*Cushla machree, ma vourneen*—the pulse of my heart—my darling," said Jack, constherin it (the thief) for her, for fraid she would'nt know it well enough.

'"Yes," she replied, "*cushla ma chree;* well, as I can pronounce it, *a cushla ma chree*, will you come in to your breakfast?" said the darling, giving Jack a smile, that would be enough, any day, to do up the heart of an Irishman.—Jack, accordingly, went after her, thinking of nothing except herself, but on going in he could see no sign of her, so he sat down to his breakfast, though a single ounce the poor fellow could'nt ate, at that bout, for thinking of her.

'Well, he went again to his work, and thought he'd have better luck; but it was still the ould game—three shovel-fulls would come in for every one he'd throw out; and now he began, in earnest, to feel something about his heart that he did'nt like, bekase he could'nt for the life of him, help thinking of the three hundred and sixty-four heads and the empty hook. At last he gave up the work entirely, and took it into his head to make himself scarce from about the ould fellow's castle, altogether; and, without more to do, he sets off, never saying as much as 'good bye' to his master: but he had'nt got as far as the lower end of the yard, when his ould friend, the dog, steps out of a kennel, and meets him full butt in the teeth.

'"So, Jack," says he, "you're going to give us leg bail, I see, but walk back with yourself, you spalpeen, this minnit, and join your work, or if you dont," says he, "it'll be worse for your health. I'm not so much your enemy now as I was, bekase you have a friend in coort that you know nothing about; so just do whatever you are bid, and keep never minding."

'Jack went back with a heavy heart, as you may be sure, knowing that, whenever the black cur began to blarney him, there was no good to come in his way. He, accordingly, went into the stable, but consuming to the hand's turn he did, knowing it would be only useless; for, instead of clearing it out, he'd be only filling it.

'It was now near dinner-time, and Jack was very sad and sorrowful, as how could he be otherwise, poor fellow, with such a bloody-minded ould chap to dale with? when up comes the darling of the world again, to call him to his dinner.

'"Well, Jack," says she, with her white arms so beautiful, and her dark clusters tossed about by the motion of the walk—'how are you coming on at your task?" "How am I coming on, is it? Och, then," says Jack, giving a good-humoured smile through the frown that had been on his face, "plase your lady—*a cushla ma chree*—it's all over with me: for I've still the same story to tell, and off goes my head, as sure as it's on my sboulders, this blessed night."

'"That would be a pity, Jack," says she, "for there are worse heads on worse shoulders; but will you give me the shovel?" "Will I give you the shovel, is it?—Och, then, would'nt I be a right big baste to do the likes of that, any how?" says Jack; "what! *avourneen dheelish!* to stand up with myself, and let this hard shovel into them beautiful, soft, white hands of your own! Faith, my jewel, if you knew but all, my mother's son's not the man to do sich a disgraceful turn, as to let a lady like you take the shovel out of his hand, and he standing with his mouth under his nose, looking at you—not myself, *avourneen!* we have no such unginteel manners as that in our country." "Take my advice, Jack," says she, pleased in her heart at what Jack said, for all she did'nt purtend it—"give me the shovel, and depend upon it, I'll do more in a short time to clear the stable, than you would for years." "Why, then, *avourneen*, it goes to my heart to refuse you; but for all that, may I never see yesterday, if a taste of it will go into your purty, white fingers," says the thief, praising her to her face all the time—"my head may go off, any day, and welcome, but death before dishonour. Say no more, darling; but tell your father I'll be in to my dinner immediately." Notwithstanding all this, by jingo the lady would not be put off; like a ra-al woman, she'd have her way, so on telling Jack that she did'nt intend to work with the shovel, at all at all, but only to take it for a minute in her hand, at long last he gave it to her; when she struck it three times on the threshold of the door, and, giving it back into his hand, tould him to try what he could do. Well, sure enough there was a change; for, instead of three shovel-fulls coming in, as before, when he threw one out, there went nine more along with it. Jack, in coorse, could'nt do less than thank the lovely crathur for her assistance; but, when he raised his head to speak to her, she was gone. I need'nt say, howsomever, that he went into his dinner, with a light heart, and when the ould fellow axed him how he was coming on, Jack tould him that he was doing gloriously. "Remember the empty hook, Jack," says he. "Never fear, your honour," answered Jack, "if I don't finish my task, you may bob my head off any time."

'Jack now went out, and was a short time getting through his job, for, before the sun set it was finished, and he came into the kitchen, ate his supper, and, sitting down before the fire, sung 'Love among the roses,' and the 'Black Joke,' to vex the ould fellow.

'This was one task over, and his head was safe for this bout; but that night, before he went to bed, his master called him up stairs, brought him into the bloody room, and gave him his orders for the next day. "Jack," says he, "I have a wild filley that has never been caught, and you must go to my demesne to-morrow, and catch her, or if you dont—look there," says the big blackguard, "on that hook it hangs, before to-morrow, if you hav'nt her before sunset in the stable that you claned yesterday." "Very well, your honour," says Jack, "I'll do every thing in my power, and if I fail, I can't help it."

'The next morning Jack was out with a bridle in his hand, going to catch the filley. As soon as he got into the demesne, sure enough there she was in the middle of a green field, grazing quite at her *aze*. When Jack saw this he went over toardst her, houlding out his hat, as if it was full of oats; but he kept the hand that had the bridle in it behind his back, for fraid she'd see it, and make off. Well, my dear, on he went till he was almost within grip of her, cock sure that he had nothing more to do than slip the bridle over her neck and secure her; but he made a bit of a mistake in his reckoning, for though she smelt and smoaked about him, just as if she didn't care a feed of oats whether he caught her or not, yet when he boulted over to hould her fast, she was off like a shot, with her tail cocked, to the far end of the demesne, and Jack had to set off hot foot after her. All, however, was to no purpose; he couldn't come next or near her for the rest of the day, and there she kept coorsing him about, from one field to another, till he hadn't a blast of breath in his body.

'In this state was Jack, when the beautiful crathur came out to call him home to his breakfast, walking with the pretty small feet and light steps of her own, upon the green fields, so bright and beautiful, scarcely bending the

grass and flowers as she went along, the darling. "Jack," says she, "I fear you have as difficult a task to-day as you had yesterday."—"Why, and its you that may say that with your own purty mouth," says Jack, says he; for, out of breath and all, as he was, he couldn't help giving her a bit of blarney, the rogue.—"Well, Jack," says she, "take my advice, and don't tire yourself any longer, by attempting to catch her; truth's best—I tell you, you could never do it. Come home to your breakfast, and when you return again, just amuse yourself as well as you can until dinner time." "Och, Och!" says Jack, striving to look, the sly thief, as if she had promised to help him—"I only wish I was a king, and, by the powers, I know who would be my queen, any how; for it's your own sweet lady—*savourneen dheelish*—I say, aman't I bound to you for a year and a day longer, for promising to give me a lift, as well as for what you done yesterday." "Take care, Jack," says she, smiling, however, at his ingenuity, in striving to trap her into a promise, "I don't think I made any promise of assistance." "You didn't!" says Jack, wiping his face with the skirt of his coat, 'cause why? you see pocket handkerchiefs weren't invinted in them times; "Why, then, may I never live to see yesterday, if there's not as much ra-al beauty in that smile that's divarting itself about them sweet-breathing lips of yours, and in them two eyes of light that's breaking both their hearts laughing at me, this minnit, as would encourage any poor fellow to expect a good turn from you—that is, when you could do it, without hurting or harming yourself; for it's he would be the right rascal that could take it, if it would injure a silken hair of your head."—"Well," said the lady, with another roguish smile, "I shall call you home to your dinner, at all events."'

[We hope to conclude this story in our next.]

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

The Christian Physiologist. Tales illustrative of the Five Senses, their mechanism, uses, and government; with moral and explanatory introductions. Addressed to a young friend. Edited by the Author of the Collegians.—London, E. Bull.

The design of this volume is excellent, and the execution of it highly creditable. Without any of the mawkish silliness or affected declamation, which many persons of weak understandings and vitiated taste mistake for religion and eloquence, it aims at conveying, in clear and forcible language, strong reasons for adhering to the practical duties of religion, and plain refutations of the sceptical cavils which hourly meet the ear of every youthful Christian who mingles in the varied society of a metropolis. It is a singular but indisputable fact, that while the science of the human body is triumphantly pointed to by the natural theologian, as affording, by its evidence of design and beneficence in the designer, irrefragable proof of the power and attributes of a creator 'who careth for us,' there is, perhaps, no class of educated men less attentive to this all-important truth than the members of that profession of which the diligent study of anatomy is the only sure groundwork. It would seem as if the constant dabbling in the perishable matter of humanity, and the habit of referring all the visible phenomena to their immediate physical causes, had a materializing effect even upon the spirit, and the mind of the practitioner gradually becomes indurated with a fleshly coating, which prevents it from seeking beyond mere nerves and muscles, even for the powers of motion or the causes of sensation.

To instruct the reader in the natural history of his own frame, and whilst explaining the nature and mechanism of the five external senses, to teach the government and use which we, as accountable beings, are bound to make of them, is the avowed intention of the author of the present work. For this purpose, he gives a popular account, stripped of all technicality of phrase, of the mechanism, mode of operation, and peculiar advantages of each of the organs of sense, followed by an original tale containing some striking incident illustrative of the use or abuse of the particular organ to the account of which the story is appended. Then follows a chapter on the intellect, intended to point out the duties of a Christian with respect to sensation generally, and the whole is concluded by the story of Psyche, an allegory in which the human soul is represented under some of the various temptations to which it is exposed by the influence of the senses, in its unsatisfying search after earthly happiness, together with the safeguards which Providence has placed within its reach. Finally, Psyche obtains rest for her soul, at the foot of the blood-stained cross, and finds peace in the volume of the Book, which contains the mystery of her redemption, and which was dictated by the Almighty himself for the instruction of the sons of men.

But, while in the part that is strictly didactic, proper pains are taken to impress upon the learner, that the real use and proper object of this, and of every part of knowledge, in which he is at any time instructed, is to enable him more fully to accomplish the end of his being, and to advance his spiritual and eternal interests, the illustrative tales are of a lighter and more amusing cast. The scene is laid in Ireland, and this department of the book is, we suspect, indebted for more than the editing to Mr. Griffin. From the first of these tales, the kelp-gatherer, relating to the sense of sight, we shall select a specimen: The widow of a fisherman, who had perished in a storm, on the west coast of Ireland, lived in poverty and toil with her only son. The family under whom the Reardons (that was the name of the widow and her son,) held their cabin, emigrated to America, and the prospect of certain improvement, from the wretchedness in which he lived at home, and probable good fortune, induced the young man to accompany them, leaving his mother, secured by the best means he could, from absolute want, and promising to return so soon as he should obtain the means of ministering to her comforts in old age. After some time he was enabled to remit to her a portion of his earnings, and at length he wrote to her that within two months from that time he hoped by the blessing of Providence, to see her once more, and that his wife, and his two children would accompany him, that they might live together in her ancient dwelling for the rest of her days:

"Fancy if you can, the anxiety with which the poor widow looked out for this long expected time. The assistance which the affectionate exile had been able to afford her, was such as to raise her to a state of comparative affluence in her neighbourhood, and to render her independent of the hard and servile toil by which she had been accustomed to gain a livelihood. Her cottage was wholly changed in its appearance, and had the honour of being frequently selected for a night's lodging by her landlord's agent, and other great men, who passed through that lonely district. A few flowers sprung up in her sally fringed garden, which were not the less tenderly cherished, that the seeds from which they grew were transmitted from the emigrant's garden in the other hemisphere. Her life, up to the moment when she received this joyous letter, had been calmly and sadly happy. She looked forward, with a serene feeling of mingled hope and resignation, to the day of her son's return, and never once suffered the eagerness of her affection to outstep her gratitude to heaven, and her entire dependence upon the Divine will.

"But, forgive a mother's fondness!—There are few hearts in which the affections of the world and of nature are so entirely held under subjection by the strong hand of reason and of faith, that they cannot be moved to a momentary forgetfulness of duty, by a sudden and startling occasion. After the widow had heard the letter read, in which her son announced his approaching return, the quiet of her life was for a time disturbed. She thought of heaven indeed, and prayed even more fervently than before; but the burning fever that possessed her heart, showed that its confidence was qualified. In the hours of devotion, she often found her thoughts wandering from that Being whose breath could still or trouble the surface of the ocean, far over the wide waters themselves, to meet the vessel that was flying to her with the tidings of bliss. She shuddered as she went, morn after morn, to the cliff-head, and cast her eyes on the graves of the shipwrecked voyagers, which were scattered along the turf-mountain on which she trod. In the silence of the night, when she endeavoured to drown her anxieties in sleep, imagination did but overact the part with which it had terrified her waking. Stormy seas and adverse winds—a ship straining against the blast, with her deck covered with pale and frighted faces, among which she seemed to detect those of her son, and of his family—winds hissing through the creaking yards—and waves tossing their horrid heads aloft, and roaring for their prey. Such were the visions that beset the bed of the longing mother, and made the night ghastly to her eyes. When she lay awake, the rustling of a sudden wind among the green boughs at her window, made her start, and sit erect in her bed; nor would she again return to rest until she had opened the little casement, and satisfied herself, by waving her hand abroad in the night air, that her alarm was occasioned by one of its fairest and most favourable motions. So indeed it was. The Almighty, as though to convince her how far she was from conjecturing aright the quarter from which calamity might visit her, bade the winds blow, during the whole of that period, in the manner which, had they been in her own keeping, she would have desired. Her acquaintances and neighbours all seemed to share in her anxiety. The fishermen, after they had drawn up their canoes at evening, were careful on their way homeward, to drop in at the widow Reardon's door, and let her know what vessels had entered the neighbouring river in the course of the day, or had

appeared in the offing. She was constantly cheered with the assurance that fairer weather for a homeward-bound ship, or more likely to continue, was never known before. Still, nevertheless, the poor woman's heart was not at peace, and the days and nights lagged along with an unaccustomed heaviness.

"One night in particular, towards the end of the second month, appeared to linger so very strangely, that the widow thought the morn would never dawn. An unusual darkness seemed to brood over the world; and she lay awake, gazing with longing eyes toward the little window through which the sun's earliest rays were used to greet her in her waking.

"On a sudden, she heard voices outside the window. Alive to the slightest circumstance that was unusual, she arose, all dark as it was, threw on her simple dress in haste, and groped her way to the front door of the dwelling. She recognised the voice of a friendly neighbour, and opened the door, supposing that he might have some interesting intelligence to communicate. She judged correctly.

'Good news! good news! Mrs. Reardon; and I give you joy of them this morning.—What will you give me for telling you who is in that small boat at the shore?'

'That small boat!—what?—where?'

'Below there, ma'am, where I'm pointing my finger. Don't you see them coming up the crag towards you?'

'I cannot—I cannot—it is so dark;' the widow replied—endeavouring to penetrate the gloom.

'Dark! And the broad sun shining down upon them this whole day!'

'Day! The Sun! O my Almighty Father, save me!'—

'What's the matter? Don't you see them, ma'am?'

'See them?' the poor woman exclaimed, placing her hands on her eyes, and shrieking aloud in her agony—"Oh! I shall never see him more!—I am dark and blind!'

"The peasant started back and blessed himself. The next instant the poor widow was caught in the arms of her son.

'Where is she? My mother. O my darling mother, I am come back to you! Look! I have kept my word.'

"She strove, with a sudden effort of self-restraint, to keep her misfortune secret, and wept without speaking, upon the neck of her long absent relative, who attributed her tears to an excess of happiness. But when he presented his young wife, and called her attention to the happy laughing faces and healthful cheeks of their children, the wandering of her eyes, and the confusion of her manner, left it no longer possible to retain the secret.

'My good, kind boy,' said she, laying her hand heavily on his arm—'you are returned to my old arms once more, and I am grateful for it—but we cannot expect to have all we wish for in this world. O my poor boy, I can never see you—I can never see your children! I am blind.'

"The young man uttered a horrid and piercing cry, while he tossed his clenched hand above his head and stamped upon the earth in sudden anguish. 'Blind! my mother!' he repeated—'Oh, heaven, is this the end of all my toils and wishes? To come home and find her dark for ever! Is it for this that I have prayed and laboured? Blind and dark! O my poor mother! Oh, heaven! O mother, mother!'

'Hold, now, my boy—where are you. What way is that for a Christian to talk? Come near me, and let me touch your hands.—Don't add to my sorrows, Richard, my child, by uttering a word against the will of heaven.—Where are you? Come near me. Let me hear you say that you are resigned to this and all other visitations of the great Lord of all light. Say this, my child, and your virtue will be dearer to me than my eyes! Ah, my good Richard, you may be sure the Almighty never strikes us except it is for our sins, or for our good. I thought too much of you, my child, and the Lord saw that my heart was straying to the world again, and he has struck me for the happiness of both. Let me hear you say that you are satisfied. I can see your heart still, and that is dearer to me than your person. Let me see it as good and dutiful as I knew it before you left me.'

"The disappointed exile supported her in his arms.—'Well—well—my poor mother,' he 'I am satisfied. Since you are the chief sufferer, and shew no discontent, it would be too unreasonable that I should murmur. The will of heaven be done!—but it is a bitter—bitter stroke.' Again he folded his dark parent to his bosom and wept aloud, while his wife retiring softly to a distance, hid her face in her cloak. Her children clung with fear and anxiety to her side, and gazed with affrighted faces upon the afflicted mother and son.

"But they were not forgotten.—After she had repeatedly embraced her recovered child, the good widow remembered her guests. She extended her arms towards that part of the room at which she heard the sobs and moanings of the younger mother. 'Is that my daughter's voice?' she asked—'place her in my arms, Richard. Let me feel the mother of your children upon my bosom.' The young woman flung herself into the embrace of the aged widow.—'Young and fair, I am sure,' the latter continued, passing her wasted fingers over the blooming cheek of the good American. 'I can feel the roses upon this cheek, I am certain. But what are these?—Tears? My good child, you should dry our tears, instead of adding to them. Where are your children? Let me see—ah! my heart—let me *feel* them, I mean—let me take them in my arms. My little angels! Oh! if I could only open my eyes for one moment to look upon you all—but for one little instant—I would close them again for the rest of my life, and think myself happy. If it had happened only one day—one hour after your arrival—but the will of heaven be done! perhaps even this moment, when we think ourselves most miserable, He is preparing for us some hidden blessing.'

"Once more the pious widow was correct in her conjecture. It is true, that day, which all hoped should be a day of rapture, was spent by the re-united family in tears and mourning. But Providence did not intend that creatures who had served him so faithfully, should be visited with more than a temporary sorrow, for a slight and unaccustomed transgression."

The disease proves cataract; the muddy lens is removed by a skilful surgeon, and the patient restored to sight, in a manner that will abundantly remind the reader of Professor Wilson's story of Blind Allan, in the Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.

On the whole, we cordially recommend this very interesting and instructive volume, to the attentive perusal of our readers.

Poetry of the Magyars, preceded by a sketch of the Language and Literature of Hungary and Transylvania.—By John Bowring, L. L. D. &c.—London, printed for the Author.

Dr. Bowring has been an assiduous and successful labourer in the fields of Northern literature, for a knowledge of which we are almost wholly indebted to his persevering exertions. He has pointed public attention to the genius and intellectual attainments of nations, which hitherto had passed unnoticed in the literary world, or at most had been passed over with a hasty glance, as affording nothing worthy to arrest and detain the eye of the explorer. To him, therefore, the student of general literature, who loves to trace the birth, the progress, and the gradual maturity of those lofty powers of reason or imagination, which are not pent up within any geographical boundaries, but spread as widely as the domains of civilized man extend, owes no slight or trivial obligation. His extensive knowledge of the Northern languages, has enabled him to introduce to our acquaintance, stores of thought and imagery, at once novel and interesting; and has enlarged the sphere of our agreeable associations, and of that community of thought, which forms the bond and the privilege of those really devoted to the exalted pursuits of intellect throughout the world, by unlocking to us the stores of nations which we before had known only as political aggregations of human beings. With the literature of Hungary, we may venture to affirm, that most of our readers were as little acquainted as with the manners and customs of Timbuctoo. Those who recollect Dr. Bowrings' volume on the poetry and literature of Poland, will be best and most easily informed as to the nature of the contents of the present volume, when we tell them that in it the author has performed for the literature and poetry of the Magyars, as nearly as possible the same that he had before effected for those of the Poles.

He commences with a brief yet comprehensive disquisition on the language and literature of Hungary, followed by a catalogue raisonnée of the principal authors, who have appeared in that country from the sixteenth century to the present time, with brief sketches of their lives and writings, characters and genius.—To this are subjoined the specimens of their poetry, arranged in chronological order, under the names of the several authors to whom they belong. Of the poetry of these specimens we cannot speak in very lofty terms of praise; but this is possibly because poetry is untranslateable. The Doctor's own opinion on the subject, which we shall give in the course of our extracts from his introduction, is, we think, a fair and candid one. We commence with the following extract from the preliminary matter, for the sake of the light it throws upon the general subject of the origin and literature of the Magyars:—

"Various are the opinions respecting the origin of the Hungarian people. Dr. F. Thomas has written three volumes to prove them to be descended from the ancient Egyptians. The word *Hungariai* is of Mogol root, and was originally *Ugur* or *Ingur*, meaning foreigner or stranger. The Hungarian denominate themselves and their language *Magyar*, which was undoubtedly the name of one of the tribes from which they sprung. In the fourth century they took possession of the land of the

Bashkir (Tartars,) between the Volga, Tobol, and Jaik. They were subdued by the Turks in the sixth century; and in the seventh, eighth, and ninth, they associated themselves with the Chazars in Lebedia, (now the province of Katherinoslav,) and subsisted by robbery and ravage. In the middle of the ninth century they were called in by Ratislaw, Duke of Moravia, to assist him against the Germans; and not long after, their territory being intruded on by the Pechenegers, they took up their abode under the Carpathian mountains, and combined with King Arnulf against their former Moravian allies. In their absence the Bulgarians had devastated their province, and they took possession of a part of Galicia, but afterwards broke through the Carpaths towards Munkach, attacked the Bulgarians on the river Theiss, and seized a part of Pannonia. They were at this period composed of seven tribes, of which the Magyar was the strongest, and ultimately gave its name to all the rest. A part of the race still occupied *Bashkiria*, and are mentioned by Carpini in 1246, and Rubrivis in 1251, who speak of them as having originally gone forth from the Bashkirs. In our time, however, no fragments of the Magyar language are left in Bashkiria, though Von Orlay reports that one of the Caucasian tribes is still called *Ugrichi* (Hungarians) by the Russians, and uses an Hungarian dialect.—Among the Hungarians it has always been a favourite theory to consider themselves as *Huns*, with little other reason than the similarity of name. The *Huns* were undoubtedly a Mongolian race, and nothing can be more unlike than the languages, characters, persons, and habits, of the Hungarians and the Mongolians. Of late, a theory that the Hungarians and Finlanders have a common origin, has found many intelligent advocates; but probably nothing more than the orientalism of both can be deduced from the affinities of their language.

"We know little of Etele (Attila,) except from testimony which must be received with the greatest distrust. Priscus Rhetor, who was sent by Theodosius the Second to the Court of Etele, speaks of the fondness of the Huns for their native language, and of the festal songs in which, after their festivals, the deeds of their heroes were celebrated in so touching a style, that the aged men of the assembly shed many tears. He mentions also, that when Etele returned to his castle, he was met by maidens in white veils, who greeted him with Scythian hymns. During the reign of the Arpadian kings, which brings us down to the beginning of the 14th century, (Andreas Veneta having been poisoned in 1301,) many are the references to the Joculators and Trufators, the Poets and Jesters, who were always to be found about the person of the monarch. And Galeotti, the librarian of king Matthias, asserts that his father, the celebrated John Hunyadi, awakened the martial spirit of his master by the hero-songs which he caused to be recited to him. 'At table too,' he says, 'musicians and cithara players sung the deeds of valiant warriors in their native tongue to the music of the lyre—an usage,' he continues, 'brought from Rome, and which passed from us (Italians) even to the Hungarians.' At this period the literary influence of Italy upon Hungary was very remarkable, and Dante has expressed in his Paradise a bright anticipation for the

Beata Ungria! se non si lascia
Più malmenare. *Cant.* xix.

"But of this period little remains, except such scattered notices and fragments as are scarcely remarkable enough to occupy a place in this brief notice.

"Simon von Reza is the first of the Hungarian Chroniclers. His history is from the earliest times down to the end of the thirteenth century. John von Küküllo wrote the life of Lewis the First, 1342—1382, and John De Turocz published a Chronicle of the Kingdom of Hungary down to the year 1473, in which he has introduced, word for word, the writings of his above-mentioned predecessors, as well as the *Chronicon Budense* of an anonymous author printed at Buda in 1473.

"The battle of Mohács (1526) is the "Dies iræ" of the Hungarians, and its story of defeat and humiliation is more melancholy from its so immediately following a period of hope and of brightness. Hungary had been enlightened by the efforts of her own sons, and by the influx of illustrious strangers, as if merely to contrast with the darkness of Turkish oppression.—The Reformation which soon after this period broke in upon the land, did much for the language. The spirit of Lutheranism was essentially popular. Its instrument, the vernacular tongue, especially represented in that mighty machine of knowledge and of power, the Press, whose efforts have changed and continue to change the character of nations, and which acts as a security against their permanent decline and fall, began to exert its beneficial influences.

"In the sixteenth century many printing presses existed in Hungary. The great circulation of the Bible in the vernacular tongue produced a great demand for books. In the cities of Bartfeld, Debretzen, Várad, Neusohl, Kassa, were printing establishments supported by the public, and the Magnates assisted those of Detrekö, Ujszigeth, Galgócz, Alsóhendra, Némethujvar, and Pápa. In the following century presses were erected in Trentsin, Silein, Senitz, Puchov, Leutschan, and Csesreg. No censorship existed in any shape during this period.

"The names of Magyar authors begin now to thicken, and a list of chroniclers and poets occupy the pages of literary story. The works of this period are for the most part biographical and historical. The poetry can hardly be said to be much elevated above dull and sober prose, the *ars poetica* of the age being little more than the art of making common-place sentences dance to the jingle of a rhyme."

After the characteristic sketches, before alluded to, of the authors of note who appeared among the Magyars from this period down to the present time, our author sums up as follows:—

"I have thus gone through the list of those Magyar authors who seem more particularly entitled to notice. I trust in this good work I am the forerunner of wiser and more successful men.

"That the Magyar language and literature will receive greater attention from foreigners, and that the interest excited elsewhere will act upon the better and brighter part of Hungarian ambition is certain. I see without jealousy the ardent national feeling of the Magyars, and feel that a nationality founded upon knowledge, and representing a spirit of freedom and independence, is itself a virtue, and the parent of many virtues. And witnessing the anxiety and the interest which these imperfect labors of mine have awakened among the Magyars, I could not but derive encouragement to continue them. They who have patronized the daring, as well as they who have experienced the difficulties, will find indulgence for me.

"It may be deemed that originality is wanting in these compositions. But it should not be forgotten that something of originality is lost by the transfusion of any thought into a different idiom; that an English verse of necessity becomes in some degree English.—There are other causes, too, which act upon Magyar literature.

"A people so closely connected with Austria as are the inhabitants of Hungary, and whose learned men almost without exception speak and write the German tongue, do undoubtedly, though sometimes almost imperceptibly, adopt the character of a literature with which they are so familiar. This familiarity, if it sometimes trench on their nationality, does at the same time keep a high standard ever present to their minds, and leads to comparisons and contrasts which are on the whole favourable to the exercise of the intellectual powers. A German critic has denied to the Magyars a poetical temperament. He says the national tone is noble, generous gallant, susceptible, good-natured, loving, easily won, sharp-witted, and imaginative. Now, are not these elements enough for the creation of poets and poetry? And how can a nation be deemed unpoetical which can offer to the world such a roll of poets as Hungary presents?

"Of the popular poetry of the Magyars, little can be referred to a high antiquity. A fragment of an ancient poem is still sung by Hungarian children, thus:

Lengyel László jó királyunk
Az is nekünk illenségünk.

Nothing, however, but these two lines remain. The martial songs of their warlike ancestors have not been saved out of the oblivion of old time. Of the historical songs none are earlier than those of the wars of the last Hungarian revolution. Of the oral stories (*Mesék* or *Regék*) of the Magyars, I shall translate Mailath's interesting description:

"'The Magyar story-tellers are one of the many evidences of the oriental origin of the people. Like the Night-fablers of Arabia, they go on by the hour—aye, by the night long—without wearying their hearers. These are for the most part to be found among soldiers and peasants. The stories which in other lands are preserved only in work-rooms and nurseries to our days, are narrated in Hungary in the porch, by watch and shepherd fires, and amidst the night-labours of the field. The character of the Magyar tale is wholly unlike that of southern lands. The hero is generally a student, a soldier, or a king's son; his companion a magic horse called Tatos, who is his counsellor and saviour. His enemy is often a dragon with six, nine, or twelve heads, and the hero must undergo three ordeals; and this number is the ruling one throughout the story. There is a sharpness and oddity about the conception, and an original development of the plot. The scenery, and the deeds of the principal actors, shew that the stories emanate from a people who lived in elevated places. The narrator sometimes unites two or three stories in one—sometimes divides one into many—elaborates or changes it according to his own caprice or the demands of his audience. It has happened

that many tales of foreign origin have been introduced, which have been all nationalized by time. I remember to have heard a celebrated story-telling woman in the Abaujvár district, narrate one of Gozzi's best tales; and the well-known and foreign 'Swan Maiden' is current all over Hungary. The national may be immediately distinguished from the exotic.'

"Of the Lyrics of the nation, the collection I have translated will serve to give a fair idea. To advocate their merits as literary compositions is no part of my task. I have given nearly the whole that have reached me, in order to shew what *are* the Songs of the Magyar people. Hungarian towns and villages, and rivers and plains, and hills and valleys, have been painted and described by many. Here are some of the thoughts of those who dwell there. The dresses of Hungary and Transylvania decorate many books, and are the subject of many pictures. Here are some of the adornings of the inward man—here is something of the costume of mind."

From the translations we have selected the following as some of the most pleasing specimens; we regret that our limits do not permit us to extract more largely:—

AURORA—Virag Benedek, born 1752.

Sweet is thy name, Aurora—thou heavenly
Day-giver—sweeter thy deeds than thy name.
Smiling, thou lookest from thy chariot of gold,
And the darkness of night roll'eth gently away.

Light beams and glows in thy glance—thou awakest
Life and arousest bright joy at thy gifts,
Innocent birdlets sing praises and bless thee,
Chanting their matin of exquisite tones.

Then do they fear the fierce vulture no longer—
Fear not the talons of evil—nor dread
Screech of the owl, in the sunny ray blinking—
Silent his voice and inactive his eye.

Beautiful change hath enamour'd creation:
'Tis the Creator—for He and His laws
Reign ever-during: all things are shifting—
All, but the godlike machine of the world.

HER IMAGE—Kazinczi Ferencz, born 1759.

'Tis morning and I wake—the earliest vision
That beams upon me is thy face divine;
And then my spirit floats in light elysian,
And bliss springs youthful from those smiles of thine.
"'Tis she—'tis she!' I cry,—swift flow my veins,
I kiss the air, as if her breath had bless'd it—
I bow to earth, as if her feet had press'd it—
Yes! she was here, and still her influence reigns.
Fair Representative! the sweet infection
Of power is with thee—gentle, but supreme;
Blending such dreams of hope and recollection—
And gilding with new glory every dream:
Look! for the sun is up, and on thy face
Throws all its lustre, light, and heavenly grace.

SECRET SORROW.—Gabriel Dayka, born 1763.

My soul is troubled with an ancient sorrow,
Which grows again anew; and gloomy themes,
Gathering afresh, o'ershadow me with dreams
Of a mysterious darkness on the morrow.
I fain would weep, and yet can find no tears—
Nought but the broken sigh and stifled groan:
These are the tenants of my heart alone,
And their deep underminings steal my years.

O that the tears, joy's freshening tears, would fall!
They come not to the weak and wounded breast;
They rush both for and from the fount of rest.
If thou art not than marble harder all,
Know that the silent pang, the grief that speaks not,
Is of all woes the deadliest—and to bear
The heart that throbs and burns, while yet it breaks not,
Is worse than death—for death a blessing were.

CHILDHOOD.—Alex. Kisfaludy, born 1772.

Swift the golden moments flitted
Of my childhood's blissful days—
Soon the smiling joys retreated,
Which o'er boyhood flung their rays.
Spring, whose footstep never lingers,
Flowers upon the vernal field,
All the forest's plumy singers,
All the lights that nature gild—
Will not winter's breath destroy them?
Other springs shall re-enjoy them;
Youth rekindles not its beam—
Why do I so idly dream?

The Doom of Derenzie. A Poem. By the late Thomas Furlong.—London, Robins.

If the reader be a pedestrian, an inhabitant of Dublin, and fond of rural walks, he is probably familiar with the pleasant banks of the sparkling little river Tolka, which meanders along the northern suburbs of the city, and with the beautiful green lanes and avenues, which lie in its immediate neighbourhood. Among the latter, we think one of the most delightful of our suburban excursions is to stroll up Philipsburg avenue, and so on, round to Drumcondra bridge. In this short course, we get almost immediately as much into quiet rural beauty, as if we were a hundred miles from the metropolis. There are many objects of striking interest to the lover of cultivated nature on the way in this half hour's ramble, as first, the dark wood of Lord Charlemont's demesne, which we skirt for a while, when we ascend from the avenue of little flower gardens, in which even already, despite of the pinching keenness of many of our days, the yellow and purple crocus, as well as the snow-drop and hypatica are flowering on the sunny southern banks; and the "wee modest crimson-tippet flower" peeping forth from the matted grass. Then the distant prospects of the bay and the city, with all the disagreeable intervening objects shut out from view, by green fields, and in the more advanced season, graceful masses of variously-tinted foliage.

Mr. Williams's beautiful cottage too, with its little wilderness of roses in front, which in the pleasant summer gives a perfume to the air for five minutes before we come in sight of it. Then the venerable and magnificent deserted mansion of the Coghill's;—and lastly, the picturesque burial ground of Drumcondra, which we never pass without turning in to take another glance at the humble headstone which marks the grave of the facetious antiquary, Captain Grose, and a more lingering look at a more classical and imposing marble monument, admirably executed, and bearing the following inscription:—

TO THE MEMORY OF
THOMAS FURLONG, Esq.
in whom the purest principles of
Patriotism and Honor
were combined with
Superior Poetical Genius,
This Memorial of Friendship
is erected by those who valued and admired
His various Talents, Public Integrity,
and Private Worth.
He died 25th July, 1827, aged 33 years.
MAY HE REST IN PEACE.

Furlong was, we believe, the son of a substantial farmer in the county of Wexford, nor did his circumstances ever permit him to devote his time exclusively to literature, although for some years before his death, he contributed largely to several periodicals. His native place was Scarawalsh, between Ferns and Enniscorthy, the romantic scenery of which wild region he has celebrated in the Doom of Derenzie.—At an early age he was apprenticed to a grocer in Dublin; and subsequently, after many years, he held a situation in some distillery, which he continued to occupy until his death.

In some of the circumstances connected with his life and writings, as well as in the joyous conviviality of his disposition, a strong resemblance may be traced to the story and the characteristics of Robert Burns.

A short time before his death, he completed a translation of the songs of Carolan, which, with other remains of the most celebrated of the Irish bards, are now, we rejoice to learn, going through the press, under the superintendance of our learned antiquarian friend, James Hardiman, Esq. the historian of Galway, to whom this posthumous poem of Derenzie is dedicated, according to the last request of its ingenious and lamented author.

The story of the poem is somewhat mysterious, and but obscurely developed. We have first a full length portrait of an Irish fairy-man, or wizard, taken from the life; the original was Shane Wrue, or John Roe, a native of the county of Wexford. He was a man remarkable for his solitary and gloomy habits, and was known to wander frequently whole days and nights successively among the hills. This singular and lonely being, first evinces any human attachment by sheltering and bringing up an orphan niece; the effect upon himself, of this exercise of the gentler affections, is thus feelingly described:—

"As he gave,
Even did his mind grow gentler. Not to many
Would he, when lingering in his mood of gloominess,
Vouchsafe a winning word; but if his Margaret,
In that dark hour approach'd him, a strange hue
Of brightness touch'd his features—if she paus'd,
Lean'd with an easy air across his knee,
Threw her light locks aside, gaz'd on his face,
And smil'd, and strok'd his cheek, and gaily urg'd him
Even then, to utter things that none might talk of—
His look was half compliance. So she grew,
Bright, beautiful, and innocent before him;
Even as an angel stealing on his path,
And guiding him to comfort—she did seem
Form'd to revive within him each fond feeling—
To root the fiend of sadness from his bosom—
To soothe his wayward spirit—and to make him
Look with a milder and more kindly eye
Upon his weak and wandering fellow creatures.

The years wore fast away, and still she rose
In stature and in beauty; the soft winds
Of twenty springs had wanton'd o'er her cheek,
And left its hue more lovely: in her shape
Was all the lightness of the fair young ozier,
With all its grace, and ease, and flexibility.
Her eye, when resting, had a cast of gentleness,
But, when in mirth it mov'd, in its gay glance,
Centred a liveliness thro' which the spirit
Beamed in bewildering brightness. In one season
She bloom'd, but, ere another clos'd its course,
A chilling change came on, and fast she faded."

The maiden is seduced,—Wrue is seized with fever and delirium, on learning the story of her ruin; when he recovers she has passed away from the village, and is never heard of more. Then there is much of Wrue's further wanderings, and fairy lore; and after a season the doomed Derenzie returns from the wars, and is joyously received by his father and kindred; but ever evinces a strange reluctance to speak of the scenes of battle and slaughter through which he has passed.—

"Yet, was there one, amidst the neighbouring train,
With whom evasion, even if sought, were vain:
One, before whom the workings of his heart
Lay open, even to the tenderest part;
One, in whose presence, gloominess, and pride,
And care, and cold reserve, were thrown aside;
One, from whose mild, but penetrating eye,
He could hide nothing, tho' he scarce knew why.

Who was this wizard that, with keen controul,
Thus search'd thro' all the secrets of his soul?
Was it some monitor, who, from his youth,
Had form'd his mind to firmness and to truth?
Was it a confessor, whose word was law,
Whose very voice instill'd religious awe?
Or, a dark-gifted one, who, like old Wrue,
Dealt deep in spells known only to a few?
No! 'twas a maid, by Slaney's winding water,
The lovely Agnes Vere, a curate's orphan daughter.

The wanderer lov'd her—nor in vain—
He droop'd not—pin'd not unrequited;
For his vows were echo'd back again,
With a faith as pure as the faith he plighted.
They lov'd—and theirs was not that love
Which changeth as the springs wild weather;
The tie which grew between the two,
Was one that might seem seal'd above,
For time had link'd their hearts together.
'Twas not the spark all lightly known,
By fancy nurs'd, or random blown;

Not the slight touch of transient dye,
Resting on nothing past the eye;
'Twas not the flame of faltering power,
Rais'd, and extinguish'd, in the hour—
It seem'd the choice, in childhood form'd,
The light of youth's fond fickle season;
The wish, by tenderest friendship warm'd,
The passion, purified by reason.

'Tis deem'd by some, who closely scan
The sacred springs of life below;
Who trace what's thought, or told of man,
In all his turns of joy or woe;
That, from the hour which sees his birth,
That partner, doom'd his lot to share,
Moves, tho' unborn, about our earth,
And mingles with his spirit there.
Or, if embodied—though away,

Far even as sea from sky can be,
Feels all his passions as they play
With quick unchang'd intensity;
Finds, by some link which eludes the sight,
His starts of darkness, or of light;
Or learns, by some connecting chain,
All that hath given him joy or pain.
To bards, in high and hallow'd dream,
Bright shall this blest communion seem;
And beautiful, when fancy's ray
Hath sanctified it—alshe' few,
Of those who toil thro' life's low way,
Will feel with bards, or even deem
Their tales of mystic union true.
If false—why be such tales again
Sent to their framer's feverish brain;
Or left to find, 'twixt earth and Heaven,
That space to unborn systems given!—
But, true or false, as such may be,
These lovers to the thought gave way;
They hail'd the spirit's sympathy;
And, erringly, perchance, did own,
That even from childhood's earliest day,
One for the other liv'd alone.

* * * * *

And thus, thro' life's gay dawn they went
Lovely, and lov'd, and innocent.
And still each morn, that came and pass'd,
To them seem'd fairer than the last;
For they were happy, and they felt
Pleas'd with the world in which they dwelt.
Still; with his blooming one, the boy
Play'd round her mother's plain abode;
Or, took his sunny walks of joy,
Thro' the wild wood, or o'er the road.
And many an aged man, that pass'd,
Gaz'd on the little truants there;
And, as he went, pour'd forth a prayer,
Wishing, that favouring Heaven, at last,
Would join the beauteous pair.
Oh! love, so simple and so bright,
Hath such a charm to cheer the sight,
That even a cherub, thron'd in light,
Might let one glance of meekness fall—
One calm kind glance from censure free—
And say, as such he chanc'd to see,
That the earth's weak ones had not all
Lost their primeval purity."

Old Derenzie was not, however, of the number 'who wished the union of the beauteous pair,' and it was in consequence of his stern refusal, that his son had gone to the wars; on the young man's return, however, he relents, and the lovers are married; but at the wedding dinner, the elder Derenzie has a a strange second-sight sort of vision of coming calamities, which broods heavily upon the spirits of the guests, especially when at the close of his announcement of it, the hollow voice of Wrue the wizard, is heard proclaiming through the hall that these omens were not sent in vain.

Presently the bridegroom is seized, carried off, tried, hanged and waked; the cause of his execution is darkly intimated to have been a Whiteboy burning and murder; but old Wrue had further discovered that it was he who had seduced his Margaret, whom also he had made away with; and this was the cause of the wizard tracking him to his doom, and he now discloses it at the wake.

Such is a meagre outline of the plan of this curious and strictly national poem. It is certainly unevenly written, and had the author lived till time and leisure had more fully matured his judgment and his powers, we have no doubt his talents were sufficient to have produced a work still more worthy to have survived as an "everlasting possession."

The Doom of Derenzie received the attentive perusal and warm approval of the late highly-gifted Charles Maturin, the intimate friend of the author; and though errors in taste and judgment occur throughout the poem, to which under other circumstances we should have deemed it our duty to call the attention of a living writer; yet as its claims upon our sympathy and kindness have been urged as those of a literary orphan, seeking the fostering hand of a protector, we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity to hang a garland on the tomb of a man of genius and a poet—the lamented Thomas Furlong!

There is much curious matter contained in the notes; one of which we are tempted to extract, although it had appeared before in the pages of an Irish periodical, as it comes most probably from the pen of Furlong, and is full of interesting national lore:—

"The Irish fairies are a diminutive little people, dressed in round caps and red jackets, much given to hurling, inclined to be polite and civil, but extremely irritable, and capable of effecting much mischief, when disposed to be unruly. Like the Persian Peri, they belong to a better world, could they gain admittance in it, and are very anxious to ascertain whether the golden bolts of Paradise will revolve for them at the great judgment day.—On this question, they have, as yet, in vain interrogated many a godly priest: but from the rage for polemics in Ireland, it is to be hoped the progress of theology will enable some sound divine to give them an answer. Their chief places of abode are raths and motes; and some people are unkind enough to accuse them of stealing children—and this, in a country so prolific as Ireland, might be pardoned, did they not also carry off mothers to suckle them.—But the charge stands in need of support—it is not a fairy offence.

"Although they are all known, like the Tartars, by their family features, they are of different species, or have at least different pursuits. The *Banshee* assumes the shape and dress of an old Milesian female, and makes it the business of her life to intimate to her friends the approaching termination of theirs. Fastidious in her choice, she mourns no vulgar death; she weeps for the fate of the high-born only; and makes the most clamour for those of the 'real blood.' On such occasions she is to be heard, during night, in the neighbourhood of the sick, or perhaps is to be seen, in the attitude of feminine distress, near some ivy-clad ruin,' which is fortunate enough to be reflected in a pellucid lake beneath. Her cries are loud, and shrill, and melancholy; and the whole is rendered still more imposing, by the mechanical habit she has of slapping her long, skinny, withered hands. In Ireland, it was once honourable to be warned of death by so piteous a messenger.

"The *Luprechaun* has nothing sepulchral about him; being a squat, merry little fellow, who delights, like our modern dandies, in smoking a cigar. More industrious, however, than they generally are, he is seldom idle; and, as a fancy shoemaker, is in great repute among his friends of the fair sex. His manners are of the old school; his dress of the last century. He wears buckles in his shoes, a three-cocked hat upon his head, and never travels without his *kit*. When seen, evil times, or a 'hard summer,' at least, are to be expected; but the ruin of others is the commencement of the beholders fortune, if he know how to avail himself of the circumstance. He has nothing to do but pounce upon the little fellow, seize him by the back of his neck, turn him between his eyes and the sun, and demand any boon he please: it will be granted, unless he avert his head; and alas! so seductive is the Luprechaun's *blarney*, that few can resist him. He appeals to your humanity; assures you that boundless treasures are to be found in a certain place; and when your expectations are at the highest, he stops short, and coolly asks, 'Who is that listening?' Thrown off your guard, you avert your head; and like the gods of Homer, he melts into thin air, and you seek in vain for the marks by which to ascertain the place where the treasure was to be found. In 1821, a woman according to the 'Carlow Morning Post,' caught one not far from that town!

The *Cluricaune* is another jolly little fellow also, fond of good wine and race horses; and the better to indulge in his propensities, he is to be found only in the cellars of *bon vivants*, or perchance upon the back of a thorough bred advocate for the gold cup at the Curragh.

"Not so the *Phooka*. He is, Proteus-like, any thing you please. He knocks his head against Paddy when returning from fair or *pattern*, in the form of a bull or a buffalo, a dragon or an eagle. The son of the sod, nothing loth, being at the moment any body's customer, mounts his back, indifferent to the form he may assume, and rides a race, to which John Gilpin's was mere child's play. He bounces over precipices, swims through rivers, and climbs up castle walls; while the alarmed equestrian, like a plethoric dreamer, suffers no injury, though conscious of being in imminent peril. Sometimes he mounts upon the pinnacle of a tower or steeple, and amuses himself with the rider's distress, by pretending now to fall over to the right, and then to the left, Paddy all the time exhausting his eloquence for permission to escape; but without the least spark of anger. How could he be displeased with one, who, like himself, is only 'harmlessly mischievous,' who does it all out of 'pure fun?'

"The next, and last, is the *Lenauntshee*, a thing of very doubtful generation, and, like the Irish wolf-dog, implacable in resentment—unalterable in friendship. It frequently happens that Paddy performs wonders in a fair fight, against considerable odds; the thing would be an absolute miracle, were the explanation not found in the invisible aid afforded by *his Lenauntshee*, who can deal around blows with scientific skill. Many a combatant is struck to the ground by other than mere mortal blows."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Family Classical Library. Vol. 2. Demosthenes, Sallust.—London, Colburn and Bentley.

In noticing the first volume of this work, we observed that it was little more than a reprint of old books already familiar to the readers of translations. We perceive that Messrs. Colburn and Bentley have since taken up the publication, and a new translation of Pindar is promised in the fourth volume. The present volume contains the completion of Leland's

Demosthenes, which we have already characterized as the most admirable translation with which we are acquainted, together with the two wars of Sallust. We think it right to mention, that Mr. Leland was a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and not of Cambridge, as we observe certain of the English newspaper critics suppose. We cannot say much in praise of the translation given in this work of Sallust, which is by William Rose, A.M., with improvements and notes. It is generally bald and sometimes erroneous. We really never have paid much attention to translations of the classics, preferring to derive our knowledge from the higher and purer fountains, and the only English Sallust with which we can compare this of Mr. Rose's, is that of our excellent friend, Sir Henry Steuart, which we made a conscience of dipping into, before we ventured to visit Allantoa. Whether a better translation than Rose's already exists, we cannot certainly determine, but if not, a new one ought to have been prepared for the present work. This second volume is embellished with two finely engraved heads of Demosthenes and Sallust.

Ireland and the Remedy for her Evils. By a Clergyman of the Established Church. Dublin, W. Curry, Jun. and Co.

THE remedy proposed for the evils of Ireland in this pamphlet, is the energetic extension of the Protestant Reformation by systematic courses of preaching, the institution of a Protestant College de propagandâ fide, and other such means, as it is to the prevalence of popery that the author attributes all the existing defects. He likewise proposes, that a provision should be made for such of the Roman Catholic clergy as may be induced to forsake the error of their ways, and censures his own brethren of the cloth, somewhat sharply, for their supineness in the cause of Protestantism.

In one of his recommendations we most cordially concur, namely, that all ridicule and satire should be carefully excluded from the discourses of the clergy, and that they should labour to impress upon their hearers, that the intention is not to proselytize but to instruct, and that it is not the being called Protestant or Catholic, or Methodist, that will avail them in the great and dreadful day, but believing and doing as our blessed Redeemer has enjoined.

We have long held that uncharitableness of heart, and bitterness of speech, are the great bane of society in Ireland; if Protestants would sometimes take up the Bible to examine and tell their Roman Catholic brethren in how many essential doctrines we are all agreed, it might be almost as useful as dwelling wholly on the points in which we differ; not that we by any means think these few or unimportant, but we see no use in harping always on the jarring string.

The author thinks more favourably of the friendship of the Methodists to the church establishment than our experience would justify us in doing.

Hamilton on Duelling. With Anecdotes and Cases, &c.—Hatchard and Sons, London.

No one can doubt the benevolent and amiable intention of the author of this little work, which is designed to bring the Gothic practice of duelling into disrepute. Among barbarians, it may perhaps, be a step towards civilization, to redress personal grievances by single combat, but, in civilized society, it can be considered only as a remnant of barbarism. If, in this, and in all other questions of conduct, men had good sense enough to apply to their actions the simple and only true test of rectitude—namely, the question—"What is the revealed will of God in this matter?" we should have no occasion for a code of honor, to direct the conduct of principals and seconds.

Correspondence between the Lord Bishop of Ferns, and the Earl of Mountcashel, on the Church Establishment.—Dublin, W. Curry, Jun. and Co.

WE are glad to see this curious and important correspondence in a collected and authentic shape, and we like it the better that it contains simply the letters arranged in order, without any comment or observation upon their contents. An account of the proceedings at the meeting in Cork, out of which the correspondence arose, is very properly prefixed to the pamphlet.

NOTES FROM THE LOG-BOOK OF A RAMBLER No. II.

The Rhine—Bonn—Drachenfels—Cassel, &c.

Know ye the land where the broad Rhine is flowing,
In circling eddies the valleys along—
Where on high from each cliff with the purple grape glowing,
Re-echoes the sound of the vignerons song.

I have gazed on that stream from the Drachenfels height,
And traced its bright current through many a glen,
And have thought mid the fast falling shadows of night,
I ne'er should look on it so glorious again.

IT is not my intention most sagacious reader, to give you in these my notes, any of the information to be obtained in "guide books," tours, and the hoc genus omne of these publications: this would be a track at once too beaten, and too extensive. It is rather my wish to present you, with a personal narrative, never omitting when occasion offers to correct the errors of my predecessors, and at the same time, not forgetting that the really useful information to a traveller, (and such you are or will be, I doubt not) should be conveyed as tersely and laconically as possible, and to begin with a maxim, never keep what is called a Journal of your travels: by this I mean that you are not to spend your mornings in the measurement of a cathedral, or the investigation of the history of a picture, and devote your evenings to a neat small-hand description of either, for the benefit of your lady acquaintance on your return: my advice is rather to make mems. of the pleasant places you have visited, the gay fellows with whom secundum O'Dogherty you may have dined and got drunk, of course recollecting the pretty partners with whom you have waltzed or galopaded, and thus weaving the thread of your adventures into the broad web of your travelling excursion.

But example is much better than precept, and to begin, there was little inducement to remain in Cologne when the festival was over: so that having secured places in the steam boat for Bonn, we took our last look at the cathedral by moon-light, and retired to our beds. On the next morning, I was awoke by the most diabolical war-whoop that can be conceived, and on looking out from my window, discovered the cause of my alarm to be a cow's horn blown by a person, who might from the length and strength of his blast, have been one of the performers at Jericho—this I found afterwards was an emissary from the steam boat: come to inform us, that she was ready to depart, and would be under weigh in a few moments, there was no time to be lost, so that after dressing rapidly, we soon found ourselves seated upon the deck: the air was calm, and still, not a breeze ruffled the broad surface of the Rhine, which lay like a mirror before us, reflecting the tapered minarets, and richly ornamented dome of the cathedral, which glistening under the morning dew, shone like a vast globe of gold.

From the moment we left Cologne, the scenery began to improve, and near Bonn became really beautiful. The Rhine, from the bold and frequent winding course it takes, presents the appearance of a succession of small lakes bounded by lofty vineclad mountains, bristling with tower and keep; while below, are seen opening glens, through which small streams rush on, bearing their tribute to the father of rivers. The villages have generally a most picturesque effect, as they rise street above street, upon the steep mountain sides, their white walls scarcely visible amid the trelliced vines: and now as we passed along, we could plainly hear the songs of the peasant, breaking on the soft stillness of the summer's morning. After a four hours delightful voyage, we reached Bonn, to breakfast. The town itself has nothing remarkable, except its situation in the valley of the Rhine, and its being the seat of the second in rank among the Prussian Universities; it was established on the model of that of Berlin, so lately as 1818, and except the University of Munich is the most modern of Germany. As early as the year 1777, we find an academy existing here, and in 1786 this became a chartered University, of which however, at the conclusion of the French revolutionary war, no trace was left, the number of students, about one thousand, and the names of the two Schlegels, Niebuhr and Walther, (one of the first anatomists of Europe) attest sufficiently its present prosperity. The cabinet of Natural History at Poppelsdorf is justly celebrated, and the collection of petrefactions is well known to the scientific world, by the valuable work of Professor von Goldfuss entitled:—

"Petrefacta Musei Univ. Bonnensis," &c. &c. the library contains about 60,000 volumes, and includes a most remarkable cabinet of diplomatic seals and records, the botanical garden, which occupies upwards of nineteen acres is considered one of the finest in Germany; we spent the entire of the first three days, visiting collections, museums, libraries, &c. &c., and although Professor Goldfuss, our cicerone, is a very worthy well informed gentleman, yet I have no mind to make you more intimately acquainted, so that I shall at once invite you to sip your coffee with us in the garden of the University; here all is gaiety, life, and animation, the militaires are seen mixing with the townsfolk, and no longer is there any distance kept up between professor and student; the garden, was in olden time the pleasure ground of a palace, once the residence of the Churfurst of Cologne, and still preserves much of its ancient beauty: the trees are for the most part of foreign growth, and formed into long shady avenues, or dark sunless bowers, in each of which might now be seen some happy family party enjoying their coffee, the ladies assiduously occupied knitting,

and the men no less so in smoking; occasionally the loud choruss of a Freischutz air, told that the "Burschen" were holding their revels not far off, while the Professors themselves, the learned expounders of dark metaphysics: and eke the "diggers of Greek roots," did not scruple to join in the gaiety of the scene, and might now be seen whirling along in all the rapid evolutions of a German waltz; by the bye, let me warn any of my male readers to beware how he approaches a German dancing party, if he be not perfectly *au-fait* at waltzing. It is quite sufficient to be seen looking on, to cause some dancer to offer you his partner for a *tour*, this is a piece of politeness constantly extended to foreigners, and is called, "hospitiren," but indeed every spectator seems to expect a similar attention, and at each moment some tall moustached figure is seen unbuckling his "schläger" (broadsword,) throwing his cap upon the ground, and in a moment he is lost among the dancers. It was already far advanced in the night, and the moon shining brightly upon this happy scene, ere we turned our steps homeward: deeply regretting our incapacity either to speak German, or to waltz, which thus unfitted us for the perfect enjoyment of such an evening.

The following day the Drachenfels was the scene of a rural fete, and thither we accordingly proceeded; and as the distance is only three English miles, we went on foot. The road lay through a succession of vineyards sloping gently down to the Rhine, which is here extremely rapid. A sudden winding of the river brought us in sight of the mountain, from base to summit. The Rhine here runs between the Godesberg, on the one side, and the Drachenfels on the other. The latter rises to the height of fifteen hundred feet above the stream, perpendicular as a wall; its summit crowned by a ruined tower: the sides are wooded with large white oak trees, through which the road winds to the top in a serpentine direction—and thus, as you ascend, some new and altogether different prospect meets the eye: at one moment you look out upon the dark forests and deep glens of the Sieben-gebirge; at another you see the river winding for miles beneath you, through plenteous vineyards, and valleys teeming with fertility; and far in the distance, the tall spire of Cologne, rising amid its little forest of pinnacles, is still perceptible.

As we approached, the picturesque effect was still heightened, when, through the intervals between the trees on the mountain side, some party might be observed slowly toiling their way upwards; the ladies mounted upon mules, whose gay scarlet trappings gave all the appearance of some gorgeous pageant: and ever and anon the deep tones of the students, joining in Schiller's Robber-Song; or the still more beautiful "am-Rhein am-Rhein" completed the illusion, and made this one of the most delightful scenes I ever witnessed. We spent the entire day upon the mountain; and as we descended, observed a small figure standing motionless upon a rock at some distance beneath us. On coming nearer, we discovered this to be a little girl of eight or ten years old, who, seeing us coming, had waited thus patiently to present us with a garland of vine-leaves and Rhine-lilies, ere we crossed the river, as a charm against every mishap.

On our return, we made the acquaintance of a Professor, whose name I no longer recollect—but he was a most agreeable and entertaining companion, and gave us a clear insight into the policy of the Universities. When speaking of the custom of duelling, he surprised us by the admission that such practices were winked at by the heads of Colleges, hoping, as he said, that the students thus employed, and their minds thus occupied about their own domestic broils, would have less both of leisure and inclination to join in the quarrels and disagreements of their Princes and Rulers. In the same manner, and with the same intention, as "*the Powers that were*" are said to have encouraged the disturbances and riots at fairs in Ireland. Hoping that the more broken heads the fewer burnings of barns, or insurrectionary plots there would be;—and now, that I am on the subject of Irish illustration, let me give you a better one;

A friend of mine once, on his way from Dublin to Dunleary, had the misfortune to find himself upon a *car*, drawn by an animal so wretched as to excite his deepest compassion; for, in addition to a large surface of the back, perfectly denuded of skin and flesh: one end of a stick had been twisted in the creature's ear, and the other firmly fastened to the harness, so as to keep the animal's head in the position of those of certain would-be dandies, who deem it indispensable to walk *tête-à-l'air*. Not comprehending the aim of such apparently wanton cruelty, he asked the driver the reason. The fellow turned towards him, and with a look of half compassion for his ignorance, struggling with the low waggery of his *caste*, replied—"Troth an' yer honour, that's jist to divart her attinshin from the raw."—And I really doubt not but that by "divarting their attinshin," the rulers of Universities have the best chance of success in managing these rude and indomitable spirits.

But to return: After a week spent in rambling through the glens and mountains of this delightful country, we set out for Andernach, on our way to Coblentz. Here we arrived late in the evening, and went supperless to bed, as the Duke of Clarence, who had just arrived, had ordered every thing eatable in the town for himself and suite. On leaving this we had the good fortune to meet with an English family, whom we had before seen in Holland; and we journeyed together now, like old acquaintances. As nothing worth telling occurred in our voyage up the Rhine, I shall not attempt to delay you by any description of the scenery, which continues beautiful, till you approach Mayence—there the country becomes open—the mountains degenerate into sloping hills; and the course of the river itself less winding.

At last we arrived in Francfort; but there was little inducement to remain there, as we had no introduction to the Baron Von Rothschild—the greatest entertainer and bon vivant of Europe: we merely waited to hear the Opera in which we were much disappointed; and set off for Cassel. I pass over all account of Daneker's Statue of Ariadne, and the still greater lion, Professor Soemmering—for every one who had made the petit tour has described both; and "I'll wager my dukedom," there is not a young lady's album in Great Britain that does not contain some lines "on seeing the beautiful figure" I allude to. Ere I depart, however, let me mention a short, but striking, inscription, which I read upon the sun-dial in the town—

"Sol me—vos—umbra regit."

You may conceive that the German "*schnell wagen*" is admirably translated, by the English words snail waggon, when I tell you that we were three days travelling from Francfort to Cassel—a distance of about 150 English miles.

A German diligence reminds one wonderfully of some huge old family mansion, to which various unseemly and incongruous additions have been made, according to the fancy or necessities of its successive proprietors, for ages. Conceive a large, black, heavy-looking coach, to the front of which is placed a chariot—a covered round car to the back—and on the roof a cabriolet; and imagine this, in addition to twelve phlegmatic-looking Germans, who deem it indispensible to drink "schnaps" or "gutes bier," wherever there is a house to sell either—loaded with as much luggage as an ordinary canal boat in this country could carry—the whole Leviathan drawn by nine wretched-looking ponies, (for such they seem,) scarcely able to drag along their preposterously long tails—and you will readily believe that we did not fly. At last we reached Cassel: it was night, and the streets in perfect darkness—not a lamp shone out—and we absolutely saw nothing till we drew up at the door of "Der König, von Preussen." On asking, the following day, the reason of this remarkable occurrence, we were informed that when the almanack announced moonlight it was not customary to light the lamps of the town;—and the moon, not being probably aware of this dependance upon her, was not a whit more punctual here than elsewhere.

I shall conclude this already too prolix article by a word anent Cassel, which is really the most beautifully built and beautifully situated town I know of. Besides having a very excellent Opera, it boasts of one of the best Museums in Germany, and a very respectable Gallery of Paintings and Sculpture; these form two sides of a great open platz, or square: the Palace fills up the third; and the fourth has merely a large iron railing, and affords a most magnificent view over a richly-wooded landscape; the back ground, formed by the lofty mountains of Thuringia. In the middle of this railing a large gateway opens upon a broad flight of stone steps, which lead down to a beautifully planted park. Following the windings of a silvery river, which flows between banks, adorned with blossoming shrubs and flowers—brought to my mind the beautiful lines of Shelley:

"And on that stream whose inconstant bosom,
Was prank't under boughs of embowering blossom,
With golden and green light slanting through,
Their heaven of many a tangled hue.

Broad-water lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river buds glimmer'd by;
And around them the soft stream did glide and dance,
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance."

At last we came in sight of Wilhelmshöhe—the country palace of the Elector of Hesse; but here, alas! the old Dutch taste in gardening prevails:

"Grove nods to grove,
Each alley has its brother."

Wherever you turn your eye, some deity in lead or marble meets you, who, from their agile attitudes, seem in the act of taking flight at your approach; but the great wonder of the place is the famous Jet d'eau, which is said to be two hundred feet in height—to see this all Cassel assembles here every Sunday, on foot or in carriages; but although the effect of the water, rushing over the rocks, and forming hundreds of small cataracts, is undoubtedly fine—yet the illusion is destroyed by arriving before the commencement of the exhibition,

and seeing the Hessian Cockneys watching some dry canal, with patient anxiety, till the moment of the water's taking that course; and filling the empty vase of some basking Amphion.—However the scene was a gay one, and the splendid carriage of the Elector, who sat in all the glory of a rich uniform and moustaches "*a la Prusse*," smoking most cavalierly, beside a lady, (not *his* Duchess,) was at once characteristic of the country and the individual.

After stopping here for three days, which passed most agreeably, we again took flight, and at the end of a forty miles excursion,

"In our stage-coach waggon, trotting in,
We made our entrance to the U-
Niversity of Gottingen."

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

We scarcely know why we address our readers on this subject just now, except to tell them that we remember no time so dull as the present. The French are merely re-publishing and translating. In the former department, we remark particularly Châteaubriand's works, publishing, *en Livraisons*, Rollin's with notes, and I. B. Rousseau's. Of the latter we have already mentioned some, in a previous number, to these we may now add, Moore's life of Byron by Madame Sw. Belloc, who has already translated some other English works, and who constantly reviews English literature in the Revue Encyclopédique, in which, as might almost be expected, she sometimes delivers opinions that sound strangely enough in English ears; thus she lately asserted, in that work, that all the disturbances in Ireland proceeded from the methodists. In her prospectus to Lord Byron's Memoirs, she also says that Lord B.'s works ought to be as much enjoyed, (goûté,) in France as in England, he being one of the children of the Revolution, which has not only altered the graver pages of history, but modified the imagination of poets, by placing before them facts such as almost to surpass imagination itself.

We may mention the price as a contrast with the English edition, 2 vols. 8vo. are published and cost 7 fr. 50. c. a volume! Another translation is of the poems of King Louis of Bavaria, which contain some passages, no way complimentary to the French, for instance one to this effect, "If you would have a mean opinion of human nature, go to France, and you will have attained your object." A new edition of Sir. W. Scott's novels, translated by Defauconpret, is also appearing, and by the same translator, a complete one of Cooper's.

Two new Dramatic pieces are performing with success in Paris, one by Mess. Soumet and Belmontet, *Une fête de Néron*, a dangerous subject to choose, as it necessarily calls to mind Racine's Britannicus, which if it would not be reckoned in the present time a dramatic *chef d'œuvre*, must at any rate be allowed to be a beautiful conversation in verse, with noble conceptions, and as excellent poetry as the poverty of the French language is capable of expressing. The subject of this tragedy is the death of Agrippina, which Nero endeavours to compass by various means, partly at the instigation of Poppea; once he sends her to sea in a vessel, of which part is to loosen, and this she escapes; then poison is tried, against which she is fortified by antidotes; and at length, she is slain by his soldiers in the palace. This piece is said to be written with considerable elegance, and force.

Mons. Scribe has also brought forth from his fruitful brain, a new *bagatelle*, entitled, *Les Inconsolables*; these *inconsolables* are a young man whose sweetheart dies, the other a lady whose husband departs this life in America; they meet, pity each other, every body knows what pity is akin to, they sympathize, and——fall in love.

Of original works, we have to announce to our readers, the termination of Mons. Capefigue's history of Philippe Auguste; the third and fourth vols. contain the history of the crusade against the Albigenses, and some details of civil life in the middle ages.

There has also appeared a production, called Mémorial de Sir Hudson Lowe; we shall examine and report upon it at an early opportunity, probably next week, as it has already reached us.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The Cambrian Quarterly Magazine.—Hughes, London.

To the Irish antiquary and patriot, any publication that tends to throw light upon any branch of Celtic literature, must possess much of the interest that attaches to researches confined to the literary relics of his own country. The Hibernian origin of the brave clans of Morven, admits of the clearest demonstration; and Ireland owes to a Welsh writer, the more gratifying proof, that the Gaelic originals of Ossian are the literary patrimony of Erin.* Though the affinity between the Irish and the Welsh, be more remote than that between the Irish and the Scotch Highlanders, a careful comparison of the languages of the two first named nations, will leave no doubt as to their original identity. The bond of consanguinity seems to have been remembered even down to the final subjugation of both; Ireland was always the retreat of the Welsh princes, when they could no longer maintain their own mountain fortresses against the overwhelming power of the Normans; and it is recorded of one of their Sovereigns, Blethyn ap Conon, that after a residence of a long duration in Ireland, he returned to his own country, with a company of skilful Irish musicians, who were very serviceable in modifying and improving the regulations to which the harpers and vocalists of his court were amenable. The editors of this periodical seem influenced, as far as men may be in these unromantic times, by the hereditary feeling towards their Irish brethren; they are anxious, as far as possible, to coalesce with all publications or institutions for the illustration of the early annals of Ireland, confident that a literary union of the scholars in different branches of the Celtic, is the only effectual means of throwing a steady and consistent light on the primeval history of these islands.

Of the numbers that have hitherto appeared, the last is decidedly the best; it is not encumbered, as the first four numbers, in some measure, are, by articles of a somewhat local and pedantic cast.

There is, in the first number, a history of the Gauls and Armoricans, by a learned Breton correspondent of a Cambrian Society in London, which, from its erudite and ingenious investigation of all the classical authorities, that throw any light on the condition of the first Celtic colonists of Europe, is well deserving the attention of our young Vallanceys and O'Halorans; in the second number commences an article, under the title of the Passengers, which is intended to serve the traveller in Wales, as a guide to the most picturesque points of the mountain scenery, and to direct his attention to the geological and botanical phenomena.

The first number for the present year, amongst other articles, contains a sketch of a tour in Brittany, which gives a better insight into the manners, music, and literature of the brave Celtic colony that inhabit that country, than any work hitherto published; indeed, from the strong national affinity, no one is so well qualified to do justice to the subject as a Welshman. The Cambrian tourist met with a curious Irish manuscript which his Breton friends assured him they had shown to numbers, even of Irishmen, who could not explain it. A specimen is given in page 42.

There is also, in this number, an exposure of an intemperate attack in Blackwood's Magazine on the character of the Welsh and Irish. To the former the writer ascribes a character for dull mysticism and smouldering anger, and talks of them as a mixture of Celt and Saxon, which is an historical mistake.

The Cambrian replies by ridiculing the metaphysics of this philosopher of the land of metaphysics.

"If 'imagination' and 'perseverance' produce 'dull mysticism,' Milton would have written Nixon's Prophecies or Moore's Almanack, instead of Paradise Lost; and Shakspeare would have been a country conjuror in indifferent practice, instead of the enchanter whose magic wand drew that circle within which none durst walk but he."

The witer (in Blackwood's) appeal to the Welsh language, as a proof that the Welsh are a mixture of Celt and Saxon, is answered by a quotation from Mr. Sharon Turner, who asserts *directly the contrary*, calling the Welsh "peculiar and original;" and he mentions its being "so unlike the other languages of Europe," as a reason why foreigners have so seldom acquired it!

The Cambrian controversialist, by way of showing himself as great an adept in Caledonian matters, as the Caledonian had shown himself in logic and the Welsh language, proceeds to prove that Wallace and Burns were, according to the united authorities of Pinkerton and Sir Walter Scott, Welshmen!

* See the Claims of Ossian, by the Rev. Edward Davies.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, February 22nd.

Our heads are still turned with the ball which was lately given for the relief of the poor, and the receipts of which exceeded £5000. About 300 English were present at this entertainment; but of all the ambassadors in Paris there were only two, viz. those of England and Russia. All the expenses of the entertainment were defrayed by the king; 1000lbs. of wax candles were used, and the company consumed 8000 quarts of lemonade, orgeat, &c. 8000 ices, and 8000 cakes. It was particularly noticed, that of all the Royal Family, only the members of the Orleans branch were present; but their absence has been accounted for by prior and indispensable engagements.

There was a very full meeting at the Academy of Sciences on the 15th, but little of interest occurred. M. M. Robiquet and Breton Charland announced that they had performed some experiments with the essential oil of bitter almonds, from which they found that this oil on being exposed to the action of the air, became converted into an acid which has all the properties of benzoic acid, and M. Ravier read a note from M. Raucourt on the formation of ice in the Neva, and the different degrees of temperature of water under ice. In order to arrive at his conclusions, he had pierced a body of ice 1000 feet in width, and sixty-three in thickness, and he constantly observed that the temperature of the water at the bottom, was less than that of the water which was immediately under the ice.

Another Number of the Revue Encyclopédique has just made its appearance, I have only had time to run through it hastily, so that I cannot attempt to give you a fair analysis of its contents—there is little lost however, I believe, by my omitting to do so, for it appears more than usually dull. Few works of interest heve appeared during the last few days, one of the most interesting is *Contes d' Espagne et d'Italie, par M. de Musset.* The Globe, which is a literary Journal of great celebrity here, has devoted four columns to a criticism of the work, which certainly seems entitled to the honours of translation. M. Caillié's work has not met with so extensive a sale as might have been expected, considering the *amour propre* of the French. One would have imagined, that the circumstance of the discoverer of Timbuctoo, being a Frenchman, would have caused the work to sell well, but such is not the fact—perhaps its length is against it, the French now seem to be fond of light reading and thin volumes.

I see by the Geneva papers, that an English theatre has been established in that town. The actors, however, are amateurs, and their scenery and decorations are spoken of more highly than their acting. As to English theatricals here, we have no hope of seeing them re-established on a good footing—the French will hear of nothing without Miss Smithson, and no manager has spirit enough to engage her, and such a company as would be fit to support her. Miss Smithson, however, they will have, it seems, for a liberal offer has been made to her to play melo-dramatic parts, without speaking alone of the French theatres.

A company is forming at Paris for the conveyance of fish from the sea coast to the capital, at a cheap and rapid rate. This will be a great addition to the agrémens of Paris, for at times, during the summer, no fish is to be obtained in a state fit for the table. The Parisians are also turning their attention in the way of improvement to horses, and it is announced that on the first Monday in every month, there will be a market for the exclusive sale of race and other superior horses.

It appears by a recent census of Sicily, that it contains 1,780,000 inhabitants, 300,000 of whom are ecclesiastics, or living on ecclesiastical revenues; there are in the island 1,117 convents, containing 30,000 monks, and 30,000 nuns. Connected with this clerical notice, I may observe, that a German Journalist has been at the pains of making a calculation of the average revenue of churchmen in different countries. According to him the ministers of religion have in France, 756 fr. per annum; in Russia, 244; in Prussia, 1,460; in Austria, 1,263; in Hungary, 1,482; in Spain, 1,430; in Portugal, 2,906; in England, 10,155; in Ireland, 10,090. The writer calls these ministers all curés or rectors.

The arts and sciences are making rapid progress in France; in every large town academies of sciences, &c. are forming, and at Marseilles there has just been established a scientific and literary institution under the title of Athenæum, which promises soon to rival the best institutions of a similar nature in Paris. In this way the liberties of the French nation are secure, for, in the present day, liberty and literature march hand in hand.

London, February 24th.

Nothing has yet been decided as to the rebuilding of the English Opera House. A meeting of the friends of Mr. Arnold is called for Thursday next, at which it is intended to submit a plan for the restoration of a theatre so essential to the patrons of the musical drama. Mr. Arnold's loss is, according to the calculation of his treasurer, Mr. Peake, nearly seventy thousand pounds. There can be no doubt that, if pecuniary means are provided, the theatre may be rebuilt by the 1st of July. The present Porte St. Martin's Theatre, in Paris, which is considerably larger than the late English Opera House, was built in less than two months.

Theatricals in London, are, on the whole, rather gayer than usual, but neither the proprietors of Covent-Garden or Drury-Lane can boast of large profits. At Covent-Garden, the nightly receipts, except on the evenings of Miss Fanny Kemble's performance, did not average one-third of the expenditure, until Miss Paton was engaged. Now they are much improved, but it is doubtful whether they do more than cover the expenses. At Drury-Lane the average receipts are quite as good as those of Covent-Garden, but as the salaries are much larger, there must be a loss to the proprietors. It has happened, however, fortunately, that most of the new pieces have been successful.

I was this afternoon at Mr. Gurney's factory, and had an opportunity of examining minutely his steam-carriage. I am sorry to say that it is not in the advanced state which some of the newspapers have represented. The difficulty seems to be chiefly as to the means for conveying a sufficient quantity of water. There is no prospect of its starting as a public conveyance next month—indeed, I fear that it will be many months before the ingenious and enterprising patentee can hope to be remunerated for his invention. Upwards of thirty thousand pounds have been already expended upon this concern. There are now several new plans for locomotive engines talked of; one is a a carriage to be impelled by chlorine gas—another by air. The patentee of the latter plan has already exhibited, and I hear, with good success; but some time must elapse ere horses can be entirely dispensed with.

In new publications there is little to notice. The only amusing work of the last week is the second volume of Angelo's Reminiscences. These are very curious, and they bear about them marks of truth, which are very agreable after the trash that has been published under the title of Reminiscences. Angelo, is a man who has mixed with society of every description, and he has something to tell of every body. He was, until lately, an eminent fencing master, but he has been succeeded in his profession by his sons, who allow him an annual stipend. The second volume of Moore's Byron is not yet out, but its appearance may be expected in a few days. The clever author of this work is now engaged upon a Life of Petrarch, for Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, the sale of which has been very great. Mr. Campbell is hard at work upon his Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence, so hard, indeed, that he has given public notice to his correspondents, that he will not be able for some time to answer any letters except on business.

The College of Physicians have just resumed their conversaziones for the season. They have issued a great many cards of invitation, and are determined to do things liberally. It is due to this body to say, that they take every opportunity of diffusing the medical knowledge which they have attained; and that, whilst they are accused by their enemies of being full of bigotry and ignorance, the public daily find them anxiously endeavouring to prove the falsehood of such an imputation.

Some splendid specimens of the arts, in ancient and modern times, have just been purchased by the agents of the king, for the furniture of the New Palace. Upwards of fifty large cases, filled with cabinet furniture, have been received from Paris, and several statues and busts are on their way from Rome. A daily paper states that his Majesty has given 14,000*l.* for a vase. This is not true. For the sum named there were several vases, and other articles of exquisite workmanship. In all these purchases the king is consulted; drawings and descriptions are first sent to him, with the price, and if he approves of them, the agents have orders to complete the purchase."

To the Editor of the Dublin Literary Gazette.

SIR—The extension of Knowledge, and the furtherance of Science, being part of the objects of your very interesting weekly publication, I beg to trouble you with the following slight sketch of a plan for promoting the study of Natural History, which I trust you will not deem inadmissible in your Journal.

HINTS FOR ESTABLISHING A SOCIETY

For Promoting the Study of Natural History, to be formed in Dublin.

To consist of any number of Members, to be elected on paying an annual subscription of ———, or a life subscription of ———.

It is calculated that from the great interest now shown for the study of Natural History, a sufficient number of Members would be immediately obtained to commence the Society on a small scale; at first it might be confined to the Natural History of Great Britain and Ireland, and so far only as the formation of a Museum, containing preserved specimens of quadrupeds, birds, fishes and insects, with a collection of the shells found in the three kingdoms.

The success this might meet with would determine the propriety of extending its purpose, so far as to form a collection of living subjects, on the principle of the Zoological Society of London, and of the Jardin de Plantes, in Paris.

The co-operation of almost every country-gentleman in Ireland might be calculated on, in procuring specimens of those animals, birds, fishes, or insects, that are inhabitants of our

country, or of its shores, and of those that visit it at intervals: and it is quite wonderful what might be effected in this way, by a little exertion, in a very short space of time. Many extraordinary circumstances in Natural History often occur, but for want of any mode of recording them, or preserving them in a collected form, they are now altogether lost.

The expense of preserving subjects of Natural History not being great, and it being calculated that the subjects themselves would, for the most part, be presented to the Society, it would not be, perhaps, too sanguine to hope that funds might be easily collected at once, to procure suitable premises for the Museum. All specimens presented to the Society to be labelled with the name of the donor. As funds would permit, a library of Books connected with the Science might be added to it—accessible to all subscribers—in the Museum: and here again, it is not too much to suppose, that numerous gifts from the lovers of the science, and patriotic individuals, might be calculated upon.

In the course of a short time, Lectures on Natural History might be instituted, under such regulations as might be deemed expedient; this would tend greatly to the diffusion of knowledge, on one of the most instructive, as well as most agreeable, of all the sciences.

Making the admittance to the Museum, at suitable times, open to all the members of the family of a subscriber, would be a very satisfactory return for the expense of his annual or life subscription; and it would hardly be too much to suppose that every parent of a family would be glad to enrol his name in a Society calculated to form so delightful a source of amusement to his children.

Out of the members should be chosen, by a ballot at a general meeting, a President, a Committee of twelve or twenty, to conduct the business of the Society, two Treasurers, and a Secretary, all of whom should give their services gratuitously—the only paid officers of the Society being the keeper of the Museum, and a porter.

The above is a mere outline of a plan which must afterwards be subjected to the approval of a general meeting of Subscribers, if it is found that a sufficient number can be obtained to establish the Society.

Should you be disposed to assist in furthering the formation of what appears to me so very desirable an institution, perhaps you would allow a book, for the reception of names, to be left at the Office of the LITERARY GAZETTE, for that purpose.

I am, Sir,
Your very obedient servant,
W.

We are happy to accede to the concluding request of our valued correspondent, and should feel much gratified by the successful formation of such a Society.—ED.

THE DRAMA.

On Monday evening, Mr. Macready, after a long absence, re-appeared on our boards in his favourite character of Virginius—his merits in this part have been already so amply discussed, and generally admitted, that we fear incurring a charge of hypercriticism, when we do more than record our concurrence in the eulogium which public approbation has long and deservedly conferred upon him; we must however state, that on Monday night, he not only fully sustained the impression we had already conceived of his excellencies, but appeared to surpass his former efforts—It has been almost universally allowed, that no actor of the present day can pourtray the tender sensibilities of parental affection like Mr. Macready: to the possession of a highly cultivated judgment and refined discrimination, he superadds classic purity of style and declamatory powers of the first order; we know there are some who, in this latter respect, think Mr. Young his superior, possessing as that gentleman does, in his style of delivery all the characteristics of the Kemble school, of which we acknowledge ourselves disciples; but every one who has heard Mr. Macready in the soliloquies of *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*, must acknowledge him perfect master of all the graces of elocution. To return however, to Virginius, Mr. Macready's scene in the first act, where the betrothment of Virginia to Icilius takes place, exhibited a sublime picture of paternal feeling, warmed into tenderness by the idea of resigning to another, the being who had been so long the object of his fondest solicitude, and in the transition which immediately follows, where the *amor patriæ* of the Roman soars above the consideration of domestic ties the moment he hears the enemy is in the field, Mr. Macready realised our most elevated notions of devoted heroism. His scene also in the *forum* before *Appius*, was a masterpiece of histrionic ability, and afterwards, where he strangles the tyrant, his furious look and wild demeanour had a most appaling effect.

Though Miss Smithson's Virginia did not quite come up to our ideas of nature, so as to entitle her to unqualified praise, we are, at the same time, happy to observe that in her performance on this occasion, she displayed great truth in conception, and a propriety of judgment, whichr endered her well deserving of the applause which was bestowed upon her.

Mr. Cooke's Icilius possessed considerable merit, and confirmed the favourable opinion we have already expressed with regard to this gentleman.

On this evening, Mr. T. P. Cooke also appeared in a nautical piece, called "Black-eyed Susan," in which, of course, he performs the leading character. Mr. Cooke has long been identified with such parts, which he represents with a fidelity, that leaves him without a competitor. The present production, though possessing little merit for originality, derives some interest from his excellent acting, particularly in the last act, where, on hearing sentence of death pronounced, he called forth the sympathies of his audience, by his display of noble resignation, combined with the struggles of ardent affection for his faithful Susan. The piece abounds in sea phrases, and has but one song, (that from which it takes its name,) which was pleasingly executed by Mr. Bedford. Much credit is due to Mr. Bunn, for the exertions he has made on the present occasion, in collecting so much talent as the Theatre now presents, and we trust it will have the effect of reviving that Dramatic taste in this Metropolis, which, if we are to judge by the paucity of visiters to the Theatre since its opening, appears to be rapidly declining.

On Saturday evening, Mr. Dowton having concluded his engagement, took his benefit at our Theatre; we were glad to see the house well attended, not only for the sake of the individual, but from an anxiety that such talent as Mr. Dowton possesses, should never be permitted to depart from our shores without experiencing that encouragement and reward which those, who have the interests of the Drama truly at heart, will never fail to afford.

MUSIC.

WE were among the visiters at the meeting of the Philharmonic Society on Wednesday evening, and enjoyed a rich musical treat—the pieces selected for the occasion, consisted chiefly of foreign compositions, the works of Beethoven, Weber, &c. all of which were most effectively performed, particularly a beautiful symphony of the former composer, which we learn had never before been heard in this country—and Weber's Overture to his Opera of "*The Ruling Spirits.*" In the course of the evening, several Songs and Glees were sang, Sir John Stevenson presiding at the Piano Forte. The whole concluded with Beethoven's Overture to Prometheus, which was executed in a manner highly creditable to the performers.

We are happy to see this Society rapidly progressing, under the leadership of Mr. James Barton, and we hail its existence as affording a means for the development of amateur talent, and the further diffusion of musical knowledge in this country.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

The second general meeting of this academy, for the year 1830, was held on Monday evening last, the lord bishop of Cloyne, the president, in the chair. To this admirable prelate the society is deeply indebted for the zeal and attention which he has always paid, not only to the advancement of science in general, but in a particular manner to the interests of this academy. On Monday evening his lordship laid before the meeting a curious and accurate pencil-drawing of an Aloe, which lately flowered in Lord Carbery's gardens at Castle Freke, together with some interesting particulars respecting its size, manner of growth, &c. in this and other countries. The popular notion is, that it flowers once in a century only; this opinion is, however, incorrect: in the present instance the plant was about fifty years old, when, on the 4th of June last, the flowering shoot burst forth with a noise, and on the 20th of October following, it had attained its full height of 24 feet, the total height from the ground being 30 feet. The girth of the plant at the ground was 9 feet; that of the flower stem at the point of its springing from the plant, 2 feet 2 inches. The length of the lateral flower stalk on which the umbel is borne, was 2 feet 6 inches, and the number of flowers in the largest umbels 250. The length of the longest leaves was 6 feet 6 inches, and their solid thickness about 6 inches.

The plant was kept under cover in its earliest years in a flower pot, afterwards in a large wooden tub; then in the ground, in a conservatory, till about sixteen years ago, when it was removed into the open ground in a sheltered situation, with a good southern aspect, and occasionally protected in the winter by placing a hot-bed frame on posts over it; but except in very hard frosts it had no lateral shelter.

As soon as it was perceived to be about to flower, a protection was made for it by a frame-

work covered with coarse linen, which preserved it from any injury.

His lordship mentioned that in Mexico the flowering stem frequently shoots at so early an age as eight or ten years, the time depending on the soil and climate; it is customary with the Mexicans to cut it off so as to stop its growth immediately on springing from the plant; by this means the sap which would have gone to nourish the stem is collected in a hollow, scooped for the purpose underneath, and the liquor forms a beverage of which they are very fond.

Mr. Petrie, R. H. A., exhibited to the Academy, a very valuable, and highly interesting remain of Irish antiquity—the crozier of Cormac MacCarthy, king of Munster, and archbishop of Cashel; the founder of that most curious of all our architectural remains, the stone-roofed chapel on the rock, usually called, "Cormac's Chapel," which was consecrated by a Synod of the Clergy of all Ireland, in 1134. This beautiful relic of the Arts of ancient Ireland, which was discovered about sixty or seventy years since in the tomb of the founder, exhibits such a perfect agreement in its style of design with the ornamental parts of Cormac's chapel, as leaves no doubt of its coeval workmanship. It is formed of copper, beautifully enamelled, gilt, and enriched with precious stones, chiefly turquois and sapphires. The curve, or crook, represents a serpent, and the ornaments of the scroll exhibit the Archangel Michael and the Dragon. The crown of Munster, indicative of the regal dignity of the bishop for whom it was made, is represented immediately over the bowl or cup. This interesting antiquity is in fine preservation, and we are happy to add, that it has been referred to council, to request Mr. Petrie to favour the academy with a drawing and description, for the forthcoming volume of their transactions.

Doctor Mac Donnell, F. T. C. D. one of the secretaries of the society, read a letter from Sir William Betham, secretary for foreign correspondence, informing the academy that the society of antiquaries of London had presented him with the volumes of their Archæologia or Transactions, which were wanting in the library of the academy, for its use, and that they were highly gratified with their Transactions, of which they had received a copy.

The Secretary read another letter from Sir William Betham, enclosing some interesting extracts from the Domesday Book of the City of Dublin, which afford a curious illustration of the customs of this city during the reign of King Edward the Third, and also show the value of certain articles at that period.

The first was an indictment preferred against Thomas Minot, (archbishop of Dublin from 1363 to 1375,) for extortion, in charging more or the probate of a will, than the testator left or that purpose, contrary to the custom of the City of Dublin, to which the bishop pleaded the king's general pardon for all offences!

The second document was an inventory of goods, with lists of the debtors and creditors, and the last will and testament of John Hammond, an eminent boot and shoemaker, of Dublin, at that period, who had for his customers Lords, Priors, Abbots, and Knights of famous note. This was read at length in its strange, barbarous latin, and afforded much amusement to the Academy. The want of space prevents us from giving any part of it this week, but we shall endeavour to do so in our next number.

Sir William also announced the presentation, from their respective authors, of the two following curious and interesting works, to the valuable library of the academy.

1. *The Institutes of Menu*, two volumes quarto, a large paper copy. The first volume containing the original Sanscrit, and the second the English translation by Graves Chamney Haughton, Esq. F. R. S. late professor of Hindû literature, at the East India college. This work was printed for the East India Company, and not published for sale.

2. *The Celtic Druids*, by Godfrey Higgins, Esq. the second edition, large paper, one large volume quarto.

Sir William also intimated that he had obtained, from the Oriental Translation Fund, the works published by them, and subscribed for by the academy.

ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.

At a Meeting of the President and Council of the Royal Hibernian Academy, held also on Monday the 22d inst. an interesting letter from the Royal Academy of London was read, in reply to a letter of condolence addressed by the Hibernian Academy to that distinguished body, on the death of their late lamented President, Sir Thomas Lawrence.

We have great pleasure in giving publicity to these letters, which are equally honorable to both Academies; and we hail the expression of reciprocal kind feeling which they breathe, as a happy omen of that harmony and unity which we trust, ere long, to see established among all the institutions of the sister islands.

To the Members of the Royal Academy, London.

Dublin, Academy-House, Jan. 21, 1830.

GENTLEMEN,—The decease of your late President, Sir Thomas Lawrence, has bereaved the great Family of Art of its common representative.

With deep fraternal feeling of our mutual loss, the Royal Hibernian Academy offer their sincere condolence.

We hasten to express our grief, for, as mourners, we claim a sad precedence even of the distinguished body, of which he was the appropriate head; for *we* possess no power to supply his loss. His death has been to some, but the deprivation of an accomplished and elegant companion; to others, extinction of the delight which the creation of his inimitable pencil afforded; the artist of every clime has lost a guide and ornament of his profession—but for us was reserved the singular and fatal distinction, of lamenting a Patron and Friend in Lawrence, while the hatchment of Johnston, still hangs a melancholy blot on the walls raised by his munificence.

By order,

HENRY KIRCHOFFER, R. H. A.
Secretary.

Royal Academy, London, 15th Feb. 1830.

GENTLEMEN,—I am directed by the President and Members of the Royal Academy, to acknowledge the receipt of your favour of the 21st ulto., expressing your kind condolence with this Institution, on the loss of their late President, Sir Thomas Lawrence.

It is remarkable that you should have selected for this purpose, the day of his funeral, and were, therefore, more particularly sympathising with us in the very moment of our depositing his remains in the tomb!

In returning you our sincere thanks for your fraternal participation in our severe affliction, I can assure you it is a melancholy satisfaction to us, to know that the worth and talents of our departed friend, are so highly, and, we believe, justly estimated by the Royal Hibernian Academy; and that it will always be most gratifying to us to find the opinions and feelings of the two Societies, as much in unison as their pursuits.

I have the honor to be, Gentlemen,
Your obedient, humble servant,
HENRY HOWARD, R. A. Sec.

To the President and Members of the Royal Hibernian Academy.

At the same meeting, a friendly letter from the Royal Hibernian Academy to the Scottish Academy of Arts, was written and agreed to, in reply to a communication from that body, expressive of their desire to commence an interchange of communications tending to promote the advancement of the Fine Arts in the two countries.

We have had great pleasure in learning that the very clever whole-length portrait of Mr. O'Connell, painted by Mr. Haverty, R. H. A. has been purchased by the Parliamentary Intelligence Society for one hundred pounds. It is an excellent likeness—easy and characteristic in its attitude—and coloured with considerable harmony.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET ADARE.

As o'er the antique bridge pensive I lean,
How calmly bright,—how venerably grand,
Through clustering trees, yon towers and steeples stand;
Reporting well, what splendor once hath been,
Proud denizen of each time-hallowed scene!
Aye, power and priestcraft here held high command,
Stern quellers of the heart! beneath whose brand
Even instinct dies—the very soul grows mean!
And yet, tho' ruin's gradual decay
Steals, with the ivy, round each turret gray,
And breathes its spirit thro' the cloistered gloom;
A charm unwonted in their earlier day,
Dwells with their green old age, and still shall bloom
Undimmed, while we sleep well in our forefathers' tomb.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ROSSI.

CUPID DESIGNING.

I marked one day with vast surprise,
A little blooming love,
Who, with his bright, unbandaged eyes,
The painter's art would prove;
With cautious footstep I drew near,
To watch the busy creature;
And saw amazed thy form appear—
True to each absent feature;
For with his own unerring dart,
He drew *thy* image on *my* heart.

M. de V.

SONNET ON A SONNET.

A soft attire of gentle sound; the dress
Of passion mellowed down to sentiment,
And musing sadness. Breathings which express
The poet mind, half disarrayed and bent
On its bright inward mirror: there intent
On some one changeless, almost holy thought,
'Till the pure fire of fantasy, nigh spent,
Leave ere it parts a form of verse unsought—
A word-embodied zephyr—wildly caught
Upon the chords of Fancy. Even as they,
The breezes grow to hearing, and are wrought
To a wild murmuring music, when the gray
Sad twilight tints the west: if spirits finger
Play with invisible touch, and o'er the wind-harp lingar.

LITERARY NOVELTIES, &c.

We have been favoured with an early copy of Mr. M'Diarmid's new work, entitled "Sketches from Nature." It is divided into two parts, the first of which contains anecdotes illustrative of the habits of various Animals; and the second, Fragments of Scottish scenery and manners.

There is preparing for publication, Memoirs of the late Right Rev. Bishop Sandford, with extracts from his Diary, Correspondence, and Sermons, by the Rev. John Sandford, A.M. Vicar of Chillingham.

The author of "The Morning and Evening Sacrifice," "The Last Supper," and "Farewell to Time," has announced another work as in the press, in three volumes duodecimo, to be entitled "The Living Temple," in which man is considered in his true relation to the ordinary occupations and pursuits of life.

The Rev. Michael Russell, L.L.D. author of "A Connexion of Sacred and Profane History," &c. has in the press, a small volume of "Discourses on the Millennium, the Doctrine of Election, Justification by Faith, the Assurance of Faith, and the Freeness of the Gospel," &c. &c.

Mair's Introduction to Latin Syntax, with additional Notes, Examples in Prosody, and a copious Vocabulary, by the Rev. A. Stewart, Editor of an improved edition of Cornelius Nepos, &c. is reported to be nearly ready.

A second series of Stories from the History of Scotland, by the Rev. Alexander Stewart, which is intended to complete the work, is preparing for publication.

Mr. Charles Marsh has been for some time engaged in a complete General History of the East Indies; and has now made considerable progress in the work.

Perkin Warbeck and the Court of James IV. of Scotland is announced.

The Rev. Richard Warner has in the press a volume of Literary Recollections and Biographical Sketches.

The Pilgrim of the Hebrides, and other Poems, by the author of "Three Days at Killarney," is announced.

There is preparing for publication, a History of the Church from the Creation to the commencement of the Nineteenth Century, in the form of Question and Answer, by the late Alexander Smith Patterson, of Aberdeen, edited by the Rev. James Brewster, Minister of Craig.

A new volume of Country Stories, by Miss Mitford, author of "Our Village," is in the press.

The Picture of India, exhibiting in a brief, yet clear and graphic manner, the Geography, Topography, History, Natural History, Native Population, and Produce of that most interesting portion of the Earth; with a particular Account of the European Settlements, with the present state of the British Territories, and an impartial View of the India Question, with reference to the impending Discussion on the renewal of the Charter, with many appropriate Illustrations, from original designs, is announced.

An Annual for the year 1830, entitled, The Penelope, has been published at Leipsic. It is edited by *Theodore Hell*, a very startling name for English ears.

The second volume of Moore's Life of Byron is expected to be ready in a few weeks. The first has had a very extensive sale.

The papers of the Earl of Marchmont, comprising a variety of original and unknown Documents, Diaries, &c. illustrative of the reigns of Queen Anne, George I. &c. are in the press.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

The following new works are projected:—The Lives of the Bishops of Bath and Wells, from the earliest to the present period, by the Rev. S. Hyde Cassan; a Descriptive Road-Book, for the use of Travellers in Germany, by E. A. Domier; The First Book of the Iliad, (containing the Parting of Hector and Andromache, and the Shield of Achilles,) being a specimen of a new translation of Homer, in heroic verse, by Wm. Sotheby; Derwentwater, or the Fate of Ratcliffe, a Tale of 1715; Stuart and Revett's Antiquities of Athens, completed; The Listener, by Caroline Fry; a work, entitled, an Inquiry into the Production and Consumption of the Precious Metals, and on the Influence of their Augmentation or Diminution on the Commerce of the World, by Mr. Jacob; an Essay on the Distribution of Wealth, and on the Sources of Taxation, by the Rev. Richard Jones, late of Caius College, Cambridge—printing at the University press; a Life of Petrarch, for Dr. Lardner's Cyclopædia, by T. Moore—the several analogies pointed out in his Life of Byron, between that Poet and Petrarch, probably suggested this idea; the Barony, a Romance, by Miss A. M. Porter; Travels in Russia, and a Residence in St. Petersburgh and Odessa, in the years 1827-8-9, by Edward Morton, M.B.; the Living Temple, by the Author of the Farewell to Time, and other works; Discourses on the Millennium, by the Rev. Michael Russell; Mair's Introduction to Latin Syntax, with additional Notes, by the Rev. A Stewart; and a Second Series of Stories from the History of Scotland, by the same.

The following books will speedily issue from the Dublin Press:—O'Donoghue, Prince of Killarney, in six cantos, by Miss Bourke; Letters from France, Italy, Switzerland, Denmark, Hungary, &c. &c. by George Downes, Esq. A.B. 2 vols.; a Second Series of the Irish Pulpit; The Vale of Tempe, and other Poems, by W. Newton; Prendeville's Livy, Books I. to III. *new edition*; a Fifth Edition of Martin Doyle's Hints to Small Farmers, to which is added, Hints on the Culture of Tobacco; Explanatory Comments on Romans and Corinthians, also a New Edition of the Comments on Matthew.

We observe another Newspaper announced, to be entitled, The Telegraph, and Connaught Ranger, to be published in Castlebar. The politics are what is denominated *liberal*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Bishop of Ferns's Review of his Correspondence with Lord Mountcashel, 8vo. 4s.—Brodigan's History and Cultivation of Tobacco—Gisborne's Survey of the Christian Religion, 8vo. 8s.—Conversations upon Chronology and Ancient History, 12mo. 10s. 6d. boards—Mirror of the Graces, 12mo. 5s. boards—Ballingall's Military Surgery, 8vo. 8s. boards—O'Donnoghue on the Doctrines of the Church of Rome, 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards. Rose's Ariosto, Vol. VII. 8vo. 9s. 6d. boards—Penruddock on the Criminal Law, 12mo. 5s. boards—Bouquet's French Phrases, 12mo. 4s. sheep—Bieland's Anatomy, by Knox, 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards—Eagle on the Law of Tithes, 2 vols. royal 8vo. £2 12s. 6d. boards—Ratier's Formulary of the Parisian Hospitals, 18mo. 5s. boards—Atkinson's Conveyancer's Manual, 8vo. 12s. boards—Bowring's Poetry of the Magyars, post 8vo. 12s. boards—Seton's Forms of Decrees in Equity, royal 8vo. £1. 1s. boards—Spirit of English Tragedy, post 8vo. 6s. 6d. boards.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

Victor's Soldier, appears to us to have deserved only hanging instead of shooting, which is a death somewhat too good for an assassin; we, therefore, cannot represent him as a martyred hero, even though 'love was the cause of his folly.'

We greatly prefer S. S. R.'s first to his second enclosure: we shall be glad to hear from him again, in the former strain.

We are infinitely indebted for the kind wishes of our fair Correspondent in Cork, and shall 'in all our best obey' her.

We have received Mr. Ackoute Smythe's polite note from the same famous 'city of slaughtering and prime mess beef;' but the subject is not one upon which we could enter. We have to apologise for the omission of many favours. Paulina certainly in our next.

We were half-provoked and half-amused to observe, lately, original information, copied from the Literary Gazette into the London papers without acknowledgment, and re-copied into the Dublin and Provincial Irish Journals, with acknowledgment to the *London* papers from which it was taken by them. This is "too bad."

Ob der sogenannte Shaghir zu uns schicken werde, er soll einen Brief und auch einen Kleinen Gedichte von Uland bekommen—

"Und weiter giebt es zu wunschen nicht mehr."

Verb. Sap. Sat.

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PERSONAL SKETCHES.

No. V.

SIR JAMES SCARLET.

It is a difficult task to pourtray, a character like that of the English Attorney General, presenting nothing striking or uncommon, none of those lofty attributes which single out an individual from the vulgar herd, and hand him down to posterity and fame. There is no prominent feature in Scarlet's character, which you can lay hold of, like a smooth and polished globe it eludes your grasp; perhaps I am wrong, and many, doubtless, will be ready to exclaim: "impossible that he could have attained such professional eminence without the aid of high abilities and extensive learning"—this is worth investigation. To me the most remarkable circumstance concerning the gentleman in question is, that there seems to be nothing remarkable about him. Whatever merit he possesses lies in this, that he has reached the top of an arduous profession, without appearing to take the slightest trouble about the matter. Anxious to see and hear the man who succeeded Erskine as leader in the King's Bench, I paid an early visit to that court. In the centre of the seat appropriated to king's counsel, behind a pile of briefs, sat Mr. Scarlet, a portly, comfortable looking personage with a red face, who seemed to live well and to have a keen relish for all the good things of this world—an admirable subject for an alderman, but exhibiting not the slightest symptom of that lassitude and debility which not unfrequently results from laborious occupation, or from long and painful study. It would be impossible to place in juxta position two individuals more dissimilar in mind and person, than Messrs: Brougham and Scarlet; the former looks, and generally is, buried in profound thought, and is, moreover, as thin as though he lived on the oaten cakes of his own dear Scotland, while the Attorney General's plump and ruddy cheeks, amply testify that he has shared in the luxuries of London, and afford ground for inferring that he is one of those easy minded individuals who have never thought long or deeply on any subject. I watched him attentively—he had a brief in every motion—with self-possession bordering on non chalance, with a subdued tone, and in an easy, colloquial, and rather familiar manner, he addressed the Court, obtained what he wanted, opened another brief, and so on, till he got through the entire bundle, and when he had concluded, looked just as fresh as when he began. I confess I then thought him a very common-place sort of person, and was astonished that this was the man deemed fit to succeed Erskine, and as some said to eclipse him. I felt indignant at the idea of a comparison so derogatory to that great man; but then, thought I, this is term—the business of which requires legal argument, and practical knowledge, but affords no scope for the display of brilliant eloquence and wit, or of those shining qualities of mind, the exertion of which, trials at Nisi Prius more frequently and appropriately elicit and require. Throughout term, however, Scarlet was, as I have endeavoured to describe, going through his vast business without the slightest bustle or confusion, stating facts and dates, and citing cases with the most marvellous accuracy. His eyes constitute the only peculiarity in his features, they are small and sharp, never more than half open, and in a perpetual twinkle. These are lawyer's eyes, quick and knowing; and these, the subject of this sketch, transfers with infinite address, from the cosy Justice Parke at one end of the bench to Justice Bayley, cast by nature into a lawyer, at the other; with these wincing eyes he leads the well known countenances of the judges, anticipates every objection, and meets Justice Bayley half way with volume, case, and page. Justice Littledale, when he has finished his little bag of dry toast, sometimes ventures upon a gentle admonition suggesting his modest opinion in a quiet unpretending way, while Lord Tenterden rarely interrupts "Sir James" in the progress of his argument, but listens with complacency and attention. When the sittings at Nisi Prius commenced, I frequented the King's Bench every day, and had ample opportunity of observing the habits and peculiarities of this wily advocate. The extent of his practice in this branch of his profession is enormous; the labour, also, of senior counsel in Westminster, in each individual case, is infinitely greater than in Dublin; the leader accomplishes every thing—states the case, examines, cross-examines, and finally speaks to evidence; a junior can find no opportunity to show off, he may open the pleadings or suggest a case in point to his leader in a modest whisper, and there his exertions must end. At first I was almost disgusted at the uniformity of Scarlet's manner. He seemed incapable of excitement—breach of promise, seduction, defamation, assault, insurance, and bills of exchange, succeeded one another, and were by him disposed of in the same easy manner; he never either rose or sank—never employed a passionate expression—never evinced the slightest emotion—never indulged in tenderness of speech—never attempted to stir the sympathies, or reach the hearts of jurors, yet strange to say, invariably obtained large damages. Thenceforward I admired him as a skilful and successful advocate; my admiration was confirmed by contrasting him with his legal brethren. Denman and Brougham are staggered by a point of law, and will at times come to a full stop from a break in their evidence—even the eagle eyed Gurney fails in the management of a rotten case, from a too palpable anxiety and a suspicious earnestness. In cases of such a description it is, that Scarlet stands unrivalled, not only among his contemporaries, but I honestly believe, above all the lawyers that ever lived. Nothing can disconcert him even for an instant, no unlucky accident disturbs, no unexpected evidence discourages him: the presence of mind he displays on these critical occasions is truly wonderful. By an uninitiated spectator his tact is neither seen nor understood, simply because it is the very consummation of art; but the attornies understand it—they know full well, that where any other man would meet a nonsuit, Scarlet will gain a verdict. He treads on dangerous ground with softness, and handles every fact with Jesuitical dexterity. In the mildest manner, and with his professional smile, he assures his lordship, that his learned friend, Mr. Brougham, is totally mistaken with respect to the case cited from Barnewell and Creswell. Lord Tenderden doubts Sir James's law—he gently perseveres; and having at last, persuaded that most learned and honest judge, that there is a point to go to the jury, his triumph is complete. He has got over the scruples of the judge—the scruples of the jury he can easily satisfy. He coils himself into the details of his case—explains just what he thinks necessary for the jury to know—glosses over all the rest—anticipates their verdict, because "he well knows they are rational, sober-minded men"—communes with them as an old friend, in the most unembarrassed strain imaginable; and they, imposed upon by the plausibility, and apparent frankness of his manner, find according as he bids them. No one who has formed his notions of a Nisi Prius lawyer on the model of Wallace, O'Connell, or Goold, can have a conception of Scarlet. Take the opposite of Goold in every particular, and it might give you some slight idea of his manner. He is sly and calm, as Goold is loud and overbearing. How our lawyers do shout and storm at a witness—this may sometimes do; but I am convinced Scarlet's method is infinitely more efficacious. He throws a witness completely off his guard, by his mildness—elicits all his case requires, and not a scintilla more. In his replies he excels; it is here the sagacity and craft of the lawyer produce the most decisive effect.—He culls out, on the moment, all that is material, from the confused evidence of a host of witnesses, never wading through wearisome and useless details; he converts suspicions into certainties, and connects every the minutest circumstance, which can illustrate or assist his case, evincing a tenacity of memory which is perfectly surprising. His action is peculiar; he never gesticulates, nor does he, Wallace-like, excite clouds of dust, by striking the table with vehemence and fury. He employs his right hand in a little circle, never extending his arm to its full length, as ever and anon he beckons the jury with two fingers, as if he wished to speak with them behind the door. Such, I have observed to be his invariable action. Now that I have endeavoured to enumerate those qualities, which he does possess, I ought to mention

those which he does not. Well then—he has neither fire, nor energy, nor eloquence, nor passion, nor wit, nor humour, nor pathos. His excellence consists in tact in the management of causes. It is vain to expect from Scarlet a single observation calculated to instruct the understanding, to delight the fancy, or to touch the heart. Even though the subjects admitted, he could not indulge in wide, enlightened, or philosophical reflection. He thinks—he *can* think only of plaintiff and defendant; he wants a verdict, and nothing but a verdict. He is eternally the same; his sympathies seem deadened within him; the misfortunes and sufferings of his client cannot divert him from his accustomed course; the exposure of unexampled villainy cannot fire him with honest indignation. He is a composition of art—there is nothing natural about him. His voice is measured within a certain compass, his action tutored; and sooner might one expect melodious music from an owl, than an ebullition of natural feeling from the lips of Scarlet. I attended the trials concerning the liberty of the press, of which the Attorney-General would needs be thought a zealous defender—imagining that, possibly, on such an occasion, I might hear something eloquent and luminous; but no—the opening speech, as a piece of oratory, was thin and feeble—delivered in the usual soft and unimpassioned tone; the only difference perceptible in his manner was, that it had increased in arrogant familiarity with the jury: he gave them to understand that their verdict was expected. His reply to Mr. Alexander's defence was insolent and unfeeling; and I own I could hardly repress the burning indignation I felt, when I heard such a man venturing to confess his hostility to the press, and expressing his determination to regulate it in all its branches, periodical and otherwise. What would I have given for the fire and genius of a Curran to uphold the dignity of the press, and strike terror into the heart of the Whig and Tory Attorney-General! Mr. Alexander was most injudicious in undertaking his own defence.—He wanted both the talent and judgment requisite for so arduous a task. Why did he not commit his case to Denman, the most ardent, independent, and eloquent member of the English Bar? *He must* dislike Scarlet, because it is natural for generous and unsuspecting natures to dislike and to despise their opposites.

On that libel for calling Wellington a dangerous minister, which is the only case to which I allude, where the jury shewed by their qualified verdict, that they were disinclined to convict, Denman would have triumphed over his sneering adversary,—his honest eloquence would have warmed the hearts of the coldest of his hearers,—his ardent spirit would have communicated to the jury a portion of its own fire—would have stirred up their best emotions, and kindled a just resentment against so flagrant a violation of the dearest rights and privileges of Englishmen. Sir James is an old hand at prosecutions against the press. He won unfading laurels as Attorney-General for the Bishop of Durham, in the prosecution of Ambrose Williams for a libel; his speech then was prefaced with a similar exordium, to that delivered in Alexander's case, in praise of a well regulated press; but Williams was lucky in having secured the splendid talents of Brougham, by whom he was gloriously defended. His was a tremendous speech; he crushed Scarlet, and poured out a tempest of sarcasm such as never before fell from the lips of man. I would strenuously advise all who wish to form a correct opinion of the merits and abilities of these two eminent persons, to read the report of that interesting trial. A single passage from Brougham's speech in reply to Scarlet's hollow panegyric on the blessings of temperate discussion, will be forgiven. "Far from my learned friend is it to impugn those rights in the abstract, nor indeed have I ever yet heard a prosecutor for libel—an Attorney-General (and I have seen a good many in my time,) whether of our Lord the King, or of our Lord of Durham, who, while in the act of crushing every thing like unfettered discussion, did not preface his address to the jury, with God forbid that the fullest enquiry should not be allowed; but then the admission had invariably a condition following close behind, which entirely retracted the concession; provided always the discussion be carried on harmlessly, temperately, calmly,—that is to say, in such a manner as to leave the subject untouched, and the reader unmoved—to satisfy the public prosecutor, and to please the persons attacked."

The highest and only praise then, which can be given to the subject of this sketch is, that of being a consummate legal tactician. Outside Westminster Hall, he is a mere nobody, while the other great lawyers of the day, after discharging zealously their duty to their clients, hasten to discharge the still higher duty they have imposed upon themselves towards the public and mankind, Scarlet posts away to chambers to count his guineas and to hug his briefs. As a parliamentary speaker, he is contemptible; his artificial habits totally unfitting him for a popular assembly. Were I in his situation, I would avoid the House of Commons: his must be a seat of thorns; every night does some one of his old political friends manfully denounce his conduct. In the debate on the Address, Mr. Protheroe sitting in his own old seat, gave him a heavy hit—the example has been well followed. Sir F. Burdet demolished his old friend and defender: this was the unkindest cut of all, and it affected him so sensibly, that when he stood up to reply, his voice, *they say*, faltered, and he had like to cry. Mr. Hume, too, loudly protested, "that he saw no use now in being a member of parliament, save that a man might speak his sentiments safe from the fangs of the Attorney-General." Poor Scarlet: it is somewhat unfortunate for him that his speech on behalf of Sir F. Burdet, should remain still on record, in which he denounced with so much *honest* indignation, the law of libel, and inveighed against the flagitious proceedings by which that public spirited baronet was subjected to such dangerous penalties. The debate which must arise on Sir C. Wetherall's motion, will, doubtless, afford the Attorney-General much sincere pleasure in giving him an opportunity of reconciling those little inconsistencies, which ill natured people fancy they have discovered in his character. I hope that night to be an humble, though happy listener, in the gallery. I hope Sir James will be taught to restrain the exuberance of his affection towards the press; and I hope the debate will teach the public, that if free discussion is allowed in England, it is not by reason of the law of libel, but it is in spite of the law of libel—it is not because Attorneys-General do not prosecute; but it is because they dare not; and above all, I hope the discussion will prepare the minds of honorable members to lend their cordial support to Mr. O'Connell in his praiseworthy attempt to free the press of this country from some of the worst features of that atrocious law. I should mention, that on one occasion, in the House of Commons, Sir J. Scarlet was betrayed into the manifestation of strong feeling, and into the manly avowal of bold opinions. This singular phenomenon occurred in the debate on the motion relative to the Chancellor's attack on Mr. Abercrombie. "He was (said a periodical of that day,) then surprised into his own original nature, and forgetting the measured compass of his long adopted voice and manner, spoke out in a broad northern dialect, and told *daring truths* which astonished the House. It is not thus, however, that he wins verdicts, and compels the court to grant rules to shew cause." Let him have every merit for his spirited conduct in this instance; and let his admirers, if he has any, inscribe his speech in letters of gold; for excepting this singular effort, I am not aware of his having written or spoken a sentence on any subject literary, legal, or political, on which in ten years hence, memory would delight to dwell. His legal knowledge is more practical than profound; he possesses more of the tact of the advocate than the deep learning of the lawyer. A comical incident occurred half a dozen years back. A report was spread abroad, that Scarlett was dead: all the papers of the day wrote characters of the deceased lawyer, which coincided to a remarkable degree, in setting him down as a man of no genius, but of industrious habits and middling talents. The lawyer lived, however, to frighten his enemies into better manners; and, doubtless, the gentlemen of the press will ask twice the next time, before they credit such afflicting intelligence. As to his chance of being remembered twenty years hence, it is not impossible that some unhappy book-maker, in rummaging among the Rules of Court, or a still more unhappy law student, condemned to wade through the hundred volumes of Barnewell and Creswell's Reports, may discover that there existed in these times, a lawyer who moved many motions, that he became Attorney-General, and that his name was Scarlet.

W.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Narrative of the War in Germany and France, in 1813 *and* 1814. By Lieutenant General William Vane, Marquess of Londonderry, G. C. B. G. C. H. Colonel of the 10th Royal Hussars, 4to.—London: Colburn and Bentley, 1830.

NOTWITHSTANDING the period which has elapsed, since the occurrence of the events detailed in this volume, the perusal of them cannot fail to excite an intense interest. They form the most extraordinary portion of the most wonderful era in the history of the world; they are deeply connected with the dignity, the welfare, even the political existence of the British empire. The interest is heightened in the present volume, by the knowledge that the detail of events is developed by a writer well calculated, from the position in which he was placed, to obtain clear, extended and accurate views of the series of occurrences both political

and military; and attention is still further invited, from the fact that this writer has already acquired a certain degree of literary character, from the accounts published by him of the previous war in the Spanish Peninsula, where also he was a spectator and an actor of considerable eminence.

The Marquess of Londonderry was sent early in the year 1813 to the north of Germany, as a military diplomatist, to aid in forwarding the great measures proposed by the confederated powers of Europe, for breaking down the gigantic and overweening domination of Bonaparte. He was not invested with any special military appointment: his office was chiefly, if not altogether, diplomatic. But in the course of transactions, mostly of a military nature, it was to be expected that the narrative of them, emanating from the pen of a distinguished officer, who had seen much service under one of the first generals of the age, would convey a large portion of that peculiar information which a military pen alone can well convey, and thus give a more lively hue to the description of scenes, that require a soldier's eye to catch the proper point of view, as well as an author's intellect to delineate the conception accurately.

When the great confederacy already spoken of had been determined on, the English government, to which it chiefly owed its origin, and certainly all its success, despatched a number of officers of rank to reside at the courts, and near the persons of the several allied monarchs, with a view to observe the progress of events, to forward the great objects of the confederacy, to stimulate exertion, to check irresolution, to guard against the secret collisions of private or unworthy interests, and to report thereon to the government from which they had received their powers. They were the minor springs of the great machine, constructed to overthrow the new dynasty of France. The duty, however honorable, as requiring talent and integrity to a high degree, was by no means pleasant, and many circumstances recorded by the noble author of this narrative, prove that, more than once, he had occasion to exert all the energies requisite to give effect to his instructions. He appears to have been peculiarly placed about the person of the present king of Sweden, then prince royal, or presumptive heir to that throne, previously an officer of distinguished talent in the French republican service, and originally a soldier of fortune. The work before us, therefore, affords several traits of the character of this extraordinary military adventurer, the only one of the numerous band of similar adventurers, that has been able to retain the elevated station on the wheel of fortune, to which they had been so wonderfully whirled up by that capricious goddess, in one of her most fantastic moods.

His movements appear to have been watched very closely, and very suspiciously by his noble, and as it would also appear, rather unwelcome attendant. Our first introduction to Bernadotte, presents him to us in a view very different from that of the rough republican soldier, which his previous life might have led us to expect. The manner in which the Marquess of Londonderry describes his introduction and his first interviews, also shews that this nobleman had early imbibed an opinion of Bernadotte's secret leaning towards his native country, and his former associates.

"I dined," says the Marquess, "on the day of my arrival at Griefswald with the Prince Royal of Sweden, and had two long conferences with his Royal Highness. His engaging manners, spirited conversation, facility of expression, and the talent which displayed itself in all that he said, convinced me on my first interview that he was no ordinary man. It was, however, my duty not to permit myself to be dazzled by his brilliancy, but to ascertain, if possible, through the glitter that surrounded him, what were his real views, and how far the warmth of his expressions and splendour of his designs would be borne out by the reality of his services to the general cause.

"The cautious line he had adopted and maintained during the last campaign, had been of the most important consequence to the allies. Nothing had yet occurred in his demeanour which could be made a matter of reproach; but, it must be owned, there was nothing to justify confidence: it remained to be discovered whether the future would wear a more promising aspect. The unequivocal proof of his sincerity would have been, to have boldly and unreservedly committed his new subjects against his old friends; it was not possible to believe him fully in earnest, until we should see him fairly in action at the head of his Swedes, with French troops for their opponents.

"He was on the eve of setting out to Trachenberg, at the moment of my arrival. The time, therefore, was too short to allow of systematic discussion; and our conversations, on both sides, assumed a very miscellaneous character. Of these conversations, and of all the points embraced in them, my position debars me from giving a complete account; but the impression left upon my mind will be conveyed exactly by a phrase of which I availed myself when recording what had passed—"He clothed himself in a pelisse of war, but his under-garments were made of Swedish objects and peace;" and further to confirm me in my belief that these sentiments were not erroneous, a celebrated and distinguished general officer, who was at this period one of my colleagues at the Swedish head-quarters, emphatically assured me, "Le zèle du Prince se montrera toujours plus à mesure qu'il se croira moins nécessaire." In the progress, however, of my detail, I shall bring forward circumstances and facts that will enable the impartial reader to form his own judgment. In this part of the narrative, it is only necessary to state that there was, in truth, no natural link to connect him with the allies: policy had brought him forward; but both policy and affection restrained him from committing himself absolutely against that nation, the love of which was early engrafted in his breast. I must, however, beg to be understood in any observations I make, as not having adopted them from any official source; they will be confined solely to the sentiments I formed myself on the bare military subjects that came forward, and were then in agitation. My opinions may be incorrect; the data for my judgment deficient; the difficulties of the Prince Royal's position known better to himself than to others; but such as my sentiments are I give them, with honesty, and, I hope, becoming deference, while writing a military narrative."

So much for the writer's view of the internal workings of the Prince Royal's mind; his *exterieur*, the point to which we chiefly wished to draw our reader's attention at the commencement of this paragraph, is thus graphically, and somewhat whimsically, portrayed:

"Whenever the Prince Royal conversed, it was always with the greatest affability and cordiality. It is impossible to resist the fascination of his eloquent expressions, or be indifferent to his insinuating tone and manner: and when armed, as he always is, with a bottle of Eau-de-Cologne in one hand, and a white handkerchief in the other, inundating lavishly every thing around him with the perfume; it requires some hardihood to be quite collected, and insensible to beautiful phraseology, so as to discover the drift or solidity of the extraordinary man into whose presence you are at all times admitted, and accosted as '*Mon ami.*'"

Among the difficulties already hinted at, as occurring to the British agents or envoys, from the collision of the conflicting interests of so many crowned heads, the Marquess records one connected with the individual now before us, of a description rather ludicrous and peculiar, arising from the new position of contiguity as to court etiquette, in which he was necessarily placed from his admitted relation to the august family of the legitimate sovereigns of Europe; a right which, though acceded to from a conviction of the necessity of securing the co-operation of a general of acknowledged military ability, and, as may be justly inferred from the manner in which he has maintained his kingly position under circumstances peculiarly unfavorable, of no small degree of political tact, would most probably be restricted within the narrowest limits. In quoting the particular anecdote selected to exhibit the dilemma into which two *elèves* of royalty, one a member of the old, the other of the newly-formed family of Sovereigns, were involved in a point of court etiquette, and the Marquess of Londonderry's skilful tactique in extricating them from their embarrassment, without a compromise of rank on either part, we shall premise it with another, purely personal, as applying to the Marquess, because it is amusing in itself, and in the narrative immediately precedes that to which we are about to direct our reader's more particular attention:

"A singular and ludicrous anecdote occurred to me at that court, which I cannot forbear relating, as a testimonial of the hospitality and kindness of the late Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz; a prince who was beloved and respected not only by his subjects, but by all who knew him; and who marked by a particular kindness all English visitors and residents in his states. I had ordered myself, on arriving very late at night in the town, to be driven to the inn; but being sound asleep in my carriage with my aides-de-camp on entering the gates, my chasseurs and orderly from the box showed my passports. I was not aware that orders had been sent from the palace to the guard-house to send my *cortege* to the reigning Duke's brother's house in the town.

"On alighting, I found myself shown into magnificent apartments, lighted up, with numerous servants, and with a grand *couvert* laid for supper. Congratulating myself with my companions on our capital inn, we proceeded to call about us, ordered and made free, precisely as if in the first Paris hotel. The wines were excellent; more and more were ordered up; a provision directed to be laid aside to carry forward on the next day's march: in short,

we all went to bed in the sweetest delirium. But the consternation that followed the next morning was appalling, when awakening, I was informed that the Duke's brother was in the ante-room, waiting to know, "Si son Excellence étoit content de sa reception." The ridicule attached to me for this anecdote, did not leave me during the very happy days I spent at the delightful palace of the Duke of Mecklenburg at Strelitz, and in the most enchanting society that then embellished it.

"During the stay of the Prince Royal at Mecklenburg, we had no little difficulty as to the etiquette of this small court with the two Princes. The Prince Royal, as heir to the throne of Sweden, considered that he should take the *pas*. The Duke of Cumberland most properly and rationally could not brook his blood should give way at his uncle's court to Bernadotte, much less did he incline to cede the fair Princess who presided there. The old Duke of Mecklenburg, under these circumstances, entreated me to settle upon some plan for them to get from the saloon into the dining-room. After some reflection, I proposed that the two ladies of rank present, the Princess of Solms and the Landgravine of Darmstadt, should go out together, and that the royal Princes should follow hand in hand. This was adopted after considerable difficulty; but the Duke of Cumberland soon assumed his just rights, and took the first place by the Princess: which the Prince Royal not only perceived, but certainly resented, by showing extreme ill-humour during the dinner."

How mortifying must it have been to a high-minded nobleman, devoted to the great object of carrying into effect a mighty combination of all the power and all the ability of Europe, to have his mind distracted, and his thoughts dissipated at such a moment, about the means of handing in to a dinner-table two ladies, whose fortunes depended on the unbroken union of the individuals engaged in this *petite guerre*. Bernadotte's co-operation was essential, otherwise he would not have been admitted, much less invited, into the league. Yet had it not been for the skilful manœuvring of a British general officer, a drawing room wrangle might have broken up an union, which had required undoubtedly, no small sacrifice of family pride, and of regal associations, for its formation.

The "Narrative" contains a series of circumstances tending to prove, according to the author's mode of explaining them, that the Prince Royal was by no means hearty in the common cause, or, else, that he wished to connect, with the success of the confederate powers, some object of exclusive aggrandizement for himself or his future kingdom.

He was not, however, the only potentate actuated by this unworthy motive. The conclusion of Lord Londonderry's narrative clearly shews, that the Emperor of Russia not only entertained similar designs, but that also, through his overwhelming influence, he was able to effectuate no small portion of his ambitious and selfish projects. Writing, as the author does, when the progress of time has developed the consequences of those projects, it is equally interesting and instructive to mark the effect produced by them on the mind of a British diplomatist, who then, hurried on by the prevailing torrent of the public opinion of courts, thought that the annihilation of the new order of things in France, was the *ne plus ultra* of political wisdom:—

"The Russian and Prussian guards and reserves, to the amount of thirty thousand, crossed the Rhine at Basle on the 14th, and defiled before the allied sovereigns. It is impossible by any description to give an exaggerated idea of the perfect state of these troops; their appearance and equipment were admirable; and when one considered what they had endured, and contemplated the Russians, some of whom had emerged from the steeps of Tartary bordering the Chinese empire, traversed their own regions, and marched in a few short months from Moscow across the Rhine, one was lost in wonder, and inspired with a political awe of that colosal power. The condition in which the Russian cavalry appeared, reflected the highest reputation on this branch of their service; and their artillery was admirable. I could not help, on seeing these Russian guards on this day, recurring to serious impressions with regard to this overgrown empire; and I much apprehend the present tidings from the east of Europe bear out my predictions in 1814, when the Russians were passing the Rhine.

"If we consider the power of Russia, unassailable as she is, in flank or rear, hovering over Europe with an immense front, mistress of the Caspian, the Euxine, and the Baltic, with forty millions of hardy, docile, brave, enthusiastic, and submissive inhabitants, with immense armies, highly disciplined, excellently appointed; her innumerable hordes of desolating cavalry; her adoption of the French maxims in war, of making the countries where her armies march, or are cantoned, feed and maintain them, what may we not fear from her? When we further consider this power flushed with success, and disposed to consider treaties and engagements with her as waste paper, if they stood in the way of any project of aggrandizement; and if we further contemplate her determined will to surmount every barrier which engagements have interposed, in order to advance herself into the heart of Germany, to supplant on one side the ancient dominion of Prussia; on the other, to turn the northern flank of Austria on the Vistula, as she has turned the southern on the Danube; and demanding, as it were, by the fortresses of Thorn and Cracow, the keys of Berlin and Vienna;—when we further reflect on the natural march of empires from north to south, from the regions of frost and snow, and famine, to the climates of warmth, verdure, and fertility, and recollect the revolutions which have taken place in Europe, Asia, and Africa, from the desolating invasions of the northern hordes, what may we not fear and expect?

"When, in addition to these circumstances, we further reflect upon the successive aggrandisements and incorporations Russia has made within the last one hundred and fifty years; the numerous Tartar tribess he has embraced within her military system; the provinces she has successively added to her empire from Persia, the Porte, Sweden, and Poland; that her whole system of government is a military despotism, and nothing known in it or regarded but military subjection on the one hand, and military property, military rank, and military honors, on the other, what may not be the results? If we consider all these circumstances in all their bearings and dependencies, is there a serious and reasonable man in Europe that must not admit that the whole system of European politics ought, as its leading principle and feature, to maintain, as an axiom, the necessity of setting bounds to this formidable and encroaching power? Weighed against this superior and imperative duty,—a duty urged by all the motives of self-preservation, every minor and secondary consideration, resulting whether from ancient rights or claims, from family feelings and alliances, from views of future political combination and power, ought to be postponed and disregarded. There was no better physical or moral safeguard against the stupendous greatness with which the continent might, ere long, be menaced and overwhelmed by Russia, than in the personal character of the reigning Emperor Alexander; a mixture of benevolence and rectitude, a high sense of religion, and a generous view on all subjects. These afforded in my mind, the only and best guarantee against the far too formidable legions that were then defiling over the Rhine; and that guarantee we have, alas! lost."

Thus it appears, according to this writer's calculations, that Europe has freed itself from the dangers apprehended from the personal ambition of an individual, by enlarging the resources and consolidating the means of a power, based, not on the transient existence of one man, but on the permanent institutions of one of the greatest empires in the world.

[We are reluctantly compelled to defer the completion of our account of this very interesting volume to our next Number.]

National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century. With Memoirs by W. Jerdan, Esq.—Fisher, Son, and Co. London. 10 Numbers.

This is a very valuable and interesting publication, brought out in monthly numbers, on the plan of Lodge's Portraits, to which most justly celebrated work, it is in beauty of execution, far less inferior than the great difference in price might lead one to expect. It is not remarkable, therefore, that it has become almost at once, an exceedingly popular publication.—The portraits are all after works of the most eminent painters of the British school, as Lawrence, Jackson, Shee, Phillips, Owen, Hoppner, Harlowe, and the rest, and are engraved by artists of equally acknowledged abilities.

We cannot conceive a more pleasing occasional hour's occupation, than in turning over the leaves of a volume of this kind, and making ourselves intimate with the most characteristic of all autographs of eminent men—the unerring index which mind has given of itself in the countenance. An examination of this sort, if we have ourselves a physiognomic perception, will satisfy us that there is truth in Lavater, for, however weak and undecided the physiognomical expression of character may be, in the case of minds of little eminence—those of great vigour and power, are invariably strongly marked and historical. If the reader doubt the fact, let him turn to the portraits of Benjamin West the painter, Sir Humphry Davy, Doctor Wollaston, Bishop Heber, and some others in this volume, and then look at those of the Duke of B. and others of the nobility. He will at once perceive the difference to which we allude. The latter look extremely well for Lords, but their heads would not do at all for great philosophers, painters, or poets. These form a class of nobility, holding their titles by a patent higher yet, than even majesty itself. "Of seven peasants," said Henry of-the-six-wives, "I could

make seven lords, but of seven lords, I could not make one Holbein"—nor of seven kings either, he might have added—and yet Holbein was hardly a first rate painter.

A glance at the portrait of Byron, gives us a deeper and truer insight into the character of the Poet Lord, than eighty pages of the most elaborated absurdity of a vaunting periodical we could name. The upper part of the head is beautiful and intellectual, though there is a lurking devil in the eye; but in the mouth, pride and sensuality reign triumphant, and in the chin and neck there is too much of the mere animal. Ah! these were the real deformities, or rather the outward and visible sign of the mental deformities within, that Byron should have felt ashamed of; and if, like the Poet Campbell, we were wishing him back amongst us again, we should not care if he came with even two club feet, provided that the lower part of his face had more delicacy and humanity!

In looking at the portraits of the generals and admirals, the reader will plainly see how much less forehead is necessary than chin in the conformation of a hero. It is very interesting to compare the portraits of the two illustrious brothers, Wellesley and Wellington. The Marquis has by far the finer intellectual development, yet it is vastly inferior in grandeur of expression to that of the Duke. How beautiful the eye and eye-brow of the latter—all the scribes in Christendom may rail on him, but "look in his face and you forget them all!" In the portrait of Pitt there is a powerful expression of mind, but it is coarse—that of Fox is better, it has a Roman grandeur combined with the massive solidity of a sturdy Englishman. Of the letter press of the work we shall say little, as we consider it of minor importance, but from the memoir of the private literary life of the last named celebrated man, we extract the following particulars:

"From his school-days to his latest hour, we may say, Mr. Fox was not only attached to literature, but an elegant, classical, and accomplished scholar. Neither the vortices of pleasure nor the labours of business seem to have estranged him from the intellectual enjoyments which are the charm of cultivated existence. Many of his speeches have been published; and his Letter to the Electors of Wesminister went through thirteen editions in a few months. His sketch of the Character of Francis Duke of Bedford (London 1802) was also very popular; but his magnum opus was the History of the early part of the Reign of James the Second, with an introductory chapter, &c. edited by his nephew, Lord Holland, after his death, in 1808. This quarto, as might be expected, gave rise to much controversy, and perhaps it may be confessed, rather disappointed the exalted hopes, which the imposing name and prodigious talent of its author had excited. Mr. Fox had also often expressed his intention of writing a history of the Revolution of 1688; but we believe this design never was entertained farther than as a favourite project.—Though the Whig Club, with all its attractions of play and politics, was the magnet which chiefly drew Mr. Fox within its sphere; his tastes led him to be a frequent visitor of the no less celebrated Literary Club, where Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, and other luminaries of the age, shone amid their relaxations from lettered pursuits. Here the congenial mind of the statesman found and imparted kindred delight; for his social qualities were of the most fascinating description. Among his own recreations, the performance in private dramas (then more the fashion than now) may be enumerated; and some of his poetical pieces, especially lines addressed to Mrs. Crewe, evince a more than common talent for composition. But it was during his retirement at St. Ann's Hill, with its beautiful scenery surrounding him, that he most enjoyed the charms of study. His correspondence with Gilbert Wakefield, from 1796 to 1801, showed how deeply he was imbued with Grecian literature; nor was he less generally conversant with the stores of modern genius, in almost every language of the European continent. Of French, Italian, and we believe Spanish, he was perfectly master: to the Italian he was particularly devoted, as proof of which, we have in our possession an original autograph sonnet, composed by him in that tongue, though we regret that it has escaped our research to produce it as a fac-simile ornament to this Memoir.

"In conclusion: Of his character as a man and a politician—in private and in public—we cannot do better than speak in the eloquent words of his friend, and an acute discriminator of men, Sir James Mackintosh, whose intimate acquaintance with the subject, gives him a right to become the authority of every biographer:—

"'Mr. Fox (he says) united, in the most remarkable degree, the seemingly repugnant characters of the mildest of men, and the most vehement of orators. In private life he was gentle, modest, placable, kind, of simple manners, and so averse from dogmatism, as to be not only unostentatious, but even somewhat inactive in conversation. His superiority was never felt but in the instruction which he imparted, or in the attention which his generous preference usually directed to the most obscure members of the company. The simplicity of his manners was far from excluding that perfect urbanity and amenity which flowed still more from the mildness of his nature, than from familiar intercourse with the most polished society of Europe. The pleasantry, perhaps, of no man of wit had so unlaboured an appearance. It seemed rather to escape from his mind, than to be produced by it. He had lived on the most intimate terms with all his contemporaries distinguished by wit, politeness, or philosophy, or learning, or the talents of public life. In the course of thirty years, he had known almost every man in Europe, whose intercourse could strengthen, or enrich, or polish the mind. His own literature was various and elegant. In classical erudition, which, by the custom of England is called learning, he was inferior to few professed scholars. Like all men of genius, he delighted to take refuge in poetry from the vulgarity and irritation of business. His own verses were easy and pleasant, and might have claimed no low place among those which the French call *vers de societé*. The poetical character of his mind was displayed by his extraordinary partiality for the poetry of the two most poetical nations, or at least, languages, of the West, those (i.e. the poetry) of the Greeks, and of the Italians. He disliked political conversation, and never willingly took any part in it. To speak of him justly as an orator, would require a long essay. Every where natural, he carried into public something of that simple and negligent exterior which belonged to him in private. When he began to speak, a common observer might have thought him awkward; and even a consummate judge could only have been struck with the justness of his ideas, and the transparent simplicity of his manners.—But no sooner had he spoken for some time, than he was changed into another being. He forgot himself and every thing around him.—He thought only of his subject. His genius warmed and kindled as he went on. He darted fire into his audience. Torrents of impetuous and irresistible eloquence swept along their feelings and conviction. He certainly possessed above all moderns that union of reason, simplicity, and vehemence, which formed the Prince of Orators. The quiet dignity of a mind roused only to great objects, but the absence of petty bustle, the contempt of show, the abhorrence of intrigue, the plainness and downrightness, and the thorough good nature which distinguished Mr. Fox, seem to render him no unfit representative of the old English character, which, if ever changed, we should be sanguine indeed, to expect to see succeeded by a better. The simplicity of his character inspired confidence, the ardour of his eloquence aroused enthusiasm, and the gentleness of his manners invited friendship. From these qualities of his public and private character, it probably arose, that no English statesman ever preserved, during so long a period of adverse fortune, so many affectionate friends, and so many zealous adherents."

The other portraits in the last number are Marshal Beresford and the Right Hon. Thos. Grenville.

Sketches from Nature. By John M'Diarmid. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; and Simpkin and Marshall, London.

This volume professes to contain no more than a garnering, and reducing to connected form, of fragments of Scottish scenery and character, and, along with these, anecdotes illustrative of the habits of animals. This promise is fairly redeemed, but there is nothing very striking or particular either in the matter or the manner, which might sometimes be justly characterised as making much ado about nothing; indeed throughout, there is rather a tendency to the dilly-dally dilly-dally ducks-in-the-pond style. Nevertheless there is nothing to offend, and a good deal to please, in a small way. Take, for example, the close of the account of the Mull of Galloway:

"The ptarmigan, the fox, and the sea-eagle, at one time found a home on the Mull of Galloway, but their numbers decreased until they entirely disappeared, from causes which I leave others to conjecture. Hawks, however, abound still, and not only build among the cliffs in summer, but during the fiercest gales that blow, are observed wheeling and tumbling above, as if pleased with the opportunity of mingling their screams with the tempest's roar. The pasture of the Mull, though its area contains 150 acres, is so much kept under by the sea breeze, that it only feeds 60 sheep. Black or horned cattle are fond enough of browsing on herbage impregnated with saline particles; but the experiment is held to be rather dangerous; and again and again, goodly bullocks and valuable sheep, while in search of a favourite tuft of grass, have been precipitated to the bottom, and irrecoverably lost.

"To the eastward of the Mull, and in the cleft of a rock sheltered from the storm, a tolerably entire building is found, which the coun-

try people denominate "the Chapel." The gable is composed of solid rock, and the masonry, though rude, proves that the architect was acquainted with the principle of forming arches. The ingenious author of "Paul Jones" more than hints that this retired, and all but inaccessible spot, was the residence of a weather-wise hermit, a sort of male Norna of the Fitful-Head, who gave good advice to *Rob M'Gubb*, and others; but the traditions of Kirkmaiden which I carefully inquired into, point to a very different conclusion. In a fragment of rock near "the Chapel," the waves have hollowed out a circular well, which, whether the tide ebbs or flows, is always filled with the purest water. And thither the natives, on the first of May, were in the practice of conveying sickly children, while the holy man who *wonned* in the chapel received a fee, and muttered a benediction before performing the ceremony of ablution. Behind the chapel, which is roomy enough to have contained a small band of catholic worshippers, a cave appears, which has evidently been dug by "no mortal hand;" and whatever may have been its original destination, a suspicion exists, that the smugglers who formerly abounded on the coast, turned it at one time to good account. So late as 1822, tobacco and spirits were seized to the amount of £1,500; but now that the gentlemen of the Preventive service visit every creek, and out-manœuvre every suspicious sail, the smuggler's occupation is greatly in abeyance, if not, like Othello's, entirely gone.

"In concluding this notice of the Mull of Galloway, I may mention, that fragments of warlike instruments, such as the fastenings of rude scabbards, are frequently ploughed up in the fields adjoining; and that a tradition still lingers in Kirkmaiden, that the narrow neck of land which leads to its head, and still discovers strong traces of entrenchment, formed the last sad retreat of the Picts, when expelled from the more hospitable regions of Scotland. Their numbers at this time were greatly thinned, and in place of a veteran male commander, they were headed by a maiden or widowed queen. When about to bid adieu to our mountains and moors, her Majesty cast many "a longing, lingering look behind; and while preparing to cross to Man or Ireland, the enemy appeared in such numbers, and pressed her so closely on all sides, that a desperate conflict became inevitable. Though the Picts fought bravely, the foremost of them fell; and their Queen at last was reduced to such straits, that rather than yield, and thus become the captive of a barbarous conqueror, she leapt from the very apex of the Mull into the sea, and was never more seen alive. Such of her adherents as survived followed, proving by the scene and manner of their death—the farthest confine of the country they claimed, and so long possessed—their bravery and devotedness to the Scottish strand. The tale, though melancholy, may possibly be true; and certainly a more appropriate shrine for such a fearful immolation, could not well be sought, or if sought found, in the wide circle of his Majesty's dominions."

The Recluse of Inchidony, and other Poems. By J. J. Callanan. Cork, Bolster; London, Hurst, Chance and Co. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 138.

THE author of this little volume died, we believe, at Lisbon, on the eve of its appearance. The first and longest of the pieces has a great deal of merit, though occasionally deformed by the errors in taste and judgment, usually incident fo young unpractised writers. Poetry, however, cannot be judged of by description; we shall, therefore, proceed at once to present our readers with a sample, which will enable them to decide more satisfactorily for themselves:

"Once more I'm free—the city's din is gone,
And with it wasted days and weary nights:
But bitter thoughts will sometimes rush upon
The heart that ever lov'd its sounds or sights,
To you I fly, lone glens and mountain heights,
From all I hate and much I love—no more
Than this I seek, amid your calm delights,
To learn my spirit's weakness to deplore,
To strive against one vice, and gain one virtue more.

How firm are our resolves, how weak our strife,
We seldom man ourselves enough to brave
The syren tones that o'er the sea of life,
Breath dangerously sweet from pleasures cave;
False are the lights she kindles o'er the wave,
Man knows her beacon's fatal gleam nor flies,
But as the bird which flight alone could save
Still loves the serpent's fascinating eyes,
Man seeks that dangerous light and in th' enjoyment dies.

But even when pleasures cup the brightest glow'd
And to her revel loudest was the call,
I felt her palace was not my abode,
I fear'd the hand-writing upon the wall,
And said amid my blindness and my thrall,
Could I, as he of Nazareth did do,
But grasp the pillars of her dazzling hall,
And feel again the strength that once I knew
I'd crumble her proud dome, tho' I should perish too.

Is it existence 'mid the giddy throng
Of those who live but o'er the midnight bowl,
To revel in the dance, the laugh, the song,
And all that chains to earth th' immortal soul,
To breath the tainted air of days that roll
In one dark round of vice—to hear the cries
In ignant virtue lifts to Glory's goal,
When with unfettered pinion she would rise
To deeds that laugh at death and live beyond the skies?

Not such at least should be the poet's life,
Heaven to his soul a nobler impulse gave,
His be the dwelling where there is no strife,
Save the wild conflict of the wind and wave,
His be the music of the ocean cave,
When gentle waves forgetful of their war,
Its rugged breast with whispering fondness lave,
And as he gazes on the evening star,
His heart will heave with joys the world can never mar.

* * * * *

Who, that e'er wandered in the calm blue night,
To see the moon upon some silent lake,
And as it trembled to her kiss of light,
Heard low soft sounds from its glad waters break,
Who that look'd upward to some mountain peak,
That rose disdaining earth—or o'er the sea
Sent eye, sent thought in vain its bounds to seek,
Who thus could gaze, nor wish his soul might be
Like those great works of God, sublime and pure and free?

* * * * *

'Tis a delightful calm! there is no sound,
Save the low murmur of the distant rill,
A voice from heaven is breathing all around,
Bidding the earth and restless man be still,
Soft sleeps the moon on Inchidony's hill,
And on the shore the shining ripples break,
Gently and whisperingly at Nature's will,
Like some fair child that on its mother's cheek,
Sinks fondly to repose in kisses pure and meek.

'Tis sweet when Earth and Heaven such silence keep,
With pensive step to gain some headland's height,
And look across the wide extended deep,
To where its farthest waters sleep in light,
Or gaze upon those orbs so fair and bright,
Still burning on in Heaven's unbounded space,
Like Seraphs bending o'er life's dreary night,
And with their look of love their smile of peace,
Wooing the weary soul to her high resting place.

Such was the hour the harp of Judah pour'd
Those strains no lyre of earth had ever rung,
When to the God his trembling soul adored
O'er the rapt chords the minstrel monarch hung—
Such was the time when Jeremiah sung
With more than Angel's grief the sceptre torn
From Israel's land, the desolate streets among
Ruin gave back his cry 'till cheerless morn,
Return thee to thy God, Jerusalem return.

Fair moon I too have lov'd thee, love thee still,
Tho' life to me hath been a chequered scene
Since first with boyhood's bound I climb'd the hill
To see the dark wave catch thy silvery sheen,
Or when I sported on my native green
With many an innocent heart beneath thy ray,
Careless of what might come or what had been
When passions slept and virtue's holy ray
Shed its unsullied light round childhood's lovely day.

O that I were once more what I was then
With soul unsullied and with heart unsear'd,
Before I mingled with the herd of men
In whom all trace of man had disappear'd;
Before the calm pure morning star that cheer'd,
And sweetly lured me on to virtue's shrine
Was clouded—or the cold green turf was rear'd
Above the hearts that warmly beat to mine,
Could I be that once more I need not now repine.

But man was born for suffering, and to bear
Even pain is better than a dull repose,
'Tis noble to subdue the rising fear,
'Tis glorious to outlive the heart's sick throes;
Man is most man amid the heaviest woes,
And strongest when least human aid is given,
The stout bark founders when the tempest blows,
The mountain oak is by the lightning riven,
But what can crush the mind that lives alone with heaven?

Deep in the solitude of his own heart
With his own thoughts he'll hold communion high,
Tho' with his fortune's ebb false friends depart
And leave him on life's desart shore to lie
Tho' all forsake him and the world belie—
The world, that fiend of scandal, strife, and crime,
Yet has he that which cannot change or die,
His spirit still thro' fortune, fate and time,
Lives like an Alpine peak, lone, stainless, and sublime.

Well spoke the Moralist who said "the more
I mixed with men the less a man I grew;"
Who can behold their follies nor deplore
The many days he prodigally threw
Upon their sickening vanities—ye few
In whom I sought for much, nor sought in vain,
Proud without pride—in friend-ship firm and true,
Oh! that some far off island of the main
Held you and him you love—the wish is but a pain.

My wishes are all such—no joy is mine
Save thus to stray my native wilds among
On some lone hill an idle verse to twine
Whene'er my spirit feels the gusts of song,
They come but fitfully nor linger long,
And this sad harp ne'er yields a tone of pride,
Its voice ne'er pour'd the battle-tide along
Since freedom sunk beneath the Saxon's stride,
And by the Assassin's steel the grey-haird'd Desmond died.

Sad one of Desmond, could this feeble hand
But teach thee tones of freedom and of fire,
Such as were heard o'er Hellas' glorious land,
From the high Lesbian harp or Chian lyre,
Thou should'st not wake to sorrow, but aspire
To themes like theirs; but yonder see where hurl'd
The crescent prostrate lies—the clouds retire
From freedom's heaven—the cross is wide unfurl'd,
There breaks again that light—the beacon of the world."

Then follows an enthusiastic panegyric upon Greece, and on Lord Byron, in the midst of which it is vexatious to meet with an apostrophe to the then unemancipated Irish Roman Catholics, conceived in such wretched taste as the following ungrammatical, unpoetical, and untrue stanza:

"But no! thine heart is broke, thine arm is weak
Who thus could see God's image not to sigh,
Famine hath plough'd his journeys on thy cheek,
Despair hath made her dwelling in thine eye,
The lordly Churchman rides unheeding by,
He fattens on the sweat that dries thy brain,
The very dogs that in his kennel lie
Hold revels to thy fare! but don't complain
He has the cure of souls—the law doth so ordain."

The conclusion of the poem approaches more nearly to the beauty of its commencement:

"Thou hast not often seen my clouded brow;
The tear I strove with, thou hast never seen,
The load of life that did my spirit bow
Was hid beneath a calm or mirthful mien;
The wild flowers blossom and the dew-drops sheen
Will fling their light and beauty o'er the spot,
Where in its cold dark chamber all unseen
The water trickles thro' the lonely grot,
And weeps itself to stone—such long hath been my lot.

It matters not what was, or is the cause,
I wish not even thy faithful breast to know
The grief which magnet-like my spirit draws
True to itself above life's waves of woe,
The gleams of happiness I feel below,
A while may play around me and depart
Like sunlight on the eternal hills of snow,
It gilds their brow but never warms their heart,
Such cold and cheerless beam doth joy to me impart.

The night is spent, our task is ended now,
See yonder steals the green and yellow light,
The lady of the morning lifts her brow
Gleaming thro' dews of Heaven, all pure and bright,
The calm waves heave with tremulous delight,
The far Seven-Heads thro' mists of purple smile,
The lark ascends from Inchidony's height,
'Tis morning—sweet one of my native Isle,
Wild voice of Desmond hush—go rest thee for awhile."

A number of miscellaneous and lyrical pieces follow, some of which we had seen before; but the first, from which we have quoted so largely, is, we think, decidedly the best. On the whole, we think this little volume possesses powerful claims on the patronage of the Irish public, and especially on the inhabitants of Mr. Callanan's native city, the queen of the South, the star of Munster, so justly celebrated for its literary taste and acumen.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

An English Spelling Book, containing all the common words in the language. To which is prefixed an Introduction, in three parts; exhibiting, I. The sounds of the letters. II. The quantities of syllables. III. A rhythmical classification of words. With an appendix, containing several useful tables. by the Rev. Richard Roe, A. B. Author of the Principles of Rhythm in Speech and Music.—Dublin, W. Curry, Jun. and Co.

THE distinguishing characteristics of this spelling-book are, in a great measure, apparent from its title; as it contains all the common words of our language, under such an arrangement as shows, with scientific exactness, all their oral properties of sound, quantity, and rhythm, and all their written analogies and anomalies. We know not any objection that can be made to the author's plan, which he has not obviated in his preface. Subjoined to the work are five useful tables: I. Different spelling and the same pronunciation. II. Different pronunciation and the same spelling. III. Unsettled spelling. IV: Unsettled pronunciation. V. Unsettled spelling and pronunciation—the first of which only we have seen elsewhere. After these remarks, it is needless to say we recommend the book, which, on the whole, comprises so much new, and at the same time necessary matter, as serves to teach the teacher, for which, indeed, we think it chiefly adapted, as well as to furnish him with the means of teaching others; it is also calculated to afford more assistance to foreigners, we think, than is to be obtained even from most pronouncing dictionaries.

A compendious German Grammar, with a dictionary of prefixes and affixes. By A. Bernay's.—London, Treuttel, and Co.

THIS is a "nice little book," of 60 small square pages. The notes and tables respecting the genders and declensions seem much more simple and concise than we have ever seen them made before, and those on syntax are clear though brief. We trust and believe that the shortness and simplicity of this little work, will tempt many to make acquaintance with the noblest of continental languages, who have hitherto been deterred by the fear of encountering on the threshold a long and formidable grammar. M. Bernays was the editor of the German Poetical Anthology.

A Compendium of Modern Geography. By the Rev. Alex. Stewart. Second Edition, thoroughly revised and extended. 12mo. pp. 300.—Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd—and Simpkin and Marshall, London.

MR. STEWART is well known in Scotland, as a most successful compiler of elementary books of instruction. The present work is calculated to sustain and advance his reputation. It is clear, brief, and for its purpose, sufficient. The most recent information is uniformly, and, as far as we examined, accurately given. After the leading features of each country have been set down, with remarks and exercises upon them, the rest of the less important details are thrown into the gazeteer form, an arrangement which adds considerably to the facility of reference. The book is illustrated by ten maps, and is a very cheap as well as excellent compendium of geography.

A Concise System of Mathematics. By Alexander Ingram. 2nd Edition.—Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; and Simpkin and Marshall, London. 8vo. pp. 432.

THIS is a concise course of practical mathematics. It contains the elements of geometry, algebra, plane and spherical trigonometry, mensuration of surfaces, solids, heights, and distances, land surveying, measuring of tradesmen's work, with something of logarithms, conic sections and fluxions. It is a work of *practical* utility, containing all that is necessary on these subjects to the measurer or mechanic, arranged in a clear and accurate manner. To all whose business or inclination inclines them to apply the principles of mathematics to practice, we can warmly recommend this as a valuable guide.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

I. *The Christian Examiner and Church of Ireland Magazine.* No. 57. March, 1830.

THE miscellaneous department of this ably conducted Magazine, is the only one which comes legitimately within the province of our review. This month it is exceedingly good. We refer especially to the first paper under this head, which is the reply of C. O. to Laicus Corcagiensis, who accused him, in a letter to the Editor, of romancing, and Romanism and what not—because, in an article on church reform in a preceding number, he had ventured to censure the proceedings of the lay-meeting, at which Lord Mountcashel presided, in Cork. The reply of C. O. is at once argumentative and racy. While he deprecates, as he should, the most distant idea of giving offence to so excellent a nobleman as Lord Mountcashel, he regrets, even for the respect he bears him, that he had not left the whole weight of reforming our church establishment, to those who could better spare their time for such unprofitable speculations—to the feeless physicians, the briefless lawyers, the deserted beef-coopers, and desolate dry-salters of Cork. There is a rich vein of dry humour and caustic sarcasm, at the expense of his Corcagian antagonist, pervading the entire paper, which, though evidently tempered and subdued, by the writer's recollection of what was due to his character and avowed profession of a churchman, still bubbles up in spite of him, in odd illustrations and roguish expressions, which render the article a very amusing, as well as spirited and sensible one. No. 4, of the Sketches of the Irish Peasantry, by Wilton, is in the usual graphic style of accurate delineation in which that writer excels.

2. *The Dublin Monthly Magazine.* No. 3. For March, 1830.

A very respectable number, in which we are glad to see, that our hint of taking up politics has been adopted, though, not at all in the manner we should think most interesting. It is not long-winded treatises on free trade and political economy, that will attract and gratify the readers of such a miscellany, but practical papers, that apply at once to the current proceedings of the legislature, and evince a thorough knowledge of the measures and the men that are, even now, the objects of attention to the British nation.

The Limerick Monthly Magazine. No. 1.—March, 1830.

THE originators of this Magazine have kindly spared us the trouble, and to elderly gentlemen of settled habits, like ourselves, the unpleasantness, of making a new acquaintance. This was easily effected by a little judicious management, and we are happy to recognise, among the articles of the first number, the "old familiar faces" of many of those venerable friends, who have been going the rounds of the monthly and hebdomadal periodicals these forty years, and are thus endeared to us by early association.

Magazines of highest note and standing, however, on the other side of the channel too, have lately been a little given this way, and as this is but a first appearance, we reserve the more detailed expression of our opinion for a second number, which will, we hope, be an improvement on the first.

The London University Magazine, for March.

THIS excellent Magazine continues to be spiritedly and ably conducted. Amongst a great variety of interesting articles, there is one this month on our Irish University. To this subject, we are far from thinking that justice is done.—It is not true, as stated in the paper in question, that in Dublin University, three years are spent in reading portions of Euripides, Sophocles, Demosthenes, and Longinus. But the consideration of the system of education pursued in our University, is so important, that we shall reserve it for a special paper on the subject.

The British Magazine, for March.

THE British Magazine has been unfortunately so late in arriving to us, that we have only time and space to say, that we continue to think it one of the best as well as cheapest of British Magazines, and hope to see it speedily gain that extended circulation in this country, which it so richly deserves to meet with every where.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Mémorial de Sir Hudson Lowe, relatif à la captivité de Napoléon à Sainte-Hélène.—Paris, 1830.

WE promised our readers some account of this book, as it has excited considerable interest in Paris; so much so, indeed, that the copy with which we have been favoured, was not to be procured without difficulty, owing to the rapid sale of the work. So anxiously does the French people still hang with fond recollection upon that *man,* (as he is now emphatically styled,)

with whom is associated one of the proudest epochs of its history, and even those who approved not of his conduct, blame in that modified strain with which men blame a generous youth, whose only faults proceed from warmth of blood and inexperience of the world. Sir Hudson Lowe need not congratulate himself on the appearance of this *Mémorial* written in his name, for although the main object is evidently to throw the blame of the treatment of Napoleon, upon the British ministry of the period, yet his own conduct in his supererogatory persecutions, is shown up (to use Cobbet's phrase) in grand style, and in a mock apologetic tone which is certainly very provoking. The book begins with an account of Sir Hudson's birth and parentage, his exploits at Capri, which proved an infinite source of meriment to the captive emperor, his expeditions to Roussillon, &c. The part which relates to the transactions in St. Helena, seems copied from the different publications which have appeared from time to time, from O'Meara's book to the present day, with respect therefore to any new or unknown matter, regarding Napoleon, we cannot offer any thing to interest our readers; but the manner in which Sir Hudson is made to speak of government, and of himself, is curious, and will be best understood by an extract, which will not, we presume, be the less relished for being given in the original language:

"Chap. 33.—On était toujours admirablement disposé à Longwood pour expliquer les actions les plus innocentes du gouverneur d' une manière défavorable à sa moralité, et souvent contraire à ses véritables intentions. On cria beaucoup contre moi, par exemple, parceque je défendis à mes officiers de rien écrire de ce qu' ils pourraient apprendre sur Napoléon, ou de ce qui pourrait avoir rapport à leur service auprès du prisonnier de St. Hélène. On avait aussi regardé comme un acte d' arbitraire révoltant l' ordre que j' avais donné aux habitans de l' île de ne communiquer en aucune maniere avec lui: on regardait comme une chose invraisemblable, et même impossible, que mes instructions entrassent dans des détails aussi minutieux et m' indiquassent d' aussi absurdes vexations; et cependant, je le répète rien ne m' était et ne m' est encore plus facile que de prouver la régularité de ma conduite; car voici la copie exacte de l'ordre que le contre amiral Plampin, en croisière alors à Sainte-Hélène reçut des bureaux de l' amirauté.

"Bureaux de l' amirauté 13 Sept. 1817.—Monsieur le contre-amiral, les lords commissaires de l' amirauté ayant donné leur attention à un ouvrage publié par M. Warden, ex-chirurgien du vaisseau *le Northumberland*, leurs seigneuries m' ont ordonné de vous signifier que vous ayez à faire savoir à tous les officiers employés sous vos ordress qu' ils doivent s' attendre à encourir tout le déplaisir de leurs seigneuries, s' ils se permettaient de publier aucun des renseignemens qu' ils auraient pu recueillir dans leur emploi officiel à Sainte-Hélène.

John Barrow.

On peut voir, d' après cette lettre, quelle importance le cabinet britannique attachait à ce que rien de ce qui concernait Napoléon ne transpirât en Europe. Tout odieuse que paraît d' abord cette politique, et tout odieuse qu' elle est en effet, il est aisé de la concevoir.—Napoleon avait laissé de si grands, de si brillants souvenirs! Les sillons qu' avait creusés les roues de son char de vietoire étuient encore si profonds, qu' on redoutait tout ce qui pouvait le rappeler à des peuples pour qui son nom était un talisman de gloire, et aurait pu devenir pour eux, plus tard peut-être, un talisman de liberté. Le sol européen frémissait encore de la secousse terrible causee par la chute du colosse; le manteau monarchique était encore tout froissé du brutal attouchement du soldat hardi qui avait osé porter la main sur la pourpre légitime. On voulait, avant tout, effacer le nom de Bonaparte de la mémoire des Nations.

Et maintenant que tout danger est passé, maintenant que la mort de Napoléon me permet de dire ce que, comme Anglais, je n'aurais jamais dit du vivant de Napoléon, je déclare que la crainte qu' inspirait aux puissances alliées, et principalement à l' une d' elles, cet homme jadis si fort était bien au-delà de ce qu' on en laissait paraître. Captif et relégué sur un rocher qu'on eût dit jété par la colère du ciel au milieu de l' Océan, Bonaparte était l' épouvantail de tous les cabinets d' Europe: nos diplomates le voyaient toujours aux trousses de leur rois. Cétait une ombre fantastique qui les poursuivait jusque dans leur sommeil. Quand on prononçait le nom de le guerrier, la monarchie se croyait ébranlee jusque dans ses fondements. La terreur du gouvernement anglais était moins absurde, moins ridicule peut être car elle reposait sur la certitude que si Napoleón parvenait à s' échapper et à ressaisir sa puissance, elle s'était fait de lui un ennemi mortel qui devait travailler sans relache à sa ruine. Mais cette terreur était encore exagérée. A mon retour en Europe, un membre du Cabinet, à qui je me plaignais de l'anathême et de la proscription que le trop de fidélité aux ordres qu' on m'avait transmis faisaient peser sur moi, essaya de me consoler, en me disant que je n' avais fait que mon devoir en obéissant, mais qu'on avait été bien niais (c'est son mot) en tourmentant aussi gratuitement le prisonnier de Sainte Hélène. L'aveu était naïf; mais ma curiosité était piquée, et je priai le noble personnage de s'expliquer plus clairement." Hélas, mon cher gouverneur, les niaiseries, les vexations, les méfaits, les tortures dont on vous a envoyé copie conforme à l' expédition des bureaux de l' amirauté et du sécrétariat de l' intérieur, ne sont pas positivement du fait de notre cabinet, à qui certes on ne peut refuser le sens commun. Mais si l'Angleterre s' est rendue l' éditeur responsable de toutes ces sottes infamies, il n'est pas moins vrai qu' elle est beaucoup moins coupable en tout ceci, qu' on ne le pense. Figurez-vous que chaque jour le ministère était assailli de notes secrètes de tous les cabinets des puissances alliées; il y avait même un bureau spécial pour la correspondance Napoléonienne, dont les commis étaient fort occupés, il suffisait qu'un petit prince d'Allemagne à la suite d' une mauvaise digestion ou d' une trop abondante libation de vin de Johannisberg, fût tourmenté d' un cauchemar impérial, pour que le matin, en s' éveillant, il lui passât par la tête que cela devait présager quelque grand évènement, et par conséquent l'evasion du *tigre;* car c' est ainsi qu' ils le nommaient presque tous. Et vite alors ou expédiait deux ou trois courriers à la fois à Londres, dans la crainte qu' un seul ne s' égarât en route. Les notes secrètes pleuvaient en masse dans les bureaux et dans ces notes on ne demandait rien moins, pour le tyran, que la cage de fer de Bajazet, en attendant que le terrible cachot d' Ugolino pût avoir son tour. Il fallait bien accorder quelques choses aux exigences de ces gens-là qui autrement auraient déclamé sur le continent contre la perfidie de l' Angleterre, qui avait encore, auraient ils dit, le projet de leur lâcher *l' hyéne.* Or, de toutes les injustices proposées on choisissait les moindres; mais cette espèce d' humanité était toujours de la barbarie, et cette ridicule condescendance nous a fait faire bien des sottises, nous a fait commettre de bien inutiles cruautés."

By this specimen, our readers may judge of the style of the whole work; the indirect praise of Napoleon, put into the mouth of Sir Hudson Lowe, is certainly a novel way of presenting the subject, and the same may be said of his *naif* account of Napoleon's abuse of Lowe himself, for, besides what is plentifully scattered through the book, we have in chap. 49, a kind of summary of the sweet things said of him by the Emperor.

There is also in the front of the volume, a portrait of Sir Hudson, which is like, and yet a hideous and most gaoler-looking likeness, with the following cutting motto from the sixth book of the Æneid.

——— Cernis custodia qualis
Vestibulo sedeat! facies quæ limina servet.

We propose to give a second and concluding notice of this work in our next number.

THE THREE TASKS,
OR
THE LITTLE HOUSE UNDER THE HILL.

(Concluded from our last.)

We regret that our limits will not permit us to give the conclusion of this excellent story in full, we shall, however, do it the least violence in our omissions that we can. The lady of the roguish smile, (we love smiling eyes in a lady,) catches the filley for Jack, by a blast on an ivory whistle. His third and last task is to rob a crane's nest on the top of a beech tree, which grows (on an island we presume,) in the middle of a lake, without boat or any kind of conveyance, and the poor boy cannot swim. For the sequel we resume the story:

'When Jack went back to the lake, he could only sit and look sorrowfully at the tree, or walk about the edge of it, without being able to do any thing else. He spent the whole day this-a-way till dinner time, when what would you have of it, but he sees the "darling" coming out to him, as fair and as blooming as an angel. His heart, you may be sure, got up to his mouth, for he knew she would be apt to take him out of all his difficulties. When she came up, "Now, Jack," says she, "there is not a minute to be lost, for I am watched; and if it's discovered that I gave you any assistance, we will be both destroyed." "Oh, murther Sheery!" says Jack, "fly back, avourneen ma chree,—for, rather than any thing should happen *you*, I'd lose fifty lives." "No," says she, "I think I'll be able to get you over this, as well as the rest, so have a good heart and be faithful." "That's it," replied Jack, "that's it, a cushla—my own character to a shavin'." She then pulled a small white wand out of her pocket, struck the lake, and there was the prettiest green ridge across it to the foot of the tree that ever eye beheld. "Now," says she, turning her back to Jack, and stooping down to do something that he could'nt see, "take these, put them against the tree, and you will have steps to carry you to the top, but be sure not, for your life and mine, to forget any of them; if you do, my life will be taken to-morrow morning, for your master puts on my slippers

with his own hands." Jack was now going to swear that he would give up the whole thing, and surrender his head at once, but when he looked at her feet, and saw no appearance of blood, he went over without more to do, and robbed the nest, taking down the eggs, one by one, that he mightn't brake them. There was no end to his joy as he secured the last egg; he instantly took down the toes, one after another, save and except the little one of the left foot, which, in his joy and hurry he forgot entirely. He then returned by the green ridge to the shore, and according as he went along it melted away into the water behind him. "Jack,' says the charmer, "I hope you forgot none of my toes." "Is it me?" says Jack, quite sure that he had them all—"arrah catch any one from my country making a blunder of that kind."—"Well," says she, "let us see;" so, taking the toes, she placed them on again, just as if they had never been off. But, lo and behold! on coming to the last of the left foot, it wasn't forthcoming. "Oh! Jack, Jack," says she, "you have destroyed me; to-morrow morning your master will notice the want of this toe, and that instant I'll be put to death." "Lave that to me," says Jack; "by the powers you won't lose a drop of your darling blood for it. Have you got a pen-knife about you? and I'll soon show you how you won't" "What do you want with the knife?" she enquired.—"What do I want with it?—why to give you the best toe on both my feet, for the one I lost on you; do you think I'd suffer you to want a toe, and I having ten thumping ones at your service? Faith, I'm not the man for such a shabby trick as that comes to." "But you forget," says the lady, who was a little cooler than Jack, "that none of yours would fit me."—"And must you die to-morrow, *a cushla?*" asked Jack, in desperation. "As sure as the sun rises," answered the lady; "for your master would know at once that it was by *my* toes the nest was robbed." "By the powers," observed Jack, "he's one of the greatest ould vag—I mane, isn't he a terrible man, out and out, for a father?" "Father!" says the darling—"he's not my father, Jack; he only wishes to marry me, and if I'm not able to outdo him before three days more, it's decreed that he must have me." When Jack heard this, surely the Irishman must come out; there he stood, and began to wipe his eyes with the skirt of his coat, making, as if he was crying, the thief of the world; "What's the matter with you?" she asked. "Ah!" says Jack, "you darling, I couldn't find in my heart to desave you; for I have no way at home to keep a lady like you, in proper style, at all at all; I would only bring you into poverty, and since you wish to know what ails me—I'm vex'd that I'm not rich for your sake; and next that that thieving ould villian's to have you; and, by the powers, I'm crying for both these misfortunes together." The lady couldn't help being touched and plased with Jack's tinderness and generosity: so, says she, "don't be cast down, Jack, come or go what will, I won't marry him—I'd die first. Do you go home as usual; but take care and don't sleep at all this night. Saddle the wild filley, and meet me under the whitethorn bush at the end of the lawn, and we'll both leave him for ever. If you're willing to marry me, don't let poverty distress you, for I have more money than we'll know what to do with." Jack's voice now began to tremble in earnest with downright love and tinderness, as good right it had; so he promised to do every thing just as she bid him, and then went home to his supper.

'You may be sure the ould fellow looked darker and grimmer than ever at Jack; but what could he do? Jack had done his duty; so he sat before the fire, sung "Love among the roses," and the "Black Joke," with a stouter and lighter heart than ever, whilst the black chap could have seen him skivered. When midnight came, Jack, who kept a hawk's eye to the night, was at the whitethorn with the wild filley, saddled and all—more betoken, she wasn't a bit wild then, but as tame as a dog. Off they set, like Erin-go-bragh, Jack and the lady, and never pulled bridle till it was wan o'clock next day, when they stopped at an inn and took some refreshment. They then took to the road again, full speed; however, they had'nt gone far, when they heard a great noise behind them, and the tramp of horses galloping like mad. "Jack," says the darling, clinging closer to him, "look behind you, and see what's this." "Och! by the elevens," says Jack, "we're done at last; it's the dark fellow, and half the country after us." "Put your hand," says she, "in the filley's right ear, and tell me what you find in it." "Nothing at all at all," says Jack, "but a weeshy bit of a dry stick," "Throw it over your left shoulder," says she, "and see what will happen." Jack, my dear, did so at once, and there was a great grove of thick trees growing so close to one another, that a dandy could scarce get his arm betwixt them. "Now," said she, "we are safe for another day." "Well," said Jack, as he pushed on the filly, "you're the jewel of the world, sure enough; and maybe it's you that won't live happy when you get to Ireland."

"As soon as dark-face saw what happened, he was obliged to scour the country for hatchets and handsaws, and all kinds of sharp instruments, to hew himself and his men a passage through the grove. As the saying goes, many hands make light work, and sure enough, it wasn't long till they had cleared a way for themselves, thick as it was, and set off with double speed after Jack and the lady.

'The next day, about one o'clock, he and she were after taking another refreshment, and pushing on, as before, when they heard the same tramping behind them, only it was ten times louder. "Here they are again," says Jack, "I'm afeard they'll come up with us at last." "If they do," says she, "they'll put us to death on the spot; but we must try somehow to stop them another day, if we can. Try the filley's right ear again, and let me know what you find in it." Jack pulled out a little three cornered pebble, telling her that it was all he got; "Well," says she, "throw it over your left shoulder like the stick." No sooner said than done; and there was a great chain of high sharp rocks right in the way of divel-face and all his clan. "Now," says she, "we have gained another day." "Tunder-and-ouns!" says Jack, "what's this for, at all at all? but wait till I get you in Ireland, for this, and if you don't enjoy happy days, any how, why I'm not sitting before you on this horse, (by the same token that it's not a horse at all, but a filley though,) if you don't get the hoith of good aiting and drinking—lashings of the best wine and whiskey that the land can afford! We'll build a castle, and you'll have up stairs and down stairs—a coach and six to ride in—lots of sarvents to attind you, and full and plenty of every thing; not to mention—hem!—not to mention that you'll have a husband that the fairest lady in the land might be proud of," says he, stretching himself up in the saddle, and giving the filley a jag of the spurs, to show off a bit, although the coaxing rogue knew that the money which was to do all this was her own.—At any rate they spent the remainder of this day pleasantly enough, still moving on, though, as fast as they could; and Jack, every now and then, would throw an eye behind him, as if to watch their pursuers, wherein, if the truth was known, it was to get a peep at the beautiful glowing face and warm lips that were breathing all kinds of *fraagrancies* about him. I'll warrant he didn't envy the king upon his throne, when he felt the honey-suckle of her breath, like the smell of Father Ned's orchard there, of a May morning.

'When Fardoroughah* found the great chain of rocks before him, you may set it down that he was likely to blow up with vexation; but, for all that, the first thing he blew up was the rocks, and that he might lose little or no time in doing it, he collected all the gunpowder, and crow-bars, spades and pickaxes, that could be found for miles about him, and set to it, working as if it was with inch of candle. For half a day there was nothing but boring and splitting, and driving of iron wedges, and blowing up pieces of rocks as big as little houses, until, by hard labour, they made a passage for themselves sufficient to carry them over. They then set off again, full speed, and great advantage they had over the poor filley, that Jack and the lady rode on, for their horses were well rested, and hadn't to carry double like Jack's. The next day they spied Jack and his beautiful companion, just about a quarter of a mile before them. "Now," says dark-brow, "I'll make any man's fortune for ever that will bring me them two, either living or dead, but, if possible, alive; so, spur on, for whoever secures them is a made man—but, above all things, make no noise." It was now divel take the hindmost, among the bloody pack—every spur was red with blood, and every horse smoking. Jack and the lady were jogging on *acrass* a green field, not suspecting that the rest were so near them, and talking over the pleasant days they would *spind* together in Ireland, when they *hears* the hue-and-cry once more at their very heels. "Quick as lightning, Jack," says she, "or we're lost—the right ear and the left shoulder, like thought—they're not three lengths of the filley from us!" But Jack knew his business; for just as a long, grim-looking villain, with a great rusty rapier in his hand, was within a single leap of them, and quite sure of either killing, or making prisoners of them both, Jack flings a little drop of green water that he got in the filley's ear, over his left shoulder, and in an instant, there was a deep, dark, gulph, filled with black, pitchy-looking water, between them. The lady now desired Jack to pull up the filley a bit, till they would see what would become of the dark fellow; but just as they turned round, he set spurs to his horse, and in a fit of desperation, plunged himself, horse and all into the gulph, and was never seen or heard of more. The rest that were with him went home and began to quarrel about his wealth, and kept murdering and killing one another, until a single vagabond of them wasn't left alive to enjoy it.

'When Jack saw what happened, and that the blood-thirsty ould neger got what he de-

* The dark man.

sarved so richly, he was as happy as a prince, and ten times happier than most of them, and she was every bit as delighted. "We have nothing more to fear," said the darling that put them all down so cleverly, seeing she was but a woman; but, bedad, it's she that was the right sort of a woman—"all our dangers are now over, at least, all yours are; regarding myself," says she, "there is a trial before me yet, and that trial, Jack, depends upon your faithfulness and constancy." "On me, is it?—Och, then, murder! isn't it a poor case entirely, that I have no way of showing you that you may depind your life upon me, only by telling you so?" "I do depend upon you," says she;—"and now, as you love me, do not, when the trial comes, forget her that saved you out of so many troubles, and made you such a great and wealthy man." The foregoing part of this Jack could well understand, but the last part of it, making *collusion* to the wealth, was a little dark, he thought bekase he hadn't fingered any of it at the time: still, he knew she was truth to the back bone, and wouldn't *desave* him. They hadn't travelled much farther, when Jack snaps his fingers, with a "whoo! by the powers, there it is, my darling—there it is, at long last!" "There is what, Jack?" said she, surprised, as well she might, at his mirth and happiness—"There is what?" says she. "Cheer up," says Jack, "there it is, my darling—the Shannon!—as soon as we get to the other side of it, we'll be in ould Ireland once more." There was now no end to Jack's good humour, when he crassed the Shannon, and she was not a bit displeased to see him so happy. They had now no enemies to fear, were in a civilized country, and among green fields and well-bred people. In this way they travelled at their ase, till they came within a few miles of the town of Knockimdowny, near which Jack's mother lived. "Now, Jack," says she, "I tould you that I would make you rich. You know the rock beside your mother's cabin; in the east side of that rock there is a loose stone, covered over with grey moss, just two feet below the cleft out of which the hanging rowan tree grows—pull that stone out, and you will find more goold than would make a duke. Neither speak to any person, nor let any living thing touch your lips till you come back to me, or you'll forget that you ever saw me, and I'll be left poor and friendless in a strange country." "Why thin, *manim asthee hu*,"* says Jack, "but the best way to guard against that, is to touch your own sweet lips at the present time," says he, giving her a smack that you'd hear, of a calm evening, across a couple of fields. Jack set off to touch the money, with such speed, that when he fell he scarcely waited to rise again; he was soon at the rock, any how, and without either doubt or disparagement, there was a cleft full of ra-al golden guineas, as fresh as daisies. The first thing he did, after he had filled his pockets with them, was to look if his mother's cabin was to the fore; and there surely it was, as snug as ever, with the same dacent column of smoke rowling from the chimley. "Well," thought Jack, "I'll just stale over to the door-cheek, and peep in to get one sight of my poor mother; then I'll throw her in a handful of these guineas, and take to my scrapers." Accordingly, he stole up at a half-bend to the when out comes the little dog, Trig, and begins to leap and fawn upon him, as if it

* My soul's within you.

door, and was just going to take a peep in would eat him. The mother, too, came running out to see what was the matter, when the dog made another spring up about Jack's neck, and gave his lips the lightest lick in the world with its tongue, the crathur was so glad to see him: the next minute, Jack forgot the lady, as *clane* as if he had never seen her; but, if he forgot her, catch him at forgetting the money—not he, *avick!*—that stuck to him like pitch. When the mother saw who it was, she flew to him, and, clasping her arms about his neck, hugged him till she wasn't worth three half-pence. After Jack *sot* awhile, he made trial to let her know what had happened him, but he *disremembered* it all, except having the money in the rock, so he up and tould her that, and a glad woman she was to hear of his good fortune. Still he kept the place where the goold was to himself, having been often forbid by his mother ever to trust a woman with a secret when he could avoid it.

Every body knows what changes the money makes, and Jack was no exception to this ould saying. In a few years he had built himself a fine castle, with three hundred and sixty-four *windys* in it, and he would have added another, to make wan for every day in the year, only that that would be equal to the number in the King's palace, and the Lord of the Black Rod would be sent to take his head off, it being high *thrason* for a subject to have as many windys in his house as the King. However, Jack, at any rate, had enough of them; and he that couldn't be happy with three hundred and sixty-four, wouldn't deserve to have three hundred and sixty-five. Along with all this, he got coaches and carriages, and didn't get proud like many another beggarly upstart, but took especial good care of his mother, whom he dressed in silks and satins, and gave her nice nourishing food, that was fit for an ould woman in her condition. He also got great teachers, men of deep larning, from Dublin, acquainted with all subjects; and, as his own abilities were very bright, he soon became a very great scholar, entirely, and was able, in the long run, to outdo all his tutherers. In this way he lived for some years—was now a man of great larning himself—could spake the seven *langidges*, and, it would delight your ears to hear how high-flown and Englified he could talk."

Jack next proposes for a nobleman's daughter in the neighbourhood, that "flogged all the world for beauty." He is of course accepted, and the wedding is all settled upon; but just as Father Flanigan is about to perform the ceremony, Jack's old acquaintance, the smoking puppy, walks in, and plucks him by the sleeve. In the midst of the confusion which this strange and unexpected incident naturally produces, an officer gallops up, who claims Jack's intended bride as long since betrothed to himself. The lady faints, the officer forgives, and they twain are made one flesh, while the completion of Jack's adventure is given as follows:

'Now, Jack,' says the dog, "I want to spake with you for a minnit; its a word for your own ear:" so up he ssands on his two hind legs, and purtinded to be whispering something to him; but what do you think?—he gives him the slightest touch on the lips with his paw, and that instant Jack remimbered the lady and every thing that happened betune them. "Och! tunther-an-ages," says Jack, "where is the darlin at all at all?" Jack spoke finer than this, to be sure, but as I can't give his tall English, the sorrow one of me will bother myself striving to do it. "Behave yourself," says the dog, "just say nothing, only follow me." Accordingly Jack went out with the dog, and in a few minutes comes in again, leading on the one side the loviliest lady that ever eye beheld along with him, and a beautiful, illegant gintleman on the other. "Now, Father Flanagan," says Jack, "you thought a while ago you'd have no marriage; but instead of that you will have a brace of them;" up and telling the company at the same time, all that happened him, and how the beautiful crathur that he brought in with him had done so much for him. When the jintlemen heard this, as they were all Irishmen, you may be sure there was nothing but huzzaing and throwing up of hats from them, and waving of handkerchiefs from the ladies. Well, my dear, the wedding dinner was ate in great style: the nobleman proved himself no disgrace to his cloth at the trencher: and so, to make a long story short, such faisting and banqueteering was never seen since or before. At last night came; and among ourselves, not a doubt of it, but Jack thought himself a happy man: and maybe, if all was known, the bride was much of the same opinion; be that as it may, night came—the bride all blushing, beautiful and modest as your own-sweetheart—was getting tired after the dancing; Jack too, though much stouter, wished for a trifle of repose, and many thought that it was near time to throw the stocking, as is proper, of coorse, on every occasion of the kind. Well, he was just on his way up stairs, and had reached the first landing, when he hears a voice at his ear, shouting, "Jack—Jack——Jack Magennis!" Jack could have *spitted* any body for coming to disturb him at such a criticality—"Jack Magennis," says the voice. Jack looked about to see who it was that called him, and there he found himself lying on the green rath, a little above his mother's cabin, of a fine calm summer's evening in the month of June. His mother was stooping over him with her mouth at his ear, striving to waken him, by shouting and shaking him out of his sleep. "Tundher-an-age, mother," says Jack "what did you waken me for?" "Jack, a-vourneen," says the mother, "sure and you war lying grunting and groaning and sniffthering there, for all the world as if you had the cholic, and I only nudged you for fraid you war in pain." "I wouldn't for a thousand guineas," says Jack, "that ever you awakened me at all at all: whisht, mother, go into the house, and I'll be afther ye in less than no time." The mother went in, and the first thing Jack did was to try the rock, and sure enough there he found as much money as made him the richest man that ever was in that country. And what was to his credit, when he did grow rich, he wouldn't let his cabin be thrown down; but built a fine house on a spot near it, when he could always have it under his eye. In the coorse of time a harper hearing the story, composed a tune upon it, which every body knows is called the "Little House under the Hill" to this day, beginning——

'Hi for it, ho for it, hi for it still;
Och and whoo! your sowl—'hi for the little house under the hill!'

'Your healths—Father Ned—Father Pether, all kinds of happiness to us; and there's my story.'

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, March 1st.

It is stated here as positive, that Miss Smithson has been engaged for twelve representations in mute characters, at the *Opera Comique*, of the truth or falsehood of this statement, however, you will probably be a better judge than myself, as Miss Smithson is now playing in Dublin. M. Laurent, the present director of the Italian theatre, leaves at the close of the present season, but he retains the privilege of the German and English theatres, the latter is not likely to be of much service to him, as there is no prospect of sufficient encouragement being given to an English company, but the success which attended the German performers last year, has induced M. Laurent to engage another German company, who are to commence operations in April. In addition to the singers whom the Parisians have for some time been led to expect, Mr. Laurent informs us that he has engaged a lady of very extraordinary talent, whose services he has secured at a great pecuniary sacrifice, the name of this *prima donna* has not transpired. It is Mr. Laurent's intention, if possible, subsequently to take his German singers to London, and from thence to Dublin.

The following account of the late grand ball, for the benefit of the poor, has just been published in the *Moniteur*—the number of tickets sold was five thousand two hundred and sixty-one, at twenty francs each, producing 105,220, to which are added two thousand francs given by the Duke of Orleans, and the Duke de Chartres, and 22,000 francs in different donations, and in extra price paid for the gentlemens tickets: the expenses, after deducting four thousand francs paid towards them by the king, amounted to 14,000 francs, so that about 117,000 francs were realised for the object of the charity.

It was mentioned some time ago, that a scheme had been formed by Count Alexander de Laborde, for completing the education of young men in a course of travels, the pupils under this plan have already visited Turin, Genoa, Florence and Rome, and their progress in languages, arts and sciences, is very highly spoken of.

Some interesting discoveries in sculptures were made a short time ago, in a house on the *Quai des Bernardins*, they consist of several beautiful bas-reliefs, and other subjects from the chisel of the celebrated Goujon, and bear the date of 1557, several of these sculptures have been purchased by the government for the museum. It appears by letters from New York, received at Havre de Grace, that the cold in America has been much more intense than in Europe: in Philadelphia and New York, in the beginning of February, nine persons were frozen to death during one night.

The want of money or spirit, has lately tended very much to check the building speculations which were going on in Paris, but it is probable that some activity will be displayed in the spring; at present the only building of importance in course of progress, is a bazaar in the Rue Montesquieu: this is a most splendid affair, the pillars and most of the roof are of iron beautifully worked, and the dome, which is of glass, will be the largest ever erected for a building of this description.

London, March 2nd.

No works of great consequence have appeared since my last letter, but there are several which are entitled to notice, I would mention particularly Mr. Murray's 11th No. of the Family Library, and Mr. Valpy's third volume of the Family Classical Library, the latter of these, which contains Xenophon's account of, and comments on the expedition of Cyrus, is a very clever and faithful translation, perhaps no writer among the Athenians, displayed a more chaste style, and more correct views than Xenophon, and it is very creditable to the translator of this work, to state that he has performed his task with great skill, having preserved all the simplicity and elegance of the original, while at the same time he has adapted it to the genius of our own language, No. 11. of the Family Library.—The life of Columbus abridged by Mr. Washington Irving from his own larger work, is very cleverly done, and I am not surprised at hearing that the sale has already proved very considerable. The periodicals for the month do not exhibit any very striking features, but on looking at them collectively, one cannot but be struck with the important improvements which this sort of literature has undergone within the last few years. The only new Magazine upon an extensive plan started this year, is that of Mr. Frazer. It is something between what the New Monthly is, and the London Magazine used to be, but unfortunately there is in the second number the same affectation of superiority which was apparent in the first. Mr. Power's new novel, called the Lost Heir, has had so large a sale, that the publisher has urged him to write another, but this gentleman has prudently refused to accept the invitation, feeling that it is better to wait until the fit comes upon him, than to write against inspiration.

I mentioned in my last letter, that there was very little prospect of Mr. Gurney's steam carriage starting at the proposed period, and that a patent had been taken for a new power, I have since ascertained, that this power is derived from a compound of sulphur, charcoal, and two other ingredients, which are not named, from which a vapour of such great force and quantity is obtained, that a tea-spoonful of fluid heated to 100 deg. less than boiling water, will give sufficient to raise a ton of water; the patentee of this discovery has made several experiments, from which it would appear that a very small boiler would be sufficient to impel a carriage of considerable weight, and that no addition to the fuel or fluid, that yields the vapour, would be required during a very long journey, as the vapour does not escape, but repeats its work several times, passing too and from the same cylinder: the patentee is a gentleman of high rank in the army, and is not likely to have deceived himself as to the capabilities of his new power, but really the thing seems so extraordinary, that one cannot but be sceptical until it is seen in actual operation.

In the theatrical world, there is little new to notice. Miss Kemble continues to attract really overflowing audiences, and on the nights of Miss Paton's performances, the boards are respectably attended at Drury Lane, the illness of Kean, who this time is not affecting indisposition, and that of Madam Vestris, have materially injured the interests of the theatre. Indeed, I am sorry to say, that this concern is not now in a flourishing state, and it is generally understood, that the present lessee will retire at the close of the season. Elliston, who has made and spent several fortunes, is now doing well at the Surrey theatre, although it has degenerated within the last few months, almost to what it was before he took it. The old gentleman seldom visits the theatre, being much confined by indisposition to his own house in the vicinity, where he practises the hospitality of his most prosperous days.

London, 2d.

We London folk have been vastly pleased with your "Dublin Literary Gazette," although in good sooth we have something to complain of in one of your early numbers. Why, in the name of all that is bright and beautiful, should your "Junior Pentagonal" assail us, merely because our streets are longer, greater in number, and more bustling than your own? And why become querulous of the distance between Islington and Sloane-street—or to speak more properly, between Sloane-street and Islington? What dweller of the West End would *know* an Islingtonian, or ever think of passing beyond Temple-bar? The double Goth!—let him go and live at Islington, or Constantinople, or any other Eastern land, at once—and not intrude upon us again such strange stories of his muddy and murky perambulations.

Every lover of the Arts still sorrows for the loss of Lawrence, and longs for the forthcoming life by Campbell. You may imagine that all are not equally pleased with you, at the election of your talented countryman, Shee, as his successor in the Academy. Pickersgill paints female portraits with exquisite grace and delicacy—but not female portraits only; his glorious likeness of Jeremy Bentham, in the last exhibition, will long be remembered by all who know how to value fine colouring; Wilkie is unrivalled in his particular style of art; Howard is a tasteful and elegant artist; and Jackson, perhaps, the most faithful delineator of masculine features amongst them all. Our British artists may rival any school in Europe; and there is much splendid talent developing every day. Lawrence was a magnificent head to such a body: his fine manly countenance—his bland and perfect manners—his uniform and judicious munificence—his domestic virtues—and his public character, were such as to make us all proud of the noble-minded President. His Sovereign pronounced him the most finished gentleman of the day; and the widows and orphans of many deceased artists knew him as a ministering angel. It is rather singular that his last effort should have been to immortalize the young and gifted Kemble. It is not, perhaps, generally known to you wild Hirish, that he was undyingly attached to a daughter of Mrs. Siddons; the object of his affections sunk into an early grave, but her faithful lover never forgot her, though many splendid and lovely women would gladly have bestowed their hands and fortunes on the accomplished president. You will be glad to hear (that is, supposing you to possess pure and unadulterated patriotism,) that we have a noble painter from your island, in the person of Mr. Rothwell; he is universally designated "the Irish Lawrence," and bids fair to eclipse all our veterans *now*, in the delineation of female beauty. Sir Thomas augured most favourably of his extraordinary talents, and we understand, that at a price calculated

to astonish your impoverished ears, he has over ninety commissions; his works have attracted the attention of Wellington, Peel, and other grandees. At present he is perfectly free from affectation, bland and gentleman-like in his manners; an especial favourite with the fair sex; that last is enough to spoil any man—*mais nous verrons!*

Have you got any phrenologists amongst you, of the west? it is quite extraordinary how that mania, (I beg its pardon,) *science* is gaining ground here. One gentleman of our acquaintance never inquires the character of his servants, but feels their heads. Another—(a terrible jilt by the way,) pays attention—exclusive attention—to one pretty girl or another, until he discovers some unamiable bump. The other night we encountered Doctor Vimont, the famous French phrenologist, and his box of drawings, illustrative of the science, which accompanies him wherever he goes; it is *quite a galantee shew-concern*, "Dere you may see de heads of the mice, little niblin innocent tings, wid de great organ, called acquisitiveness—de heads of de tiger, grand, magnifique! fine develope! of de organ of de destruct et combat! head of de young ladie—oh! mon dieu! (shrug) melody, gaiety, benevolence, ideality—*et un peu d'amour!*" Vimont is really civil to the sex; but there is another person—an ogre of a man, with huge staring moonlike eyes, and, altogether a ferocious countenance, who is the *detesté* of the better part of the creation: this monster (at the same party,) fixed his evil gaze upon a young and lovely girl, one who seemed sent upon earth to shew what beauty was; a creature of life and light with a lofty brow, and an eye flashing high and great imaginings. We thought the Caliban for once had soul, and was admiring this perfect stamp of immortality. "She is, indeed, lovely," we exclaimed—"the finest frontal developement I ever saw," growled forth the phrenological fiend, slowly withdrawing his leaden orbs, and fixing them on the devoted head, "I would gladly at this moment give fifty pounds *for her skull!!!*" Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

I see you are to have the Kembles soon; you will be delighted with Fanny, when she shows forth in your Dublin Metropolis; she has *mind* and taste enough for any thing. L. E. L. they say is writing a novel. By the bye, I think you do not appreciate our English Sappho, as she deserves; when do you mean to review her last poems? She is an extraordinary girl, unspoiled by the world's flatteries. I wish I could shew her "bodily" to you of Dublin, for an Irishman told me the other day, that you presumed to call her *ugly!* Ugly indeed! the best possible sign that you know nothing about her—voyons donc. Listen lively lordlings all. Letitia Elizabeth Landon is certainly under what is denominated the middle size; slight, and exquisitely formed, with a hand and arm that Jove might swear by; a snowy skin, and on her cheek, a faint colouring, a pinky tint, which we grieve to say, tells almost too plainly of a delicate constitution; her brow is finely formed; her eyes quick and sparkling; her nose *retroussée;* her mouth and chin not well proportioned, but singularly flexible and expressive; her conversation is lively and sparkling, and as it applies to persons and things in general, unostentatiously shews an extraordinary knowledge of mankind, and an acquaintance with the world. She possesses three of the necessary requisites for a novelist, in a superior degree—taste, tact, and talent; that quick talent which seizes on every thing, likely to turn to advantage, or procure the end it has in view. She dances with grace and spirit, and is much attached to that amusement; from the liveliness she evinces in society, you would never suppose her the author of the Impassioned Improvisatrice; but it is not for her outward bearing; nor even the talent which ranks her with the first poets of the age, that we admire, ('tis a cold English word to express what we feel, but it must do,) L.E.L.; we admire and respect the lady for her private worth; for her excellent virtues, in every situation of life; for her total freedom from affectation, and for the kindliness of her heart, "which is ever open as day to melting charity."

We will, if you please, enlighten you upon the subject of all our *literati* in some future papers; adhering strictly to the truth—"nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice"—perhaps next time we may treat of the Mitford, that excellent and amiable woman, at once the most comic, and perhaps the best tragic writer of the age.

Yours, as you demean yourself,
Puss in the corner.

[C. M. N. Ed. Ebl. Lit. Cens. principi Societatis Pentagonæ, nobilissimo, honoratissimo, admodumque erudito, S. P. D.

Tandem tibi, amice dulcissime, in manus traditur hæc disceptatiuncula, tuis jussis suscepta, de cultu, et studiis humanitatis ac literarum. Eam velim te lectore esse dignam, attamen, qualiscumque sit, "pignus amoris" et observantiæ, benigne accipe. Si me festinante, vel insciente, aliquid lapsum fuerit, ut mihi veniam des, obsecro, (ita enim humana fiunt,) atque rectius "candidus impertias," si autem, quod Deos oro, tibi plura arrideant,

"His utere mecum."]

ON THE CULTIVATION OF CLASSICAL LITERATURE IN IRELAND.

In the "March of Intellect," Classical Literature, if not flaming in the van, has at least not darkened in the rear, and although *haud passibus æquis* may characterize the relation between its progress and that of Science, yet it has not stood still. Science within these latter years has taken gigantic strides—its improvements have not been confined to mere theory, or the mode of investigating abstract questions; they have been applied with unparalleled success to the promotion of the comforts and conveniencies of mankind. Nor is it strange that a country like Great Britain, whose interests are so identified with improvements in machinery, and increased facilities of commercial intercourse, should feel a preference for that branch of human knowledge, which can furnish her with the means of attaining both these objects. The desire, moreover, which is almost coeval with our birth, of discovering the causes which produce effects, gives us a natural taste for scientific pursuits, which although it may not be sufficiently cultivated to lead us to engage in them ourselves, yet seldom fails to produce admiration of the successful prosecution of them in others. But whilst we admit the propriety of the taste for scientific information, which characterises the age, let us not be unmindful of the interests of Classical Literature. It is true, that such information cannot minister to the animal comforts of man—it is equally true, that all the knowledge which a student could acquire of the remains of antiquity, would never enable him to construct a steam engine, or invent a safety lamp, but as a source of intellectual enjoyment, Classical Literature yields to no subject of human study. As long as there is a desire in the mind of enquiring into the events of past ages, as long as poetry can charm, or eloquence persuade—as long as men feel the necessity of forming their taste, or cultivating their judgment, the classic models will be examined, and studied. But the spirit of our times requires that he who would raise the standard for the cause of Classical Literature, must place it on a higher ground than that of mere intellectual *enjoyment*. Public opinion cannot be resisted, and I must needs obey with the modesty which beseems an apologist.

Luckily, however, this knotty point has been already considered, and the *utility* of Classical Literature successfully maintained, in various essays on the prize question proposed by one of our learned bodies, (the Royal Irish Academy,) "Whether and how far the cultivation of science, and that of Polite Literature assist or obstruct each other?" Although, therefore, I have no intention of serving up again the arguments of the ingenious authors of these essays, as I know too well how unpalatable the *crambe repetita* is, I must say, that in this question, the opposers of classical education appear to me to have altogether forgotten, in their calculation of its value, the present state of society. Like the Platonists of former days, they must form a new world for themselves, for they cannot live in that, which we inhabit in the present year of grace, 1830, unless indeed they find some convenient planet, to enact the fulcrum for a lever whereby they may turn the world upside down. But until this more than Herculean task be accomplished, we must consider the world as it is, and not as it might be. In the present state of things, we converse in a language, a great part of whose words are derived from classic sources, and the proper application of which frequently depends on a knowledge of their primitive meaning—the phraseology and illustrations of our common conversation are tinged with classic colouring—our authors teem with quotations or allusions, to the uninitiated altogether obscure or at best but partially known—our terms of science are cast in the Grecian moulds—the paintings which adorn our walls are frequently of classic subjects—our common coins have the stamp of antiquity—and as we walk our streets, and gaze at the columns of our public buildings, nay, the pillars, which decorate our shops, we look on the imitations, however poor, of Roman and Grecian models. I will not stop here to enter into sage conjectures of what the state of things would be, were the anti-classicists to obliterate all vestiges of Ancient Literature and Arts, although I have a shrewd guess that the Satirist's description of the altered state of the grove of Egeria would not be inapplicable,

Ejectis mendicat silva camœnis.

But the cause of classical education requires no such hypothetical arguments to support it, for the world is too old now to be ashamed of its years, it can talk without compunction of the affairs of its younger days, and even has a predilection for profiting by the experience of

former ages, so that it no longer stands in need of any persuasive advice against entering the machine which modern reformists have invented, for grinding it young. But although I must protest against this wholesale mode of treatment, which some prescribe for the benefit of the world, in which according to my humble judgment *medicina morbo gravior est*, far be it from me to assert, that Classical Literature does not require the skill of the physician: I speak more particularly of Classical Literature in Ireland, as being that, with whose state I am more intimately acquainted. Improvements will not be effected however by the discovery of compendious methods of gaining information, nor by the laying out of regal roads to knowledge. The application of analysis, however useful in the acquisition of living languages, is of but little benefit in the study of the dead. *Male parta, male dilabuntur*, or in plain English, *lightly come, lightly go*, was never more verified in any literary employment, than in classical reading. In fact it defeats the very purpose of such education in boys, the great advantages of which consist in the exercise of memory, the fixing of the attention—the calling forth of the ingenuity and the habits of laborious examination that are formed.

This infelicitous attempt at expedition, however, has unfortunately not been unadvocated, and the arguments, that have been adduced in its support, have had some influence on public opinion. Hence, nothing is more common than complaints of the length of time, which is spent in the acquisition of classical information, and perhaps nothing has more injured the cause of Classical Literature than a spiritless compliance with the desires of these ignorant grumblers. The engine may give additional velocity to the ship or the coach—the power-loom may do as much work in ten minutes, as formerly required as many hours, but it is an imposition on the sense of mankind, to pretend to some patent invention for forming the taste, or improving the judgment by hurried reading. Let no one suppose that the boy who is so long reading the classic authors, is merely engaged in the mechanical labour of turning the leaves of his Dictionary, or referring to the rules of his syntax, that the pupil is but a *mobile lignum*, and the teacher but an exhibitor of the puppet show, who can accelerate the movements by pulling the strings. The boy is every day acquiring information that will be useful to him in life—forming habits on which his future welfare depends, increasing the number of his ideas, enlarging the sphere of his views, strengthening his judgment, refining his taste, and fitting himself to become a member of society, with benefit and pleasure to himself.

But this feeling has acted in another way, that is prejudicial to the interests of Classical Literature. It has led us to adopt an extensive range of authors, through which we pass with undue speed, admiring, indeed, the beauties that are scattered through them with no unsparing hand, but without paying that accurate attention, or examining them with that critical care which they deserve.

Thus the pomp and circumstance of reading is greater, but the reality of information less. In truth, a critical knowledge of one book of the Iliad, is of more value than a cursory reading of the twenty-four. So that, paradoxical as the assertion may be, one of the reasons of any deficiency that there is in our classical information, is not that we read too little, but that we read too much.

Literal translations, as they are termed, are under the especial patronage of the same accelerating disposition, and there are but few college-men now, who think of attacking the subjects for their classical reading, without arming themselves with one of these redoubted instruments of literary velocity. But I fear much, that the velocity which is thus communicated, acts in the direction contrary to that which is desired, and, (to veil a common English expression under learned phraseology,) that those who use them, *more cancrorum*, retrograde. I do not intend by this remark, to pass a sweeping condemnation on all translations, for I am fully persuaded than when well executed, they are of the greatest utility, but I assert that one of the most abundant sources of classic ignorance, and one of the most productive causes of the decline of classical taste in this country, is the use of literal translations intended to supersede the use of the Dictionary and the Grammar.

Indeed, I cannot perceive any other advantage arising from many translations, that are at present in the hands of students, than that the correction of their errors is a good exercise for their readers.

A great improvement might be effected, however, by translations, if accompanied with appropriate notes, for the style of annotation too requires reform, unless we must rest contented with such precious morceaus of information, as the "Gallants of Horace's time wore shoulder-knots," or allow garbled fragments of Lempriere's Classical Dictionary to be palmed on us for editorial illustrations of the geographical or historical references.

If the notes were calculated to point out the beauties of the author, to mark his style by comparison, to illustrate his thoughts by reference to our British classics, to explain difficult passages or obscure allusions, on which the reader cannot easily obtain information, we should then possess in them a valuable accession to the student's library, and instead of discovering, as at present, in the greater number of them nothing but dexterity at evading difficulties, and facility in transcribing the remarks of others, we should find matter that would refine our taste, improve our judgment, and increase our knowledge.

Another part of our classical system of education, which appears to me to require some sanative application, is the character of the editions in general use.

The Delphin classics, in my judgment, possess scarcely any of the requisites of school editions, and the interests of Classical Literature require that others should now supersede them.

In expressing this opinion, I am fully aware that I have beaten the alarum for the gathering of the admirers of the old school, nor am I without apprehensions that whole hosts of the *literati* will rise up to defend these good old editors, endeared to them by the recollections of their boyhood, and assail the presumptuous critic, who dares to derogate from their hardly earned fame.

However the glove has been thrown down—and I must enter the lists—*galeatum serò pœnitet duelli*. It were folly indeed, to be so far influenced by the spirit of hostility, as to deny that these editions have been of any use. They have been of some, but the days of their utility have fortunately passed away, to give place to an improved state of things. The absurdity of communicating to boys the knowledge of an unknown language, through the medium of the same, is no longer deemed the sum of wisdom, and we have at last discovered that the Latin translation is not an infallible interpreter, or an efficient auxiliary in the editions of Greek authors. Nor can it be urged, in defence of the annotations of the Delphin Editors, that the variety of critical information, which they contain, and the copiousness and justice of their explanatory remarks, amply compensate for the labour, which the young student has to undergo in arriving at their meaning—a labour, which, not unusually, is greater than that of translating the text. In truth, in matters of taste, (generally speaking) however bold the assertion may be thought, the Delphin Editors are greatly and often utterly deficient.

Their notes may be, and, in my opinion, are useful in explaining the allusions to History, Geography, Mythology, &c. which, however, are not the *legitimate* subjects for annotation, as the student can find more extensive information on such matters even in his Classical Dictionary, whilst in passages that require critical judgment, nice distinctions, or accurate views of the connexion of the author's thoughts, they afford no assistance; indeed, the impression that their notes on the difficulties of the author are calculated to produce, on the young mind, is generally a hopeless uncertainty, whether the words have any definite meaning at all.

Their readings likewise have not been selected with judgment—the exceptionable passages are not expunged from their text, their views of Prosody are inaccurate, and the *interpretatio* often illustrates the truth of the derivation of *lucus a non lucendo*, and sometimes is altogether erroneous. But their defenders may say, that this is rather a display of hostility on my part, than any effective application of the literary weapons of assault, or in more classic phrase, that like the sword of the prudent Neptune in Homer, my critical arms are intended to effect more by appearance, than by use. Such objections have long since presented themselves to my mind, and when I sat down to this Aristarchian employment, I had fully resolved on quoting author and book, page and line, but am prevented from the fulfilment of my purpose, by the well-grounded apprehension on the part of my friend the Editor, that such metal might prove too heavy for his fairy bark, and must be reserved for some more solid quarto, than the fluttering pages of the D. L. G.

There is also much room for improvement in our general system of teaching Prosody. Versification, which is pursued with perhaps more than due attention in the sister kingdom, is but too much neglected here. The cause of this neglect is probably an opinion, that the object of Versification is to make poets even *invitâ Minervâ*, and hence it is not surprising that its utility is denied. But verse compositions have no such lofty pretensions; they aim at the more humble objects of facilitating the attainment of a knowledge of the metres, assisting the memory in retaining the quantities, and accustoming the mind to observe the peculiarities of the language of ancient poetry. Nor is the care, which they require in the disposition and arrangement of the words, without its use—it forces upon the attention of the pupil that

there is such a thing as music in language, and that much of the effect of a composition depends on the harmonious arrangement of its parts; it points out too the beauty of an adaptation of the sound to the sense, and gives a greater delicacy to the ear.

But I have played the critic long enough—*diludia pixa.* Any other improvements that I have to suggest, I must defer until renovated breath allows me to enter the arena again—

Multa interea vos delectabunt.

[We ourselves, who sit in the chair of the Editor, propose to write an article on the mode of education pursued in our national university, as contrasted with the systems in use in the English universities, and other pertinent observations there anent, in the next, or some very early number.—Ed.]

THE DRAMA.

On Saturday evening, the performances being by vice-regal command, the Theatre presented a numerous and fashionable audience. *Rob Roy* and *Black Eyed Susan* were the pieces selected for the occasion; in the former Mr. Macready enacted the stern and desperate outlaw with all his wonted power. Our limits precluding us from a minute review of each night's performance, we can only say, that the other characters were efficiently supported, with the exception of Mr. Shutter's Bailie, which we must denounce as a most ridiculous caricature. In the afterpiece, the William of Mr. T. P. Cooke, and Miss Huddart's Susan, elicited general acclamation.

On Monday evening, a Melo Drama, from the manufactory of Mr. Planché, called the the Brigand, was produced for the first time; it is founded on the exploits of the famous Allessandro Massaroni, who was represented by Mr. T. P. Cooke, in a manner which entitles him to much credit as a Melo Dramatic actor. He introduced a pretty air, called "Loves Ritornella," and acquitted with peculiar grace, in an Allemande, which he danced with Miss Garbois and Miss Glover; the latter was warmly and deservedly encored.

Much alteration appears to have been bestowed in the getting up of this piece. The scenery is beautifully picturesque, and the various situations in which the bandit appear, are managed with much skill and regard to proper effect. The dresses are also highly characteristic. We regretted to observe, on Tuesday night, that Miss Smithson's benefit was not so well attended as the merits of that lady entitled her to expect.

We learn that the Pantomime of *Harlequin and Cock Robin* is in preparation, in which Messrs. Paulo, Ellar, and Sutton are to sustain the principal parts. It is also said, that Miss Jelk, the celebrated Siamese Elephant, will honor us with a visit in the Easter holidays.

MUSIC.

The Phil-Harmonic Society held their weekly meeting last night at the Rotunda. The performances commenced with one of Haydn's fine symphonies, which was followed by an overture of Onslow's, which we do not recollect having heard before: the finale was very effective. Calcott's excellent glee, the Red Cross Knight, was admirably given by Mr. J. Barton and Mr. Rigby. A quintette by Rees followed, which was far too *recherché* for our ears. Weber's celebrated overture in C. closed a very delightful evening's performance, and was given with the greatest possible effect: it is indeed a sublime effort of genius, and elicited deserved applause; the combination of sounds from the wind instruments was very grand. Mr. James Barton, as leader, only added to our pre-conceived ideas of his great talents.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET.

CASTLECONNELL.

Broad, but not deep, along his rock-chafed bed,
In many a sparkling eddy winds the flood,
Clasped by a margin of green underwood;
A castled crag with ivy garlanded
Sheer o'er the torrent frowns; above the mead
De Bourgho's towers, crumbling o'er many a rood,
Stand gauntly out in airy solitude—
Back'd by yon furrowed mountain's tinted head.
Sounds of far people, mingling with the fall
Of waters, and the soothing hum of bees
And larks in air, and throstles in the trees
Steal on the listening ear—most musical;
While cottage smoke goes drifting on the breeze,
And sunny clouds are floating over all.

A. De V.

THE SONG OF THE LONELY ONE.

I.

Her only listeners were the leaves,
Whose multitudes around,
Hung silent in the noon-tide air,
O'er shadowing the ground.
The deep blue sky looked through,
The same whose freshness then,
Was shining into laughing eyes
Amid the haunts of men—
Then, as her solitude she knew,
Those broken whispers clearer grew.

II.

"If I loved thee," ask the grave—
When some other Spring,
A softer thought of me, perhaps,
Shall for a moment bring—
And its greenness thou shalt hear,
Is soon to cover what was dear:
The many faults that yet could win—
Enslave a soul like thine:
Ask the silence did I love—
Was all the triumph mine?

III.

Sit beside the breathless lips,
Ere they leave the light;
The smile you sought will not be there—
The brightening of delight;
But, they will not shrink, or wear
Life's unkind, mysterious air;
The spell is broken—thou may'st stoop
And press thine own thereon:
The freezing frown of fear's caprice,
Will be for ever gone.

IV.

If they loved thee! ask them then—
Ask, if life indeed,
At *thy* frown could wither thus,
Like a broken reed.
Oh, love! I am glad for thee,
No answer then on earth will be:
Glad that the sufferings I have borne,
Were never breathed to one;
'Twould make thy breast a darker grave—
After I am gone.

V.

Nor bend thou long that kingly mien,
O'er the closed eye;—
Once only whisper on my cheek—
I was too young to die:
Then go forth—the earth—the sea—
The mind of man is field for thee,
The heart of woman—all thou wilt,
Below thee subject lies;
Forge the one cold snow-drop gone—
Forget the wasted sighs.

VI.

And yet do not, most adored!
Do not rue we met;
Think kindly of me, laid to rest
For a little yet.
Do not hate the flowers that grow
Here, because they used to blow—
Beneath the smile and hand that once
Made them strangely dear:
Come and see them once again,
When I shall not be here:
Come! thy haughty eye will then—
Have nothing more to fear.

Z. Y.

LYRICAL BOTANY.

No. I.

Standing in a fair garden, I can see
Strange characters and features in its flowers,
And fancy, tho' inanimate they be,
Their lives are scarce less innocent than ours;
Whether reclined on beds, or nursed in bowers,
Or looking wond'rous fist against a wall,
Or gay on window-stools in evening hours,
Or blooming in full beauty at a ball:
In sooth, I can perceive no difference at all.

Look at that flirt that every body knows,
See how she hangs her blowzy head and blushes,;
I need not say that damsel is a rose,
Nor tell the source of those unfading flushes—
Nor drop a hint, on carmine or on brushes;
Perhaps you think her modest mien is real?
Nonsense! the glow that to her face thus rushes,
Is paint, or apoplexy, or display all,
Or else her thoughts are warming with some "beau ideal."

There is a lily near her, pale as death,
"Oh! call it fair, not pale," she seems to say;
She sheds around her, a consumptive breath,
Yet mingles with the gayest of the gay:
I've seen some lilies, in as vain array,
Tall, gawky spectres, with their cheeks of chalk,
Sitting near gas-lights, at a church or play;
And freezing with their aspects and their talk,
Yet scrupling not the less with "men in red" to walk.

And here are coarse, red, country Peonies,
And Hollyoaks, with *ear-wigs* all about them,
And stocks, that seem almost as stout as trees,
Leaning on *laths*, I'm sure they'd do without them,
And here are Tulips, aye! I'd never doubt them,
Flaunting and flirting, (nay, I beg their pardons,)
While bloody warriors, brave where none can rout them,
Stand fierce beside, lovers at once, and wardens;
I'm sure you've often seen such posies in "the Gardens."

But far apart from these, I mark a spot,
Whence a rich perfume sweetens ev'ry gale,
And there, as if she sought to be forgot,
Or live unseen, 'mid many a leafy veil,
A violet is blooming in her dale.
A gem of beauty! while celestial hues
Shine o'er her bosom, and forget to pale,
And evening's tear, the only boon she woos,
Loves to rest on her cheek, and sparkle there in dews.

For such, I've searched the flowry path of youth,
And heard vain hope oft whisper,—"find it here;"
But still ungrasp'd, like some mysterious truth,
It vanishes, when most I deem it near:
Alas! must all we sigh for, thus appear
A dream of bliss, not waken'd to, below,
A ray that streams, from some untravell'd sphere,
That cheers awhile, with evanescent glow,
Then sinks behind its clouds, and leaves a night of woe!

S. S. R.

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We are more than grateful to Z. Y. for her most kind and lady-like communication. Such approval is one of our best and most pleasing rewards amid the toils and troubles of Editorship.

From the fair author of the Painter forgotten, we only ask for time. We do not think the Lattice ever reached us. Zoilus O'Growl thinks we are not bitter enough; let him but write a book. We intreat forgiveness of a thousand and one kind Correspondents, to whom it is impossible to reply.

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THE IRISH IN LONDON.

THEY say there are thirty thousand of us in London, and our own estimate does not abate an unit of the number—certes we swarm every where, and wheresoever we are planted, like our own potato, we do exceedingly increase and multiply. 'Twas but the other day that we ventured to peep up a long narrow passage, with small houses on either side, a cul de sac, leading out of the street which connects the end of Oxford-street with the church of St. Giles. It seemed to us that we saw about a thousand children of all ages, from three years to thirteen, tumbling about in various directions and diversions, and vociferating to one another in the true Monomian dialect. We thought of Malthus, and shut our eyes. We defy an Irishman in London to forget his country, even if disposed thereto, which indeed they seldom are, as those who do not remember it for praise, keep it in mind as a fertile subject of abuse; but in any case he could not forget it, since from the makers of speeches of living eloquence in the House of Parliament, to the readers of speeches of dying penitence, falsely purporting to have been uttered at the front of Newgate, the loudest and most conspicuous are all Irish. It is a matter of marvel, and of national congratulation, that so few Irish are hanged in London—of all manner of whimsical and riotous offences on their part, there is, indeed, no end, insomuch that some of the police offices on a Monday morning, would, as we are told, almost cheat one into the belief, that we were in some magistrates' office of the peaceful realm of Tipperary, on the day after a fair or "pattern;" but these are all trifling matters of broken heads or the like, arising out of liquor, or of love, which comes to the same thing, as it is all intoxication: but the horrible deliberate offences—the premeditated plundering in the night—the cutting of old womens' throats from ear to ear, and the cautious scrutiny, with the still reeking fingers, of the old woman's pouches, until each sovereign and sixpence is carefully extracted—all this part of this strange world's business, is in London generally left to the cooler habits of the natives. It sometimes happens, indeed, doubtless from the national confusion of character, such as Mr. Moore prettily speaks of, with reference to a letter of his to Lord Byron, wherein he appears partly desirous of his lordship's friendship, and partly desirous of putting him to death—that our countrymen forget the minute distinctions of property which prevail in England, and, in a sudden unreflecting moment, appropriate to themselves certain small matters which they suppose they stand in need of, without the ordinary preliminary arrangement of an exchange of coin for the same.

Such trifling peccadilloes, merely evince a want of sufficient acquaintance with the grammatical construction of the possessive pronouns. Old Johnson said that learning the Latin grammar forms a principal epoch in the earlier stages of man's existence. To be sure it does. Though eaten-bread (Qy. *Eton-bred?)* is soon forgotten, the knowledge of *meum* and *tuum* sticks to a philologist through life.

These little mistakes, and taking ways of our countrymen, frequently occupy the attention of certain sessional tribunals in Comitatu Middlesexiæ, and sometimes the oddest instances of national character, of simplicity, and absurdity and humour and pathos, that can possibly be supposed, are brought out at these trials. The strangest thing of all, to an Irishman, is, that the London Judges and Juries, and Barristers, seem to have no notion of, no sympathy with, these curious peculiarities: they see nothing in them but absurdity, and view with mingled contempt and compassion, that which would convulse us with laughter, or make the tears flow to our eyes. Among the whimsical notions of the poor exiles from Munster and Connaught who swarm in London, is the one, that the punishment which the law awards for offences, is the payment or compensation which they are required to make, when unluckily an offence is detected; and this notion gives them frequently very strong impressions of the disproportion between the crime committed, and the penalty inflicted.

A man was tried, not very long ago, at the old Bailey, for stealing a piece of meat from a butcher's shop; he was convicted, and the Judge sentenced him to be imprisoned for six months. "Arrah how long, my lord?" said the culprit, looking up at the Judge, with an air of incredulous surprise—"For six months, prisoner."

"By J—— thin, it was a dear bit of mate," said the poor prisoner casting down his eyes, in utter astonishment and dismay, that eighteen pence worth of beef, should have been thought worth so long an imprisonment. He measured his offence precisely by the value of what he had taken, and felt his sentence to be an unjust one.

It is in a place such as London, where the mass is enormous, and the variety of pursuits almost infinite, that we can best trace the national peculiarities of the several nations which send their inhabitants to the mighty congregation, by comparing the relative positions which they take up. Looking at the occupations of the Irish in London, we shall be led at once to conclude, that a mental and bodily activity—an aptitude for quick exertion of the faculties of mind or body, marked them for the peculiar services in which they are engaged. We do not mean this exactly in the flattering sense to our countrymen, that might at first sight be supposed—we do not mean that they possess this vigorous quickness, in *addition* to an equal quantity of other good qualities with the people among whom they are placed—but *instead* of these qualities—instead of regularity, precision, steadiness, and calmness, they have this capability for a kind of exertion which the English are either incapable of, or are unwilling to submit to. "Not only all the porters in London," said some smart person, "but all the *re*-porters also, are Irish." This is much more true of the latter class, than the former. When a man is wanted to deliver valuable parcels, exactness and "good security," are requisites more important than despatch, and then an Englishman is employed, and you recognise him by his apron, and his thick-soled boots, his pace of two miles an hour, and a piece of bread and cheese in his hand, and thus—

He munches as he goes, for want of thought.

But if you see a man with a burthen getting quickly along, and getting *out of peoples' way*, sometimes stepping off the foot-way, and sometimes on it again, with his stockings rather loose, and a coat which once was a gentleman's coat, hanging, as I have heard a fellow say, in *geometry* upon him—that man you may be quite sure is Irish. Whenever a house has been burned, and is required to be replaced in a hurry—when a sewer is to be built, the building of which blocks up the street, and therefore is wrought at night and day, by sun-light and torch-light, till it is finished—every labourer of them is talking Irish. For this the rogues are often well paid; but they never get rich, and hardly even comfortable, in the sense in which the English properly understand this word. Our Irish labourer hardly ever increases his store of any-thing but children and perplexities—a non-accumulative curse seems to cling to him with respect to all other things; he works, drinks, loves, laughs, fights, and dies—and there's an end—no: not an end altogether; for his lineage is sure to survive, in seventeen sons and daughters. Of the three duties of a man in this world, as laid down by master Larry Sterne, of Clonmel, in the county of Tipperary, an Irish labourer in London generally has a share in the first, and is quite sure to fulfil the last.

The women seem as much inclined to the sedentary occupations by which a small livelihood may be obtained, as the men are to the more active. We have held very interesting colloquies with about fifty-five thousand of the female apple and orange venders, who occupy the corners of the streets in London, and we never met with a single exception to the rule of their being all from Munster. We love to ask them, as the first question, "What part of Munster do you come from?" "County Cark, Sir," or "County Lim'rick, your honner," is almost sure to be the answer; and not seldom, when we have beguiled them into talk about the Shannon, or Kilworth Mountain, or the like, we have observed that something very like tears began to flow, and our sixpence would hardly be taken, without an effort to make us have more than the worth of it in fruit.

As to the *re*-porters, whom, for such important gentlemen, we have rather unceremoniously forgotten, and therefore intreat the condescension of their pardon, they are almost as uniformly Irish as the applewomen; and a clever, dashing, rattling set of fellows they are, and indeed must be, in order to get through their arduous duties. But, why are they almost exclusively Irish? Because there is a bustle, a hurry, an energetic dispatch, necessary about this business—a dashing off-hand way, without being too particular as to exactness, and with a ready fancy for *guessing*, for all of which the national character is peculiarly fitted. Again, there is a something *literary*, as it is thought, about it, and we, Irish, are so desperately literary every where but at home.

Every one knows that those who write for daily newspapers must have a rapid method of arranging and expressing their thoughts upon the revolving occurrences of every day life. Well—this work is in London almost monopolized by the Irish. The Standard, Globe, Courier, Star, Morning Herald, Saint James's Chronicle, Atlas, and a score of others for aught we know, are edited by Irishmen. They "knock off a paragraph," while a sober Englishman would be thinking of the best "references," and it does very well. The Times, to be sure, seems often as if it had the aid of the heavy machinery of the steam-engine, in writing its articles as well as in printing them, but we are told there are none but English and Scotch about the writing department of that concern.

We wish we could add the praise of *independence* to our notice of the Irish character in London, but we cannot. The Irish labourer submits to what the English labourer would not, and thereby entails a degree of contempt upon his class. We heard a shopkeeper in Cheapside, asked once, why he employed an Irishman for his shop-porter, rather than a Londoner. "Why," said he, "I can do what I please with Pat, there, and I couldn't do so with one of our fellows. When he shuts up the shop, I tell him to make his bed under the counter there, and so he does, and there he lays, and takes care of the shop, and he's quite at hand to open it in the morning. I couldn't get an Englishman to do that." We felt rather uncomfortable to hear a man talk this way.—"Is thy servant a dog," that thou shouldst use him thus?

The great difference between the Irish and English, and the great superiority of the latter in all mere matters of business, seems to consist in this, that they possess a methodical steadiness of procedure, arising out of a complete concentration of the mind upon the one idea that occupies it for the time, which is utterly unknown to our countrymen. Send an English servant of a message, and were it only for a shilling's worth of cheese, he looks neither to the right hand nor to the left, but plods steadily on, with cheese in all his thoughts, till he has secured and deposited in your cupboard, the wished-for Parmesan. The Irishman, on the contrary, would stare into every shop window, and listen to every fiddler and piper on the way, and possibly come back tipsy, with Stilton or Glo'ster instead.

As for the higher occupations, they say in London, that we Irish are too much a kind of literary Swiss, and will write on any side for payment. Perhaps there is something too much of this, but it is not confined to the Irish—except that it must be admitted the careless habits of the Irish generally, make them the poorest class, and poverty is open to all manner of temptations. This, however, is rather an uncomfortable part of our subject, and therefore here we shall pause for the present.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus. By Washington Irving.—(Abridged by the same.)—Being the 11th Vol. of the Family Library. 12mo. London, Murray. 1830.

THE discovery of America is an event which appears ever new—the relation of it never wearies. Whether it be perused in the antiquated style of the first narrator, or in the many versions through which its romantic incidents have been transferred from generation to generation to the present day, it still rivets attention. The narrative now before us has peculiar charms; it combines the elegancies of the imagination with the sterling solidity of truth. Seldom has a writer, long accustomed to wander uncontrolled through the fairy enchantments of fiction, entered upon the beaten path of rigid facts with so good a grace. The reader is led along through the series of wonderful events, with a rapidity and ease not often enjoyed by those who prefer the study of historical realities to the fascinating delusions of romance.

With the great leading facts of the life of Columbus, every reader is acquainted. These, of course, we pass over, though far from being devoid of interest. We would rather dwell a little on two great moral pictures this work affords; one exhibiting the corruptions, the selfishness, the meanness, the tortuous deviations from rectitude, the destitution of moral feeling in the higher orders of society, during that period, as displayed in the treatment of Columbus, by kings and courtiers;—we hope we now live in better days:—the other, the undeviating magnanimity with which this great man bore up against the incessant storms of persecution, with which he was assailed from the first moment of the announcement of his gigantic project, till the close of his life. Surely it requires to be told over and over again, in order to be credited, that the individual who laid the wealth of half the world at the foot of the throne of Spain, lived in trouble, and died in sorrow and distress. We wish we could extract at length the affecting picture of this great and ill-treated man's last struggle against his persevering enemies. Disappointed in his hope of being restored, by means of repeated written applications, to the honors and wealth to which he was entitled by services and compact, he determined on a journey to the Spanish court, then held at Segovia. "He, who a few years before had entered the city of Barcelona in triumph, attended by the chivalry of Spain, and hailed with rapture by the multitude, now arrived at the gates of Segovia, a wayworn, melancholy, and neglected man; oppressed even more by sorrow, than by his years and infirmities."—Ferdinand, (for his great protectress, Isabella, was now no more,) received him with many professions of kindness, "but with those cold, ineffectual smiles, which pass like wintry sunshine over the countenance, and convey no warmth to the heart." Many months were passed by Columbus in painful and humiliating solicitation. He endeavoured to bear those delays with patience, but he had no longer the physical strength and the glorious anticipations, which had once sustained him through his long application at this court. He was again confined to his bed by a return of the gout, aggravated by the irritations of his spirit. From his couch of anguish he addressed one more appeal to the justice of the king; he no longer petitioned for himself, but for his son, Diego.—He entreated that his child might be appointed to the government of which he himself had been so wrongfully deprived.

This petition was treated by Ferdinand, with his usual evasions; he even endeavoured to prevail on Columbus, to waive his claims to the dignities to which he was entitled in the New World, and to accept in lieu thereof, titles and estates in Spain. Columbus rejected the proposal with indignation, and from the bed on which he was confined, addressed a letter to his constant friend, the Archbishop of Seville, expressive of his despair. This was his last effort. His illness, the effect of combined sufferings of mind and body, increased with irresistible violence; he settled his worldly affairs, resigned himself to his God, and expired. Such was the end of the discoverer of half the world!—Thanks be to Solomon, or to him who inspired Solomon rather, who has prepared us to bear up during the recital of such a heart-sickening detail of courtly ingratitude and perfidy, when he warns us, in the book of Proverbs, not to put our trust in kings.

To dwell upon the style of Washington Irving, would be little better than loss of time. His writings are now in every body's hands.—Next to Walter Scott, he is, perhaps, the best known, and the most generally sought after, among the writers of works of imagination, and we have already said, that he has here given his fancy free play, as far as language is concerned, without prejudicing the cause of historical veracity. Yet the manner in which he contrasts the commencement of Columbus's first expedition, when all was doubt and apprehension, and alarm, with his subsequent departure from Spain, after he had realized the object of his golden anticipations, is too striking to be passed over. The former of these events is thus described:—

"When Columbus arrived at Palos, and presented himself once more before the gates of the convent of La Rabida, he was received with open arms by the worthy Juan Perez, and again entertained as his guest. The zealous friar accompanied him to the parochial church of St. George, in Palos, where Columbus caused the royal order for the caravals to be read by a notary public, in presence of the authorities of the place. Nothing could equal the astonishment and horror of the people of this maritime community, when they heard of the nature of the expedition, in which they were ordered to engage. They considered the ships and crews demanded of them in the light of sacrifices devoted to destruction. All the frightful tales and fables with which ignorance and superstition are prone to people obscure and distant regions were conjured up concerning the unknown parts of the deep, and the boldest seamen shrunk from such a wild and chimerical cruise into the wilderness of the ocean.

"Repeated mandates were issued by the sovereigns, ordering the magistrates of Palos, and the neighbouring town of Moguer, to press into the service any Spanish vessels and crews they might think proper, and threatening severe

places were thrown into complete confusion: tumults and altercations took place, but nothing of consequence was effected.

"At length Martin Alonzo Pinson, the wealthy and enterprising navigator, who has punishments on all who should prove refractory. It was all in vain; the communities of those already been mentioned, came forward and engaged personally in the expedition. He and his brother Vicente Yanez Pinzon, who was likewise a navigator of great courage and ability, possessed vessels, and had seamen in their employ. They were related to many of the seafaring inhabitants of Palos and Moguer, and had great influence throughout the neighbourhood. It is supposed that they furnished Columbus with funds to pay the eighth share of the expense, which he had engaged to advance. They furnished two of the vessels required, and determined to sail in the expedition. Their example and persuasions had a wonderful effect; a great many of their relations and friends agreed to embark, and the vessels were ready for sea within a month after they had engaged in their enterprise."

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"The squadron being ready to put to sea, Columbus confessed himself to the Friar Juan Perez, and partook of the communion, and his example was followed by the officers and crews, committing themselves, with the most devout and affecting ceremonials, to the especial guidance and protection of heaven, in this perilous enterprise. A deep gloom was spread over the whole community of Palos, for almost every one had some relation or friend on board of the squadron. The spirits of the seamen, already depressed by their own fears, were still more cast down, at beholding the affliction of those they left behind, who took leave of them with tears and lamentations and dismal forebodings, as of men they were never to behold again."

Now for the second expedition; the Eldorado side of the medal:

"The departure of Columbus on his second voyage of discovery presented a brilliant contrast to his gloomy embarkation at Palos. On the 25th of September, at the dawn of day, the bay of Cadiz was whitened by his fleet. There were three large ships of heavy burden, and fourteen caravals. The number of persons permitted to embark had originally been limited to one thousand; but many volunteers were allowed to inlist without pay, others got on board of the ships by stealth, so that eventually about 1500 set sail in the fleet. All were full of animation, and took a gay leave of their friends, anticipating a prosperous voyage and triumphant return. Instead of being regarded by the populace as devoted men, bound upon a dark and desperate enterprise, they were contemplated with envy, as favoured mortals destined to golden regions and delightful climes, where nothing but wealth, and wonder, and enjoyment awaited them. Columbus moved among the throng accompanied by his sons, Diego and Fernando, the eldest but a stripling, who had come to witness his departure.—Wherever he passed, every eye followed him with admiration, and every tongue extolled and blessed him. Before sunrise the whole fleet was under weigh; the weather was serene and propitious, and as the populace watched their parting sails, brightening in the morning beams, they looked forward to their joyful return, laden with the treasures of the new world."

One extract more, and our limits oblige us to have done: it is a contrast between civilized and savage society; we Europeans, being of course, the civilized—they, the West Indian natives, the savage group. Something in the style of old Æsop's waggish tale of the Lion and the Sculptor. Yet, after all, in this case, we think the lion has somewhat the best of it, even in the representation. To commence with the savage:—

"Three houses had been given to the shipwrecked crew for their residence. Here, living on shore, and mingling freely with the natives, they became fascinated by their easy and idle mode of life. They were governed by their caciques with an absolute but patriarchial and easy rule, and existed in that state of primitive and savage simplicity which some philosophers have fondly pictured as the most enviable on earth. "It is certain," says old Peter Martyr, "that the land among these people is as common as the sun and water; and that 'mine and thine,' the seeds of all mischief, have no place with them. They are content with so little, that, in so large a country, they have rather superfluity than scarceness; so that they seem to live in a golden world, without toil, in open gardens, neither entrenched, nor shut up by walls or hedges. They deal truly with one another, without laws, or books, or judges."

Columbus himself, in another place, gives them the same character. "These people," said he, in his journal, "love their neighbours as themselves; their discourse is ever sweet and gentle, and accompanied with a smile. I swear to your majesties, there is not in the world a better nation, or a better land." These were the people whom the Christians of those days exterminated, and planted African negroes in their stead. Now for European civilization:—

"At length they came to anchor, at the island of St. Mary's, the most southern of the Azores, and a possession of the crown of Portugal. An ungenerous reception, however, awaited the poor tempest-tossed mariners, on their retnrn to the abode of civilized man, far different from the kindness and hospitality they had experienced among the savages of the new world. Columbus had sent one half of the crew on shore, to fulfil the vow of a barefooted procession to a hermitage or chapel of the Virgin, which stood on a solitary part of the coast, and awaited their return to perform the same ceremony with the remainder of his crew. Scarcely had they begun their prayers and thanksgiving, when a party of horse and foot, headed by the governor of the island, surrounded the hermitage, and took them all prisoners. The real object of this outrage was to get possession of the person of Columbus; for the King of Portugal, jealous lest his enterprise might interfere with his own discoveries, had sent orders to his commanders of islands and distant ports to seize and detain him wherever he should be met with."

To conclude this rapid sketch of a delightful book, which we fain would have lengthened, Mr. Murray merits the cordial thanks of the very numerous class of readers, for whom he has brought out his Family Library, in giving them this volume, which may fairly stand by the side of the admirable Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, that formed the commencement of his deservedly popular publication. It is a spirited succession of animated pictures; combining, in a great degree, what every volume of a Family Library ought to unite, solid information with pleasing entertainment.

Narrative of the War in Germany and France, in 1813 *and* 1814. By Lieutenant General William Vane, Marquess of Londonderry, G. C. B. G. C. H. Colonel of the 10th Royal Hussars, 4to.—London: Colburn and Bentley, 1830.

(Concluded from our last.)

The description of a review of the Russian troops after the abdication of Buonaparte, may be considered as a kind of corollary to the observations just made, on the alarming developement of the latent powers of Russia. The exhibition of the *spectacle* of Russian greatness, thus exhibited to the rest of Europe, may be compared to the brilliant and gigantic splendors of a torpid Boa Constrictor—terribly magnificent.

"It was either on the 9th or 10th of September, 1815, that I left Paris, to witness the great review of the Russian army, for which preparations had been making for nearly a month before. The number of the forces collected was so considerable, that it was not easy to bring them into a space sufficiently small for the parade movements of review; but it was at length effected; and they mustered, when we saw them, 28,000 cavalry, 132,000 infantry, and 540 pieces of cannon. This was made known from field returns, which were given to the sovereigns who were present.

"The day was exceedingly sultry, but tolerably clear; and the spot where the headquarters first assembled to have a sort of bird's eye view of the whole, was a small hill in the centre of a large plain, near the village of Vertu, a short distance from Chalons. Several English ladies, together with all the princesses, duchesses, and first persons of Paris, were assembled (having been invited,) and made parties to proceed from the capital to witness this magnificent spectacle. Amongst our own countrywomen were Ladies Castlereagh, Combermere, Grantham, Mrs. Arbuthnot, Miss Fitzclarence, and others, whose names it would be tedious to enumerate, who graced this most brilliant and unparalleled sight.

"In going through the field, several of the ladies rode in company with the gallant chiefs; and English beauty was signalised by the Emperor of Russia's presenting a beautiful black charger to one of our fair countrywomen, to carry her through the ceremonies of the day; *but I never rightly understood the feeling that recalled this war-horse back to the imperial stables on the following morning.* A flagstaff had been placed on the top of the hill, having an ensign ready to be hoisted on the arrival of the sovereigns at the spot. We were on horseback about seven o'clock; and at eight the King of Prussia, attended by the commanders-in-chief of the allied armies, the ambassadors of nearly all the powers of Europe, and many of their Prime ministers, with several of the French marshals, and an immense staff of aides-de-camp, &c. began to ascend the height.

"On the arrival of the sovereigns at the spot fixed upon for them the ensign was unfurled, and a salvo of guns announced their presence; and the whole Russian army then assembled was seen drawn up in three lines, extending as far as the eye could reach. The sun glittered on their arms, and on the drawn sabres of the cavalry, to a distance that appeared almost imaginary. The eye had scarcely time to comprehend so vast a spectacle, when a single gun fired from the height where we

stood was the signal for three hurrahs from the troops. Even at this distant day these hurrahs sound freshly in my ears: a second gun gave the time for a general salute. The cannon and musketry began at once, and the fire ran along the three extended lines, showing more distinctly than any thing else could have done the vast space they occupied, by the distant flashes and retiring sound of the musketry. I forget exactly how long a time was necessary for three rounds from these saluting tens of thousands.

"We rode down the hill, and the Russians broke from their lines into grand columns of regiments; and no one but a soldier can conceive the beauty of this great simultaneous change. A spot was then fixed upon for these masses to march by the sovereigns; and the Emperor of Russia putting himself at the head of the leading regiments, thus formed in column, marched past, and saluted the Emperor of Austria and King of Prussia; then placing himself by their side to see the rest of the army go by. The whole of the day was only sufficient to give time for a re-formation into line, and an opening of ranks, along which the cavalcade of monarchs and their immense suite rode.

"The Emperor of Russia appeared greatly occupied with the Duke of Wellington (who was at this period our ambassador at Paris,) as if anxious for his opinion of what was passing before them; and his whole attention was given to him when not taken up with his fair companions, who rode on both his flanks. Thus closed the first day, never to be forgotten by those who witnessed the grand military display it presented. Great dinners at different bivouacs were given on the ground; and my party of ladies and friends will make me long remember the day. The Duke of Wellington and Sir Lowry Cole, and various military friends, met together in the evening at my quarters, full of admiration of the movements they had seen; and I well remember the Duke of Wellington saying to me, 'Well, Charles, you and I never saw such a sight before, and never shall again: the precision of the movements of these troops was more like the arrangements of a theatre than those of such an army.—I never saw any thing like it.'

"Much, however, as the Duke was struck with the extraordinary perfection of the Russian formations, he was by no means satisfied with their slowness; and I remember a remark from him, 'that his little army would move round them in any direction whilst they were effecting a single change;' an opinion which all who heard it re-echoed."

The details of the military operations in this volume are less particular than might have been expected, from a writer who appears to be not a little of the *martinet*. The accounts of the great battles are passed over very cursorily. That of Leipsic, which may be styled the descending node of Bonaparte's orbit of empire, affords a singular illustration of this remark. The author has been at the pains to elucidate this event, by an engraved plan, the only graphic illustration in the work, except the fine map of the seat of war, which serves as a frontispiece. The positions of all the various corps are set down in the plan; but, from the conciseness of the narrative, it is nearly useless to any readers, except those well informed on military affairs. The author himself seems to have been conscious of this defect, and endeavours to "plead an excuse for a sketch, which scarcely merits the name of a description." We can hardly accept of this apology; because, from reading the volume, we perceive, and from the few extracts we have had space for, the reader will also join us in perceiving, that the writer can "sketch" with an able hand, and surely the subject was worthy of his exertions.

As a further proof of his talents for description, and also as an illustration, which cannot be too frequently or too prominently set before the great majority of stay-at-home readers, of the horrid realities of war, we shall present them with one, and but one more extract.

"I witnessed here a very interesting, but I fear unfortunately too usual an occurrence, that took place in the capture of the convoy and enemy's baggage, &c. at La Ferè Champenoise. Being forward in the *mêlée*, I perceived that some of the Cossacks, most probably from Bashkir, had not only secured a French colonel's *caléche* and baggage, but one of them had seized his wife, whose cries rent the air, and with the aid of two other gallant Tartars was placing her behind him. I will not detail the frequent histories of lawless troops, nor add to these pages instances of barbarity which I fear have been too justly given of the conduct of the Russian predatory hordes in their march through France; but I reflect with satisfaction that it was my good fortune to rescue, even for a moment, a lovely and most interesting Frenchwoman from the hands of these wild soldiers. Being, however, unable to listen to her afflicting details, and not knowing in what manner better to place her in security, I ordered my orderly hussar, of the King's German legion, to place her for the moment *en croupe*, and carry her to my billet at the head-quarters. I was unwilling, and indeed could not at that moment leave the field; but consoled myself with the thought that when I returned at night to my quarters I should receive the gratitude of a beautiful creature, and pictured to myself romance connected with this occurrence. But, alas! how little can we reckon on any future event, and how idly do we all build *des chateaux en Espagne!*

"I fear that my precautions were not so great as I flattered myself they were: the distance between the *champ de bataille* and Ferè Champenoise was inconsiderable: the town was in sight; and from the number of officers and troops moving about, I could not imagine my beautiful prisoner would be recaptured; but, sad to relate, either the same Cossacks returned, or others more savage and determined, and perceiving my faithful orderly hussar and prize, fell upon him, and nearly annihilating him, reseized their victim; and although the strictest investigation was made throughout his whole army, by the Emperor of Russia, to whom I immediately repaired, and related the melancholy tale, (and who heard it with all that compassion and interest it could not fail to inspire,) the beautiful and interesting Frenchwoman never re-appeared again. I drop a veil over the horrible sequel which imagination might conjure up, and I took much blame for my neglect of a sufficient escort. My hussar crawled to me next morning, half dead from ill usage; and his pathetic tale placed me in a state of mind scarcely less deplorable."

Little is said in the volume about Bonaparte; but it is creditable to the writer to find, that in this little, he does ample justice to that wonderful man's extraordinary abilities. At the commencement of the conflict, he is described as "fluctuating and irresolute," committing errors, both political and military, to which his ultimate catastrophe seems to be chiefly attributable. But as his difficulties encreased, his energies expanded, and in his last wonderful struggle between the Seine and the Marne, "he appeared once more to have burst forth with all his talent, and all his energies and mental resources." The concluding act of his imperial drama is thus told:—

"But to return to more serious and important matters, and to wind up the concluding days of Napoleon's history at this period:—it appears that after haranguing his army on the 5th of April, and promising them (as before mentioned) the pillage of Paris for forty-eight hours, amidst the cries of *Vive l'Empereur*, Marshal Ney and all the chief officers assembled round him; when the former stepping forward, at once announced to him that he was no longer Emperor, and presented him the act of his dethronement by the senate.

"Buonaparte appeared thunderstruck, and with violent impetuosity at first seemed to resist the order of the senate. But no longer finding fealty among his troops, nor devotion in his officers, he was soon convinced of the absurdity and folly of resistance.

"Referring himself therefore to the direction of Marshals Oudinot, Victor, and Caulincourt, he sent them to Paris, to make the best terms for himself and his family, and to obtain what other objects they could for his advantage."

The reader may already have formed some idea of our general opinion of the book, with the contents of which, we have endeavoured to make him acquainted. As a military relation, we conceive it deficient; as a political exposé unsatisfactory. Indeed, in this point of view, the author speaks more of what might be said, and of what perhaps he will hereafter say, than of what is actually developed; displaying in this portion of the work, a sufficient portion of the mysticism of minor diplomacy. But, by the general reader, the work will be perused with much satisfaction, and, as a library volume, to which position of literary pre-eminence it is entitled, as well by its size, as by the nature of its contents, it will be found useful, as an object of reference, to the future historian of the destinies of civilized Europe.

As to its literary execution, particularly when viewed as the first unassisted production of the writer, for his previous work, as is well known, was chiefly edited by Mr. Gleig, we think it entitled to no small share of approbation.

The noble writer proposes to follow up this work by one on the subsequent, and still more extraordinary period of Bonaparte's life, "The Empire of the Hundred Days," provided his favourite readers, "his companions in arms, kindly approve his present labours." Under this condition, we think we may look forward to its publication, which, we have reason to anticipate, will be an acceptable present to the literary as well as to the military world.

The Cabinet Cyclopædia.—History of Scotland. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. in 2 vols. Vol. 2d.—London, Longman and Co. and John Taylor.

We have already expatiated so much at length on the excellence of the first volume of this admirable epitome of Scottish history, in our first review of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia,

that we have little new to say of this second, save that it in nowise falls short of the favourable opinion we had formed from the perusal of its predecessor. The present volume carries the story from the fatal field of Flodden to the entry of King James the sixth into Berwick, on his progress to assume the English crown, with which event the history of Scotland as a separate and independent nation naturally closes. We present our readers with Sir Walter's discussion of the grand question as to the guilt or innocence of Mary, as one of the most interesting passages in the book, which from its nature cannot present many novel features to those already conversant in Scottish history.

Sir Walter is too good a lawyer, to allow any thing short of a perfect chain of positive evidence, as sufficient to warrant a verdict against the beautiful and unfortunate queen of Scots; but from the general tenor of his remarks, we think we can gather, that his own private opinion does not differ very far from that of David Hume, who when told of a new and well-argued defence of Mary, enquired, "Has the author shown that she did NOT marry Bothwell? That fact settles the whole question." The reader probably remembers the manner in which Robertson investigates this point in his Scotland; Sir Walter thus sums up the evidence on both sides:

"But it may be asked what conclusion are readers of the present day to draw from these proceedings? and are we, with one class of writers, to conceive queen Mary an injured saint, or with another the most profligate of women? We confess that, without more light than we at present possess, or ever hope to see thrown on a subject of so mysterious a character, we incline to think that on both sides this memorable case has been pleaded to extremity.

"The beauty, the wit, and, in general, the amiable character of Mary, has raised up for her memory defenders of equal talents and zeal. But if we review the queen's conduct from the debate at Craigmillar, concerning the proposed divorce betwixt her and Darnley, it is difficult to believe that she must not have entertained suspicions, that many persons of an unscrupulous character were not indisposed, when that measure was rejected, to remove the unfortunate prince from his share of the throne by the readiest and most violent means, if legal and justifiable expedients would not serve the turn. The reconciliation between the husband and wife, after their long estrangement, which was patched up so suddenly and immediately before the murder, the violence offered to the queen's person by Bothwell, and so tamely acquiesced in by a female of such high rank and energetic character, are to us irresistible evidence that Mary, deeply injured by her ungrateful husband, and engaged by an unhappy attachment to one of the most wicked of men, suffered Darnley, without warning or succour, to fall into the conspirators' snares, if indeed, she did not herself entice him into the toils. Revenge and love are great casuists; and supposing Mary so far concerned in Darnley's death as to foresee its approach without endeavouring to prevent it, she might endeavour to justify her conduct to herself, by considering that by his accession to the murder of her servant in her own presence, her ungrateful husband deserved death, and that she at least was not obliged to give the alarm when a deserved punishment seemed about to overwhelm him. The evident favour shown to Bothwell on his sham trial, the too obvious farce of the seizure of the queen at Fountain Bridge, and her subsequent marriage with Bothwell, all lead to the same melancholy conclusion. And when we recollect that Mary had been educated in the profligate court of Catherine of Medicis, and was surrounded in her own by some of the worst and most wicked men who ever lived, he who can suppose that, tempted by love and revenge, she walked through the maze of iniquity occurring betwixt Rizzio's death and her marriage with Bothwell, without soiling the purity of her mind with the guilt which was so thick around her path, must have unusual confidence in human nature.

"But though we are compelled to admit that a long train of coherent circumstances seems to evince that Mary was at least by tacit acquiescence an accomplice in Darnley's fate, we are not much moved by what has been termed the actual proof of her guilt, and which was produced as such before the commission.

"The documents contained in the silver box are the only direct testimony tending to involve Mary in Darnley's murder; and setting these aside for the present, there remains little which can directly implicate the queen.

"At a later period, indeed, Morton an unprincipled and fierce man, who, according to his own account on the scaffold, was privy to the whole bloody scene, says, that being invited to join Bothwell and Lethington in a scheme against Darnley's life, he refused to engage in the plot unless Bothwell would obtain an injunction upon him to that effect from the queen herself. But he proceeds to declare, that Bothwell never was able to produce such a warrant. Here, therefore, the chain of direct evidence is broken, and the positive proof of Mary's guilt is not to be found. Laying Morton's direct oral testimony aside as being inconclusive, we come next to the celebrated casket and papers.

"These letters and writings produced would indeed prove a great deal more than enough for conviction if they stood unimpeached as authentic documents. But great and serious suspicions attach to their authenticity. The internal evidence is unfavourable, according to our ideas, of the style of a sovereign expressing her attachment. They are described with suspicious variations, sometimes as being written by the queen's own hand, sometimes as being only subscribed by her. Above all, though their authenticity was challenged, and though the regent and his associates had in their power the persons through whose hands they were said to have passed, yet no care whatever was taken, by examination of any of these persons, to ascertain or corroborate the faith of documents so important to the cause of the accusers. The obvious and legal inference is, that where that is not proved which ought to have been verified, it must have been for want of the means of probation. It is notorious that these letters and papers had been long enough in the hands of the queen's enemies to have been tampered with to any extent; and the productions of copies and translations, instead of originals, is totally foreign to our ideas of judicial proceedings. Nay, there was so little attention to authenticate the casket or the documents contained, that although Dalgleish, the messenger from whose person they were alleged to be taken, was tried and executed for accession to Darnley's murder, not a single question was put to him either at his trial, or at his death, which could tend to prove he had ever seen them. His confession, also, which candidly admits his share in Darnley's murder, contains not a word respecting these papers. The only evidence of their having been taken on the person of this man was the declaration of Morton, who, if they were forged, was undoubtedly a person most deeply interested in the fabrication.

"The queen, also, when she alleged that these manuscripts were forgeries, observed, that there were many in her kingdom who could imitate her hand-writing; and it was believed that Maitland possessed that accomplishment in a supreme degree.

"Another document of direct evidence preferred against the queen was the confession of Paris, a Frenchman, and a servant of her household, who is represented as having given testimony respecting the circumstances of a conference with Bothwell, which, compared with the subsequent directions received by Paris from Mary regarding the delivery of the keys of the king's lodgings at the Kirk of Field, seems distinctly probative of the queen's knowledge of the murder before the fact. But to this also lies the same objection of a strong suspicion of forgery; and there arises the greater doubt on the subject, that certainly if Paris had been actually disposed to make such an important confession, his life ought to have been preserved, that he might deliver his evidence before parliament or in an unprejudiced court, allowing every chance to the royal person accused of so hideous a crime of disproving it by cross-examination or otherwise. The death of a miserable domestic, whose life was at all times in their hands, ought to have been deferred until his testimony had been publicly given, carefully investigated, and formally recorded. The fact of having put Paris instantly to death, with every other person connected with the murder, resembles the art of the usurper in the play who stabs the warders of Duncan lest a public examination should produce other sentiments in the minds of the judges than those which he, who really committed the crime, desired should be inferred.

"On the whole, the direct evidence produced in support of Mary's alleged guilt was liable to such important objections, that it could not now be admitted to convict a felon for the most petty crime; and there is surely no equity in receiving it as absolutely conclusive against a queen. We have already stated our opinion of the moral proof of deep delusion, or perhaps actual guilt, arising from Mary's own conduct; but we own that our strong suspicions, arising from her favour to Bothwell, her union with that profligate man, and the time and circumstances of the marriage, are rather weakened than confirmed by the attempts to corroborate it by positive evidence of so very suspicious a description. When original documents are suppressed, and alleged copies only produced, when minutes of confessions privately obtained under threats or torture are urged as proofs, and the witnesses themselves, who might have given open testimony, removed by precipitate execution, the loose and improbable character of the evidence throws a suspicion over the whole proceeding, which goes far to neutralize the presumption of guilt arising out of the circumstances; and as it evinces foul practices used in order to convict the queen, it must necessarily induce us to lean

to the side of acquittal. Queen Elizabeth was probably sensible of this when, by the result of the investigation, she saw herself obliged to acknowledge that the Scottish queen had come off guiltless from the charge brought by Murray and her rebel subjects; and the number and character of those who asserted Mary's cause in Scotland plainly intimates that a great part of her subjects were in no respect disposed to be considered as having faith in the evidence, which later historians have received as conclusive against her."

Constable's Miscellany. No. 51. *Stebbing's History of Chivalry and the Crusades.* Vol. 2. Constable and Co. Edinburgh, and Hurst, Chance, and Co. London.

We have already given an account of the nature and scope of this work, in the fourth number of the Dublin Literary Gazette. This second volume contains the History of the Crusades, from the death of Godfrey, in the commencement of the twelfth century, to the final fall of the kingdom of Jerusalem and the expulsion of the Franks, in the year 1291.

Gibbon has said that a regular story of the Crusades, however splendid, 'would exhibit the perpetual return of the same causes and effects; and the frequent attempts for the defence and recovery of the Holy Land, would appear so many faint and unsuccessful copies of the original.' For ourselves, though we do not exactly agree with St. Louis, that a christian knight should, in no case, render any other reason of the faith that is in him, to an infidel, 'than six inches of his faulchion thrust into his accursed bowels;' nor do we regard the crusades as very convincing evidence of either the wisdom or the piety of those engaged in them, yet we must confess, that they and the chivalry out of which they seem in some degree to have sprung, seem to us at least, a very interesting chapter in the strange eventful history of mankind; and we rejoice to see it written in a popular form, and a proper spirit. Of the latter our readers will be better able to judge from the following brief characters of the two great and generous rivals, Richard of England, and Saladin the Moslem:

"The character of Richard appears great, and worthy of admiration, or low and contemptible as we behold on different sides. To the eye of the moralist, and when examined by the pure and unchanging laws of truth, men are virtuous and vicious as they approach to, or recede from, the standard of good, which exists perfect only in the Divine mind; but which, though less bright, is as an angel of life and knowledge enshrined in every man's conscience. But the inquiry of the historian is not respecting the primary or absolute virtue or vice of men's actions, but what were the circumstances which increased the splendour of their good deeds, or served to palliate the ignominy of their bad ones; or how far they agreed with, or contradicted the particular impulses to good, which existed in the ruling spirit of the age in which they lived. In this respect we must observe Richard as he spoke, thought, and acted, amid scenes, and under influences, which affected all who lived at the same time, as well as himself, and which were sufficiently strong to modify every feeling and sentiment which were not indelibly stamped on the heart by nature. To act in conformity with the plain and simple laws of morality, was not, in that age, sufficient to satisfy either the world or the conscience of the individual. Society, if we may use such a figure, wore a scarlet mantle; and to shine in the splendour of heroic deeds, alone gave the right to be clothed in the livery of the times. Richard was a King. He had, by nature, a warm heart and a quick imagination. In whatever age he had lived, he would have sought glory more than peace, and rejoiced rather in being a hero than a statesman. But he lived at a period when the romance of his disposition was in perfect harmony with the opinions of the world, and when to be led unresistingly by the imagination, was to act in concert with the most admired of his cotemporaries. By his rank, and the talents with which nature had endowed him, he was fitted to take the first station in the numerous ranks of chivalry; and with his own feelings acting from within, and impressed by so many outward impulses of popular passion, it is not wonderful that Richard of England shone in the brightest panoply of a christian warrior.—So far as a human being may take his rule of action from the character of his age, and deserve glory for conforming to it, Richard merits a nobler fame than any of his compeers. His knightly valour was exercised on the most desperate occasions, and when the only reason for his exposing himself to danger was that he might perform the duties of a chevalier without fear or reproach. In embarking for the crusade, he freely spent the greater part of his riches, and put his throne in peril. During his sojourn in the Holy Land, the feelings with which he calculated the chances of succeeding in its perfect recovery from the infidel, were excited by the deepest anxiety to partake in the triumph, or not leave the scene of conflict till the moment when to fight would be no longer of any use. When circumstances drove him to the necessity of precipitating his departure, the gloomiest melancholy, it is on all sides allowed, took possession of his mind, and the tears which were plentifully shed by the Syrian christians when he bade them farewell, and his own sorrowful exclamations, prove that he had been a true and faithful champion.

"But the fame of Richard, and the pleasure with which we regard his romantic heroism, are greatly diminished at the recollection of the deeds of fearful cruelty of which he was occasionally guilty. He might slay his twenty or thirty in battle, and be entitled, as men usually estimate these things, to glory for so doing; but when we find him ordering the butchery of his prisoners in their chains, we are forced to rank him among the bloodiest of tyrants. His conduct to the Jews, and the tyranny with which he oppressed his subjects in general, are only to be in a very slight manner excused by our knowledge of the imperfect light which then prevailed respecting social liberty. In short, as soon as we see Richard out of the battle-field, and divested of his armour and his conquering sword, we lose our respect for him, and lament that times should have been, in which mankind knew of no greater glory, and no higher virtues, than those which this brave, but ruthless and tyrannical monarch, sought and exercised. The actual misfortunes of Richard's life were fortunate for his fame. Much of the interest attached to his memory results from the perils and distresses with which he had to struggle; and Richard, in the Tour of Tenebreuse, is loved and pitied by the young and romantic, in spite of the dark deeds which history has registered under his name. His love of minstrelsy is also another preservative of his glory; and when looking through the dim veil of the past, the imaginative may be excused, if they point in delight and triumph to the splendid vision of a king rejoicing alike in his lyre and sword, and not more glorious as a hero in battle, than tender as a lover and a poet. But while we allow him all the advantages which he may derive from these sources, we must be careful not to permit him to rank in our estimation with those of our monarchs in whose wisdom or virtue we have still to rejoice. Richard did nothing beneficial, either for his own age or for posterity. He carried to an extreme the principles which had effect in society while he lived; but he neither controlled nor modified them, nor in any instance anticipated future times either in virtue or wisdom."

. . . .

"Among the European warriors or monarchs of the age we are describing, no one appears to have so great a claim to our respect as Saladin. His first acquisition of power was marked, it is true, with a very doubtful character, and it is probable that he raised himself to a kingly station by those means which ambition is ever ready to provide and consecrate to her purposes. But according to history, the early life of Saladin was passed in luxury and dissipation, and it is a case, we believe, of frequent occurrence, that when a great and bold mind first awakens from its lethargy, and becomes conscious of its natural right to power, it will obey the sudden impulse to whatever ends it may conduct. But the character of Saladin, in the following events of his life, was rendered venerable by the moderation with which he used his successes, the enlightened generosity which influenced his conduct towards those of a different faith, and the prudence with which he managed the interior affairs of his dominions. He was a warrior from his youth, but he was ever ready to exercise the courtesies of benevolence towards his enemies; and strove, by affording many instances of mildness and forbearance, to soften the wild and barbarous temper of his people. His devotion was deep and fervent; and the natural gravity of his disposition inclined him to the most solemn and rigid attention to all the articles of his creed. But the greatness of his mind seems to have triumphed over all feelings of bigotry; and he was faithfully devoted to his belief, and passed his life in defending it, without being a persecutor."

The Montgomery Manuscripts. Composed by W. Montgomery, Esq. second son of Sir James Montgomery; between the years 1698 and 1704.—Belfast, printed at the News Letter Office, 1830.

A publication, bearing this title, has recently appeared at Belfast.—Such an appellation affixed to a printed book, is certainly, at first sight, somewhat startling, nor do we think our northern countrymen, with all their acuteness, will be easily able to vindicate themselves from the charge of having committed a genuine Irish bull. A much less venial offence than this, however, we should be willing to overlook, in consideration of the treat which their typographical labors have brought within our reach, and we feel assured that there are few of our readers who will not feel indebted to us for making them acquainted with a volume of certainly as curious a nature, and singular an

interest, as, among productions of this kind, has lately issued from the press, even in an age so remarkable for antiquarian research, and so prolific in local and domestic memoirs, as the present.

The work, which is now, for the first time, printed in a complete form, (extracts from it having occasionally appeared in one of the Belfast newspapers,) was written about the beginning of the last century, by "William Montgomery, Esq. second son of Sir James Montgomery," a near relation of the viscounts of that name, one of whom became Earl of Mount Alexander, and it purports to be an historical account of these noblemen, together with some of their immediate relations and connexions, though containing much valuable as well as curious information, respecting the state of the country at the momentous period to which it refers, and most interesting details which belong more properly to general history. The author appears to be one of those oddly compounded individuals who are destined to fill an humble but very important department in the literary republic; and possessing a rare, though not exalted, combination of qualities, most happily constituted for the due execution of a task such as he has undertaken; in fact, one of those humble drudges, whose labours having little to recommend them in their immediate effects or intrinsic worth, and in many respects having too much the appearance of trifling, acquire, remotely and incidentally, a value and importance which they themselves could scarcely have anticipated; and though despicable, perhaps, in the eyes of their contemporaries, thus confer a boon upon posterity which it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge. To this 'dry-as-dust' class, to the professed antiquary, the preserver of reliques, the collector of medals and autographs, and the hoarder of specimens, to the compiler of memoirs and anecdotes, as well as to the graver chronicler and more elaborate annalist, our obligations are unquestionably greater than is generally admitted. While with unrewarded, and, as some think, useless industry, they are unconsciously fulfilling an important office in the great scheme of social improvement, they may be compared to that class of animals in the natural world, which though apparently so despicable, afford nevertheless most essential aid in forwarding the operations of nature, as well as form a necessary link in the great chain of being. Or perhaps the resemblance may be yet more striking to that humblest of artificers, the silkworm, plying his task, in complete ignorance of the sumptuous and beautiful fabric of which he is furnishing the material. Among writers of this description, the author of the work before us unquestionably deserves a high place, more especially if we consider the country and time to which his narrative relates; for in addition to all matters of mere local and domestic interest, to which indeed his labours are particularly directed, we meet with most copious and minute details of events connected with the civil wars of the seventeenth century, as well as of the colonization, or "planting," as it is called, of Ulster, under James the First, which immediately preceded. His style, though encumbered with parenthesis, and occasionally disfigured by pedantry, is generally clear and correct;—it is distinguished, too, by a quaintness and simplicity amounting to naiveté, which is rather amusing than otherwise; and to the lovers of the rust of antiquity would doubtless possess no small charms. The work would certainly be attributed to a more remote period than the commencement of the "Augustan age" of English literature, to which it in fact belongs. But what is of greater importance, it is remarkable for a most laudable anxiety to preserve the strictest accuracy and fidelity—the compiler being evidently unwilling to advance any statement of which he has not either personal knowledge or most authentic documentary evidence: we must, however, confine this observation to the more serious part of his narrative; for in those details which may properly be styled anecdotes, he certainly draws largely upon the credulity of his readers, and at the same time gives no unfavourable specimen of the boundless extent of his own. We shall, however, afford our readers an opportunity of judging for themselves, by furnishing a few extracts from the work; and as in so doing we must be necessarily brief, we shall be guided in our selection by a wish to illustrate the opinions we have just expressed.—We shall accordingly begin by transcribing what may be called the preamble to the work, which strikes us as being eminently adapted to our purpose, as affording a specimen of the author's manner of writing, as well as a general view of his subject. He commences in the following words:

"Being to write of the MONTGOMERIES of Ireland, (now planted therein,) recourse must be first had to what I have credibly heard, as truth never doubted of, (that my enquiry could find out.) And 2dly, to authentick papers and parchments, which I have carefully perused, and which came to my hands among those left to me by my father, many others of them being lost or embeazled or burnt in Rosemount House; out of the remainder whereof, or from such as I have seen elsewhere, relations shall be made. 3dly, and lastly, I must, in this treatise, make use of my own certain knowledge and memory in those affairs, having had conversation or concern with most of their familys (both the dead and yet surviving of them) to whom I have been a contemporary within the space of above those fifty years now last past, wherein I did more or less make observations as I best could, whilst I grew up in age, and acquaintance with them, and thus furnished, I begin this following narrative (as near as I can) according to the order of time, wherein the several events came to pass, the like not having been attempted that I can any ways learne. Therefore, Imprimis, (as in duty I am bound) with the Montgomeries of the great Ardes, who were the first and chiefest of all that sirname, that came from Scotland, and mostly the procurers of other Montgomery families, and of many of divers sirnames besides them; to follow and plant in this kingdom, of whom the most conspicuous and powerful, and the first introducer and encourager was Hugh Montgomery, the 6th Laird of Braidstane."

We shall pass over all the early adventures and wanderings of this modern Æneas, and hasten to what is the great achievement of his life, and which we feel it impossible to do justice to, except in his biographer's own words, though we shall be obliged in some places to abridge his somewhat prolix narration.—Upon the accession of James VI. to the throne of England, it appears that amongst the numerous Scottish followers who attended his court, this Laird of Braidstaine was included, and, if we may believe his historian, he cut a most conspicuous figure there, which indeed, as far at least as being high in the favour of his sovereign, the sequel fully confirms, a circumstance which, as will appear, he was by no means slow in turning to account. After relating how he met his brother George at court, and conferring with him, as to the best mode of bettering and advancing their respective conditions, it was agreed that Ireland must be the scene of their exertions in this respect, and accordingly our hero availed himself of the contiguity of his residence in Scotland, (being the coast of Airshire near the Clyde,) to the northern part of that island, in obtaining such information, as was necessary for the scheme he had in view, and which by means of some friends who traded to the adjacent coast of Ulster, was soon accomplished; he proceeds in this manner:

"In the mean while, the said Laird in the said first year of the King's reign pitched upon the following way (which he thought most fair and feazable,) to get an estate in lands even with free consent of the forfeiting owner of them, and it was thus, viz:—The said Laird (in a short time after his return from the English Court) had got full information from his said trading friends of Con O'Neil's case and imprisonment in Carrick-fergustowne, on account of a quarrel made by his servants with some soldiers in Belfast, done before the Queen died, which happened in manner next following, to wit:—The said servants being sent with runlets to bring wine from Belfast aforesaid, unto the said Con, their master, and Great Teirne as they called him, then in a grand debauch at Castlereagh, with his brothers, his friends, and followers; they returning (without wine) to him, battered and bled, complained that the soldiers had taken the wine, with the casks, from them by force. Con enquiring (of them) into the matter, they confessed their number twice exceeded the soldiers, who indeed had abused them, they being very drunk. On this report of the said servants, Con was vehemently moved to anger; reproached them bitterly; and, in rage, swore by his father, and by all his noble ancestors' souls, that none of them should ever serve him or his family (for he was married and had issue) if they went not back forthwith and did not revenge the affront done to him and themselves, by those few Boddagh Sasonagh soldiers (as he termed them.) The said servants, (as yet more than half drunk,) avowed to execute that revenge, and hasted away instantly; arming themselves in the best way they could, in that short time, and engaged the same soldiers (from words to blows,) assaulting them with their weapons; and in the scuffle (for it was no orderly,) one of the soldiers happened to receive a wound, of which he died that night, and some other slashes were given; but the Teagues were beaten off and chased, some sore wounded and others killed; only the best runners got away Scott free. The pursuit was not far, because the soldiers feared a second assault from the hill of Castlereagh, where the said Con, with his two brothers, friends and followers (for want of more dongh) stood beholders of the chase. Then in a week next after this fray, an office of enquest was held on Con, and those of his said friends and followers, and also on the servants, and on all that were suspected to be procurers, advisers, or actors therein, and all whom the provost marshall could seize (were taken,) by which office the said Con, with some of his friends, were found guilty of levying war against the queen. This mischief hap-

pened a few months before her death; and the whole matter being well known to the said Laird, and his brother, and his friends, soon after the king's accession to the English crown, early application was made to his majesty for a grant of half the said Con's lands, the rest to Con himself, which was readily promised; but could not, till the second of his reign, by any means be performed, by reason of the obstacles to the settlement of Ireland aforesaid."

This ingenious plan of appropriating an estate, *with the owner's consent*, was still, however, incomplete; and notwithstanding the delicacy of the original design, no very scrupulous considerations as to the means were suffered to impede its execution, as will presently appear. The unfortunate Con O'Neil had been, upon the queen's death, treated with some degree of lenity, and notwithstanding his having been committed to prison under a charge of high treason, it happened to suit the policy of the present time to suffer him to go at large within the town of Carrickfergus during the day time, attended only by a sentinel, and he was in fact in expectation of being discharged, in consequence of an amnesty granted on the accession of the new king—but this would by no means suit our hero's plans, so he contrived to carry him by stealth to his residence in Scotland, where he cajoled him into an agreement to grant him half his immense territory, in consideration of procuring a pardon by his interest at court, for the frivolous offence with which he was charged, and for which, in fact, there was no probability of his ever being prosecuted; so far all went smoothly, but it was by no means likely, that such a splendid and somewhat cumbrous booty should be suffered to be carried off unmolested, by some of the greedy bandits who swarmed at James's court, and accordingly the Laird was destined in his turn to be overreached, and was obliged to divide his plunder with one of his powerful compatriots, as little scrupulous, but more cunning than himself—the whole of these transactions are described with considerable minuteness, and present a picture highly characteristic of the age, and in no small degree instructive: and it is worthy of remark, that details of the most complicated and unblushing villainy, are here given, without even an accidental expression of censure escaping from the narrator, who scarcely betrays even that deference to public opinion, which is evinced in an attempt to palliate what cannot be defended. We gladly turn from this subject to something of a more entertaining nature, although no one we think will read the following description of poor Con's reception, by his honest countrymen, without a melancholy smile,—the manner of his 'triumph' was certainly most admirably suited to the occasion of it.

"Con then returned home in triumph over his enemies (who thought to have had his life and estate,) and was met by his friends, tenants, and followers, the most of them on foot, the better sort had gerrans, some had pannels for saddles, (we call them back bughans) and the greater part of the riders without them; and but very few spurs in the troop, yet instead thereof they might have thorn prickles in their brogue heels (as is usual,) and perhaps not one of the concourse had a hat; but the gentry (for sure) had on their done wosle barrads, the rest might have sorry scull caps, otherwise (in everence and of necessity) went cheerfully pacing or trotting bare headed. Con being so come in state (in Dublin equipage) to Castlereagh, where no doubt his vassals (tagg-ragg and bob-tail) gave to their Teirne More, Squire Con, all the honour and homage they could bestow, presenting him with store of beeves, colpaghs, sheep, hens, bonny blabber, rusan butter (such as it was;) as for cheese I heard nothing of it, (which to this day is very seldom made by the Irish,) and there was some greddan meal strowans, with snush and bolean, as much as they could get to regale him."

Our limits oblige us to cut short the history of this worthy;—but it is only fair to say, that his character appears in a much more advantageous light in the subsequent pages, and if the excellent use he made of the property, were any compensation for the irregular mode in which he obtained it, he might be considered an object of some admiration. His brother George, who became Bishop of Meath, is also represented as a churchman of distinguished excellence. We regret we cannot give some account of a man possessed of public and private virtues calculated to command veneration in any age or country, but especially to be esteemed at a time when such qualities were to be valued for their rarity, as well as their intrinsic excellence. We cannot, however, resist transcribing the account of his first introduction to the great Ussher, in whose advancement he was mainly instrumental.

"This said University, this dear alma mater as he was its *humilis alumnus*, did moreover get some Lords of the Council and other Officers of State to write letters of recommendation to their correspondents at Court, in favour of Dr. Ussher (unsolicited by him, who was contented enough with the livings he then had, being unmarried,) that he might be parson of Trim. Every step in this business and of the Doctor's speedy coming over, and of the house he was to lodge in, was soon known to the bishop of Meath, who, from the time of his being settled in England, long before the queen died, never would want exact intelligences (the best rudder and wind by which statesmen steer their courses, according to the old verified axiom—*Vigilantibus et non dormientibus saucium Leges;*) for the Doctor was not an hour or a little more alighted from his horse at his inn (where he intended to stay incognito all next day, to rest himself after his wearysome journey, and till he had got new habits, according to the English clergy made;) but fresh news thereof came to the Bishop, who sent his Gentleman to the Doctor with positive request that he should come forthwith to his Lordship in his company, for the Bishop stayed in his lodgings to receive him, and this present visit the Doctor must not omit, unless he desired to return *re infecta*. Upon this strict message, the Doctor caused his clothes to be brushed, and went (like Nicodemus) when it was night with the Gentleman to the Bishop, when after caresings, salutation, and a glass of wine, they sat down together, to do which the Bishop found some difficulty from the Doctor's native humility, and from the great deference he had for the Bishop. This being overcome, the Bishop began thus as followeth, viz.—Doctor, I very well know your errand, and how unexpectedly and unwillingly too you were engaged in it, because you had not first obtained my leave to move in ye suit, and that you are not recommended by any letter to me; and here the Bishop mentioned all the persons from whom, and to whom, the recommendatory epistles (as St. Paul calls such like letters) were written, and the time he received them, and the time he hastened away with them, when he landed, at what inn he was advised to alight from his horses, (which he was to have at his arrival in England) and how his Lordship had laid watch to send him immediate notice when he should come to the inn, he was advised to, and here his Lordship held his tongue. This harangue would have amazed any young man, but the Doctor, who knew there was no familiar demon or other spirit that ministered that intelligence, but only the Bishop's watchfulness for his care of his diocess, had procured his Lordship that wonderful information, in so many points, which were carried on with all the secrecy that might.—And now the Doctor being mute awhile, admiring the Bishop's conduct, he rose from his chair and began to apologize for consenting to meddle in that business, before he applied himself therein to his Lordship, and had his allowance thereunto; and so going on in his excuses, the Bishop interrupted him, and rising, said, I will be brief with you, who may not know the meanness of the revenues of that diocess for a Bishop thereof, whose station ties him to almost continual attendance at the Council Board, and to be in readiness at all times to go thither, when called; and, therefore, you shall not be Parson of Trim, the King having already granted to me that the parsonage shall be annexed to the Bishoprick, for the reasons aforesaid. But trouble not yourself, Doctor, (said the Bishop,) at this repulse; I know you deserve a much better living than Trim, and I will be solicitor to the King that you may be better provided for. I will discourse his Majesty to-morrow morning, and prepare the King to receive you (as I am assured he will do) gratiously; only Doctor deliver not your letters but as I shall advize you, and so take your designed rest after the journey, and give me notice when your new habits are on, that I may apprise you a time when you shall next come to me, and may bring you to kiss the King's hand, when he is best at leizure to talk with you, of whose abilities he hath, from myself, abundantly heard, besides what the public fame has reported to his Majesty. The Doctor, thereupon, gave his humble and hearty thanks, promising to obey all his Lordship's commands. And so the Bishop dismissed the Doctor with his episcopal benediction, and sent his said servants to conduct him back to his inn."

The memoir of Sir James Montgomery, son of the first Viscount, and the author's father, is perhaps the most interesting part of the work, to the general reader, as he acted a very distinguished part in the civil war; it is also perhaps the best written part of the book. The description of the battle of Dundrum, where he defeated the rebel army in 1641, is given with a graphic spirit, which would not have disgraced Froissart—the manner of this commander's death is remarkably melancholy, he had defended the royal cause, with unabated zeal up to the battle of Worcester, after which nothing of it remaining to defend, he endeavoured to escape to Holland, but the vessel in which he embarked was overtaken by a pirate, and during a most gallant action with a much superior force, he was killed by a cannon shot in the shoulder. Thus we have given what may afford some notion, of the contents of this curious book, passing over, however, divers

droll relations illustrative of what was considered facetiousness in that time.

In the same volume are contained, "incidental remembrances of the two ancient families of the Savages"—and "a description of the barony of Ards," which will be read with interest by persons connected with those families, and that part of the country.

The book is badly printed, on coarse paper, and does no credit to the enterprise of the publisher, or the typographical skill of Belfast.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Remains of the late Rev. Alexander Fisher, Minister of Queen Anne-street Congregation, Dunfermline; with a brief Memoir of his life. By the Rev. J. Brown.—Edinburgh, W. Oliphant; Dublin, W. Curry and Co.

The Rev. Alexander Fisher, the deceased author of these Remains, was born at Chirnside, in Berwickshire, in 1802. He very early discovered a decided inclination to devote himself to the work of the ministry in the Scottish church, but the circumstances of his parents were such, that his father deemed it necessary to breed him to business; and he was accordingly apprenticed to a woollen draper, in Edinburgh. In 1815, when he had been for some time in this situation, the son of an intimate friend of his father's came to attend the University of Edinburgh, in the prospect of becoming a student of divinity in the Secession church. As young Fisher still retained a strong desire to follow, if possible, that course, he made an arrangement to wait upon this young friend every evening after the shop was shut, to receive instructions in the elements of the Greek language. He had already obtained some acquaintance with Latin before he went to business. During that winter he attended the Humanity class in the University, devoting to it, the hours he was allowed for his meals. When it became necessary for him to attend the Greek class, the hours of which would have interfered altogether with his business, his master kindly consented to remit the remainder of his apprenticeship, and thenceforward, he devoted himself undividedly, and with extreme ardour, to the prescribed course of literary and philosophical study, preliminary to the course of Divinity, upon which he entered in 1820. For five successive sessions or years, he attended the Divinity Hall, and acquitted himself in all the prescribed excercises, to the entire satisfaction of the professor of divinity and of the presbytery of Edinburgh. During this time, he wrote occasionally for some of the periodicals; he collected and edited a selection of striking passages from the works of writers on divinity, under the title, "Theological Gems," which has been frequently reprinted; and a memoir of Alexander Clark, which has reached a second edition.

The mode of procedure, with respect to ministers in Scotland, is, that when the divinity student has completed his course to the satisfaction of the presbytery to which he belongs, he is licensed to preach as a *probationer*, without being ordained, and in that capacity he remains, until called by some congregation to be their pastor, when he is ordained to that particular charge, by the imposition of hands, by several of the ministers of the same presbytery, and he is then said to be placed. Mr. Fisher's sermons, while a probationer, were much approved, and he soon received three several calls from large and respectable congregations. These calls were referred by the respective presbyteries, in whose bounds the congregations were, to the Synod, to decide which Mr. Fisher should accept: he himself expressed a strong disinclination to accept of the call from Dunfermline, arising from a conviction that he was unequal to the labours of so large a congregation, as he was in a very delicate state of health. To that congregation, nevertheless, he was appointed by the Synod, and he was accordingly, by the united associate presbytery of Dunfermline, solemnly set apart by prayer and the laying on of their hands, to the office of the holy ministry, and to the pastoral charge, on the 20th March, 1827.

As long as his health permitted, he appears to have been an active, energetic, and exemplary minister. A workman that maketh not ashamed—rightly dividing the word of truth—catechising the young, and visiting the sick. He died of consumption, on Saturday, the 26th of September last.

For him, we may humbly trust, that to die was gain, for it was to depart to be with Christ. The present volume of Remains, consists of eleven Sermons, two Lectures, six Communion Addresses, and part of a memoir of a deceased sister. Judging from these, we should say, Mr. Fisher was a man of sound sense, orthodox principles, and fervent piety.

Memoirs of Madame du Barri. Translated from the French. In 3 vols. vol. first, being the 29th volume of Autobiography.—London, Whittaker and Co.

The woman of whose professed memoirs we have here a middling translation, was the mistress of many men, and finally of Louis XV. She was also guillotined in the Revolution.—From the story of the preservation of the manuscripts related in the first chapter, it seems to us highly probable that the book has not even the questionable merit of authenticity; and, in any case, a retailer of the *liaisons* of a courtezan, has small claims upon our gratitude. The same individual translated Vidocq. As he is evidently but an indifferent French or English scholar, and seems to have a natural inclination for wallowing in the mire, we wish he would turn dustman, or scavenger, or take up some other honest and dirty calling, congenial to his nature, so as to pester us no more with the adventures of French thieves, or—vile persons of either sex.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The Edinburgh Review.—No. 100.

The centenary Number of the Edinburgh Review, has for its leading article a consideration of the works of two of our countrymen. These are, lectures on the philosophy of modern history, delivered in the University of Dublin, by Dr. Miller, then a fellow of T. C. D. and now master of the royal school of Armagh; and the Mahomedanism unveiled of Mr. Forster, chaplain to the learned and excellent bishop of Limerick. The critic says, "The object of our modified enquiry was, the nature and success of their providential commentary upon the earlier history of the Ottoman power and the Mahomedan religion. Two Irish writers have recently rushed into this field, with a fervour characteristic of their nation, and with a literary commissariat, well provided for pushing as far forward in their mysterious enterprise, as its nature will admit." But with this sneering compliment to the undeniable literary attainments of these authors, the favourable part of the critique, if even this can be so considered, terminates; the rest is a severe attack on all attempts to trace and point out the completion of the designs of Providence, in the events of history, which the reviewer characterises as an enthusiastic and unwarrantable presumption, abusing a solemn evidence of the christian faith, (prophecy,) into the prurient gratification of a disputatious and fanciful curiosity. We have already, in our notice of the last Quarterly Review, expressed our own opinion of the Rev. Mr. Forster's work, (the learning ingenuity and research of which, however, we willingly admit,) in terms of deprecation sufficiently strong. To Dr. Miller we think the Edinburgh Review has done very little justice. The reviewer selects a single chapter of his eight-volumed work, in order to make him the representative of a school of writers, against which he confesses, *a priori*, a prejudice of the strongest kind. We are as much opposed as any man can possibly be, to presumptuous tampering with Holy Scripture, and we are quite willing, so far as we ourselves are concerned, humbly to shut up the question in the wise saying of the prophet, who recorded for our learning that the things that are revealed are for us and for our children, but the hidden things belong unto God. There is much, however, in the article under consideration, that savours more of scoffing and abuse, than of pure religion or sound argument. It is very easy, and very unbecoming, to stigmatize the learned labours of two such clergymen as Dr. Miller and Mr. Forster, as a tissue of modern prophecies steaming from the vaticinatory tripod of a school of wild enthusiasts.

The second article of this Number, is an attack on Mr. Sadler, and a defence of political economy, a subject in which every body knows the Edinburgh peculiarly rejoices.

There are two papers on Geography, one Lieutenant Maw's Journal of a Passage across the Andes. The other, Sir Rufane Donkin, on the course of the Niger: on subjects of this nature, the Quarterly Review is immeasurably superior to the Edinburgh. An article on Etruscan Antiquities reveals very little that is novel on that most interesting subject.

The amusing articles of the Number are, the review of four works on Constantinople; viz. Captain Frankland, Madden, Dr. Walsh, and Mr. Macfarlane; Southey's Colloquies, and Walter Wilson's Memoirs of the Life and Times of Daniel Defoe, the well-known author of Robinson Crusoe, Moll Flanders, and many other exceedingly able, and some very blackguard books. We have heard twenty people say Defoe was a Frenchman. He was really the son of a butcher in St. Giles's, Cripplegate, in which parish he died in poverty and wretchedness, in the 70th year of his age.

On the whole, we think this is a good number of the Edinburgh, and does credit to the new Editor.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Mémorial de Sir Hudson Lowe, relatif à la captivité de Napoléon à Sainte-Hélène.—Paris, 1830.

(Concluded from our last.)

Of those fears of Napoleon, even in Saint Helena, entertained by the ancient governments of Europe, to which we adverted in our former notice of this curious book, the following conversation with the Marquis de Montchenu, whether real or not, is at least a humorous example:—

Gouverneur, me dit-il, croyez-vous être certain que Napoléon ne nourrit point la pensée de s' échapper?

Je ne le pense pas; d' ailleurs le pourrait-il? Sur quoi fondez-vous vos prévoyances? L' île est entourée de vaisseaux qui croisent à la portée du canon; Longwood est cerné par une garnison trois fois plus forte que la prudence la plus sévère pourrait l' exiger; des signaux continuels m' avertissent des moindres mouvements qui ont lieu dans la maison de Napoléon. Je vous le répète, monsieur le marquis, pourquoi craindrais-je une évasion?

Toujours mystérieux, M. de Montchenu fronça les lèvres en signe d' incrédulité, s' approcha de moi d' un air important, de me dit à demi-voix:—Certainement il est plus difficile de sortir d' ici que de l' île d' Elbe; mais qui peut dire que Napol on n' a pas un projet plus grand. Par exemple, de s' évader de l' île, non pour retourner en Europe par le même chemin d' où il est venu; mais par la Chine, en signant un traité offensif et défensif avec l' empereur régnant, auquel il promettrait d' agrandir ses états aux dépens de la Perse. Une fois en Perse, il grossirait les bataillons chinois des troupes persanes qu' on lui fournirait contre la Russie, qu' il serait sûr de vaincre en s' épaulant sur la Turquie par Constantinople. De Constantinople à Paris il n' y a rien pour un homme aussi entreprenant que Napol on. Les conséquences de cette conquête, je n' ai pas besoin de vous les dire: vous les comprenez; mais voyez l' imminence du danger auquel nous nous exposons en laissant auprès de Napoléon un domestique Lascar, ancien marin habitué à faire le trajet d' ici aux Indes comme vous et moi d' aller à Plantation-house. Il ne faut qu' un instant, un bateau et du courage!

Sir Hudson Lowe says, that here he burst into a fit of laughter, which indeed it would have been difficult to refrain from doing, yet in the real history, he seems to have sometimes acted upon principles scarcely less ridiculous, if he had any.

An occurrence, not much to his own credit, he is made to relate thus:—T' aurais dû, je le comprends aujourd' hui, j' aurais dû m' armer de patience, ainsi que j' en avais pris la resolution en arrivant dans l' île. J' aurais dû me forger à moi-même un cœur de fer et un front d' airain, pour rester moralement et physiquement impassibles aux outrages, dont l' exercice de mes fonctions cruelles, et mon obéissance toute fanatique aux ordres qui m' étaient transmis, devaient nécessairement me faire abreuver. Mais le naturel l' emporta; et, malgré le phlegme dont je me parais quelquefois, j' étais le plus souvent dans un tel état d' irritation, que tout mon système nerveux en souffrait horriblement. Ce fut à la suite d' un de ces emportements terribles, que le baron Sturmer me prenant le bras, me conduisit devant une glace, et qu' après m' avoir fait remarquer la hideuse lividité de mes traits et l' affreuse contraction de mes muscles, il s' écria—Regardez-vous, monsieur, et dites-moi ce que l' Europe penserait du sort de l' illustre prisonnier de Sainte-Hélène, si elle pouvait voir dans un pareil état l' homme à la garde duquel l' Angleterre a jugé à propos de confier Napoléon!

The death of Napoleon and the occurrences which took place at Saint Helena subsequently to his death, are also related, and the book ends with what professes to be an account of the treatment which Sir Hudson Lowe received since his return to Europe. It is not the most flattering description; his reception in England is given as follows: A' peine arrivé à Londres, je me présentai à la cour; mais si-tôt que je parus a Brighton, ce fut dans les salles du palais un murmure d' étonnement et d' horreur. A mesure que j' entrais, il se faisait une vide autour de moi; on eût dit qu' un cercle magique était tracé partout où je portais mes pas, et que nul n' osait y entrer pour ne pas partager les terribles effets de mon voisinage.

Lorsque je demandai à un grand dignitaire d' être admis en la présence du roi, il me reçut avec un dédain et un mépris qu' il ne se donna pas la peine de déguiser; puis, quelques jours après, il me fit repondre que Sa Majesté refusait de me voir. . . .

We have been informed, that such indeed was the manner in which he was received in Vienna, and that Francis of Austria not only refused to see the gaoler of his son-in-law, but signified to him, that it was his pleasure he should quit his capital as soon as might be.

His reception in France was cool and civil, but the most insulting event was in the Isle of France, where, on his return from Ceylon, he was pelted and abused, and only saved from the fury of an incensed mob, by the sailors of his ship, the Alexander. Whatever may have become in reality of Sir Hudson Lowe, we do not profess to know, but the following is the manner in which this pseudo-auto-biography disposes of him:—A peine arrivé en Angleterre, je me sauvai sur le continent, dans un asyle ignoré; je quittai le nom de Lowe; et sous celui de Hudson, je vis caché dans une petite ville, éloigné de ce tourbillon du monde et de la politique, où plût au ciel que je ne fusse jamais entré.——C' est de cet asyle obscur et inconnu que je jette au monde ces mémoires: ils sont incomplets sans doute; peut-être n' ai-je pas dit tout ce que j' aurais pu dire sur le captif dont la garde me fut confiée; mais au moins, dans ce que j' ai dit, on ne m' accusera pas de partialité. Certes je n' ai pas fait ici une justification: j' ai tout simplement conté des faits; et si j' ai cherché quelquefois à écarter un peu de moi cet opprobre dont le monde m' a couvert, ce n' a été que pour en faire une juste et légitime part à ceux qui la méritaient. Car, ainsi que je l' ai dit, si j' ai été l' acteur principal de ce drame odieux, d' autres en étaient les auteurs. Si les derniers instants du grand Capitaine ont été remplis par les chagrins, les tourments et peines de la plus dure captivité, c' est au ministre anglais, c' est aux puissances du continent, c' est à bien d' autres encore que je pourrais nommer, qu' il faut attribuer ces vexations.—Enfin, comme l' a dit Napoléon lui-même en parlant de moi, j' ai voulu dans ces notes, tronées précipitamment, rejeter sur mon gouvernement l' odieux de ma propre conduite. Y ai-je réussi? je le pense, moi: au reste que le lecteur en décide.

We shall follow the Ex-Governer's example, and leave our readers to draw their own conclusions of Sir Hudson Lowe and of his *Mémorial*, and merely remark, that the portrait prefixed, is of a piece with the book, giving the poor man, as we have before hinted, so much the look of an executioner, that it must recall to one's memory, Napoleon's fear of his poisoning a cup of coffee by his looks!

THE FOOTSTEPS ON THE SNOW.

There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

HAMLET.

. . . . . At length I started up, took a hurried farewell of the family, looked on her for the last time, and departed. It was a bitter night, and I had a long and dreary walk before me, as the snow lay thick and hard frozen on the ground. Notwithstanding, I did not long continue the rapid pace I had commenced with. A thousand mixed and contending emotions crowded on my mind; the general tenor of which, however, was not disagreeable. She appeared better than I had seen her for some time—her spirits were much higher, and what I could not remember without rapture, I was almost persuaded that she had returned a faint pressure when I had taken her hand. I began to flatter myself that her complaint was not so dangerous, so utterly hopeless, as we had fancied—that she had forgiven the offence, whatever it might have been, that had caused her long coolness. Never, since the day when she had first appeared estranged, had she shown me so much kindness. Again I fancied myself at her side; I pictured to myself a reconciliation warm as my love, and sincere as her own pure heart; and I indulged myself in hopes, never alas! to be realized. Wrapt in a reverie of such delight as none but a lover can know, I wandered on, unconscious of my path, till a sudden turn of the road presented to my eyes a scene of such beautiful surprise, as attracted my attention, meditative as I was. A long expanse of white and dazzling snow spread itself before me, partially illumined by a moon struggling through a sea of fleecy clouds. The advancing tide, which had been strongly ruffled by the breath of a harsh north-easter, was assuming a more tranquil appearance, as the wind sank to repose. Beyond was to be seen, though faintly, the distant line of mountains in all the desolate majesty of their winter drapery. Above and around, the gull was circling in the air, and mingling his scream with the wildly sweet cry of the curlew, and the distant call of the unseen crane; while the heavy and unceasing roll of the snow laden billow, was answering among the caverns of the rocks below. Seldom had I viewed a scene so awfully impressive, and the utter solitude and desolation of the prospect added to the effect. Not long, however, could it withdraw my mind from my reflections; I was relapsing fast into reverie, when my attention was suddenly and disagreeably roused by the sound of steps behind. I turned short, but no one was to be seen: I then imagined myself deceived by the beating of the sea, and passed on: again the steps were heard, and again I turned, still nothing was visible. It was impossible that I should not discover any person so near me, as the sound appeared to be: the moon-light, though not strong, was sufficiently so to enable me to distinguish objects at

a considerable distance, even if the snow had not thrown around a strong reflection. Once more I continued my way, and was still followed by the foot. I walked on for some time, alarmed at such an unaccountable circumstance. I turned several times, and still could see nobody. Surely, I thought, it is not possible that I am pursued by an invisible being?—my mind, naturally incredulous as to that point, cannot be deceived by an imagination heated by the late scene of excitement? It is impossible. I looked back, all was still again, nothing was to be seen but the well known features of the shore; nothing to be heard but the screams of the sea birds, mingled with the ceaseless plash of the waves. I stood for some time, till I began to think that I had been deceived by the echo of my own feet on the frozen snow. This inspirited me, and I proceeded, determined to persuade myself into this belief. In despite of this resolve, in despite of all the courage, the incredulity I could summon to my aid, I could not banish the feeling of awe inspired by the steps; they were too quick, too light, too near, to be the echo of my own heavy tread. I turned once more, and with desperation of purpose, demanded why I was thus pursued in silence? No answer was returned. The steps had ceased; and I was again alone in the desert silence of the night. Again I called aloud:—"Spirit, or mortal, whatsoever you be, answer, speak your purpose." All was still—I knew not what to think: was it possible, that, in despite of my unbelief, and as a punishment of it, I was visited by a being of another world? I was ashamed of the weakness, and struggled to get free from it, yet was it not true that the steps had been there? I could not be deceived, the sound was too distinct, too decided to be an illusion of the fancy. Should I, could I go on, and again be persecuted by this fearful mockery? were it even to front me, to give me an opportunity to oppose it—but to proceed with my back to a being unknown, invisible, and perhaps hostile, to be dogged by a fleshless spirit—it was too trying, too abhorrent to human nature; I could endure it no longer. I interrogated my pursuer once more, in vain, I then waited for some time, till at length shame and desperation lent me strength to proceed, not a little helped, perhaps, by the hope of my persecutor's departure. My hope was vain. There were again the unceasing appalling footsteps at my back. However, I went on, despairing of relief from stopping, and endeavoured to divert my attention to the subject of my former thoughts. The road favoured my wish, as I had often passed it to her house, sometimes with herself. I now also approached a part particularly endeared to me, by having accompanied her through it for the last time, previous to her fatal estrangement, when I almost dared to hope she had shewn me some marks of affection. I struggled to confine my thoughts to this subject, and partly succeeded; though I sometimes shuddered with horror as I fancied the breath of the phantom, alternately burning hot, and piercing cold on my neck. I soon, however, engaged myself so deeply in my recollections, as to forget my apprehensions for a time, when I was suddenly roused, penetrated, maddened, by a heavy distinct sigh, so near in tone to those I had heard from Marguerite, during her illness, that I rushed back, determined to obtain some solution of the mystery. In a moment I was satisfied—I saw what I shall never forget, were mine to be the duration of a world.

I had once seen her at church; she was standing with one arm round her infant sister, the other hand held the book of prayer; her dark deep eye was raised to the preacher above. A ray of sunlight had stolen in through the old ivied window, and was playing through her auburn hair, and over a brow of such dazzling whiteness, as I have never seen equalled. As she stood, her golden locks bathed in the bright glow of the sunbeam, and her attitude and look so mixed with tenderness to her darling sister, and tranquil devotion towards heaven, I could almost fancy her a seraph descended from her native skies, to watch over some gentle sister of humanity. It was thus that I wished to picture her to my heart: this was the image of my adoration. And now too—she was there! the same in beauty, in tenderness, save that, instead of the rich sunbeam, the moon's cold pure ray was on her brow, and her eye was fixed on me with such a look—for ever is it before my eyes. In the visions of the night, in the hours of darkness, it is there. When I awaken, it is the first object that meets my sight. Were it not for the remembrance of that one fond glance, how could I crawl on through this miserable existence. But I am wandering—I must return to my relation. Thus she stood before me, with her own native atmosphere of purity and innocence around her. In one moment my dreams of terror were fled. The cold chill of supernatural awe was banished. I only saw her—I only knew that she was present, and what should I dread? Were ages of pain sufficient to buy a renewal of my bliss at that moment, would I not willingly endure it? The smile on her lip spoke what I hardly dared ever to hope. I can tell no more distinctly, I can remember that I was at her feet, that she bent over me, and she spoke, and her breath was thrilling through my hair as she stooped. Were the sum of human language to be distilled by the chemist into one sentence, could it sink into my soul as those words? The heart has a memory of its own, distinct from the every day occurrences of life; mine was filled then, once and for ever. I knelt, as I have said, and the music of her voice was yet dwelling in my ears, when she ceased and stooped again to bless me—her cold icy finger touched my brow. It was not till then that the truth burst upon me—the unexpected delight of her presence had concealed the dreadful reality; but the chill impress of her touch revealed the whole. I shuddered, sunk upon the snow, and thought that the hour of death was come. Why did it not come? I had then enjoyed my last of happiness. I know no more—I had fallen at her feet, and all was mist and darkness.

I must have been long insensible, for when I awoke from this fearful trance, the morning air was beginning to breathe around; the moon had set, and all was cold, and gloomy, and cheerless: fit emblem of what lay before me. I was chilled and stiffened by the night air; but one glance around, and all was told. I started up, with that fearful vigour known to those only under the influence of despair like mine. I hurried to her house. The rush of the cataract, the breath of the whirlwind, could not surpass my fury. I thought not of the impropriety of the hour—madness—I thought of nothing. Alas! when I arrived, there needed no ceremony. The confusion of the house told all. Had I doubted—was not there her father, her sisters, her youthful brother, and who could ask a question? I hastened to her chamber, her mother was gazing on the work of the spoiler—worse than all, her infant sister, the cherished of her heart, had stolen into the room, had taken her clay-cold hand, and was calling on Marguerite, and wondering at her silence. I knelt, touched her hand with my lip for the first—last time; I severed one of her auburn tresses, took one last look, and saw her no more. This was the beginning and the close of my earthly happiness—now I am alone.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, March 8th.

Two volumes of much interest have been published this week, viz: the first volume of Travels in Astracan and the Caucasus, by Count Polocki, and the third volume of Caillié's travels. The first mentioned, contains some very curious particulars of the natural curiosities, and of the customs and manners of the inhabitants of those countries; but the limits of a letter do not permit me to give extracts. Caillié's volume is much more curious and interesting than the two preceding ones, and it is due to this enterprising traveller, who has been by many regarded as an impostor, to state, that it contains documents signed by local authorities, which *seem* to confirm fully, the fact of his having visited the places which he describes. The second volume of these travels in English, has not, I understand, yet been published by Messrs. Colburn and Bently, owing to a disappointment which they experienced, as to getting over the work in the sheets as it went through the press: but it will, of course, soon make its appearance.

M. Victor Hugo's tragedy of Hernani is still a great favourite, notwithstanding the improbabilities of the story and the blustering tone of much of the dialogue. The name of the author, and a few poetic touches which mark the master hand, have obtained for the production a popularity greater than it deserved. As a Melo-Drama, it would have been interesting, and so it seems the English think, for I hear that two translations for the London theatres are already in hand.

It is, I believe, pretty generally known, that M. Arago, the celebrated astronomer, has been for some years making observations on the spots upon the Sun's Disc, with a view to determine the degree of influence, (if any,) which they excercise upon the temperature of the earth. In order to make these observations useful, it was necessary to obtain information from eminent astronomers in other climates, and if M. Arago had succeeded in this, he would have been able to supply a very interesting addition to our astronomical knowledge; but I regret to state that M. A. has been so much disappointed in his expectation of assistance from abroad, that he abandons all hope of completing his work.

Some curious statistical tables have just been made out, by order of the Minister of the Interior. Having been favoured with a sight of them, and allowed to take extracts, I shall from time to time give you such as I think of general interest. At present I will only give you an account of the number of suicides committed annually in the department of the Seine. You will see from it, that self-destruc-

tion is quite as extensive in this part of France, as it is (the difference of population being considered) in England. It is as follows:—

	Men.	Women.	Total.
1817	255	116	351
1818	192	138	330
1819	250	126	376
1820	211	114	325
1821	236	112	348
1822	206	111	317
1823	262	128	390
1824	239	132	371
1825	272	124	396
1826	333	178	511
Average number annually.	244	128	372

There were not less than nine candidates for the honorable title of Foreign Member of the Paris Academy of Sciences, vacant by the death of Sir Humphry Davy. These were Mr. Dalton, M. Bessel, Blumenbach, Robert Brown, Debuch, Lefly, O'Ersted, Plana, and Summering. At the last sitting of the Academy, a ballot took place for the supply of the vacancy. There were 52 voters, of whom 42 were for Mr. Dalton, who was consequently declared duly elected. At this sitting, M. Geoffroy Saint Hilaire read a paper in reply to one by M. Cuvier, in which M. Geoffroy contends for the principle of the Unity of the Composition of Animals, or in other words, that all animals result from one similar system of composition.

I mentioned some time since, that a society had been formed for the encouragement of the art of engraving. I am now sorry to say, that the patrons of this society are not yet sufficiently numerous to enable the directors to command any large engravings, but they have ordered several small ones, and it is expected that before another year shall have elapsed, the promotion of the art in France, by this company, will produce very satisfactory results, at present it is generally very much beneath that of England.

The Prince of Cobourg is expected here with some anxiety, by the friends of science, as it is expected that he will request some of the distinguished men who were lately in Greece, making researches for the French government, to accompany him when he goes to take possession of his new sovereignty. His Royal Highness, who is an excellent Botanist, has made very tempting offers to a gentleman who has studied the art closely in Greece. As a patron of the Arts and of Science generally, much is expected from this Sovereign.

London, March 9.

The medical gentlemen, who were present at M. Chabert's last exhibition, still affect to be very sceptical as to the antidote which he pretends to have discovered against prussic acid; but they admit that he is in possession of some secret as to the taking of phosphorus with impunity. These medical men, however, have little to boast of, in the way of triumph, over M. Chabert, for there never was a more lamentable display of deficiency of chemical knowledge, than they made on Saturday. It is really astonishing that so much ignorance should be manifested with respect to the qualities and powers of a poison, which, as a medicine, in right hands, might be one of great utility. The only member of the profession who appears to have devoted much attention to the subject is Dr. Granville, who first introduced the poison into this country as a medicine. This gentleman denies, and, as I know from several experiments, truly, that even in its most concentrated state, it has the extraordinary power over the human frame, which some persons have pretended, and he relates instances of enormous doses being taken without causing death. At present medical knowledge is so divided on this point, that physicians rarely order the acid, or do so in doses which cannot ensure success, lest this should overstep prudence, and cause serious injury. I have lately read an authentic account of a German physician, who, with a view to ascertain its effects upon the system, took, after gradually measured doses, a large tea spoonful of the acid at one time. It seems that this gentleman had an antidote; for, after taking each dose, and before he quitted his house, he put in a prominent part of his person a paper containing instructions as to what was to be done in the event of his being affected. On the last occasion he had walked the length of a street before he was at all affected, he then suddenly fell to the ground and was horribly convulsed. The spectators came up, and seeing the paper, took him to a neighbouring chemist, where his instructions were followed, and he rapidly recovered. It is much to be regretted that these instructions were not made public. As a remedy for dyspepsia, some very striking cases are mentioned by Dr. Granville.

You will see by the newspapers, what a sad exhibition Kean made last night at Drury-lane Theatre. His memory seemed to be much injured—he scarcely ever spoke without the aid of a prompter. After enduring the hisses of the audience for a long time, he came forward, and with looks half suppliant, half contemptuous, implored indulgence. It was a painful sight, I hope never to witness another such, of so great an actor as Kean has been.

There is nothing to notice in Literature. We are all expectation for Moore's Byron, which however, will not, it is said, be ready for some weeks.

Cork, 10th.

Whatever is vitally connected with the literary and scientific improvement of Ireland, will, I am certain, gain, a ready admission into the columns of the Dublin Literary Gazette, I therefore do not hesitate to call the public attention through so effective a channel to an establishment, which has, during a period of twenty years, contributed largely to the increase of useful knowledge in this country. The Cork Royal Institution owes its rise to the spirited exertions of some gentlemen of superior attainments, who, actuated by a wish to render scientific instruction available to the common purposes of life, obtained a charter, incorporating themselves into a society, which, by the aid of an annual grant, was enabled to labour with effect towards this desirable end. It has supported professors in agriculture, natural philosophy, natural history, and chemistry, and maintained a museum, and an extensive library of well selected books. A few years ago it was enriched by a collection of valuable casts, the gift of his present Majesty. From these advantages, in which the public were liberally invited to participate, has arisen the most striking improvement. Every art subservient to the necessities, or instrumental in the embellishment of society, has been carried to a high degree of perfection; genius has been fostered, industry aided, and ingenuity refined. The young have been inspired with emulation, and the aged excited to applause. Such are the benefits which have resulted from the Institution, and it is just to appeal to the obvious proofs which the city and county of Cork so abundantly display, because, in common with much more that deserves respect, it has not been able to escape the shafts of unprovoked malice, or silence the clamours of unmerited opposition. It has been condemned for inutility, because the prejudices of ignorance sometimes yielded slowly to its influence, and reviled for illiberality because it withheld accommodation, for which unreasonable expectation could alone have created a demand. In the merits or the faults of its management, the public, however, it appears too probable, are to be but little interested for the future. The committee of the House of Commons, appointed during the last session of parliament to investigate the Irish miscellaneous estimates, have recommended the withholding, after the present year, of the grant by which it has been hitherto supported; and, in anticipation of the expected reduction, its officers have been dismissed, its lectures suspended, and the sphere of its utility reduced almost to nothing. How far that policy is to be commended, which, under any circumstances, effects a petty retrenchment, with the loss of much mental cultivation, must always be a question. If the exigencies of the state demand the sacrifice, we must be content to sigh in silence over so lamentable a necessity. To many, it however, has not failed to occur, that it is not well to check the spread of knowledge for the calls of penurious economy; that an enlightened population render back to the state by various means, the wealth which has been bestowed on their instruction; and that, in the present state of the world, the best security of every government is found in the encouragement it yields to all that may enlighten the minds and raise the character of its subjects. In defiance, therefore, of the threatened reduction, some gentlemen have proposed the formation of a provincial college, for the regulations of which the charter of the Royal Institution may serve as a foundation; and the Irish government, with a zeal which does it honour, has complied with a request, made by a deputation of distinguished personages, that it would forward a recommendation of some such establishment. Whether the views of the projectors are practicable, we may be permitted to doubt, so far as regards the adaptation of a ground work framed for one institution, to another so different in its nature; but it must be admitted that their public spirit and exertion deserve the thanks of society at large, and the peculiar esteem of the province of Munster, for the immediate benefit of which it is intended. The national establishments for education which exist in Ireland, are by far too limited in number, to answer the demands upon them. On all hands, we find the facilities for disseminating learning increase, and the time has unquestionably arrived, when the second city of Ireland should no longer want the means of educating the youth of the surrounding province. Yet however entitled to hope for the assistance which has been so anxiously demanded, the people of the South of Ireland will justly forfeit their claim upon the aid of government, should they by their supineness fail in due co-operation. At a meeting of the Cork institution, in which the college scheme

was suggested, an individual of wealth and talent, proposed to call upon the gentlemen of the province for their assistance, nobly tendering on his own part a munificent donation. This proposal should be adopted. The advantages are too great to be overlooked. Nor is it to be doubted, that a liberal private subscription would immediately be raised in furtherance of the object, which the state would then feel itself more imperatively called on to support.

T.

A FRENCH AND IRISH AUDIENCE.

In Paris there are thirteen principal theatres, all of which are respectably attended throughout the year. There, when the performance commences, all is hushed, and no individual ventures to disturb the rest of the audience.—A father can safely carry his family to the theatres without fearing any personal remarks, or being shocked by the utterance of oaths and imprecations. The manager is never obliged to appear in the middle of the scene to appease the gods, for all seem to have assembled solely to enjoy the entertainment. On entering also at the pit and galleries, the regulations are deserving of notice and of imitation. The crowd ranges itself in a regular line, *la queue*, as it is termed, and waits, with the utmost patience, for the order of succession; so strictly are these regulations observed, that many persons obtain a livelihood by the following *ruse*; they go at an early hour, frequently at three o'clock, and hold their places until others who have arrived late, purchase them. Although a considerable distance may intervene, no difficulty attends this transfer, there being no pressure from those behind.

Let us now glance for a moment at the Dublin theatre. It is scandalous to witness the anarchy that exists there. Few nights pass without an uproar. The upper gallery commands the house; and the company, and the respectable portion of the audience, lie completely at its mercy. Its inmates delight only in disturbing the rest; no character is safe; they single out some person present, and hold him up to ridicule, obliging him frequently to retire.—Indecent language is often used, and ladies naturally absent themselves from such scenes of riot, confusion, and depravity. Before we proceed farther, let us enquire from some lover of the drama, if this picture be exaggerated—does it not occur night after night? If, then, such abuses exist, and are tolerated, is it surprising that the stage should be neglected? Some will say, that it is difficult to reform long continued abuses—strike boldly, is the answer. Let it be once known that the rioters will be punished, and that any one disturbing the audience by personalities, or other means, will be seized in the act, and punished, and we will venture to predict an amelioration. The gallery ruffian will then seek some other field to exercise his turbulent spirit, and the box absentees will probably return. We venture to affirm that few have more natural taste for the drama, than the people of this nation, and yet, the capital contains but one theatre, which is rarely filled once a fortnight. We are then naturally led to investigate the cause of this fact; and though it may depend on more than one, we imagine that the foregoing is the principal. In citing the example of the French stage, it is hoped it may not be concluded that the writer is one who returns to his country enamoured of every thing foreign; on the contrary, he is passionately attached to his native city, and offers these observations solely for its interest. If the theatre be deserted, it is not owing to an inefficient company; for, generally speaking, our Dublin managers have performed their duty with considerable spirit. A portion of the audience have been instrumental in damping the public taste, and a reform in that quarter is an indispensable preliminary to its revival.

THE DRAMA.

Mr. Macready has continued to enact most of his favourite characters at our theatre during the past week. On Tuesday evening, Henry V. was performed, in which he represented the hero of Agincourt, whom Shakespeare has depicted with such singular felicity. Indeed the whole play is replete with the deepest interest, especially to those who delight in recalling the recollection of the proudest period of British history, reflecting as it does, on the mimic scene, the chivalrous deeds of our ancestors, at a time when every bosom, from the king to the peasant, glowed with patriotic ardour.—We have only to say of Mr. Macready, that he was "every inch a king," and whether we regard him as the warlike monarch, at the head of his armies, or the ardent lover pleading his suit with the Princess Katharine, he is alike entitled to all the praise we can accord.

On Thursday evening, a new Pantomime which was produced in London with much success, called, "Harlequin and Cock Robin," was performed for the first time here. Messrs. Paulo, Ellar, and Sutton, exerted themselves most efficiently, and some of the illusions displayed, were very ingeniously contrived.—The scenery confers infinite credit on the artist, Mr. Phillips. We particularly noticed a truly sublime view of the ruins of an abbey and church-yard by moonlight. A beautiful Diorama is likewise introduced, in which are represented, views of the most romantic spots in the neighbourhood of Windsor Castle. Much trouble and expense must have been incurred in the production of this piece, and we trust the lessee may not go unremunerated.

MUSIC.

We were happy to see a highly fashionable and numerous assemblage at the Concert given by the Messrs. Herrmann, on the 5th instant, being the second which has taken place since their arrival in this city. The selection of Music, both vocal and instrumental, consisted, as on the former occasion, of the productions of foreign Composers, all of which were most effectively executed; whether we consider the merits of the Messrs. Herrmann, with reference to their combined efforts, or respectively, they are equally entitled to our warmest encomiums. We apply those remarks, however, more particularly to their instrumental performances, in which they embody a style at once pure and chaste, with execution of the most finished order.

The Concert commenced with an instrumental quartette, by Mozart, which was not the most effective that might have been chosen from the works of that sublime composer, it was, however, succeeded by a solo of *Sphor's*, for the violin, which was performed by Mr. Zeugheer Herrmann, who was truly felicitous in giving effect to the superior elegance and refined taste which every where breathes through the composition of this eminent master; indeed we should be inclined to imagine, from the peculiarity of Mr. Herrmann's style, particularly in *Cantabile* passages, which he executes with exquisite delicacy and the most perfect intonation, that if not actually a pupil of Sphor's, his studies have been chiefly directed to the works of that talented individual. We also admired a beautiful Fantasia from the *Preciosa* of *Weber*, for the violin and Violincello, by Messrs. Z. and L. Herrmann, in which two voices occasionally joined. We, however, thought the effect of the latter deteriorated by the too powerful predominance of the instrument.

A comic vocal quartette by Haydn, called the Cats Fugue! was next introduced, with a novel and fantastic effect, in which the performers exhibited such feline characteristics, as would lead us to believe they had studied in our dormitory, where the children of Grimalkin, almost nightly favor us with a strain differing only by the absence of any system of harmony, from that given by the Messrs. Herrmann.—The principal feature in the second act of the Concert was a solo on the Violincello by Mr. L. Herrmann, which was applauded *Una Voce*; the air was the production of Carraffa, with variations by Merk, of a character well calculated to try the capabilities of the best performer, and it is not too much to say of Mr. Herrmann that he acquitted himself in a manner fully deserving the approbation with which his efforts were rewarded—his tone is remarkable for its volume and richness, and he executes the most difficult passages with a masterly hand. We particularly admired his taste in the performance of those parts where *sostenuto* is required, and in the finale of the piece he infused a vigour and powerful modification of tone which is always the offspring of intense feeling.—*Lutzov's* Wild Chase closed the entertainment of the evening, which was the most delightful we have spent in a Concert-room for some time.

HIBERNIANA.—No I.

The circumstance of Thomas the 6th, Earl of Desmond, having, by his marriage with a person of inferior station, excited the hatred of his family and followers, by whom he was stripped of his title and estates, has already been made the subject of a beautiful love-song, by our great lyrist, Moore. The following verses, of a different character, as well as inferior merit, were suggested by the same circumstance,* coupled with the subsequent misfortunes and ultimate ruin of that noble branch of the Geraldines, who, not content with being the wealthiest subjects of the British crown, engaged in ambitious struggles with the power that aggrandized them, which ended not only in the loss of their title and immense possessions, but in the very extinction of their race.

The name of the lady with whom this unhappy union was formed, was Catharine MacCormac; and it should, perhaps, be again stated in this place, that she owed her unfortunate elevation to the accident of the Earl having been obliged to accept of her father's hospitality, w[illegible]n benighted after a hunting

* It is, however, but justice to the writer to mention that these lines were penned long before Mr. Moore's song on the subject appeared.—Ed.

party among the mountains of Tralee. The Earl died in exile at Rouen, in Normandy, and his body was interred in a Convent of Friars preachers in Paris, where his funeral, it is said, had the honour of being attended by the king of England.

THE CURSE OF DESMOND.

"That I've loved thee, my Kathleen, how well may I
"boast,
"For that love, a home, country and friends, I have lost;
"I have lost for that love, a proud Earl's domain—
"But oh! thus I'd lose all—again, and again!

"That I've suffer'd, I care not—thou know'st that to me,
"No grief would be bitter, save parting with thee;
"But yet for the wrongs that our sons will sustain,
"A deep deadly curse on my foes shall remain.

"May the pride that has blasted us, still be their own,
"Make them hated while living—unwept for when gone:
"May the glory they covet, be but as a breath—
"And their valour but lead them to ruin and death!"

Thus spoke Desmond's Earl—and sad was the day
When he died—from the green isle he loved far away:
On his kindred lay heavy the curse that he gave,
Till the last of the Geraldines sunk in the grave!

P.

ENTRY OF JAMES II. INTO DUBLIN.

It was on the 24th day of March, 1689, that James Stuart, the seventh of that ill-fated name who held the sceptre of Scotland, and the second who ruled England and Ireland, made his triumphal entry into the ancient city of Dublin.

Ireland had not seen a king of England on her shores since the days of John, and the one who now appeared, came, not on a visit of state, or merely to receive the homage due to his dignity, but to contest in arms, with his rival, this the only part of his dominions which had adhered to him. For though the valour of the viscount of Dundee, the enthusiasm of such Highland clans as followed him to the field, and some troops dispatched by Tyrconnel from Ireland, served to make a considerable diversion in favour of James, still it was evident that the majority of the people of Scotland were favourable to the revolution.

Every effort had been made by the leaders of the jacobite party, now the ruling one in Ireland, to give an imposing air to the entrance of their unhappy sovereign, into the only capital, which still hailed him as her king. The entire of the way leading from the place where exiled Royalty first came within the city, to the castle, was lined with soldiers; the streets themselves were newly sanded for the occasion; the balconies of the citizens were hung with tapestry and cloth of arras, and filled with all the loveliness and grace of a town, which, for female beauty, in comparison to its extent, has always, stood unrivalled.

In a carriage preceding the king, bearing the sword of state, sat Richard Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel; James himself, mounted on a gallant charger, wearing the decorations of the garter, with the Earl of Granard, and Lord Powis on his right, and the Duke of Berwick, and Lord Melfort on his left, advanced amid the plaudits of the multitude.

On approaching that part of the town, called then, as it is now, the Liberty, a silken canopy was erected over the way, and here by far the most interesting part of the pageant appeared. Forty young and beautiful maidens, selected from the different convents in Dublin, clad in white silk, and bearing baskets filled with flowers in their hands, joined the procession; and walking immediately before His Majesty, strewed the contents of their baskets on his path, the rest of the way to the castle. The bands of the different regiments played the well known jacobite tune, of "the king shall have his own again," while the people rent the air with shouts of God save the King, long live King James.

M. B.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE DEITY.

"Thy way is in the sea, and thy paths in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known."
"Why hidest thou thy face from me?"—*Psalms.*

Tell me, ye seas that boundless roll,
Ye ocean caves profound:
Hold ye creation's mighty soul,
A captive, prison-bound?
Are ye the dread abode
Of Him, the present God?

Hoarse murmured ocean's heaving breast,
"He dwells not in our crystal caves—
He walks not on our pathless waves:
For Him they flow, for Him they rest:
His they are, and are to be,
Till Time o'ertake Eternity!"

Tell me, thou fiercely rushing wind,
Ye cloudy halls on high;
Hold ye creation's sovereign mind,
A captive in the sky?
Sits He in your dark abode,
The thunder-crowned God.

Loud spake the voices of the storm—
"No home hath here creation's King!
He rides the wind on fiery wing
The thunders flee His dread right arm:
For Him they speak—for Him are still;
They own and work the Godhead's will!"

Answer me, thou, life-teeming Earth,
And ye bright worlds above;
Who sang creation's dawning birth—
Hold ye the Lord of light and love:
And are your burning rays,
His glory's shadowed blaze?

Forth shouted Earth, forth sang each star,
"Not here the great Jehovah's throne—
Not here abides the Mighty One!
We sing his praise from pole to pole,
But hold not here creation's soul."

Mysterious Power! unconfined
By earth or heaven's decree:
Ah! how may mortals, frail and blind,
Uplift their hope to thee?
Thick darkness robes thee round,
Where may's't thou, Lord, be found?

Then answered He the unseen mind—
"Go, mortal! span infinitude,
Or grasp the sun-beams blazing flood:
Go! stay the seas, or chain the wind,
They own they work their Maker's will:
Repent, adore, and be thou still!"

K. S. R.

LIFE LIKENESSES.

I stood and eyed a rushing stream
Speeding, like some uncertain dream,
Away, we know not where;
I mark'd gay foam-bells start in pride,
And glittering across it glide—
Light things of faithless air!
A breath play'd o'er the streamlet's face,
They perish'd in their whirling race.

Deep in a shaded mossy dell
A fountain rose with gentle swell,
Translucent and serene;
Silent o'er its tranquillity
I bent—a face smiled back on me,
Where care had seldom been;
Peace smoothed its youthful brow, its eye
Beamed meekly with untroubled joy.

I thought on my own days of youth,
When mine were innocence and truth,
And hopes around me smiled;
I sigh'd—the fountain-mirror shook,
And changed was that bright vision's look,
Its features writhed and wild;
By turns grief, misery, despair,
Dark'ning like autumn-clouds, were there.

I stood upon the ocean's shore,
Waveless it lay—hushed was its roar—
As some fair child may be,
When the faint feeling of a dream
Spreads o'er its cheek a smiling gleam—
So slept that silent sea:
The storm-voice on its slumbers broke,
The wild, the terrible, awoke.

'Twas midnight; on the deep blue sky
I gazed—no cloud-speck met mine eye
Veiling the feeblest star;
Queen-like, amid her radiant train,
The bright moon o'er her wide domain
Was journeying afar:
But tempest gloom came rolli. forth,
Black, bursting from the turbid North.

And such is Life's strange fitful dream—
A foam-bell on a rushing stream,
A fountain's placid form;
The calm smile of the treach'rous sea,
The night-heaven's still solemnity
Ere wakes the maddening storm:
Hope's meteor lures, bursts, leaves our path,
Beset with fears, and woes, and death!

W. M. RETHERINGTON.

THE LAUREL WREATH.

Let wayward lovers fret and pine,
And brittle vows of fondness breathe;
A nobler, purer love is mine—
I languish for a laurel wreath.
When youth and strength have pass'd away,
And rusts the sword within its sheath,
'Tis soothing to recal the day
That crown'd us with a laurel wreath.

Long have I sought, by flood and field,
A chaplet for this scar-seam'd brow;
I toil in vain—my dinted shield
And wounds are all my trophies now:
Yet when I fall, write o'er my grave,
A Roman noble rests beneath;
His life was spent amidst the brave—
He lost it for—a laurel wreath!

THE LATTICE.

I loved to pass the lattice where,
There rose young voices on the air;
And three fair sisters wont to be,
Whose glad light laugh, and minstrelsy,—
And playful smiles, and braided hair—
Told of young hearts untouched by care.
There was one with brow as purely pale,
As the lily flower, which loves the vale;
But is sought and culled, when the radiant rose,
In its far seen bower unheeded shows:
Her's was a calm, and quiet smile,
Befitting maid of western isle.
Rosalia's was the cheek of rose,
The eye that flashes, lip that glows—
The bright and beaming witchery
Which once seen, haunts the memory.
The youngest had a dove-like face,
For which earth seemed no resting place.
They lov'd to gaze on the glad blue sky,
To list to the wild wood melody.
Oh! 'tis when viewed through the crystal springs,
Of young, untam'd, imaginings;
And only then earth wears the hue,
It wore when the first pair roam'd it through:
As thus they viewed, their day rolled on,
Some new bliss shining o'er every one.

* * * *

How quickly in a southern clime,
The hours will glide unmarked by time:
Lovely the sound of the soft guitar,
In the orange groves of the climes afar;
But the land I left—its bowers shaded
Forms which ne'er from memory faded,
And when again I hailed that land,
My first thought was of their smiles so bland:
I could not rest for the three so fair—
And they soon were sought, and found—but where?
There was an aged and broad oak tree,
They had played around in infancy;
Now its foliage waved o'er a place of death—
Two sisters calmly slept beneath;
And one, was laid in a marble tomb,
Afar from those who had watch'd her bloom.
'Tis true I once had heard the tale,
Of how young Marian's cheek grew pale,
From the hour her lover left the shore,
The dark north-ocean to explore—
Of how her bodings were not vain—
He never reached that shore again.
But she looked so calm, when it passed awhile,
Reflecting each fond sister's smile
So blandly—that, I could not trow
The canker-worm was at work below.
Rosalia wept, her tears were dried,
By a stately youth who bore his bride
Far from the scenes that would recall
The lost loved one, to his own fair hall;
And she was fondly cherished there—
A fairy form, worshipped where'er
Her footsteps strayed, for the dazzling glow
Of her wit, and her mirth's wild joyous flow;
But she too passed—the lofty tomb
Records the fate of her bright bloom:
The morn to her arms her first-born gave—
The night, saw her robed for the silent grave.
And she the last young lonely one,
Oh! how they watched her every tone
And look, when first 'twas feared decay
Was aiming at so fair a prey.

They bore her to a milder clime,
She was so young, 'twas thought, that time
Might ward the threatened ill—but she
Was haunted by the memory
Of the home she left—and prayed to die—
Beneath the clouds of her native sky.

The odorous gush of countless flowers,
Was streaming thro' her native bowers,
When, after months in a foreign shade,
The western breeze 'mid her bright curls played.
Alas! those bowers, once filled with glee,
And laughter, and wild minstrelsy:
They were so sadly silent now,
She shuddered when the wind waved a bough;
She looked but once on the lattice, where
The loved rose-tree, once Marian's care,
Flaunted its red buds joyously,
Though Marian was not there to see;
And the fair young mourner weeping so,
She did not look on its next sprig blow:
She died away one noontide hour,
When the sun was lighting up leaf and flower;
As if no fair and lovely thing,
Was on earth's bosom withering.

A. W.

This is, alas! no 'fancy sketch:' it contains, with very little embellishment, a record of the fate of three young and lovely girls, who, but a short time since, adorned this city.

LITERARY NOVELTIES, &c.

We understand that an additional volume is about to be added to the Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott.—It will consist principally, we believe, of Dramas, among which will be included two that have not yet been published, namely, 'The Ayrshire Tragedy,' and the 'Doom of Devorgoil.' These, along with 'Goetz of Berlinsingen,' 'Halidon Hill,' 'Macduff's Cross,' and the 'House of Aspen,' complete the list of Sir Walter's dramatic efforts.

The History of an Enthusiast, the History of an Enerve, and the History of a Misanthrope, by Maria Jane Jewsbury, will shortly be published. The Hon. Mrs. Norton, the daughter of Mrs. Thomas Sheridan, is about to publish a poem on a sacred subject, to be called the Undying one. A sheet has recently been published, containing all the books and prints, good, bad, and indifferent, that have been issued by various London publishers, from the 1st January, to 31st December, 1829. It is a curious and amusing document: in looking over it, one is astonished that so many works could ever have found readers, much less purchasers. We confess, however, that we have been thus introduced to a considerable portion of them for the first time, and recommend the brochure to the attention of the curious.

Two volumes of Burckhardt's valuable works, in addition to the three already published, are nearly ready;—these will complete the literary labours of that celebrated traveller—one being the result of his residence among those extraordinary people, the Bedouins and Wahabys of Arabia; the other an illustration of the remarkable customs, manners, and opinions of the modern Egyptians—derived from their own proverbial sayings current at Cairé, where our lamented author died: and the volumes, we doubt not, are, like all Burckhardt's other works, replete with curious and authentic information, and will afford a multiplicity of interesting and entertaining anecdotes. A second edition of Montgomery's new poem, Satan; and also an eleventh edition of the Omnipresence of the Deity: Frederick von Schlegegel's Philosophy of History; with an Historical and Critical Notice of the Author, and of German Literature generally; by Francis Shulte, (by subscription:) Partings and Meetings, a Tale founded on Facts: Letters on the Physical History of the Earth, addressed to Professor Blumenbach, by the late J. A. de Luc, F.R.S. Professor of Philosophy and Geology at Gottingen, translated from the French; with a vindication of the Author's Claims to Original Views, in regard to some Fundamental Points in Geology; by the Rev. Henry de la Fite, M.A.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

We have received some severe ratings for quoting so much French, under the head of Foreign Literature; in our simplicity we had supposed that tongue as familiar to all our readers as the vernacular. The warnings came too late for this week; but we shall not much offend in this kind again. We regret we are not skillful enough to instruct the lady in the matter of the tinted papers. We should be very glad to hear again from S. G. D. We must plead our usual excuse to the rest of our numerous Correspondents.

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OR

WEEKLY CHRONICLE OF CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES, AND FINE ARTS.

No. 12. SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1830. PRICE 9*d*.

FINE ARTS.

On the past and present state of the Fine Arts in Ireland.

No. III.

THE complete restoration of the Fine Arts in Italy, towards the close of the 15th century—an event which had so great an influence in promoting the civilization of the western world, was for a long time but little felt in Ireland. The soil, in fact, was not yet fitted for the seeds that might accidentally be dropped in it, in this country. England, even as early as the reign of Henry the Seventh, derived some honour from giving employment to the eccentric and skilful painter Mabuse; and in the following reign deserved far greater glory for its extensive patronage of the Fine Arts. The last Henry endeavoured even to tempt the divine Raphael, and Titian the prince of colourists, from the parent country of Art, and actually succeeded for a while in fixing the celebrated Florentine sculptor, Peter Torregiano, among the English *beasts*, as Cellini tells us that renowned sculptor with the noble countenance used to call them—but above all, Henry had the merit of appreciating the rare talents of Holbein, and of rewarding them with a munificence worthy of a prince. Even the brief and bloody reign of Mary was rendered in some degree illustrious, by her patronage of Sir Antonio More, and the glorious one of her sister Elizabeth, gave employment to the genius of De Heere, Ketel, Frederick Zucchero, with Hilliard and Oliver, the miniature painters, and a crowd of other artists of scarcely inferior merit. During all these periods, and indeed till the Augustan age of the first Charles, no name of any artist of note can be discovered in Ireland, and but faint traces of any regard for Art. Is this to be wondered at? or, on the contrary, should it not excite a pleasing surprise in the mind, to discover that any the smallest flowers of taste had blossomed, in a region desolated so long by continued storms of anarchy and civil war.

We have still in existence a very interesting example of the sculpture of this age—a statue of the Virgin and child, the size of life, carved in Irish oak: it is preserved in the new church of the Carmelites in Whitefriar-street. The style of this curious monument is dry and gothic—yet it has considerable merit, far too much indeed, to allow us to suppose it a work of Irish art. We rather attribute it to some able carver of Albert Durer's school, to whose time and style it unquestionably belongs, and we should not deem it very unlikely even to be an early work of that great master's own hand.

There are some circumstances relative to the preservation of this statue, preserved by tradition, which have not hitherto appeared in print, and which may probably interest the reader. It was originally the distinguished ornament of St. Mary's Abbey, at the north side of Dublin, where it was not less an object of religious veneration, than of wonder and admiration for its beauty. Its glory, however, was but of short duration. The storm of the reformation came—the noble religious structure to which it appertained was given to the Earl of Ormonde for stables for his train, and the statue was condemned, and, as it was supposed, consigned to the flames. One half of it was actually burnt—but it was that moiety which to a Saint is perhaps not absolutely indispensable, and which, at least when placed in a niche, is not much missed: the other half was carried by some devout or friendly hand to a neighbouring Inn yard, where with the face buried in the ground, and the hollow trunk appearing uppermost, it was appropriated, for concealment and safety, to the ignoble purpose of a hog-trough! In this situation it remained till the tempest had subsided, and the 'noble rage' of the Iconoclasts had passed away, when it was restored to its original uses in the humble chapel of Mary's parish, which had grown up from the ruins of the great monastery to which the statue had originally belonged. But in the long night of its slumber in obscurity, a great change had taken place in the spirit of the times, more dangerous to its safety than even the abhorrence of its iconoclastic enemies:—no longer an object of fervent adoration to the pious devotee, or of admiration to any except the curious antiquary, it was considered of little value by its owners. Within the last few years—the ancient silver crown with which it was adorned, was taken from the Virgin's head, sold for its intrinsic value as old plate, and melted down;*—and the statue itself would most probably have followed the fate of its coronet, had it not been rescued and secured for a trifling sum by the worthy prior of the convent in which it is at present deposited.

In the same church of the Carmelites, there are two other statues of coeval age, which will give a juster notion of the taste of our ancestors in sculpture at that period. They are figures of the Virgin and child, and of St. Francis, both utterly barbarous.

If, however, our progress in taste was but languid in comparison with that of our neighbours, yet it was decidedly an advancement of which the footsteps are still discernible. A gradual improvement may be marked in our monumental sculpture from the commencement of the 16th century, to the reign of James the First, when with the restoration of the classic orders, that mongrel style of sepulchral monument came into vogue, in which the skill of the architect and the sculptor, the painter and the guilder, were equally required, and of which the well known monuments of archbishop Jones and the Earl of Cork, in Patrick's cathedral, are such magnificent examples.

Portrait painting appears to have been practised amongst us even as early as the reign of Henry the Eighth. The galleries of the Duke of Leinster, and some others of our most ancient nobles, furnish us with examples of that period; and miniature pictures of Elizabeth's time are not uncommon. Still it is altogether unlikely that we had any artists of eminence, and such as we had, were no doubt, foreigners. Any pictures to be found possessed of merit—and they are very rare—were probably painted in England or abroad: we have some portraits that might be the work of Holbein, and miniatures that were unquestionably from the delicate hand of Isaac Oliver.† Our sculptors too, mean as was their merit, were most probably also importations. The interesting little ancient city of Kilkenny, once famous for the number of its stately tombs, must have had some artists in this department settled among them; and we know that as early as the commencement of the 16th century, Pierce Earl of Ormonde, and his amiable wife, Margaret Fitzgerald, "collected out of Flanders and the neighbouring provinces, artificers, whom they employed and encouraged at Kilkenny, in working *tapestry*, diaper, Turkey carpets, &c." and if, as conjectured, the tapestry in the castle, in which the story of Decius is represented, be the work of those foreigners, it is not discreditable to their taste and ingenuity. When statuary works of superior skill were required, recourse was necessarily had to foreign aid.—The monument of Thomas, Earl of Ormonde and Ossory, destroyed in the time of the usurper, was the work of Nicholas Stone, the chief Statuary in England in his time, as appears from the following memorandum from his pocket-book, given by Horace Walpole:—"In June, 1614, I bargained with Sir Walter Butler, for to make a tomb for the Earl of Ormonde, and to set it up in Ireland, for the which, I had well paid me £100 in hand and £300 more when the work was set up in Kilkenny." Even so late as the year 1642, the monument to Bishop Roth, in the same cathedral, was, according to tradition, wholly the work of an Italian ecclesiastic.

It is, however, to our domestic architecture of the sixteenth century, that we can refer with greatest pleasure for proofs of the advances made in the finer arts of civilized life. In this

* This crown is very generally supposed to have been the identical one used at the coronation of Lambert Simnel, in Dublin, but, as we incline to think, erroneously. Ware says that the crown used on the occasion was supposed to have been taken from the statue of the Virgin, in the church of the Abbey of St. Mary Les Dames, which stood where Dame-street now is. The crown itself we have often seen exposed for sale in the window of the jeweller to whom it was sold. It was a double arched crown, such as appears on the coins of Henry the Seventh, and on his only.—A circumstance which marked, with exact precision, the age of the statue which it had adorned.

† Horace Walpole says—"in a sale of pictures *brought from Ireland*, was a large oval head of Lucy Harrington, Countess of Bedford, and the marriage at Canaan, by Isaac Oliver.

particular, we of the present day have little cause for triumph over the taste of our rude forefathers, as we are pleased to call them. The castellated mansions of our ancient nobles—and the houses of the wealthy burghers of those times, are not less remarkable for their superiority in point of comfort and convenience, to the gloomy towers, or the wood or mud houses of earlier times, than for the fine sense of the picturesque in outline and embellishment which they exhibit, as compared with the utterly tasteless and unsightly edifices of our own times.

What an assemblage of pleasing forms do those durable buildings exhibit; how beautiful their intricacy of outline—their pointed pyramidal gables—their ornamented doors and gateways, their oriel mullioned windows, with their drip labels projecting over them like graceful eyebrows;—their very chimneys were made to contribute, by the beauty of their form, to the general effect, and are as necessary to the picturesqueness of the edifice, as to its convenience. Nor should we forget an interesting though not an architectural feature in those edifices, the pious mottoes inscribed in some conspicuous part of the building, over the porch or entrance, usually in conjunction with the name or initials of the founder, with which those of his wife's maiden name are always united, as, "If God be with us, who shall be against us;" "Nisi Dominus ædificaverit Domum in vanum laboraverunt que ædificant eam," and such like. Then if we examine their interior, how imposing is their massive grandeur, how picturesque their ample chimney pieces, what richness of colour and effect in their carved pannelled oak wainscots! It may be objected that they are not always in pure taste, we grant it, and confess also that the best specimens we have are poor, in comparison with those of the sister island; but if we except the modern imitations of the buildings of this period, which are for the greater part, fantastical gimcrackery abortions, what have we at present to compare with them? square brick boxes with holes in them for windows, disgusting to the eye, and tawdry paper decorations almost equally offensive within: verily we have but little doubt on our minds as to which we should apply the term civilized, and which the epithet barbarous!*

Examples of the domestic architecture of the 16th century are now rarely to be found in Ireland. They were never numerous, for the country was too poor, and property too insecure, to encourage the erection of expensive and durable edifices, and their number has been sadly reduced by the dilapidations of time, the civil wars, and modern bad taste. In the vicinity of our metropolis there is nothing of the kind to refer to, except the noble mansion of the Talbots of Malahide, the exterior of which preserves, indeed, but little of its original character, but in which there still remains, in exquisite preservation, a carved oak chamber, a sight of which is ample compensation for a day's journey. It is not a little remarkable that it was in a western county of Ireland, now considered as one of the least civilized, that the finest and greatest number of such structures were erected. We allude to the county of Galway. The castle of Portumna, the residence of the noble family of Clanricarde, which was unfortunately burnt a few years since, was justly considered the finest mansion of the Elizabethan age in this Island; and the houses of the wealthy citizens of the town of Galway, constituted a splendid assemblage of such structures, as its present remains evince, "though," as the able historian of that ancient city, writes, "the superb houses, which, in the language of the Annals, were 'fit to lodge kings and princes,' and described as the best built and most splendidly furnished of any in the kingdom, were seized upon and occupied,' (during the usurpation) 'by the lowest of the populace, until they were completely ruined.'" Galway, at this period, ranked as the first city in Ireland, not less for its wealth and commercial intelligence, than for the honourable feelings and high spirit of its citizens. By the fruits of their honest industry they possessed themselves of a great portion of the surrounding counties, in which their posterity remain; and if the pride of ancestry, for which these are said to be now remarkable, be an honest pride in the peaceful virtues of their forefathers, we should rather applaud than condemn the feeling; for we should ourselves feel more proud of being the inheritors of a few acres acquired by the honest industry of our fathers, than of the richest earldom, gained at the expense of suffering humanity, by the lawless sword of the soldier adventurer, or by the unfeeling mandate of a reckless tyrant.

Galway is now comparatively an obscure town. It has but little wealth; but little commercial spirit; no taste, and, we believe, no literature. There is not a bookseller's shop either in it, or in the seven surrounding counties! But it is not the fault of the Galwegians that they are reduced to this state, but the result of bad laws and unhappy events, over which they had no controul. At that distant period, when their stores were filled with foreign merchandise, and their houses "fit to lodge kings and princes," they were not less remarkable for their taste in art, than for their love of learning. Start not, gentle reader, at this compliment to the mental intelligence of the merchants of a rude Irish seaport. We hazard no idle conjecture—and as it is, and has been, a paramount object with us, in the course of these papers, to show the indissoluble union which ever exists between a taste for the arts and the general cultivation of the mind, we shall prove the truth of our present assertion. Galway could, at the period we refer to, boast of a public school of humanity, as it was called, endowed and supported by the spirit and love for learning of its citizens, which was the most celebrated and numerously attended of any in the kingdom.—Its character, at the time of its suppression, will be sufficiently appreciated from the following extract from the regal visitation book of the commissioners appointed by James I. to enquire into the state of education and ecclesiastical benefices in Ireland: and we give it the rather, as it has never been printed, having escaped even the laborious researches of the learned and worthy historian of that ancient city:—

"A publique schoole kept at Tuame by one Lally, a Master of Art, and a very sufficient scholler."

"We found in Galway a publique schoolemaster named Lynch, placed there by the citizens, who had great numbers of schollers, *not onely out of that Province, but also out of the pale and other parts* resorting to him. We had daily proofe during our continuance in that citty, how his schollers profited under him, by the verses and orations which they presented unto us, we sent for that schoolemaster before us, and seriously advised him to conforme himselfe to the religion established, and not prevailing with our advises, wee enjoyned him to forbeare teaching: and I the chancellor did take a recognizance of him and some others of his kinsmen in that citty, in the some of 400*li.* sterling, to his Majesty's use, that from thenceforth he should forbeare to teach any more, without the speciall license of the Lo. Deputy, &c. And in regard, Galway is a farr more publique and convenient place for the keeping of a schoole than Tuame is, Wee have ordered that Mr. Lally shall, at Michaelmas next, begin to teach publiquely in that citty." (M.S. Regal Visitation Book, 1615.)

The "schoolmaster named Lynch," in the preceding extract, was that celebrated person who afterwards became titular Bishop of Killala, and who is so well known to the world as the author of Cambrensis Eversus, and other learned works. In solid learning he was inferior only, and that perhaps in a small degree, to one of the inquisitors who displaced him, and that one was the great and excellent Archbishop Usher. In the nobler endowments of benevolence and virtue, he was second to none, for as a recent biographer states, he was traditionally (and we believe truly,) informed,—"that he was a man of the greatest benevolence, amiable manners, and virtuous dispositions, and that the whole course of his life was distinguished by a prominent and unaltered feature—the love of humanity and his country."

We shall leave our readers to make their own comments on the whole of this most singular transaction, lest in the expression of our own opinions we might possibly wax indignant and political, a temper of mind wholly at variance with the mild influence of the humanizing subject of which we treat.

* We need scarcely say, that we always except such noble structures as Kilruddery Hall, and Shelton Abbey, both works of the younger Morrison, an artist who may glory in the name of architect. As to the great majority of our modern castles, we may well call them *queer*—neither fish nor flesh! One knows not what to make of them.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Essay on the History, Religion, Learning, Arts, and Government of Ireland, from the birth of Christ to the English invasion. By John D'Alton, Esq. M. R. I. A. Barrister at Law—for the sixteenth volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy.—[UNPUBLISHED.]

THIS is a work which we feel a just national pride in being the first to introduce to public attention; it is one which, whether considered with reference to its most interesting and important subject matter, the lucid, laborious and masterly manner in which that difficult subject is treated, or the typographical elegance and accuracy with which the volume has been produced, reflects infinite credit on our country, for we are happy to announce that it is purely Irish in all its details. We really thought we had known something of Irish Antiquities ourselves, but the perusal of Mr. D'Alton's essay, which condenses all the vast and varied, and widely-scattered information, which before had been accessible only by a tedious and difficult research through a countless number of ponderous tomes in divers and strange tongues, has convinced us of our presumption, and has

thrown more light upon the ancient learning, arts, and manners of Ireland, than ever before was concentrated within so narrow a focus.

This work, of which a few presentation copies only have yet been circulated, was the result of a prize question proposed by the Royal Irish Academy, in the next volume of whose Transactions it will be published. The subject proposed by the Academy was as follows:

"The social and political state of the people of Ireland from the commencement of the Christian era to the twelfth century, their advancement or retrogression in science, literature, and the arts, and the character of their moral and religious opinions as connected with their civil and ecclesiastical institutions, so far as can be gleaned from any original writings prior to the commencement of the sixteenth century, exclusive of those in the Irish and other Celtic languages; every statement to be supported, not by references only, but by extracts in the form of notes or an appendix; and it is expected that every accessible source of information shall be examined under the above limitation."

Mr. D'Alton's intimate acquaintance with the Greek and Roman writers who have mentioned Ireland, as well as with the monkish historians of the middle ages, and the native Irish annalists, afforded him singular facilities in pursuing this inquiry, and when we couple this with the fact put forward, somewhat vaunting perhaps, in the van of his work, that his stores of documents and references relative to Irish affairs have already accumulated to such a quantity, 'that his *indices* alone to the general and family history of Ireland, its topography, monastic, and other architectural remains, extend through five closely written quarto volumes, and furnish perhaps the most complete references extant to all the domestic and many of the foreign sources, from which any accredited information on these subjects could be derived,' we are not surprised to read that this Essay obtained from the Academy the full proposed sum of 80*l.* besides the Cunningham gold medal.

The plan adopted by the author in his Essay will be best given in his own words:

"The most obvious and perhaps the most satisfactory sources for inquiry would be the annals, poems, and legends of the country itself; but to explore these is for the present, by the terms of the question, prohibited, and all information must be drawn from the scanty supplies of *foreign* testimonies prior to the sixteenth century. The limitation, however, was well defined, and so far was it from proving an unwholesome restraint, that much more difficulty has been experienced in classifying, than in collecting authorities. The plan of Doctor Henry's History of Great Britain having seemed the best calculated to overcome the impediment, and to effectuate the several objects required, this Essay has been, accordingly, divided into four periods, each beginning and ending at some remarkable event, and subdivided into six sections, respectively applicable to particular subjects during that interval; the first section of each period contains the social and political history as well as the geographical notices of Ireland during the time defined; the second is a view of the government, constitution, and legislation; the third, of the morals and religion; the fourth of the sciences, literature, and learned men; the fifth, of the arts; and the last of the commerce, customs, and general manners of the people, during the same interval. This course may sometimes be deviated from, where remoter illustrations of the immediate object were thought improveable by juxta-position: notices from the Irish annals are in a few passages introduced to connect the links of foreign testimony, or demonstrate their mutual coincidence; and assertions are frequently conveyed in the words of valued, though comparatively modern authors, such support being always acknowledged at the bottoms of the pages; but the evidences and proofs, which shall be either embodied in the text, or under-written at the pages, or otherwise referred to as may best be effected without dislocating the Essay, shall be strictly within the limits required; the extracts shall be candid and the references correct; nothing shall be clouded, nothing thrown out in a false light, nothing (as is too often the case in modern controversies) garbled for a purpose; the pure unsophisticated intention is, not to create matter, but legitimately to illustrate what is presented, not to confound conjecture with history, nor uphold a nation's character at the sacrifice of truth, but to establish it by testimonies clear, impartial, and long accredited."

It may be observed also that an index raisonné is prefixed to the work, by which the reader, who prefers pursuing any of the various subjects continuously through all the periods, is enabled to do so with little trouble.

Mr. D'Alton is by no means disposed to hurry over the question of the original inhabitants of Ireland, in the summary manner in which Tacitus despatches those of Britain, with contemptuous brevity.—Ceterum Britanniam qui mortales initio coluerunt, indigenæ an advecti, ut inter barbaros parum compertum.

He is a strenuous advocate of the early eastern colonization of Ireland, and in his introduction he furnishes a number of curious evidences as to the original oriental settlement, and subsequent continued intercourse of the Phœnicians, as he conceives, with this island. He sums up a disquisition, which displays at least a great deal of diversified learning and ingenuity, upon the subject, in the following terms:

"Thus it is hoped that, as far as the limits of this Essay would permit, the Phœnician colonization and subsequent intercourse with Ireland have been established, not only by similarity of language, and the concurring traditions of every part of the British Empire, but also by all the external testimony, Phœnician, Carthaginian, Greek, Roman, Spanish, and Portuguese, that could be reasonably expected for so remote a fact, and to which the ancient annalists of Ireland could by no probability have had access. He, who is still a sceptic, must look into the singular coincidences in the legends, the footsteps of oriental intercourse in the traditions, and the legibility of primeval times in the manners of Ireland. Then perhaps he will be more disposed to receive with favour those evidences of early civilization which are now to be advanced, and if that civilization shall appear much attributable to Eastern intercourse, all must admit the necessity of dwelling so long upon this first *Preliminary Proposition.*"

The first, and perhaps the most interesting period of the Essay, comprises the interval from the birth of our Saviour, to the coming of St. Patrick into Ireland, A. D. 431; the introduction being devoted to a consideration of events previous to the first of these dates. In considering the Roman invasion of Great Britain, while discussing the events of the first century, after evidencing that Ireland was considered a country of comparative refuge, to which many of the British fled, to escape the ravages of those foreign 'robbers of the world,' who, as Galgacus pithily expressed it, 'made desolation, and called it peace,' our author employs a very curious and striking line of argument to prove the great importance attached to this island by the commander of the imperial armies, drawn with the skill and conjectural ingenuity of a Niebuhr, from the brief but most important, though at first sight apparently somewhat slighting notice of our island, in Tacitus. The passage relating to Ireland in his life of Agricola, is too familiar to every classical ear to require quotation from us, but the use which Mr. D'Alton makes of it, is to shew that our island was even then regarded by Agricola with a deep and cautious policy, as the depot where the imperial resources might be best and most advantageously employed, and by the possession of which, the chains not only of Britain, but likewise of Spain and Gaul, might be most effectually riveted.

In establishing the early, and extensive, colonization of Scotland from Ireland, having availed himself of the account of the venerable Bede, and the concurrent testimonies of Camden, Usher, Lhuid, Stillingfleet, Higden, cum multis aliis, the author sums up his numerous proofs as follows:

"Thus stands the simple narrative of this remarkable colonization. Such is the pillar of light that attends its little exodus; but there are those to whom that pillar too is 'a cloud and darkness.' Innes disbelieves it, but he confesses himself 'a stranger to the antiquities of Ireland.' Doctor Mac-Pherson considers so recent a colonization improbable, because 'a mountainous country like Scotland bids the fairest for inhabitants of great antiquity; the sterility of rocks, forests, and deserts, are far from being inviting to an enemy;'—as if that very sterility should not have been the cause of its *late* colonization; while Mr. James Mac-Pherson, the self-elected champion, thinks 'to close with one decisive argument the controversy.' 'Should this early settlement,' says he, 'be once ascertained, it naturally ought to follow, that the British Scots must have carried with them to Caledonia, that learning, science, and civility, *which had made so great a progress in their mother country, before they transmigrated from it;* but nothing is more certain, than that the British Scots were an illiterate people, and involved in barbarism even after St. Patrick's mission to the Scots of Ireland!' But, according to custom, his refutation comes from his own lips, and, in a few pages after the antidote is supplied, where he says, that 'the Scots of Britain, by an uninterrupted series of hostilities with the Britons, Picts, and Saxons, were diverted from cultivating letters."

In his notions of the earliest religion prevalent in Ireland, the author, we perceive, departs from the generally received opinion that here, as in Britain, Druidism was the established form of belief and worship. He conceives that it was rather an emanation of the Magism or Sun-worship of the East, imported with the original settlers from that quarter of the globe, and he deems it probable that from it the Druidism of the eastern vicinity of Europe sprung, though still further polluted with those

bloody rites which formed a prominent and debasing feature of the Druidical worship, but which he supposes to have been unknown, or, at least, unpractised in Ireland.

Amongst the numerous proofs brought forward by our author, of the ancient learning of this country, he dwells at considerable length, upon the copiousness, the harmony, and force of our ancient language, as clearly indicative of a cultivated, thinking people, and argues strenuously in favour of the extreme antiquity of the national alphabets, the Beth-luis-nion, and the Ogham character. We confess his reasoning on the former of these two, if, as we believe, he means by it the present Irish alphabet, fails to convince us that it preceded the introduction of the Roman missionaries into Ireland; in truth, we feel quite assured that the Irish character now in use, is that which was common to Europe during the middle ages, but of the remote antiquity of the Ogham cipher, whence-soever derived, we concur with him in thinking that very little doubt can be entertained. Of this secret character, and indeed of both the alphabets in question, he thus concludes:

"The nature of this alphabet, known by the name of Beth-luis-nion, is also a most satisfactory internal evidence of its antiquity. Here it must suffice to say, that its characters differ from those of all other European nations in name, order, number, power, and formation; all the letters by a natural association borrowing their names from some tree, their order differing from that of either the Greek or Latin, B, L, N, F, S, &c. (Hesiod has recorded that Cadmus named the first letter of the alphabet Βοῦς,) their number limited in the genuine simple scale to eighteen (being exactly that, which, according to Aristotle, (citante Plinio,) *Cadmus introduced into Greece.* 'In Greciam intulisse e Phœnice Cadmum . . . . Aristotle, x. et viii. priscas fuisse,' which characters were, however, subsequently so varied in Greece, as to be unintelligible in the days of Agesilaus,) and their proportion of vowels to consonants being so great; all these concurring qualities must evince their importation into Ireland, at a period when letters were in their most primitive infancy.

"But beside these common characters, the ancient Irish, or rather their heathen priests, also made use of secret occult letters known by the name of Ogham, of which there were three varieties, but the principal, as it was the most difficult, was 'composed of certain lines and marks, which derived their power from their situation and position as they stood in relation to one principal line, over or under which they are placed, or through which they are drawn; the principal line is horizontal, and serveth for a rule or guide, whose upper part is called the left, and the under side the right; above, under, and through which line the characters, or marks are drawn, which stand in the place of vowels, consonants, and dipthongs, and tripthongs. Some authors have doubted the existence of this species of writing in cipher, called Ogham, among the Irish, but these doubts are ill founded, as will presently appear.' So says Astle, and Ware more strongly confirms the originality of both the Beth-luis-nion and Ogham characters, by an appeal attainable to every philologist; 'upon the strictest inquiry, I never could find any alphabet, no, not the Runic itself, in the structure or order like the Ogham or Beth-luis-nion elements. It follows, therefore, that as there was no prototype to copy them from, that they must be the originals.' Even Innes admits the antiquity of these characters, and Eusebius gives further confirmation to the preliminary proposition of this Essay, when he affirms, that such secret characters were in use among the Phœnicians, and that Sanchoniatho, who he says flourished before the destruction of Troy, did collect his history from books written in secret characters, which were preserved by the priests of Amon.

"Thus, then, the evidences of these alphabets and characters may be summed up. There are the testimonies of the most ancient Danish, and Greek, and Latin authors, not only that letters were known to the Gauls, Celts, and northern nations of Europe before the Romans invaded these countries, but that the Latins, in the formation of their vocabulary, actually drew upon their store. There are the best philologists of later ages, not only confirming this antiquity of the Celtic, but illustrating in many instances the very words that the Latins borrowed, and that in some instances they confess they borrowed. Again, so far from the Irish being miraculously exempted from the light that was shining round them, Camden and Spencer, even Camden and Spencer! insist that Ireland must have had letters before England, and that thence the Saxons received an alphabet.

"The reader is not called upon to decide, that this source alone sufficed to remove the possibility of the Irish being without letters, though it satisfied Leibnitz, Camden, and Spencer; another channel presents itself, which, in the very ancient times, peculiarly supplied Ireland. It has been stated, and Mr. Mac-Pherson admits it, that the Phœnicians taught learning and the arts where they colonized, that they did colonize Spain, and that, as Strabo tells us, Spain was instructed, that they did colonize Ireland, and is the conclusion obvious? Tacitus says, that the ports of the latter country were in the first century well known to commerce and merchants, ('melius per commercia et negociatores cogniti,') and these merchants, from the context of the passage in Tacitus, evidently not Roman, and was a participation of their knowledge so contraband, that Ireland should not receive it? Superadded to all this, we have the evidence of the Irish annals to the early revelation of letters, and the traces of these letters, though now untranslatable, stamped upon the rocks and altars of their Pagan worship; and last, but not least, the internal evidence arising from the name, order, number, power, and formation of those letters, and the character of the language that results from their combination."

On the long disputed, but now almost forgotten question, of the authenticity of the poems attributed to Ossian, Mr. D'Alton furnishes the following remarks:

"We are not here called upon to enter the arena on the obsolete question of the authenticity of the poems attributed to Ossian by Mr. Mac-Pherson; the interest of the contest is long since worn out, and at all events, every thing appertaining to Ossian, his country, his era, his poetry, are all matter of internal evidence, or can at least be only well established by authorities in the Irish or other Celtic languages. Much learned extravagance has been exhibited on all sides, and even Mr. Whitaker was so shaken by the almost national enthusiasm, to deify this Homer of the north, that he actually quotes and relies upon the poems given by Mac-Pherson, as historical authority! It would be a source of great satisfaction to every Irishman and Scotchman, if on this occasion Whitaker's judgment were sound, and Mac-Pherson's veracity unimpeachable; but under existing circumstances, those who seek that satisfaction, must draw on their credulity, and any enjoyment that may result, will be, we fear, but the dream of the Athenian madman. No early writer of Ireland, we believe, ever mentions Ossian as a poet, and we are quite sure that Tigernach, the most candid of her annalists, though he repeatedly speaks of Ossian, never hints that he was a bard, or refers to a line of his composition. In truth, it would seem that Mac-Pherson, having collected much of his raw material from the legends of the Erse, and the Irish Finian tales, presented it to the world in a texture so richly worked off, as at least entitled him to be considered its manufacturer. The work is certainly a beautiful imposition, at first too much extolled, and now, by an equality of reaction, too much neglected."

The speculations on the nature and use of those most curious Irish monuments, the round-towers, are highly interesting, and not the less so, that we are enabled to lay before our readers the opinions of Sir Walter Scott, and of a learned brother antiquary, and fellow-citizen, the Rev. Cæsar Otway, upon the same subject, in juxta-position with those of Mr. D'Alton.

Mr. D'Alton's observations, which, however, our limits compel us to abbreviate very much, are to the following effect:

"The round towers are the first and most wonderful species of this ancient masonry; so ancient, that like the pyramids of Egypt they baffle the attempts of the learned to explore their era; so durable, that while they have for centuries resisted the impressions of time, they seem only destined to perish in the ruin of the world. They are round pillars of lime and hewn stone, constructed of the best materials, and with a masonry that shews a thorough acquaintance with quarrying and chisel work. Their walls are generally about three feet thick, and of a conical form, varying in height from fifty to one hundred and thirty-two feet; (the tower at Kildare is calculated to be four feet loftier than Trajan's at Rome,) their outer diameter" (query circumference?) "at the bottom is generally about forty-two feet, whence they gradually diminish to the top, where the diameter is generally about eighteen feet; this top in its perfect state terminates in a stone cap roof; the battlements which crown some being evidently but later additions. Every tower was divided into stories of different height, and large holes are distinctly traced inside, in which the several floorings were joisted, or projecting stone brackets on which they rested. Each stage was lit with loop holes, while the summit had four larger openings opposite one another, and regarding the several cardinal points; the" (query?) "door of each always faces the East, and was raised much above the level of the ground, from eight to sixteen feet or more; all below the door inside is generally of solid stone, but all above is hollow. Their Architecture and materials differ widely from those of the churches near which they stand, and while those feebler efforts of art daily crumble away in their shadow, they exhibit such durability, that one at Kilmacduagh, in the County Galway, though

it leans seventeen feet and an half from the perpendicular," (query?) "still remains entire; while another at Maghera, in the County Down, when it fell lay upon the ground like a huge gun unbroken.

"That they were erected by the ancient Irish should be apparent to any unprejudiced inquirer; they are not to be found in any other European country but one, and that the very one which Ireland colonized to the extent before mentioned; and even there but two solitary specimens occur, at Abernethy and Brechin, as if marking the fact of that colonization having taken place, when the rites, for which the round towers were erected in the mother country, were on the decline."

We are far from agreeing in the perfect accuracy of Mr. D.'s description of these remarkable buildings, indeed, we think we can detect in it several mistakes, arising probably from want of a sufficiently general acquaintance with the existing specimens; but we must hasten to his observations on the purpose to which these structures were applied.

"Neither their founders nor their era have been more questioned than their use. Some with Lynch and Walsh imagine they were erected for watch-towers or beacons, but subsequently used for belfries. This first purpose is obviously negatived by their situation, many being found in deep vallies and hollow places, while in other parts two are placed close to each other; and as to the second use, that they were Christian belfries, as Molyneux, Ledwich, and Campbell suppose, (although they exist no where else in Christendom,) their structure is greatly unsuited to such a design; for, as has been justly observed, 'none of those towers is large enough for a single bell to swing round in it, and from the whole of their form and dimensions, and from the smallness of the apertures in them, they are rather calculated to stifle, than to transmit to a distance, any sound that is made in them.' Indeed it would be hard to conjecture why Christians should build their churches of such frail materials as wicker and wood, and erect such everlasting belfries of stone; much less labour would have accomplished a comfortable and roomy church. The extraordinary circumstance of their door-ways being always raised from eight to sixteen feet above the level of the ground, is an additional self evidence against their being belfries, while the fact of there being a square structure for that purpose, attached to some of the churches, immediately near which the round towers are found, as at Brechin, at Cormac's chapel on the rock of Cashel, and close to the beautiful round tower of Lusk, shews that the Irish clergy of the middle ages did not recognise from tradition the use of the round towers as belfries, and completes the refutation of this hypothesis."

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"Connecting this part of the Essay with that on the religion of this period, the reader will readily perceive that the round towers are considered by the writer of these pages, to have been fire-houses for the preservation of the sacred fire, at the time when the worship of the sun was the prevalent creed; that they were these singular temples of round form, ('templa insignia rotundâ formâ,') mentioned by Diodorus, and that such their shape as well as their purpose are additional demonstrations of the premised oriental colonization. Governor Pownal, sensible of this, considers that the Magi of Persia, prompted by the same zeal which sent the Jesuits to Paraguay, might have undertaken missions for religious purposes to Ireland, and thus have introduced there the eastern creed and customs."

Sir Walter Scott, whose observations on the subject were written subsequently to those of Mr. D. but altogether independently of them, remarks upon these round towers as follows:

"It is here impossible to avoid remarking, that at Abernethy and at Brechin there are still in existence two of the round towers, of which so many occur in Ireland. Abernethy is said, by uniform tradition, to have been the capital of the Picts, and Brechin in the same district (now the county of Angus) was certainly a place of early importance. In Ireland there exist nearly thirty of these very peculiar buildings, which have been the very *cruces antiquariorum*. They could not have been beacons, for they are often (at Abernethy in particular) placed in low and obscure situations, though there are sites adjacent, well calculated for watch-towers. They could not be hermitages, unless we suppose that some caste of anchorites had improved on the idea of Simon Stylites, and taken up their abode in the hollow of such a pillar as that of which the Syrian holy man was contented to occupy the top.—They could hardly be belfries, for though always placed close or near to a church, there is no aperture at the top for suffering the sound of the bells to be heard. Minarets they might have been accounted, if we had authority for believing that the ancient Christians were summoned to prayers like the Mahometans by the voice of criers. It is, however, all but impossible to doubt that they were ecclesiastical buildings; and the most distinct idea we are able to form of them is, from the circumstance that the inestimably singular scene of Irish antiquities, called the Seven Churches in the county of Wicklow, includes one of those round towers, detached in the usual manner, and another erected on the gable-end of the ruinous chapel of St. Kevin, as if some architect of genius had discovered the means of uniting the steeple and the church. These towers might possibly have been contrived for the temporary retreat of the priest, and the means of preserving the 'holy things' from desecration on the occasion of alarm, which in those uncertain times suddenly happened, and as suddenly passed away. These edifices at Brechin and Abernethy, however, were certainly constructed after the introduction of christianity, and were in all probability, built in imitation of the same round towers in Ireland, under the direction of the Irish monks who brought Christianity into Scotland."

Mr. Otway, also a perfectly independent authority, coincides in a very remarkable degree with the opinion, then quite unknown to him, of Sir Walter Scott.

"It is natural he says, to suppose, that the ecclesiastics having fixed on a convenient position in some sheltered valley, or on some peninsula or island, might see the necessity of erecting a building that would obviate the disadvantages of the situation, and, rising above the woods, enable their watcher to see from afar, the coming of the enemy, and on his approach therein to retreat. Now the round towers were peculiarly well adapted to answer the desired purpose; built, towards the ground, of very massive materials, the walls of considerable thickness, the door twelve or fifteen feet from the ground—this entrance so narrow that but one person, in a stooping position, can enter at a time; the entrance always, on that side of the tower, looking towards the other buildings of the establishment, so that those escaping to it might readily ascend. Up the four or five stories into which they were divided, the whole body of ecclesiastics might ascend by ladders, and in the topmost story were windows looking towards the four points of the compass; but sometimes according to the position of the place with respect to the approaches to it, with three or five windows. Here, for a time, with the moderate provision with which these monastics were content, many persons might remain secure for a season, until succour from the surrounding districts might arrive, or until the marauders retreated for want of provisions."

We must own our total dissent from what appears to us the fanciful conclusion of Mr. D'Alton, that these towers were erected for the purposes of fire-worship, and our partial difference of opinion from that of Sir Walter, whose very guesses, however, are always shrewd, and penetrating, very near, if not quite into the truth. We should scarcely venture of ourselves to hazard an opinion in opposition to that of either of the authors we have just quoted, but we are fortified by the high authority of our most profound brother antiquary, indeed our best guide and ablest instructor in the arts and the antiquities of Ireland, George Petrie, Esq. R. H. A. who is, we are assured, prepared with abundant proofs to shew that the towers in question were applied to the double purpose of belfries and of keeps, or depositories of the relics and valuables of the religious houses to which these buildings were attached, in case of sudden irruptions, or attacks of skirmishing invaders.

It is, however, but justice to Mr. D'Alton to add, that however we may differ from him in opinion, this theory, which is not at all a new one, though hitherto unproved, has not escaped his notice and animadversion, in his detailed statement of the question. "The surmise," he observes, "that they were for places of security and retreat in danger, is met by their small capacity for any such effective accommodation. Nor is the opinion more tenable, that they were for defensive keeps or depositories for the MSS. relics, plate, and muniments of the abbeys to which they were annexed; the general destruction of these valued pledges by the Danes, while the round towers remained unassailable unless by lightning or earthquake, wholly repels the inference."—Essay, p. 138.

But we must close, for the present, our account of this most interesting volume; the second, and succeeding periods of the Essay, from the coming of St. Patrick to the invasion of Henry II. we hope to resume in a very early number.

The Fall of Nineveh;—a Poem, by Edwin Atherstone, Vol. II. containing seven books, 8vo. Baldwin and Cradock, London, 1830.

Sardanapalus has lately become a singular favorite among the poets, for what reason they best can tell. The scanty details of his reign, as recorded in ancient history, afford but few of those indications which point out the hero, and render him "an eternal possession" for the muses. Justin, with more than even his usual brevity, says, "he was more corrupt than a woman, a conspiracy was formed against him,

upon which he at first sought concealment, as women do through fear of death, but afterwards marched out to battle with a few undisciplined troops. Being conquered, he fled into his palace, when having constructed a pile, he flung himself and his riches into the flames, "in this alone," adds the concise historian, "having imitated a man."

So confined is the foundation upon which such splendid structures have been raised to his memory by British genius. There is, however, a great event connected with this worthless character. The fall of Nineveh is one of the landmarks of history. The utter desolation of the earliest, the proudest, the mightiest of cities in the annals of the world, is a circumstance worthy of the poet's pen. The spot where this city once stood, is sought in vain by the geographer in his study, and by the man of science in his travels. The worthless being whose destiny was attached to a city, memorable even in its non-existence, is identified with its down fall, and the only act which in the historian's opinion entitled him to maintain his grade in the ranks of society, has proved an unextinguishable torch to hold him up to the gaze of posterity for ever.

Philosophize as we may on the causes, Sardanapalus and Nineveh now are, and ever will be, subjects for poetry: it remains to see how they have been treated by the writer who has here chosen them for the theme of a long and deeply studied poem.—A poem which extends to two octavo volumes, and yet remains unfinished, may fairly be called a long one, and the variety and complication of detail which have been worked out of the few lines of the historian, give it equal title to the epithet of deeply studied.

Sardanapalus is represented in it, not exactly as the worthless effeminate being which Justin represents him. An adherence to historical truth in this respect, would have disqualified him for poetry. Mr. Atherstone has rather followed Lord Byron's example in decking out his hero, for the hero of the poem he certainly is, with some of the masculine vices that force admiration while they excite abhorrence. He is, in both poems, a good model of a finished ruffian, and may in this point of view, stand on a par with Achilles, the undisputed premier of heroes among Greeks and schoolboys, and high above the snivelling hero of Roman verse.

The whole of the story of the Fall of Nineveh consists of the varied events that occur during the progress of a rebellion raised against the king of Assyria by Arbaces governor of Media, and the best proof of the author's good management of this part of his materials, is that we read the present volume with interest, and we look forward with a feeling of anxiety for the concluding one.

The preceding volume of the work terminated with a battle fought under the walls of Nineveh, in which each party seemed to claim the advantage: that now before us opens with an account of the effects of this battle on the king himself, described in very picturesque and animated language:

"Night hangs o'er NINEVEH: the winds are still,—
The rain hath ceased,—the thunders are gone by
From out the rocky, slowly rolling clouds,
With melancholy eye, the wasted moon
Looks fitfully. Their arms to the pale light
Obscurely glimmering, on the lofty walls
Pace slowly the tired sentinels. But not
With night comes silence,—for the voice of pain
Is heard throughout the city,—and the feet
Unresting of the tenders on the couch.
O'erwearied with that day of blood and toil,
Soundly the warriors slumber: but the king
Rests not,—for of the battle are his thoughts,
And of the things to come. Against the Mede
His anger chiefly, and against the priest,
Rages, and finds no bound. Twice from his couch
Sprang he, and bade the captains of his host
Be called before him;—'while the rebel sleeps,
My armies shall go forth, and trample him;'—
And twice, when on the night he looked out,
And on the toils of that long battle thought,
The mandate he recalled."

It is not our intention to follow the train of the narrative by regular analysis, we conceive, that we do more justice to the author, and afford the reader more satisfaction by presenting detached passages adequate to afford a sufficient clue for ascertaining how far the work merits a place among epic or historical poems of a higher class.

During the progress of varied success between the contending parties, the rebels are driven back to the mountains; Sardanapalus advances to their foot; his innumerable host is extended over the plain. The opportunity is deemed favourable for a night assault on the over confident and negligent multitude. Two of the rebel chiefs venture to explore the camp, they find it wholly sunk in drowsiness and intoxication; one of them proposes to return forthwith, and lead down their friends to the assault before the break of day; but the other, whose daughter had been carried off by the tyrant, and is now his favorite concubine, determines to seize the moment of suspended vigilance to avenge his private injury by assassinating Sardanapalus, while sleeping unguarded in his tent. His proceedings are thus described:

"Meantime, upon his dangerous guest,—with soul
Dark as the starless night,—Rabsaris went;
And,—ever from the watch-fire's glare aloof
Cautiously holding,—with his stormy heart
Thus, as he walked, communed:—'The fatal hour,
For which my soul so long hath burned, draws nigh;
Beneath my steel the ravisher shall fall,—
My thirsty hate shall in his blood be slaked!—
But mine must also flow,—for not alone
Unto the darksome pit can he go down.
Shrink I at thought of that?—And what is life,
That longer I should wish it to endure?
Have I not nightly with a scorching heart
Upon my couch laid down? have not my dreams
Been agony?—have I not risen as one
That to endure the torture arms himself?
When, since that morn accurst, within itself
Hath thy soul said,—'this day shalt thou be glad,—
Thy countenance shall be joyful?' Since that morn,
When hath the food seemed pleasant to thy taste,—
When hath the harp or song delighted thee?
When have the morning and the dewy eve
Seemed lovely in thy sight?—when to thine eye
The daughters of the land looked beautiful?—
And fearest thou then to bid the world adieu?
What hast thou seen, or thought of, since that day,
Save the abhorred deed, and the revenge?
The deed is done,—the vengeance is at hand!
Thou shalt behold him die!—thou shalt exult,—
And whisper in his deafening ear *her* name!
But then—what then?—then shall thy healing come,
Death shall be thy physician!'"

. . . . . .

"So pondering,—forward to the open space,
Where, in the midst, the rich pavilion stood,
Swiftly he walked: stooped then; and warily,
With slow, and silent step, the dangerous void
To cross began. Upon his knees sometimes
Bent,—with keen listening ear to all sides turned:
A distant footstep now, and now a voice,
As if approaching, heard,—yet, undismayed,
By slow degrees, scarce breathing, still held on,—
Till from the tent within a half spear's cast
Arrived,—and onward gliding still,—again,—
But louder, and distinct, the harp he heard.
As by an adder stung, he started back.
The tune was one that, in her happy years,
An Israelitish harper to his child,
His loved Azubah, taught;—and, with the sound,
Remembrance of her rose. A voice, at length,
Sang to the harp;—in madness he leaped up,—
It was his daughter's! With clenched hands, and teeth
Hard fixed,—stiff as a brazen statue,—there
Awhile stood he. The voice was soft and sweet
As to the desert wanderer the sound
Of singing brook at noon. His limbs relaxed,—
He sank upon the earth in agony.
But the song ceased;—again Rabsaris rose.
Stealthily, step by step, he went. No eye
Beheld him,—no ear heard. More nigh he drew;—
He stood behind the tent.—His deadly foe,
And him, betwixt,—sole separation now,
That thin and trembling screen. With sudden rush,
To burst upon him his mad hate impelled:
Yet he refrained,—for still again the harp
Awoke,—and two soft, dove-like, voices sang
A strain of melting sweetness. As they ceased,
Another, and a deep, voice was heard.
Rabsaris started,—and his bosom swelled:
Yet moved he not,—but to the words gave ear.
In soft and slumberous tone, the monarch thus:
'Sleep comes upon me. To your couches now
Abiah go, and Ephah: but awhile
Stay thou, Azubah,—and with softest songs
Bring to my rest kind dreams,—for on my soul
A darkness gathers,—nor with cheering wine
Dare I dispel it now.'"

. . . . . .

"Upon a couch,—
Purple, and gold, and gems,—the king reposed:
His eyes were shut,—his countenance was pale.
Before him, but not near, Azubah sat,—
O'er the harp bending,—and her lulling song,
Like a sweet perfume, breathing. As a stone,
Fixed stood Rabsaris,—in his hard clenched hand
The dagger lifting: like hot coals his eyes,—
His face unearthly pale. The song was one
Himself had sung to lull her infancy,—
He could not move. At every pause, deep sighs
Heaved she,—and softly, once, his name breathed forth;—
He could not touch her. But the hated foe
Was now within his reach: a leap—a blow—
And all would be accomplished. Calmly lay
The unsuspecting king,—upon his hand
His right cheek pillowed. What could save him now?
A robe of purple silk sole mail he wore,—
Sole shield the diamond buckle on his breast.
Still as a sleeping infant lay he there,—
And o'er his face, by some light fancy moved,
A smile began to gather,—when, his breath
Hard drawing,—gnashing fiercely his bared teeth,—
Forward Rabsaris leaped. Azubah heard,—
As swiftly sprang,—screamed,—rushed,—with desperate grasp
His arm seized,—clung, in frantic agony,—
And the blow baffled. Starting from his couch,
Aloud the monarch cried,—and, by the arm,
The assassin seizing also, struggle fierce,
But brief, held with him,—till into the tent
Burst the alarmed guard,—and from his hand
The dagger wrenched,—and, with o'ermastering strength,
The frantic chief controlled."

In consequence of the alarm excited by the failure of Rabsaris, the army is roused, and the king marches forward to force the rebel's post in the mountains, in which he succeeds after a furious contest, the particulars of which are recited in a very animated manner. The rebel army retreats, and Sardanapalus returns in triumph to his capital.

In the account of his entry which ensues, and which is given at large, we shall only dwell upon the description of his queen Atossa, who comes to meet him. The strange, but natural compound of pride and exultation at her husband's success, joined with indignation at his abandonment of her for his concubines, is forcibly and feelingly exhibited.

"But,—beautiful amidst the beautiful,—
Amid a bright heaven the one brightest star,—
Assyria's goddess queen, in regal state
Magnificent,—to pomp imparting grace,—
To triumph majesty,—her lord to meet,
From the great central eastern gate came forth.
High throned upon a car, with gold and gems
Refulgent,—slowly rode she. Diamond wreaths,
Amid her ebon locks luxuriant, gleamed,
Like heaven's lamps through the dark: her ample robe,
Sky-hued, like to a waving sapphire glowed;—
And round one graceful shoulder wreathed,—one arm
Of rose-tinged snow,—a web-like drapery,
Bright as a ruby streak of morning, hung.
Beneath her swelling bosom,—chastely warm,—
A golden zone, with priceless gems thick starred,
Flashed gentle lightnings. The unresting fire
Of diamond, and the ruby's burning glow,
With the pure sapphire's gentle beam mixed there:
The flamy topaz, with the emerald cool,
Like sunshine dappling the spring meadows, played:
Gold was the clasp, and diamond. Bracelets light,
Of emerald, and diamod, and gold,
On each fine tapered, pearly wrist she wore:
And, round her pillared neck majestical,
A slender chain of diamond,—the weight
Sustaining of one priceless diamond,
Like dawn faint blushing, radiant as the morn,—
That on her creamy bosom,—like a spark
Of sun-fire on rich pearl embedded,—lay.

With graceful ease, and perfect dignity,
Yet womanly softness,—like a shape of heaven,
In majesty of beauty,—pale, serene,—
With eye oft downcast, yet with swelling heart
Proudly exultant,—on her gorgeous seat
Reclined, of Tyrian purple, golden fringed,—
Of all eyes mutely worshipped, she rode on.
So, when, victorious o'er the giant brood,
Back to Olympus came the Thunderer,—
Imperial Juno,—on her golden car,
By clouds of fire upborne,—with smile of love,
Her lord to meet,—and ether-brightening brow,—
Through heaven's wide opened portals proudly rode.
In shining cars, behind Assyria's queen,
The sons and daughters also of the king,
To grace the triumph of the conqueror came.
He in his blazing chariot, like a god,
Exulting rode. His helm and mail lay by,—
The sunlike crown upon his head,—in robes
Attired, that like one waving gem appeared,—
Amid the thunder of applauding hosts,
Onward he came. His coursers' arching necks
With gems and gold were hung;—and, far before,
Behind, and round his chariot,—glittering bright
With gold and gems, like a phosphoric sea,—
His choicest captains, and his royal guard,
On their proud treading steeds rode gallantly.
The chariot of the queen at hand beheld,—
To right and left disparting, ample space
In midst the horseman left. Low bowed each head,
As the bright vision passed,—and silence deep
Of admiration weighed upon all lips.
But when the royal chariots, meeting, paused,—
Then first, with blushing cheek, stood up the queen,
And welcome proud unto the conqueror gave.
'Now is Assyria's sun from long sleep risen,—
And darkness shall no more o'ershadow us,—
But in his beams shall all the earth rejoice,—
And all hearts shall with gladness overflow.'
So she,—nor knew, in thick clouds buried soon,
That sun should sink,—no more to rise again!
The monarch,—as unconscious,—gracefully
Descending, her in his own chariot placed;
And, whispering, answered: 'Should Assyria's sun
Again grow dark,—be thou to her a moon,—
For, like that soft bride of the flaming god
Art thou, my queen,—bright, beauteous, chaste, and cold.'
Slightly her brow was darkened at that word;
And her heart swelled,—but she made answer none.
Then,—when the king and queen together sate,—
The army shouted; and the multitudes
For gladness shouted all: and, through the gates
When they went in, the city roared for joy.

We confess ourselves warm advocates for historical poetry, in which class we rank the production now before us. The imagery, the description, the enthusiasm, all else that constitutes the soul of poetry, is, as it were, the splendid vestibule to invite the young and thoughtless to enter the precincts of the temple of fame, in the interior of which they will or ought to behold, emblazoned all around, the memorials of whatever is good, whatsoever is lovely, whatsoever is praiseworthy, in the imperishable tracery of verse. Among barbarians poetry was the only vehicle of history, and now, among the most civilized portion of the western world, though sometimes perverted and debased to aid the fascinations of sensual indulgence, it generally becomes a beacon light to cheer and guide the young aspirant through the intricate ascent that leads to the shrine of virtuous glory.

We had some things to add to these remarks, in the way of admonition and stricture; not for the sake of the reader, because we are convinced the judgment is best aided by a fair and unprejudiced selection of passages: he who cannot decide for himself on the minor merits of a poem, by the perusal of some of its contents, will not be likely to improve in the science of sound criticism, by a few casual remarks on verbal inaccuracies; but the writer who in his desire to strike off a magnificent picture at a heat, is intent only on the great features and neglects or shrinks from the irksome toil of accurate finish, will at length learn the folly of his impatient enthusiasm, and he will acquire this wholesome and necessary knowledge, with less pain and more profit from the sharp-sighted vigilance of a critic, than from the negligence and disregard of the public. But we must waive the subject for the present, and we do so with the greater willingness in that we think our author's former volume was somewhat too hardly dealt with by some whom we were sorry to see assailing him so violently. When the whole work comes before us, we shall discuss its merits and defects as impartially and as usefully as we can.

Travels in Various Parts of Peru, including a year's residence in Potosi. By Edmond Temple, Knight of the Royal and distinguished order of Charles III. 2 vols. 8vo. London, Colburn & Bentley. [UNPUBLISHED.]

THIS is a very amusing book of Travels, and, notwithstanding the number of accounts of South America that have been published within the last few years, it is full of pleasant information. The author, Mr. Temple, or, as he is usually called among his friends, Sir Edmond Temple, is, if we mistake not, a younger brother of Mr. Temple, of Waterstown, in the county of Westmeath. In the early part of his life, he served, we believe, in the British navy. We have heard that he was made prisoner by the French; but having effected his escape from Verdun, he entered the Spanish army, during what we are accustomed to call 'The Peninsular war;' and in reward of his distinguished services in the cause of Spain, the order of knighthood which he bears, was conferred upon him by Ferdinand.

In 1825, during the rage for the formation of joint stock companies, Mr. Temple was appointed secretary to the Potosi mining association, an office for which his intimate knowledge of the Spanish language appears to have been a principal recommendation, as he declares that he was then quite unacquainted with the business of mining. The speculation turned out, as almost all these speculations did, a very unfortunate one, the blame of its failure, however, our author lays not upon the nature of the case, but on the directors of the company. It is but fair to add, in support of the case he makes out against these directors, that he received the thanks of the shareholders for the statement he furnished them with, and we have understood that he has recently obtained a verdict for considerable damages against the same directory, in one of the courts at Westminster. The travels in Peru, are, however, by no means confined to the subject of mining, on the contrary they abound in all that light and general information which gives zest to the personal narrative of an intelligent man of the world, travelling in a new country. As the work has not yet reached this country, for sale, we deem it unnecessary to enter now into any minute criticism of its merits, and shall content ourselves, for the present, with presenting to our readers some extracts from the author's observations on Tarija, interesting as relating to a district very little known to Europeans, and doubly so to us, from the immediate reference they have to Ireland:

"When we arrived in the village of San Lorenzo, every door was shut, and every inhabitant indulging in repose, which I believe induced us to envy the more, that comfort of which we ourselves felt so much in need. We therefore stopped at once in the market-place, and took up our quarters in the porch of the village church. The moon 'in cloudless majesty' afforded the light of day, and enabled us to discover a large field of lucern into which my first care was to turn the poor jaded and deserving animals; then, selecting the softest step at the door of the church, I laid myself down overpowered by sleep. The labour of scrambling up the mountain at one side, and the *saltos*, skips, and jumps, descending it at the other, having been mostly performed from necessity on foot, and under an intensely hot mid-day sun, caused my desire to eat to yield irresistibly to my desire to rest.

"The sun had risen high before either my peones or myself showed the slightest disposition to rouse from the luxurious trance in which we so happily passed the night at the entrance of the sacred edifice of San Lorenzo, and had it not been that the tolling of the matin peal announced the necessity of vacating our situation in order to permit all well-disposed Christians within hearing of that summons to pass uninterrupted to their devotions, I doubt if we should not have slept on through the day; so true it is that

"Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty Sloth
Finds the down pillow hard."

"Although this is the commencement of winter, the morning was soft and delightful as the finest day of May in Europe, which encouraged me to proceed to breakfast at Tarija, three leagues distant, and the road being through a flat luxuriant valley, it was not long before I found myself in the house of my friend Colonel Don Francisco Burdett O'Conor, commandant-general of the army of the frontiers of Bolivia, who received me with all the warmth and hospitality of a genuine Hibernian. Every toil and trouble were in an instant forgotten on my part, or if thought of, they tended only to increase the pleasure I experienced in the cordiality of my reception. I found the commandant lodged in a very good house, in which he lived in a style highly respectable and comfortable.

"The inhabitants of Tarija are descended from two or three families who came to this country from Rome, at the invitation of the Jesuits when they first settled here. Of this fact I thought I could discover in the features of *la Senora* O'Conor a very strong confirmation, and I must add, that a prettier and more animated little woman of eighteen I never saw on the shores of Italy. I might well feel a little surprised at finding my friend married, for he himself had never even thought of such an event, until a few days before my arival, when the vicar of Tarija tied the indissoluble knot that now secures him for life in the golden yoke; and if my friend's life does not turn out what it promises to be, comfortable and happy, it will not be for want of prayers and good wishes throughout the province of Tarija.

"The town contains about 2000 inhabitants; a peaceable community, who prefer sleeping the *siesta* to any occupation connected with arts or industry, which as yet have obtained no footing here. The partiality to a *delicieux repos* is considerably encouraged by the nature of the climate and the fruitfulness of the soil, which requires only a little scratching at seed time, to yield, year after year, without interruption, a superabundance of crops, particularly of maize, which here grows to great perfection. When eating a peach, if you take the trouble to thrust the stone into the ground, two years afterwards you may eat fruit from the tree it produces.—In a court belonging to the Prefect's house, there is now a tree which was planted two years and a half before I saw it, and which, when put

into the ground, was only a small twig, three feet long, and as thick as a man's finger. It had grown in that space of time to the height of twenty feet, and measured *thirteen inches in circumference* for several feet above the ground. It is the increase in the size of the *stem* that is deserving of notice, and shows that it was not a mere shoot, slender and useless, such as often grows from many species of trees to a great length in a very short space of time, even in England. I am aware that, compared with what can be forced in green houses in Europe, the luxuriant growth of my tree at Tarija is a mere nothing! 'An *Acacia speciosa* had grown eighteen feet in the space of two years, and a *Eucalyptus* twenty-five feet in the same period; but these are trifles. A specimen of the *Lobelia candens maxima* had shot up to the height of *thirty-two feet*, and covered with its main stem and feeders a space of *seven hundred feet*, though struck from a cutting under a hand-glass only two years before! A shoot of bamboo, during the great heat of 1826, had grown *twenty-six feet in the space of eighteen days*, or three-quarters of an inch in an *hour*.' I shall not mention one word more on the growth of plants in Tarija, but those who have not already read the account of the foregoing, and wish to know all the particulars, may consult Granville's Travels, &c. in Russia; or the review of the work, in No. lxxvii. Quart. Rev.

"History informs us, that Richard II. made a present of Ireland to his favourite Robert de Vere Earl of Oxford; a very sporting gift, certainly; but, though the Earl did actually enjoy the whole of that country as his own property, 'without reservation or exception whatever,' still he had only a life interest in it. *

"At that period, Ireland was possibly of no more consideration or consequence in the world than the province of Tarija is now; in which case an individual of this town, named Campero, heir to the Count of Toxo, and Marquis of Yavi, possesses a property of as much importance as that of the aforesaid Earl of Oxford, Marquis of Dublin, and Duke of Ireland, with an advantage over the latter, inasmuch as the South American noble has to himself and his heirs *for ever* an estate fully equal in extent to the whole of Ireland, and though much of it is wild and uncultivated, it may be doubted if there was not quite as much in the Duke of Ireland's estate in a similar condition; and as regards a comparison with society, science, arts, and refinement of manners, among the tenantry of the two noble proprietors, the difference, though not very great, may probably be in favour of the Marquis of Yavi.

"I have been given to understand, that the Creole family of Campero, ennobled from their wealth, have always been considered by far the most extensive landed proprietors in the New World, and their riches immense, although in actual gold and silver not equal to that of many of the nobles of Mexico; still, it was no unusual sight in the course of the year, to see mules laden with bags of doubloons and dollars arrive at the house of the Marquis as rent from different parts of his property.

"The actual possession of more riches, and the power of lavishing a greater sum in a given time, seem to have been the only important difference here between the rich and those in humbler circumstances. Rank and wealth seldom carried with them any other distinguishing quality; no advantage was taken of the means of acquiring superior education, nor was there any thing remarkable in respectability of appearance within doors or without, different from others of moderate fortune. The house of the Marquis of Yavi, although it occupies one side of the great *plaza* in the town of Tarija, and now forms a very convenient barrack for a whole regiment of cavalry, was not at any time better furnished or supplied with more of the comforts of life than any other house in the town. Mud floors, unglazed windows, white-washed walls, cheerless and chairless apartments, were here precisely the same as elsewhere. The retinue of half-naked slaves and domestics was, indeed, infinitely more numerous than could be maintained by and moderate fortune, and the profusion of massive plate, such as in Europe is is difficult to believe.

"Want of occupation, as well as of a method to get rid of his bags of gold and silver, induced the late Marquis to take occasional trips to Potosi, for the sole object of play; which in that city was at one time carried to a pitch of extravagance peculiar to men, who, for the loss of thousands and tens of thousands of dollars at a sitting, could console themselves with the hope of digging as much more from the mines that had supplied the first.

"One adventure in the life of the Marquis is worth relating, as it affords a fair idea of manners and customs, and at the same time confirms the accounts of those acts of prodigality and dissipation of wealth, which appear to have been formerly general among the South Americans. My inquiries into the truth of the statement, addressed to several persons who were intimately acquainted with the Marquis, and who had a personal knowledge of the facts, leave me no room to doubt the authenticity of my story.

"About twenty years ago, El Senor Campero, Conde de Toxo y Marquess de Yavi, then between twenty and thirty years of age, hearing of the beauty of a lady of high degree in Lima, resolved 'to go a-suitoring." With this intent he assembled a numerous train of slaves and vassals, with a few friends of his native town, all of whom he mounted on his best mules and finest horses, and left Tarija, taking with him, among sundry articles for presents, boxes of jewelry, consisting of necklaces, rings, and earrings of diamonds, pearls, and precious stones of all sorts, part of the property of former generations of his wealthy family, all of which had centered in himself. He also took with him in cash one hundred and eighty thousand dollars (£36,000) for his immediate expenses. On his way through Potosi, he stopped only one night, but that was long enough to admit of his loosing at *lansquenet* and *monté* twenty-five thousand dollars of his ready cash.

"When he arrived within a day's journey of Lima, the Marquis halted his retinue, and sent forward orders to the silversmiths in the city to prepare forthwith twenty-five sets of shoes for his horses and mules.

"It may perhaps be unnecessary to remark that silversmiths in Lima, as in other places, never work that base metal, with which blacksmiths work, and therefore the twenty-five sets of shoes were furnished, as they were required, in pure silver. The cavalcade being duly prepared, the Marquis with considerable splendour entered the voluptuous capital of Peru, and, after parading proudly through the streets, in order to proclaim his arrival to the world at large, he took up his abode at a mansion prepared for his reception, where a succession of sumptuous entertainments sufficiently testified the wealth and magnificence of the noble house of Yavi, and proved it worthy of aspiring to an alliance with any family in the land.

"Among the entertainments given, solely to gratify some wish that might have been casually expressed, or in compliment to any slight observation that might have been made, by the attractive object of his visit to Lima, the Marquis gave a grand bull-fight in the great square, which was fitted up as an amphitheatre, capable of containing many thousand spectators, who were served during the exhibition, by slaves dressed in splendid liveries, with liqueurs, fruits, and sweetmeats, in abundance.

"When the lady expressed a desire to see a favourite play, it was immediately commanded by the Marquis, who, taking the whole house at his own expense, distributed the tickets among the fashionable world, and had the theatre supplied with refreshments of every kind as at a private party. I did not hear how many balls and suppers he gave, but I ascertained that one alone cost twenty-five thousand dollars.

"Three months were passed in the capital, in feasting, regaling, and entertaining, in honor of the lady to whose hand and heart he pretended, and, after contracting debts to the amount of a quarter of a million of dollars, (of which, however, there was neither doubt, nor difficulty as to the payment) the Marquis of Toxo departed from Lima, having received from the lady, in return for all his gallantry, a direct refusal to that very particular and personal request which he had gone so far to make.

"A few years after this adventure the revolution broke out, and the Marquis, having taken a conspicuous part in the cause of inde-

* Some few years ago, from among a long neglected mass of rubbish, that had been preserved in one of the public offices in Dublin, a document was brought to light touching on a part of Irish history, scarcely, '*if at all*,' noticed by historians; and although it was published at the time, it may to some of my readers appear new, and be considered as deserving of a page in my common place book as many other subjects already entered. The document purports to be, an address from the above-mentioned Robert de Vere to the heads of authorities in Ireland, on his appointing John Stanley, Knight, to be his Lordship's *locum tenens* in that country, and runs nearly thus:—

"Robert, Marquis of Dublin, Earl of Oxford, and Chamberlain of England, To all to whom the present letters come greeting: Know, that fully confiding in the fidelity and prudence of our beloved John de Stanley, we have appointed him our *locum tenens* in *our* land of Ireland, during our pleasure, with full power of receiving into our faith and pence, as well English as Irish, who maintain themselves in rebellion against *us*, &c. and of causing to be made out to them our letters patent under our seal, which we use in *our aforesaid land*, &c. &c. and of removing from office whomsoever of our officers and servants in that place, as to the said John shall appear insufficient. Likewise, of removing from time to time, as well *our* common bench as *our* Exchequer of Ireland, as to the said John shall appear more expedient, &c. &c. Likewise, of doing and regulating all other and singular things, for the good regulation of the same *our land* and *people* therein, &c. &c. We give also by the tenour of these presents, firmly in command to *our* Chancellor and Treasurer of Ireland, and to all the Archbishops, Bishops, Abbots, Priors, Earls, Barons, Knights, Sheriffs, Mayors, Bailiffs, Superiors, Provosts, Servants, and to *our subjects* of the aforesaid land, that they may attend, submit, obey, and assist the said John, as our Lieutenant, &c. &c. Given in our Manor of Kenyngton, on the 7th of June, in the Tenth of the King." This clearly proves that the whole sovereignty of Ireland, in the fullest sense of the word, was transferred by Richard II. to his favourite, without reservation or exception whatever; so that the Marquis of Dublin, better known in history by the title of Earl of Oxford, was to all intents and purposes king, lord, master, and sole proprietor of Ireland."—*Monthly Museum*, 1814.

pendence, had the misfortune to be taken by the Spaniards, and sent prisoner, it is supposed, to Madrid; but, no authentic account having ever afterwards been heard of him, it is generally believed that he was put to death."

. . . . .

"The ladies of Tarija are celebrated for their horsemanship, and frequently distinguish themselves at public races, which are here a very favourite amusement among all classes, and on those occasions, difficult as it may appear, the jockeys, male or female, ride bare-backed. The usual seat of the ladies is the same as that of the English, but their saddles have no crutch, nor support of any kind, being precisely of the make of a man's common saddle in England, only much smaller, and over it is thrown a *pellon* (a worsted saddle-cloth of fancy colours), on which they sit with ease and confidence. Sometimes females may be seen sitting *en croupe* behind the horsemen, and once or twice I observed them get into that seat by means which proved at least the gentleness of the animal. A knot was tied in the horse's tail, into which the lady introduced her foot as into a stirrup; then giving one hand to the horseman, she was assisted into her place on the animal's back, as may be seen in the cut at the end of this volume.

"Our excursion being undertaken as a party of pleasure, we resolved to halt when any of the ladies manifested the least degree of fatigue, or where we might chance to find an inviting spot to pitch our tent. This day's journey was between five and six leagues, through the rich vale of Tarija, to the house of a relation of the bride's, where preparations had been made for our entertainment. Among the neighbours invited to the feast, was a jolly friar, an Irishman by birth, who many years ago had been a sailor in the British navy, deserted to a merchant ship, in which he touched at Buenos Ayres, and there became acquainted with some Dominican friars, who invited him to their convent, shaved his head, and clothed him in the habit of their order, in which he still continues, and is now the father confessor of all the frail penitents of the village of Saint Anna.

"Although we all rose early, there was so much packing, and so much time required to load our baggage-mules, and saddle our riding-mules, that we did not set out on our journey before the sun was high and powerful. We travelled four leagues through a mountainous country, fertile but uninhabited, then halted on the edge of a river, where we pitched our tent, and, after turning the animals out to graze on the abundant pasture that extended for leagues round us, we passed the evening in that mood of merriment which good cheer and good humour, and good company, generally create. A fashionable lady from Grosvenor-square or thereabouts, accustomed to folding-doors, carpeted apartments, closed windows, downy beds, damask curtains, and other little conveniencies, would, I presume, have been *shockingly* surprised, on peeping into our tent at the hour of rest, to behold the fashionables of Tarija pell-mell together, head and stern, topsy-turvy, some upon sheep-skins, some upon saddle-clothes, some upon ponchos, and some upon the green grass, indulging in the comforts of repose with a zest that set all etiquette at defiance. In an assembly so promiscuous and so very closely packed, the lady from Grosvenor-square might imagine, that, according to the laws prescribed by refined society, there must unavoidably have been an infringement of prudence and decorum. I can assure the lady that her alarms are perfectly groundless; there was indeed much of what I considered a very agreeable familiarity, but any thing beyond that, I protest I never witnessed. True it is we all went to bed together, of that there is no denial; husbands and wives, bachelors and widows, prepared each their bed to their fancy, laid themselves down, and made themselves comfortable; but—

'No curtain'd sleep had we, because,
We had no curtains to our beds.'

At sunrise the compliments of the morning passed round the tent, and every body got up somehow or other without being noticed or noticing others; as occurs among passengers in a packet, where ladies and gentlemen sometimes mingle together in harmless confusion, but with this difference, indeed, that in our tent we had no overpowering malady to depress the spirits, and induce us to feel regardless of the world and all within it, except unhappy self.

"We travelled about eight leagues, through a country of rich pasture, in which we saw some very fine cattle: the silky sleekness of their coats, proving their good condition, particularly attracted our attention. Woods, glens, streams, rocks, mountains, and valleys, were successively passed in the course of the day's journey, and in the evening we halted at a luxuriant spot on the banks of a fine river, the surrounding scenery forming a splendid park, which required only a mansion to make it complete.

. . . .

"We all departed from the convent on our return to Tarija, where we arrived in five days, and long continued to talk with delight of our interesting excursion.

"The observations I have made on the Chiriguano Indians, and the country they inhabit, must no doubt fall far short of the expectations of the scientific inquirer; and I fear my confessing, with shame, that I am neither naturalist, botanist, nor geologist, will not preserve me from his censure; and yet, for the few particulars which I have furnished, I cannot suppress a feeling of that pride, harmless, perhaps, in which persons indulge, when they imagine they are imparting the first information, or, as in the present case, even the first slight hint, on any subject of interest—a sentiment by no means uncommon; and extending to many other cases in life. A traveller, in particular, prides himself on having been where others have not, even though he may be unable to show that he has there seen any thing more interesting than his neighbours; still is he proud of the circumstance; nor are there wanting those who envy him his enterprise, wherever it may have been, whether half-way to the summit of Chimborazzo, or the whole way to the summit of Mont Blanc; nay, even the ascent to the top of Pompey's Pillar, on the coast of Egypt, has been vain-gloriously boasted of, and the details listened to with interesting surprise. I happen to be one of the few individuals in this world—mark that, ye climbers, ye lovers of 'rarity,' ye boasters of having performed, not that which is praiseworthy, but merely that which others have not!—I am, I repeat, one of those envied few who have accomplished that far-famed exploit, and on occasionally relating it, (in somewhat of a triumphant tone, of course,) I have excited as much wonder, jealousy, and interest, according to the sanguine feelings of my listeners, as sometimes in relating the adventures of a whole life of wandering half round the globe. The 'rarity' of the ascent was precisely what gave it all its value. M. Humboldt boasts of having climbed to a greater height than any other traveller; yet he seems to envy M. Gay-Lussac, because he happens to have beaten him by a few hundred feet in a balloon. I shall, therefore, be permitted to indulge a similar feeling of whimsical pride, in having visited the province of Tarija, the Chiriguano Indians, and their territories, independently of all real interest, because no other European traveller has done so; 'such motives,' it has been remarked, 'are constantly operating, in various ways, upon very thoughtless people.' If it be asked, how it happens that I have not something interesting, wonderful, and new, to relate on a subject and a territory on which no other traveller, in this travelling age, has touched, I may reply, as I have before now replied to a somewhat similar question respecting the ascent of Pompey's Pillar—that all the wonder, and half the merit, consisted in getting there; that there was but little deserving the imminent risk of life and limb, and little to afford matter of interesting novelty to those below; yet was there a pleasure and a pride in having performed the exploit. Nearly the same is it with respect to the country of the Chiriguano Indians; I saw nothing beyond the trifles I have described, (scenery excepted, for that cannot be surpassed,) which could interest others in the relation, although to myself every thing was interesting. And, as to wonders and the wonderful, I have told you all about the spiders as large as mice, and of the Chiriguanos walking nearly a hundred miles a day with ease; but, for anything *new*—every body knows the proverb.

"Important events, however, have sometimes arisen out of trifling occurrences, and a casual hint has led to great and serious undertakings: it may possibly happen that my slight sketch of the province of Tarija (the name of which exists in some maps, though little more of it is known in Europe,) the fertility of its soil, the salubrity of its climate, together with the Utopian colony of New Erin, may induce some and more competent person to turn out of the beaten track of South American travellers, to examine whether or not a colony of emigrants might settle there, with such prospects of prosperity as I fancied I beheld, nay, perhaps, to invite, and actually establish one, even within a few short years. I shall only add, that I shall feel most happy to join any enterprising company of younger brothers in such a scheme—the success of which, with perseverance, and under judicious guidance, I cannot, with my sanguine feelings, for a moment doubt. As regards the preservation of health, and the assurance of happiness, the only medicines with which it is absolutely requisite to be provided, are ingredients for making pills of patience and forbearance, which, until accustomed to the mode of living of the natives, must be frequently taken; these, with the cordial of friendship, and a reasonable stock of good spirits, will, under the all-healing care of the Physician of the universe, ensure the enjoyment of life to the last hour of its existence.

"That the 'Colony of New Erin' was not altogether an unconsidered subject of desultory

conversation, the following copy of a document in my possession will show.*

"'People of Ireland!—My dear countrymen, after nine years' fighting and hardships, I have had the pleasure of seeing these beautiful provinces free from the Spanish yoke, and now enjoying a republican form of government, and true happiness and independence. The country is a beautiful one. there is a great abundance of the best land in the world, but very few men and women to occupy, or to till the ground.

"'I have chosen this province for my residence. Here I intend to found the colony of New Erin—as green, fertile, and flourishing, as our poor old native land. The province of Tarija is much larger than Ireland, and our colony may be more extensive than its largest county; or, perhaps, than any two counties.

"'Men of Ireland! here is the home of all those who wish to make New Erin their home. The poorest of my countrymen will be received by me with open arms—they are of my flesh and blood; and after working for a short time to make me a house, they shall be provided with a good one for themselves, with everything necessary; a good cow, horse, pig, and poultry, at the door, and the crop for the year in their haggard. This house and land will be theirs for ever, and no man shall have the power to put them out of it. They will not be asked for rent—more than to help now and then, on a hurry day, for the general good. They will be completely masters of their own for ever.

"'Irishmen! this is not an adventurer's trick to deceive you. This is the genuine offer of your father, your brother, your friend, your countryman, to share among you what he has gained with his sword. Come to his arms—you will find in him a protector: by his side you will find health, prosperity, and happiness. —Given under my hand and seal, in the city of Tarija, 24th June, 1827.

(L.S.) "'FRANCIS BURDETT O'CONOR.'

"I am not sufficiently acquainted with the circumstances of the case to say, whether or not it was an address, proclamation, or invitation like the foregoing, that, somewhat about sixty years ago, induced 500,000 Tourgouths to emigrate from the shores of the Caspian Sea to the frontiers of China; or if an equal number of Irishmen are now likely to 'cut their sticks,' and set out in quest of 'the health, happiness, and independence, so liberally offered to them by the gallant commandant-general of the province of Tarija. But this I can, with all truth, assure the 'People of Ireland,' that 'it is not an adventurer's trick,' but the honest effusion of a generous, though rather too sanguine mind; for, no doubt, it will be suspected, that like the generality of his liberal countrymen, he has permitted the national feeling of hospitality to carry him a little beyond what he has either power to execute or means to support. A colony of 'the poorest of my countrymen,' to be transported from the banks of the Shannon to the vale of Tarija, and there (each man, I suppose,) to be put in possession of 'a good cow, horse, pig, poultry, and stocked haggard,' would require a larger capital than my friend, in his munificence, has deigned to consider. It is, however, but justice to him and to 'the People of Ireland,' to state, that by far the least difficulty in the present case is to provide the 'colony of New Erin' with beautiful land in the beautiful province of Tarija, or even with a year's subsistence in advance, but the difficulty of getting there is—quite another thing. I have already given my opinion on the subject of 'health, prosperity, and happiness,' as well here as in other parts of South America—'Industry, with some little means,' I have said, cannot fail to prosper; but, industry and poverty will not do. I, therefore, consider it my duty, being a party concerned, to recommend to the 'poorest of my countrymen' to seek to better their condition a little nearer home, than in the beautiful province of Tarija."

* "On my return to England from South America, I found all speculations connected with that country so 'stale, flat, and unprofitable,' as to leave me, even in the fulness of my zeal, without the most distant hope of reviving them, by giving publicity at that period to the animated address, proclamation, or invitation, with which I was, and still am, personally charged, and on which I am duly authorized to act, in such wise as shall seem fitting unto me, for the benefit of all persons concerned, or likely to be concerned, either in the Old World or the New."

The Vale of Tempe, and other Poems. By H. Newton, A. B. Dublin; Curry, and Co. and Hurst, Chance, and Co. London; 12mo. pp. 106.

THE author of this little volume is, we have been told, a Greek by birth, though a graduate of the University of Dublin. It is a pretty little poem enough, displaying a good deal of amiable and religious feeling, in tolerably smooth verse, but without much of poetic fire flashing about it; we shall not absolutely say, that

'Pure description holds the place of sense'

in its pages, but in sooth there is so little of a distinctive character about the story, that we can give no very satisfactory account of it, save that it concerns a rustic family in the smiling vale of Tempe, two members of which, a brother and a lover, as well as we could make out, of Medora, the lily of the happy valley, go forth to repel one of the annual invasions of the Goths, and then comes, "end of Canto first," and "Minor Poems," without further intimation as to what we may expect from Mr. Newton's future labours. We think the description of the vale affords a favourable specimen of the author's powers:

Oh! where on earth is found the favour'd spot,
That far remov'd from scenes of human strife,
Might seem to grant some little of that lot—
Some remnant of that pure unearthly life!
Where Nature's wildest and sublimest scene
Extends, with all that can adorn it crown'd,
And seems its race as tranquil and serene,
As th' earthly Paradise that smiles around.
Such is the vale our happy race can boast,
Where Peneus dark, meand'ring through the wild,
In foaming cataracts successive toss'd,
Roars, in its mountain labyrinth begull'd.
Hence Ossa tow'ring from its sable deep
Waves o'er the rushing flood his sounding groves,
As dark beneath his pine-encircled steep,
Around his base the mazy torrent roves.
Hence huge Olympus, as a giant-form,
His forehead rears, hoar with eternal frost,
Beneath him rolling views the thunder-storm,
And shrouds his head in low'ring vapour lost.
And Tempe crown'd with forest winds between,
Whose verdant hills, that line the curving stream,
Successive rise, and mellow in the scene
In azure distance, yet unending seem.
Here zephyrs ever from the mountains sweep,
And temperate airs along the stream descend,
And sable pines wave shadowing o'er its deep,
Or pendant laurels tremulous o'er it bend.
Here as one kindred shares our peaceful race
The native charm that richly round them glows,
For all that Nature's bosom can embrace,
All that her hand luxuriantly bestows,
Here smiles throughout her richly varied scene:
Or where the steep frowns in the mountain wild,
Above whose brows of never-fading green,
Height beyond snowy height successive pil'd,
Uphold the stormy clouds incumbent round;
Or on their shadowy undulating base
The bloom of spring and harvest wealth abound;
And grove, and dell, and wooded lowland grace
A scene for ever bright, for ever new;
Hence none forsake their happy native plain,
Or foreign climes, and foreign toils pursue,
Or cross the seas in quest of wretched gain.
But near the wood-girt cottage, where each drew
His infant breath, endures his homely care,
Contented, so that cottage meets his view,
For still his heart, his all are center'd there."
So sung Leander, while the festive throng
As sweetly warbled as their leader sung,
And some with voice accompanied the song,
Some to that lay their lute melodious strung.
On one side distantly was seen the main,
Where th' op'ning vale and wid'ning thither led,
As tow'rds the west extended far the plain
Of Tempe, to the base of Pelion spread.

Of the minor poems we have little to say, but there is an unhappy combination of absurdity and ignorance in the single sentence of prose that accompanies them, which we cannot pass in silence, and which coming from an A. B. is perfectly astounding and unaccountable. "All these latter poems," it is written, "were composed between the author's eighteenth and twenty-second year, just as he could snatch a moment from the dry fatigue of *poetical* college study, especially Aristotle's Rhetoric, and the useless and vain fustian of Cicero de Oratore." This young gentleman must, most undoubtedly, be in the same unhappy plight as Mons. Jourdain in Moliere's Bourgeois gentilhomme, who had been talking prose for forty years without knowing it.

Unquestionably if Mr. Newton ever dipped into the two most admirable Greek and Latin treatises he so foolishly affects to sneer at, he was unconsciously perusing prose, however he may have mistakenly supposed the contrary.—As to the *dry fatigue* of reading such authors as Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, or Virgil, Juvenal and Horace, which really form the course of poetical college study, however *dry* the productions of these dull wits may appear in Mr. Newton's judgment, we fear the stupid world will still continue to account them almost as useful and delightful reading, as even Mr. N's. minor poems.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge:

Part I.—Being a new and enlarged Dictionary of the English language, &c. preceded by a compendious English Grammar, with verbal distinctions; and the whole surrounded by morals, maxims and proverbial aphorisms, in alphabetical order:

Part II.—Comprising a new universal Gazeteer, with population and other tables.—A Compendious Classical Dictionary, followed by scripture proper names accented, a chronological analysis of general history, a dictionary of law terms and various useful addenda. London; S. Maunder.

WE have copied the title so much at length, because it gives only a fair account of the contents of the book, which is really a curious and valuable, as well as very cheap production. It is a Cyclopædia of human knowledge, a treatise de omni scibile, in one thick volume, printed in double columns, with all manner of wise saws and modern instances, verbal distinctions, corrections of false grammar, and Latin and English maxims and mottoes garnishing the margins of every page, that no space may be lost. It is in truth, a "Treasury of Knowledge and Library of Reference," carefully and intelligently compiled, and embellished with two beautiful plates, by Brooke, from designs by Romney.

Ford of Fitz-ford; a Legend of Devon. By Mrs. Bray, author of De Foix, &c. 3 vols. 8vo. Smith, Elder, and Co. London.—1830.

A mixture of truth with fiction is one of those devices which render the latter much more agreeable; hence has proceeded the artifice of attributing the discovery of a fanciful narrative, which its inventor wishes to introduce under the most favourable auspices, to some lucky chance; an old chest, a dropped bundle of family documents, or a detached paper of snuff, has thus been the clue to many a tale of wonders.

The writer of the volumes now before us, gives her readers an assurance that the "Legend of Devon" does not owe its origin to any such delusion, but that the facts on which its interest depends, have been collected from historic records, or well authenticated tradition.

"It was during a summer evening when we first visited the ruined gateway, now the only remaining vestige of the mansion of the house of Fitz-ford. As we passed along, my friend related various anecdotes respecting the place; but he more particularly drew my attention to Fitz-ford, as he told me that tradition had peopled even the solitary gateway, now in ruins, with the restless spirits of the invisible world; that strange forms were said to be there seen; and that one of these was of a truly German character; since a Lady Howard, famed in her lifetime for some great offence, was now nightly doomed, as a fearful penance, to follow her hound from Fitz-ford to Oakhampton-Park, between midnight and cockcrowing, and to return with a single blade of grass in its mouth; a punishment from which neither the mistress nor the hound could be released till every blade was consumed. My friend then told me that there were other and more probable traditions, supported by the evidence of history, connected with this gateway, which in early life had much interested his imagination."

Some of those more probable traditions form the groundwork of the present tale. The principal of them, and though truly horrible, not the less probable on this account, is that of an English judge, who sentenced his daughter to be burnt for the murder of her husband. Perhaps it is not known to all our readers, that this crime is considered in our law books to be one of the deepest atrocity. It is known by the name of petty treason: as being similar in character, though inferior in supposed degree, to that of high treason: for the husband being lord of his house or castle, an attempt upon his life by his only liege subject, his wife, was considered by our learned ancestors, who advocated most stubbornly the rights of MAN, as savouring strongly of an offence against sovereign authority. The punishment was as horrible as the crime was deemed atrocious. The culprit was to be suspended by the neck from the top of an upright stake, at the bottom of which a bundle of faggots were lighted up, so as thus to inflict at once the double agony of strangling and burning. The progress of humanity, without detracting from the apparent horror, has diminished the actual cruelty of the execution, by completing the former part of the sentence before the latter is put in operation. The fact may be as little known, and, perhaps, equally interesting, to many of our readers, that this punishment was inflicted, we believe, for the last time in Ireland, within half a century of the present day, on a criminal in Dublin, on the spot in Baggot-street, where public executions used to be inflicted, before the progress of improvement launched the culprit into eternity more scientifically through the agency of the spring bolt and the drop.

A tale founded on such a heart-rending incident, must possess some claims on our attention. The occurrences selected, are said to have taken place during the reign of Elizabeth, a period of much excitement, and several historical particulars of the most striking event of that period, the captivity of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scotland, are interwoven into the narrative of domestic transactions.

Much attention is paid to the description of the natural scenery of Devonshire, and to its local customs. Perhaps, indeed, the author may be accused of expatiating too largely on these embellishments. Scenic descriptions, though highly grateful when slightly touched on by a master-hand, are apt to weary when the writer endeavours to infuse into the narration all the varied impressions which the first view of those displays of the gorgeous majesty of nature cannot fail to excite in a romantic temperament.

Hints originally intended for the Small Farmers of the County of Wexford, but suited to the circumstances of many parts of Ireland. By Mr. Martin Doyle. Fifth edition, Dublin, Curry and Co.

WE are delighted to see that this very admirable little practical treatise on the agriculture of Ireland, has already reached a fifth edition. Though written in that plain and even homely style, which is perhaps best adapted to secure the attention of the working farmer, it is full of sound sense and shrewd observation. Besides the instructions as to quality and preparation of soils, rotation of crops, care and management of various species of farms, stock, &c. the present edition is enriched with minute directions on the culture of Tobacco, which has recently become so general in some parts of Ireland. Master Martin is opposed, and we think with great reason, to the general introduction of this weed into Ireland, as a noxious, uncertain and therefore unprofitable crop, but he conceives that in the immediate neighbourhood of Dublin, or other large cities, it may be grown with great comparative advantage, because street manure, which can be there procured at a cheap rate, is infinitely better suited for the culture of this crop than any farm-yard manure. To such of our readers as rejoice in the most ancient and honourable of all occupations, the labours of the field, we cordially recommend this little tract, as the most comprehensive and practically useful one we have ever seen on Irish farming.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Schiller in his Forty-third Year; from a Letter of the younger Voss.

Figure to yourself a man really of majestic stature, with a countenance open and handsome, though pale, and slightly withered; one who, when you contemplate him calmly, bears a look of gloom and seriousness about him, but whose features, when set in motion by social converse, glow with cordiality and animation. How few, how very few, possess a goodness and kind-heartedness like his! Since his health has been restored, life to him is one vast scene of cheerfulness. His marriage has proved a happy one, and he doats upon his children with all a father's fondness. He delights in conversing on serious topics, but takes much interest in trivial matters, if there be but the slightest spark of life and soul about them. Few men have prepossessed me so enthusiastically as Schiller. He knows it, and treats me the more kindly for it. 'It is so seldom,' he once remarked, 'that young men approach me without some selfish end in view, or indeed any other save the desire of looking upon a '*noticeable*' man.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PRIVATE LETTER FROM ROME.

Rome, 20th February.

You chide me for not describing my sensations on visiting the Vatican; why, surely, my dear ——, you need not be told for the eleven hundred and ninety-ninth time, that I agree with all that has been said, sung, written, or printed in praise of that glorious place, of Raphael, or Giulio Romano! or the scholars of that school; these must be seen to be understood. The same may be said of the capitol. There is the original St. Sebastian, the first copy of which I recollect to have seen, was by your old friend, Solomon Williams, and that day is as fresh, and that copy too, in my memory, as the original is now. Rome cannot be described—at least, not by me. Such crowds of palaces, galleries, studios! one collection rubs out the recollection of the other: years are required to see and record the great and noble works, *here* only to be found. The frescos delight me much, though injured, and fast going to decay, as they are. Guidos, Raphaels, Domenichinos and others, *all* delight me; and from almost every church of the three hundred and fifty that Rome contains, one is sure to come out with some agreeable recollection, arising from the combination, or selection of architecture, painting, or sculpture. How then can I hope to convey to you more than my feelings and gratifications? and these are, (I assure you honestly,) fully and abundantly satisfied and rewarded. Add to these the *ruins*, the associations of our youthful readings, *on the very spot*, so rich in composition, effect, and colour, and you may conceive the wonders of this place. Then I am surrounded by my family, no mean increase of pleasure; and as much at home as when you remember me in Dublin—have lots of artist friends, who pass an evening with us; music at home and abroad, and a rich circle of agreeable and respectable companions, (if not friends): foremost, Allan of Edinburgh, Williams, a glorious Welsh artist, Gibson the sculptor, and a very superior one too, and some six or eight others. Then we mix with some forty English and Scotch occasionally; apropos, an Edinburgh artist, Scoular, has taken my bust. He is a very clever man. Music, drawing, and languages fill our leisure hours, so that Rome, (though in one, and almost the truest sense) a gay and dissipated place, is, as you see, by us turned to account. We find it not easy to keep out of the vortex of fashion. I sketch a little out of doors, now that the weather has got milder, though it is still chill and cold, but the sun has gained immense power for February. Hills white towards Tivoli, and frost not over.

We have had cold and unusually severe weather, rain, sleet, and snow; but the days lengthen, and soon we hope for improved climate. A son of Doctor Renny, Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, (whom we have seen much of here,) left us on Thursday, for England—a worthy man, (in the engineers,) for Woolwich. Stiestead's not yet returned from Naples. This is the gayest moment of Rome. The carnival commenced last Sunday, and is a gay and ridiculous masquerading in the public streets, by day-light; with racings of horses, without riders, goaded, poor wretches, with balls and spikes swinging about their sides and bellies like spurs, and fireworks and slow matches burning their backs or cruppers, to infuriate them forward. How silly this is in writing, yet it promotes noise and frolic; draws crowds, and seems to exhilarate the English as well as the Italians.—This lasts for eight days before Lent, when they pray without ceasing—comical arrangement! yet it fills Rome with all ranks from all countries. I have sought your friend —— and found him; but little more than that can I add. Immediately on receipt of your's I searched for him, but several days elapsed ere I found his lodging, and a comical one it is. Wild as Roman rooms generally are, as to comforts, *his* was quite unique. Picture to yourself an immense gazebo of a studio, thirty-five by twenty-five feet, and eighteen high; unpapered, uncurtained, uncarpeted, and unfurnished, with two windows near the roof, a brick floor (generally so here), a grand pianoforte on the right, loaded high with music books; on the left, a table with implements of drawing, papers and chalks lying about them; the white-washed walls be-sketched in chalk, and not very good designs, by his artist friends, he says; his chimney or mantel-piece with cigars, and odds and ends, for he is a great smoker; tambourine, books, &c. &c. filling the tops of the tables; a queer, poetic, rhapsodical kind of an apartment; all this is, doubtless, descriptive of genius. When the spring advances, we purpose going hence to Naples, thence take shipping for Marseilles, and, by the South of France, on to Bourdeaux, whence, possibly, we may steam it to Dublin in the Autumn.

P.S.—Our poor friend ———, was robbed of his trunk, books, letters, and clothes within ten miles of St. Petersburgh; but, though some forty or fifty pounds *minus* by the transaction, he reckons his loss on the whole rather a gain. He describes the *scene* well, and the *eclat* of it has made quite a lion of him, and gained him unlooked-for kindness and attention, particularly through his fellow-traveller, Mr. ———. I have at once to deplore with you the death of poor Sir Thomas Lawrence, so suddenly cut off in the midst of his bright and glorious career, and to congratulate you upon the election of his high-minded and talented successor, your countryman, Mr. Shee. I am rejoiced to hear that the appointment gives such universal satisfaction to the British artists. Perhaps, if talent in art alone were to decide it, Wilkie should have been the man; but as the office is not merely honorary, but requires great and varied gifts and talents, of which the members of the academy alone are competent to judge, I think the appointment, unsolicited and unexpected as I happen to know with certainty it was, equally honorable to the electors and the elected.

Paris, March 15.

Some very interesting experiments have been performed here lately, by Dr. Cotterau, a physician of eminence, on patients afflicted with consumption. Having conceived that the antiputrescent qualities of the chlorets of Lime and Soda, might be applied with effect to ulcerated lungs, he invented an apparatus for the purpose of administering the chloret in the form of gaseous vapour; and if he and others are to be believed, the effect has even exceeded expectation. Some of the patients in very advanced stages of consumption, after inhaling this gas a dozen times, threw up in the expectoration tubercles which had been detached from the lungs, and the diseased parts being thus removed, the lungs healed, and again became healthy. Should this statement, which now rests on the authority of M. Cotterau and several other respectable physicians, be true, we may congratulate the faculty on a discovery, which in many cases, must prove an incalculable blessing.

The late numbers of the Journal des Connaissances Usuelles, contain several interesting communications on domestic economy. Among others is a mode of rendering new brandy or other spirituous liquors equal to old. It is said that the acid in spirits which is now destroyed by age, can be got rid of by a few drops of ammonia, and that so treated they acquire in a few days all the flavour and good properties of old spirits.

There is not much new in the Theatrical world; and, indeed, here as in England, Theatricals generally seem to be on the wane.

The receipts of the Paris theatres for the month of February, were about 23,000l. but, as they are thirteen in number, the average nightly receipts of each during the twenty-eight days, were not very large. The Theatre Français, the national theatre, did not average fifty pounds per night, and the French Opera, which is one of the largest, and most expensive establishments in Europe, fell short of 100l.—many of the minor theatres in the Boulevards exceeded that sum, but none went beyond an average of 120l.

At the last sitting of the Paris Academy of Medicine, a remarkable case was communicated by Dr. Olivier. A woman, a native of Villeborg, department of the Aude, was delivered in 1829, of a male infant, with the head of an unusual length, and without eyes, in place of which was a concave surface, covered by the eye-lids; the edges of which were joined together. The cases of this nature are almost always of a defective formation. This child, however, enjoys excellent health. At the same sitting, Dr. Lores presented to the Academy two human horns, one of them resembling a ram's horn, had been detached from the right thigh of a man aged 46. The second had grown on the upper and hinder part of the left leg. The bearer of these protuberances had suffered no inconvenience from them. It is worthy of observation that his grandfather had for a length of time a similar excrescence.—These horny productions are not so rare as the total absence of eyes. In Dr. Dubois' hospital an old woman was for a long time an inmate, who had on her forehead a horn of a conical shape, the base of which was about six or seven inches in diameter, and the length about five. She died in the hospital of St. Louis, but a coloured drawing of the horn is preserved in the cabinet of the school of medicine.

A new weekly paper, called the "Feuilleton," has just made its appearance. It is a sort of Literary Gazette, but is very ill done, and is by no means likely to succeed. The second number contains a very long article on the book trade of France, from which it appears, that the long credit system, does even more injury in keeping up the high price of books, than in this country. There is some curious information in this article, particularly the following: "In 1750, no book, even the *Esprit des Lois* went into more than 3 to 4000 hands; and the public would be surprised to find what number of the works of Voltaire was thrown off, near 30,000 copies have been sold of the Meditations of Lamartine; and within the last ten years, 60,000 of Buenger, 30,000 of Voltaire, Montesquieu and Moliere, have been disposed of; but what is most astonishing, is, that during the last five years, more copies of Rabelais have been sold than for the preceding hundred years."

Great attention is now paid in France to the breed of horses. Every month we continue to receive stallions from Arabia, Spain, and Great Britain. The prices of horses in Paris, are about 20 to 30 per cent. lower than in London, except for the best bred, which frequently bring 15 to 20 per cent. more than in London. On the last market day in Paris, small but strong draft horses sold for 14 to 18*l.* each.; Picardy mares, 20 to 25*l.*; good saddle horses, 25 to 30*l.*; handsome ponies for ladies, 14 to 16*l.*

M. Raphael Garrette, a merchant of Madrid, has proposed to the Spanish Government, to form a company to establish Artesian Wells, for the irrigation of the country and the supply of water to the towns. According to his statement, few of the towns in Spain, including Madrid, have a supply of more than two-thirds of the quantity of water really necessary.

It appears from a calculation in a French paper, that the number of authors in Germany, is one in every five hundred and eleven of the entire population.

London, March 16.

Messrs. Colburn and Bentley have at length published the second volume of Caillié's Travels in Africa. It is a translation of the volume which I noticed in my last. The Editor of the London and Foreign Literary Gazette expresses great doubts of the veracity of M. Caillié, and insinuates that he has got possession of the papers of the late Major Laing.—This may be the fact; but the case which the writer puts is not a strong one. Mr. Godwin's new novel, Cloudesley, does not appear to be a great favourite, at least not so much so as some of his earlier productions. The sale, however, is likely to be good: for any thing in the shape of a novel from the pen of Mr. Godwin, must sell to a fair extent.* The other

* We have read Cloudesley, and are only prevented by crush of matter from giving a detailed account of it to our readers, in the present number; we prefer deferring it for another week to passing over it in a cursory manner. Let the reader suppose a man cooped up for months in the narrow, noisome alleys of a crowded city, and suddenly transported into the dewy freshness and bracing air of a spring morning in the fields, and he will be able to image to himself the feeling with which the truth and intellectual vigour of Godwin's pages inspired us, compared with the volumes of commonplace fiction through which we are usually condemned to labour. By the way, as opinions upon literary subjects are frequently expressed in our London letters, we think it due to the public, to our correspondent and ourselves, to state, once for all, that we hold ourselves in no degree accountable for any criticisms, save those which are couched under the editorial we. Our regular London correspondent is known

novels of the week, Sydenham, and the Manners of the Day, seem to have fallen almost still-born from the press, notwithstanding the exertions of the publishers.

I fear that there are still some difficulties in the way of rebuilding the English Opera House, at least upon the former site. The Marquis of Exeter who is the ground landlord, claims to retake it into his own hands on forfeiture of the lease by Mr. Arnold, who was bound by one of its clauses to insure the property. Should the Noble Marquis insist upon this harsh construction of the clause, the Commissioners of Woods and Forests intend to let to Mr. Arnold a plot of ground near Charing-Cross, which would be an admirable situation.

I see by the American Papers that Miss Frances Wright, the protegée of Mr. Jeremy Bentham and General Lafayette, is still delivering lectures in support of her system of social economy. The Yankees are very much divided in opinion as to the philosopher in petticoats. Some consider her a *genuine* star of genius; others one of those star-shots which are all froth and jelly. The same Papers contain accounts of some interesting experiments which have lately been made at New-York, as to the relative strength of cordage made from Russian and American hemp. The results shewed a superiority of more than 20 per cent. in favour of the American.

Temperance societies are become very common in the United States, and as the preachers of temperance are putting into practice their own precepts, they may be expected to increase. An American paper, under the unharmonious title of the "*Little Falls People's Friend*," informs us that more than one hundred physicians and students in that country have publicly renounced the use of ardent spirits, except when necessary as medicine. We hope the medical gentlemen will not fancy themselves ill too frequently for the sake of administering this medicine.

While on the subject of America, I must notice among the contents of the American papers, this as to the increase of steam-boats. I find that there are now 320 steam-boats on the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, whereas, eighteen years ago, the number was only 170, the largest of which was smaller than most of the small boats now in use. It would be curious to trace the increase of steam power in our own country, as applied to vessels, and still more curious and satisfactory to shew how few accidents result from its use. On the Dover station, although at least one thousand voyages take place annually by steam-boats, we never hear of a single casualty as to human life. I will conclude my American notices with the following, which appears in the Virginia Herald under the head "Sam Patch, undone."—Sam, as most of our readers know, was the adventurous youth who split his skull in throwing a somerset down the Falls of the Niagara:

"On Christmas Day, Miss Ross, of Pownal, Vermont, had been to 'Brown's Mills,' and taken a bundle of rolls from the carding machine, with which she proceeded homewards; but thinking to reach home sooner by going across the lots, than by taking the common route, she left the road and proceeded towards her house. It seems that she soon lost her way, and after wandering about for some time, she returned to the place a short distance to the east of the mills above mentioned, where there is a perpendicular rock, and a very deep declivity, down to the road; not knowing where she was, she boldly walked off from the cliff, and fell perpendicularly sixty-three feet, when she rebounded, and fell seventy-three feet more, rolls and all! making the whole distance, either perpendicular, or over sharp rocks, 133 feet!—and, what is more astonishing, the girl received no injury at all! The distance, says the Williams-Town paper, has since been accurately measured by Augustus Starkweather, Esq. and another competent person, so that there can be "no mistake."

To the Redacteur of the Dublin Literary Gazette.

SIR—I am *réellement* astonished to observe in the *beau monde*, where the *belles lettres* are cultivated, a *mélange* of French and English which is positively *affreux*, and shows that that language is becoming *de jour en jour* a miserable tongue of the society of *haut ton*. *En effet*, one cannot partake of a dinner *sans* hearing this jargon, nor attend a *bal paré*, without this species of conversation, which is *tout-à-fait* disgusting; nor can one participate in a *fête champêtre*, without being *apostrophé* by one of the *partie*, who watches every opportunity to show his *esprit*; and, if, *malheureusement*, a stranger happen to be *pour la première fois*, in such an assembly, where every one is *savant dans genre*, he, not being acquainted with *la langue française*, sees himself all at once *hors de combat*. It is quite impossible, *Mons. le redacteur*, to enjoy a *tête-à-tête* without hearing this *langage*. *Ma foi*, it would do very well, *si*, every one of the *partie* knew *le français*.

I have observed that young *militaires* and a few *chirurgiens* have a *penchant* for this *affreuse* language, thinking that this motley jargon makes them appear *grands*, and gives *un ton d'empressement* to their Frenchified English conversation, which is very seldom otherwise *piquante*; but *chacun à son goût*. I am not a little *étonné* to be informed that a young *Demoiselle* cannot invite a male friend to a *soirée*, it is always the *étiquette* of society that a gentleman invites a *Monsieur*, and a lady *une Dame*: this is called *bon genre*. But sir, what will you do then with the *jeunes veuves*? *Allons, allons, Monsieur*, this *soi-disant haut-ton* is not very *sortable*: to prevent ladies from enjoying the *charme* of society is not very *poli*. They cannot have at their own apartments *garnis* a *tête-à-tête*, without creating in the neighbourhood certain *cancans*, that is to say, no one can be *sage chez soi*. This saying is *tout-à-fait* disgraceful to *bienséance*. But, *n'importe, chaque pays, chaque mode*.

What strange *coutumes* in a saloon, *M. le redacteur!* when a *cavalier* has *la bonne fortune* to meet a lady *à une soirée*, and pays her his *devoirs* as *en qualité d'un galant*, she is observed by her *entours*, who watch every *geste* of hers, and every *mouvement* of his, which is, *convenez-en*, very disagreeable. But the *pis* is, that that same polite individual has not the privilege to *ôter son chapeau*, to this very same *belle*, if he should meet her, *par accident*, in the public streets, the day after. This respectful *compliment* appertains to the ladies, *ainsi*, they can pass by *l'un, et faire des yeux doux à l'autre*.

I am, Mons. *avec consideration*, yours,

Voyageur.

to us only by his deservedly high character in the literary world, and we beg it may not be supposed that any identity of opinion is necessarily implied between us and those whose letters are inserted in our pages.—ED.

THE DRAMA.

THE performances at the Theatre during the past week, furnish little matter for further observation than we have already bestowed upon them, as they have entirely consisted of a repetition of those pieces in which Mr. Macready had previously appeared—with the exception of Werner, a tragedy by Lord Byron, which we learn has been adapted by Mr. Macready for stage representation, the story on which the Drama is founded, was taken by the illustrious author from "*Lee's Canterbury Tales*," to which he has added one character—Ida of Stralenheim—which contributes much to its dramatic effect. The other characters have merely undergone some trifling modification, and in many parts Lord Byron has preserved the exact language of the original; the story is deeply interesting, and in the present instance is more remarkable for the simplicity of its development, than for any of those exalted flights of imagination which distinguish most of his lordship's other productions. Mr. Macready as Werner was every thing that could be wished, and sustained the interest which the character excites in every scene, with powerful effect—the other parts were efficiently represented.

The pantomine still holds its ground, and continues to be performed nightly, many alterations and curtailments appear to have been made in the action of the piece, since its first representation, all of which we consider decided improvements; by the way, as this is a species of performance in which our juvenile folk are much interested, and particularly adapted for their amusement, we would recommend the manager to appoint a night when it may be presented at an hour which would enable them to get early to bed, and allow those who are residing in the vicinity of the city, to gratify their children, by witnessing the feats of "Harlequin and Cock Robin."

NEW MUSIC.

'*Tam O'Shanter, and Souter Johny*,' written by C. Butler, Esq. the Music by Dr. Smith. (Willis, Dublin.)

THIS song, as appears from its title, is founded on Burn's well known tale, and inculcates a moral as creditable to the gallantry of the writer, as we trust it may be useful in correcting a custom too often practised in our social circles, of drowning in an after-dinner stoup, the recollection of the ladies in the drawing-room. The poet, without exacting the more rigid discipline of the temperance societies, appears only desirous that our devotion to the bottle, shall not supersede that which we owe to the fair sex, whose delightful society is so frequently sacrificed for too copious libations to the "jolly-god." The music, which is an adaptation of a favourite Scotch air, is pleasingly arranged by Dr. Smith, and as its compass will answer the generality of voices, we think it an excellent table song, and one which we hope, when judiciously introduced, will effect the object contemplated by the writer.

M. Auber has produced another Opera at Paris, called "*Fra Diavolo, or the Hotel of Terracina*," which has proved highly successful. This composer is rapidly acquiring popularity, and Boieldieu, who, next to Rossini, has been the reigning favourite with the French, has found a formidable rival in the author of Masaniello

Moschelles has been giving a series of concerts at Paris, and confirmed the celebrity which, as a first rate pianist, he has long since attained—the French Journals speak in raptures of his brilliant performance.

Madame Pasta is exciting, by her splendid talents, the liveliest enthusiasm in her progress through Italy, her performance on one occasion at Verona, was attended with circumstances of peculiar interest, as it is said that on the eve of her appearance in Romeo and Juliet, she visited the tomb of those lovers, which exists near that town, and in her subsequent exertions, exhibited how deeply her sympathies were influenced by the event.

The Messrs. Herrman have announced an evening and morning concert for the 26th and 27th of this month.

IRISH MUSIC.

We are happy to learn that Mr. Edward Bunting, the well known collector and preserver of our national music, is preparing for the press, another volume of the unpublished melodies of Ireland. We need scarcely say how rich a treat the lovers of original national melody may expect from the acknowledged ability and taste of this accomplished musician.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

At the annual general meeting of this learned body, held on Tuesday the 16th of March, the following Members of Council were re-elected on the several committees:—

Committee of Science.

1. Archbishop of Dublin.
2. Joseph Clarke, M.D.
3. Rev. Samuel Kyle, D.D. F.T.C.D.
4. Rev. Franc Sadleir, D.D.
5. Sir C. L. Giesecke.
6. Rev. R. Mac Donnell, D.D.
7. Professor Hamilton.

Committee of Polite Literature.

1. Rev. Jos. H. Singer, D.D.
2. Andrew Carmichael, Esq.
3. Samuel Litton, M.D.
4. Rev. W. Drummond, D.D.
5. Hon. and Rev. J. Pomeroy.
6. James Apjohn, M.D.
7. Rev. Edward Johnston.

Committee of Antiquities.

1. Isaac D'Olier, L.L.D.
2. T. H. Orpen, M.D.
3. Hugh Ferguson, M.D.
4. Sir W. Betham.
5. John D'Alton, Esq.
6. George Petrie, Esq. R.H.A.
7. Rev. Cæsar Otway.

The Officers for the ensuing year, are

Treasurer.—T. H. Orpen, M.D.

Secretaries to the Academy.—Rev. J. H. Singer, DD. F.T.C.D. and Rev. R. Mac Donnell, D.D. F.T.C.D.

Secretary of Foreign Correspondence.—Sir Wm. Betham.

Librarian.—Rev. W. H. Drummond, D.D.

The Vice-Presidents have not been yet nominated by the President, the Lord Bishop of Cloyne, who is not now in town, but they will most probably be the same as last year, namely, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Provost, Jos. Clarke, M.D. and the Rev. Fr. Sadleir, D.D. F.T.C.D.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONETTO.—COLONNA.

Vivo mio scoglio e selce aspestra e dura,
Le cui chiare faville il cor m'hanno arso;
Freddo marmo, d'amor di pietà scarso,
Vago quanto più po formar natura:
Aspra COLONNA, il cui bel sasso indura
L'onda del pianto da questi occhi sparso;
Ove repente ora è fuggito e sparso
Tuo lume altero? e chi me 'l toglié e fura?
O verdi poggi, o selve ombrose e folte;
Le vaghe luci de' begli occhi rei,
Che 'l duol soave fanno, e 'l pianger lieto,
A voi concesse, lasso! a me son tolte;
E puro fele or pasce i pensier miei,
E 'l cor doglioso in nulla parte ho queto.

DELLA CASA.

COLONNA.*—TRANSLATION.

Thou living rock! unyielding heartless stone,
Whose sparkling lustre hath my soul consumed;
Cold marble!—that compassion, love, disown,
Yet formed so fair, with charms so bright illumed!
Proud COLUMN! thou, whose nature chill congeals
The streams of grief from these sad eyes that flow;
Where wanders now thy haughty glance?—who steals
My prize so cherished—sole relief from woe?
Ye verdant hills!—ye groves of foliage deep!
Of yon fair mischief-darting eyes the light
That grief assuaging, makes it joy to weep,
Now shines for you, but mocks, alas! my sight—
So my dark thoughts on acrid gall must feed;
And torn from peace, my heart be doomed to bleed.

H. Y.

* Colonna, (a column,) the family name of the house to which the noble lady addressed, belonged.

TO A LITTLE GIRL.

Thou wild and playful! as the breeze
Whose wing is ruffling now:
The evening slumber of the trees,
The drooped laburnum bough;
And thine own dark loose locks, that o'er
Thy downcast face, will half
At moments hide, till shaken back—
Thy sweet and blushing laugh.

Thou suiting flower for Spring's caress!
Thus won to silence now,
And sitting 'neath her leafiness,
With lifted listening brow.
The blackbird pouring over us,
His loud yet soft delight,
Is like thee,—neither has a grief—
A thought of storm or night.

How lightly drops upon my neck,
That soft encircling arm!
A purer wreathe than pearls to deck,
A thing the heart to warm.
My fawn-like favourite! soul hath touched
Like light thy form and face;
And to thy slightest motion given,
A gay yet stately grace.

Oh! very beautiful thou 'lt be,
When to the sun of time,
The bud of hope unclosés free,
And thou adorn'st thy clime;
And with thy mind's rich fragrance fill'st,
The atmosphere around,
Making the circle where thou art,
Seem like enchanted ground.

But they'll wreathe that Grecian head of thine
With gaudy garlands bright;
They'll let no shadowing veil decline,
Over that fine eye's light;
They'll teach thee 'tis not well to let—
That simple crimson blush,
So often to thy careless cheek,
At each emotion rush.

Yes—thou art for the world—and I
Know what the world ordains:
The crystal soul's transparency,
Its misting breath profanes.
I shall not feel to thee as now—
I shall not love thee so;
For this first singleness of heart,
I shall but faintly know.

Yet in the triumph of thy gifts,
When dazzling with delight,
If thou should'st start as truth uplifts
Life's curtain falsely bright:
Remember this one silent hour!
Wert thou not happy here?
Gifts are but grief too well thou'lt learn:
Steal back and veil them, dear!

Z. Y.

LITERARY NOVELTIES, &c.

Nothing but "Memoirs," whether forged or real, will at present sell in Paris. In addition to the quantity of trash of this description lately published in that city, there has been just announced, Memoirs relating to the Emperor Napoleon, from the notes of M. Constant, his first *valet de chambre* (!) who was absent only for a space of eight days, during sixteen years' personal attendance. M. De Bourienne has pourtrayed the Emperor at the council-board and in the field—M. Constant will introduce him in his night-gown and slippers, and will, doubtless, afford an opportunity of judging whether the old adage is true, "that no one is a hero to his valet de chambre."

It is somewhat singular that the Netherlands should possess but one publication—and that one edited at uncertain periods—which is devoted to the Fine Arts and Sciences. It is called the *Messager de Gand*, conducted by De Bast, and the members of the Society of Arts at Ghent. What is become of taste and *virtu* at Brussels, the capital?

The London novelties of which we have heard since our last, consist of the Life and Correspondence of Admiral Lord Rodney, in the press. The recent controversy about the breaking of the line, is supposed to have hastened this publication; but it had been long in preparation by a member of the family; and report says, will form a source of not less valuable information and instruction, than the late Life and Letters of Lord Collingwood. The Family Cabinet Atlas, constructed upon an original plan. The Game of Life, a novel, by Leitch Ritchie, author of Tales and Confessions.—Fiction without Romance, or the Locket Watch, a novel, by Mrs. Polack.—A new work on the French Language, by Mr. Tarver, French master of Eton, on the plan of the Enseignement Universel of Jacotot.—Problems in the different branches of Philosophy, by the Rev. Dr. M. Bland, F.R.S.—Oxford English Prize Essays, now first collected, the Earl of Eldon, Mr. Grattan, Lord Sidmouth, Bishops Burgess, Copleston, Heber, and Mant, Professors Milman, Sandford, and Robertson, Rev. R. Wheatly, &c. &c. are amongst the authors.—Tales of Scottish Life and Character.—The Picture of India.—The Village and Cottage Florist's Directory, by James Main, A.L.S.—A new Volume of Country Stories, by Miss Mitford.—Ranulph de Rohais, a Romance of the Twelfth Century, by the author of Tales of a Voyager to the Artic Ocean.

There is in preparation a new edition, with additions, of the Life of Mary Queen of Scots, by Henry G. Bell.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Pilgrim of the Hebrides, by the author of Three Days at Killarney, 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards—Dr. A. Thompson's Sermons against Universal Pardon, 12mo. 6s. 6d. boards—Wilson's Protestant Truths and Roman Catholic Errors, 12mo. 6s. boards—Leak's Travels in the Morea, 3 vols. 8vo. £2. 5s. boards—Marley on Diseases of Children, 8vo. 9s. boards—Strutt's Manual of Devotion, 18mo. 3s. 6d. cloth—Harrison on Water Colours, 8vo. 2s. 6d. boards—Lloyd's Field Sports of the North of Europe, 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 12s. boards—Temple's Travels in Peru, 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 12s. boards—Carwell, or Crime and Sorrow, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Blunt's Veracity of the Books of Moses, crown 8vo. 5s. 6d. boards—Francœur's Mathematics, Vol. II. 8vo. 15s. boards—Griffith's Sermons, 8vo. 11s. boards.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

We think the noble friend of Rosenkranz must have proved oblivious, as 'Fair Eyes' first met our smiling vision on Sheelah's day. We can assure him that we gazed on them delighted—

Sounding the blue depths of each other's eyes;

And that "we *have* compassion in our bowels," though, like the *niggers*, he may 'tink we've got no feelins.' His admirable lines have however much higher claims, and shall adorn our next.

Marcus also proved too late for this week, but also shall appear.

We feel much indebted to H. Y. and in reply to the postscript of the very pretty billet we received, beg to assure the writer that the trouble there alluded to will be to us a grateful and agreeable task.

M. of T.C.D. is so redolent of Spring, that we reserve him for our first sunny April Number—meanwhile we shall be glad of his promised favours.

Our very able and distinguished Edinburgh friends, of the Literary Journal and the Literary Gazette, do us infinite honor by their warm commendations and quotations; but though on Mad. Dacier's principle they are pleased to pluralize our humble name in the seal of their affection for our person, we could wish to be spared from being thus thrust upon the public in our individual capacity. If they are pleased with our labours—well; but personal notoriety we do not at all ambition: and therefore we cannot regret that most of the guesses of our last-named contemporary were erroneous.

The extreme press of matter, relating peculiarly to Ireland, and therefore, as we conceive, more specially interesting to our readers, has somewhat curtailed our usual varieties in Periodical Literature, and other important matters, this week; but we shall take an early opportunity of bringing up our leeway.

ADVERTISEMENTS

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DR. WHITLEY STOKES.

THE irruption of the Gothic hordes upon the peaceful establishments of antiquity, was but an antitype of deeds which are done in our own times. The slumber of each one of our Gothic institutions—those *roömeters* of the advancement of human learning—is broken in upon by the swarms which invade her preserves, and with insatiable rapacity demand what she has it not in her power immediately to give. In vain she pleads for delay, and points out the dangers of innovation and rebellion: her only chance is in "rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks:" by an effort she may save herself and live.

Which of the Universities of any standing in Europe, has escaped the effects of this revolutionary spirit? Not one. In all, changes have been, and still are brought about—whether gradually and silently, or by storm. And this must necessarily be the case. We may not put new wine into old bottles; neither may the old seats of learning be adapted to purposes of present usefulness, without undergoing a considerable share of transformation. This transformation, to be sure, is not always without its annoyances—nay, it is sometimes akin to the ludicrous. For who can think of it, without fancying to himself some worthy veteran of the good old school, wedded to the bag-wig and flapped waistcoat, the ruffles and the buckles of his earlier days of fashion—half-coaxed, half-bantered, or half-badgered by his youthful associates, into an abandonment of the antique, and a complete metamorphosis of the outer man? The old gentleman grumbles and fumes; but if he is wise, he secretly consoles himself with the enjoyment of a second and more secure period of adolescence.

Like all those learned foundations conceived and nurtured in the glorious darkness of scholasticism, the University of Dublin is thought to have had, not very long ago, a good deal of the rust and dust of antiquity still abiding upon her. Proud of her origin, and vain of her rich appointments, like her own Elizabeth she would fain have stood forth pranked out in her stomacher and thick brocade, and accepted the proffered homage of her humble subjects; and who would venture to disturb her slumber or oppose her will? Demur to her injunctions or deviate from her commands, and at once the spirit of the daughter of the great Harry broke forth. This haughty bearing it was that kept the world in awe, and preserved its possessor so long inviolate and intact. To drop the parallel—in the fullness of time, the Dublin University held within her bosom a few guardian spirits, who were conscious of the true state of things; who discerned the dawning of a better æra in science and literature, and were anxious to throw open the windows of their cloister, to enjoy their share of the light which began to spread abroad, and to anticipate the full effulgence which with irresistible effect was soon to penetrate and surmount every obstruction.

One of these redeeming spirits was Dr. Whitley Stokes, a physician, and for many years after the period to which I allude, a member of the board.

The pursuit of those acquirements which are necessary, in order to constitute an accomplished physician, it is well known, is eminently calculated to fill the mind with varied and extensive knowledge, tempered with benevolence and liberality: that intercourse with the world which the practising physician must uphold, contributes effectually to remove the stubborn and awkward temper which so often mars the character of the mere scholar: while the combination of the learning of the schools with that professional knowledge which is only to be had beyond their pale, must form, as far as human acquirements can, one of the most exalted and useful ornaments of society. Such a combination was met in Dr. Stokes, a senior fellow, and a practising physician—a rare phenomenon at the board, where for many a year, the like had not been seen, and most probably will not again for an indefinite period. As at present constituted, that governing body consists of six doctors of divinity and two of common law; and of the whole number of junior fellows, it may to some appear surprising that not one belongs to the medical profession, although the statutes by no means forbid such an arrangement. The circumstance may be explained in this way. The course of study prescribed for fellowship candidates, is of an exclusive nature; it fits a man to be simply a fellow—a fellow of Dublin College, and no more! neither the divine, nor the lawyer, nor the physician are benefited by it as rendering them the better adapted for the exercise of their respective professions. To prove the verisimilitude of my assertion were unnecessary; the practical proofs are before our eyes. What though a Magee, a Crampton, or a Stokes, may be adduced as exceptions—such instances only serve to place the fact in a stronger light, and to confirm the general truth of the inference. Excepting then to men of peculiar talents, resolved upon making medicine the field of their active labours, the preparation for fellowship must prove rather a hindrance than a help. There is no natural affinity between the two callings—nor can there be, until the requisites for a seat on the bench be materially modified. Till then, too, another serious inconvenience must necessarily exist; the medical faculty has no representative at the board, and the affairs of the school of physic, so valuable an appendage to the university, and of such growing importance to the country at large, must continue, as they are, a perpetual source of confusion and annoyance to the non-medical rulers of Alma Mater. But this is a subject that may be better discussed on some other occasion.

I have said that Dr. Stokes combined in himself a twofold character of rare occurrence; he was, in truth, one of the chief connecting links between the world and his college; he stood in the honorable but invidious office of daysman between the actual time and times gone by: nor should it excite surprise, that in such a situation, his course was not unimpeded with difficulties of no ordinary description. His was indeed a most chequered career. Full thirty years ago, in the troublous times of political disunion, he suffered severely for his opinions; his fellowship was well nigh wrested from him; and nearly half that period has elapsed, since from nonconformity in religion, his seat at the board was forfeited for ever.* The chain of connexion, however, which bound him to the university, was not altogether broken; a lectureship, amply endowed, was provided for him; and to this arrangement is to be traced the first introduction of natural history into the system of education in Dublin College. If it were not to consider too curiously, we might perhaps indulge in some reflections on the important consequences which occasionally are derived from very unfavorable-looking antecedents; and we might be induced to think it probable, that had not Dr. Stokes gone out, no chair of natural history had yet been founded—nay, had any other man gone out under similar circumstances, we should have remained in the same state; and further, had any other man in the university been appointed to the lectureship, it had dwindled into a sinecure, or a mere semblance of utility, like certain other misnamed appointments of the same learned establishment. With Dr. Stokes, however, as the place was probably of his own choosing, it is no sinecure. The inexhaustible variety of topics embraced in the general appellation of natural history, find him ample employment, and give wide scope for the display of his stores of information. We accordingly observe him delivering frequent courses of interesting lectures on some one or other of the great branches of natural science, mineralogy, metallurgy, mining, geology, agricultural botany, and zoology, are the principal subjects of his public prælections, and it is pleasing to add, that they are truly public; the doors of his lecture room are ever liberally thrown open to every class in society—Dr. Stokes is essentially a benefactor of the public, and a public man.

When we enquire more particularly into his scientific opinions and peculiar tenets, we find them pre-eminently connected with mineralogy, a science which owes its origin to our celebrated countryman Richard Kirwan. Hail! (in passing) to the illustrious and forgotten dead!—illustrious abroad—forgotten at home: never was

* See Editor's note, page 195.

man more so.† But it is to mineralogy, as modified by the volcanic hypothesis, that Dr. Stokes discovers himself to be most especially devoted; it is his fortress and his rock; his grand rallying point, and the very centre of his system. Of the volcanic theory he is perhaps the ablest existing advocate; to hear him fairly out, and not to assent to the justice of his opinions, is hardly within the power of any auditor. Overwhelmed with facts and evidences drawn from his abundant armoury, no objection of his antagonists can stand for a moment before him; the whole host of Wernerians fall prostrate at his feet; we are convinced that water "could never have done this." That "water won't quench fire;" at least while Dr. Stokes is fire-king, is quite certain. The Neptunists, however, it must be admitted, are not to be denied a considerable share of credit; they had to contend under great disadvantages, and they maintained the combat with a zeal worthy of a better cause; a more unpromising hypothesis than the theoretic chimeras of the professor of Frieberg, could scarcely have been selected.

Those who are at all conversant with the history of human opinions, for such merely are all the theories with which we are acquainted, must look with indifference and distrust on even the most plausible schemes which profess to account for what man can hardly be expected ever to know. With some such feeling must we contemplate all those theories, however seemingly tenable, which go to prove that the earth, such as we find it, with it's manifest traces of God's repeated visitations, has been reduced to its present state simply by the operation of one uniform physical cause. In speculations on so large a scale, there is but too much room for fallacy: and accordingly no science has given rise to so many bold theorists as explanatory geology. Consequences the most apparently incontestable, have been deduced from abundant facts, to the surprise and alarm of those who have been accustomed to the sure and rigorous, though perhaps timid march, of the Baconian methods. We permit ourselves to be led along by those fascinating guides, till we unexpectedly tread on the brink of a precipice. They would account for the flood and for the assuaging of the waters without any inconvenience—for repeated floods—for the varieties of the productions which have been found in the successive strata—for the appearance of organic remains in some of these—for the origin of some of those organized beings; and all this without going beyond the ordinary powers of mere nature. But any volcanic eruptions of which we have any traces, any earthquakes or inundations of which we have any record, are agents utterly inadequate to explain the phenomena. This throws them upon the necessity of framing some of the wildest hypotheses—the shock of comets, which may at the same time have burnt the earth, or covered it with the fiery vapours of their tails; the solar origin of our planet, which must have sprung from the great luminary in the shape of liquid glass or steam—the interior abysses of the earth, which by successively falling in, give birth to those vapourous exhalations that burst their passage forth with violence—"Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy."

† Kirwan died in 1812, and had a splendid funeral; but I have sought in vain for his grave. He was buried in the cemetry of old St. George's Church; but he has there no vestige of a tomb. Would foreigners credit this?

Alas! what degree of evidence have we, that even the most popular theory of our own times will not take its upward flight in due season, to be whirled aloft into the limbo of vanity? The volcanists, of course, say this is impossible.

But the frenzy of those philosophical speculators is decidedly on the wane—the effervescence subsides, after having foamed and frothed to an extraordinary extent; and we find just now one of the ablest of our geologists employed in curbing their licentiousness, and showing that there was not even method in their madness. ‡

The opinions of Dr. Stokes, as a volcanist, might startle many of the uninitiated. He conceives the interior of our globe to be an ignited mass of metal—the prolific source of all the varieties on its surface. Every mineral substance he proves ingeniously and indisputably to be a fiery production. All the earths, commonly so called, he traces to a volcanic origin—and he shows that we are every where and always treading on slumbering or extinct volcanoes. Even in this island of ours, which we cannot historically prove to have ever been afflicted with so terrible a visitation, he points out many a crater. Basalt, limestone, granite; what rock, crystalized or amorphous, primitive, transition, or secondary, does he not trace to the productive agency of fire?—the alarming, and all-powerful second cause of the volcanic philosophers.

But it is unnecessary to dwell longer on him in this aspect—it may be more popular to delineate him as a public teacher, and the projector of numerous plans for the improvement of his country. And first, I cannot refrain from noticing that Dr. Stokes fills, in some degree, another important chasm in the system of our university: we have here no chair or provision for a lecture on political economy—a science of great and growing interest at the present day—taught in the universities of Oxford and London by distinctly endowed professors, and in the Scottish colleges, as a branch of moral philosophy. It is, indeed, an important chasm in our scheme of discipline; but neither should it be suppressed, that not only this, but the whole arrangements of our moral course are glaringly defective: the portions of moral science appointed for undergraduates in our university, being only calculated to send them forth crude logicians, and flimsily informed on the powers of the human mind.—"But, what," it may be asked, "has the professor of natural history to do with the subject of political economy? If it were to be treated collaterally with any science, it might be supposed to be more closely connected with the moral than the natural department." Why so it may be: but observe, we have no professor of moral philosophy in the university of Dublin, nor any one else willing to undertake the office; the lecturer in natural history would, therefore, seem to deserve much credit for his praiseworthy attempt to supply the deficiency. His mode of introducing the subject is as ingenious as it is simple. For instance, in opening his course of volcanic mineralogy, the very division of the objects of natural history, brings man before us as "the paragon of animals"—Nature's noblest work. Could such a being become a nuisance, a blot, a burthen to the creation? A want of due cultivation of the moral principle may render him either, or both the former—the latter he may not, he cannot be. Then come in Malthus, and his doctrines; and, sooth to say, they escape not from the doctor's hands with "withers unwrung." For years back, Dr. Stokes has argued strenuously against the stony-hearted professor—now, with the multiplied counter-statements which have teemed from the press—the corrected censuses of Ireland and America—and Mr. Sadler's lucubrations to boot—it is mere amusement to take to pieces the dogmatic system of Malthus. That a system, so totally unfounded in fact—built up of unsupported assertions—and leading to consequences, not only absurd, but odious in the sight of God and man—inhuman and impious, should have, for so many years, maintained its ground, and even a certain degree of popularity, is a curious, but, at the same time, by no means a singular instance, of the success that but too frequently attends intrepid assertions, when they happen to fall in with cherished prejudices; and there surely cannot be a more unpleasant reflection to the lovers of Ireland, than to feel that *she* afforded to the theorist, the apparent illustrations of those very principles by which she subsequently suffered.

‡ See Dr. Ure's "New System,"—which might indeed have been better called the Philosophy of Geology—a work which will immortalize its author.

Many other topics in political philosophy are similarly discussed; and, as in his wide range he never loses sight of his native country, of the resources and capabilities of which he entertains the most encouraging sentiments, his remarks, even on the most abstruse and unpromising subjects, are essentially practical. He never fails, on any favourable occasion, to point out how Ireland may improve herself and prosper. This is evidently the theme on which he delights to dwell. The education of the people he deems highly conducive to their prosperity: information of every useful kind he would have familiarly, freely given—nay, abundantly poured upon them; but it is scarcely necessary to add, that *he* accounts the topics of *natural* science to be the most valuable in this regard. There may not be much novelty in these opinions—they, however, receive great weight from the sanction of a man like him, who has bestowed upon them the reflection of an accomplished mind, and satisfied himself of their propriety by the experience of a long life.

Dr. Stokes is frequently before the eye of the public. Though the duties of his appointment oblige him to little, the activity and benevolence of his nature permit him not to confine his labours merely to his annual courses. He has, in fact, ever and anon some important project to propose. The institution of a menagerie, or of some establishment similar to the zoological gardens of London, is known to be at present his favourite speculation. In order to explain his views, he lately delivered two very interesting lectures, to which, as usual, the public at large were invited. As the subject—"the domestication of some foreign animals and plants"—was popular, a large concourse of visitors did accordingly hear him.—They heard, but heeded not; it was, perhaps, too purely a tame and peaceful topic—deficient in the zest of political excitement—too harmless a project to win the patronage of a Dublin audience, or to awake any portion of our national energy. A few speeches and a dinner would have had better success—that is the true way of going to work with us; and

if a public banquet had been advertised, Lord Leveson Gower, or the Lord Chief Justice Bushe (who, by the way, are patrons of the project,) to take the chair, the whole affair had infallibly prospered.

With all his learning, and talent, and patriotic zeal, Dr. Stokes is deficient in one very material qualification of a public man. As he *reads* his lectures from notes, however ample, we cannot help being struck with the physical disabilities under which he labours. Nature has been unkind to him in this particular. His voice is low, and soft, and weak; and to the graces of action and delivery, he has evidently never in the least stooped to sacrifice. Yet he never fails to command the respectful attention of his auditory—nay, the admiration of most to whom his manner is familiar. We see him before us a gentleman advanced in years, tall, erect, or with "a slight bend forward," like Sterne's monk; of a delicate frame; his general aspect benevolent and impressive. His features are of no common mould—large, and very remarkable—"sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," but most frequently enlivened by the brilliancy of his eyes. Though not usually fluent in his delivery, his feelings on subjects in which he takes a deep interest, find vent in a natural torrent of enthusiastic expression.

What Dr. Stokes has written, he has written well; but he has not written enough. On medical subjects I believe the labours of his pen have been principally employed: his pamphlet on contagion—a subject bearing so closely on the safety and welfare of his much loved native country—was considered to be a very able performance. But the publication on which he has bestowed his most mature research, and which may perhaps be looked upon as the repository of whatever is peculiar in his opinions, on subjects not purely scientific, is his Observations on the Population and Resources of Ireland; a curious work, from which I had purposed to extract some passages; but, I fear I have already greatly exceeded my limits, so I shall bring my paper to a close.

I have not chosen to treat of Dr. Stokes in a strictly professional point of view, because I preferred to describe him rather as he comes before us—as he is—than as he formerly was. He was once a professor in the school of physic, and held many very important medical appointments; but he has long since resigned them all. In the decline of life, he would enjoy that repose from the labour of professional pursuits, to which the activity of his earlier career so well entitles him; whilst in his occasional *avatars*, and public lectures, he seeks the enjoyment of his benevolent principle—by contributing his valuable assistance to the diffusion of useful knowledge. C.

* We need scarcely say that nothing can be farther from our wish or intention than to attempt any defence or extenuation of the political or religious opinions so boldly professed by Dr. Stokes. We deeply regret the dangerous errors into which we conscientiously believe him to have fallen upon both subjects, and we likewise deem it due to a distinguished and excellent prelate of our church, once provost of Trinity College, to mention, that to him Dr. Stokes was mainly indebted for the kind and liberal efforts successfully made, to prevent a violent disruption of all connection between him and the university of Dublin.

It may not be unnecessary to add, that we ourselves entertain different sentiments and a very different tone of feeling, with respect to the university, from that with which the much esteemed writer of the present sketch is apparently imbued. Though we think something, perhaps much, may yet be done to improve some of the departments of that institution, (a subject upon which we shall offer our opinions more at large some other time,) we are proud and happy to number several of its fellows among our most esteemed and respected friends, and towards one of them, at least, whose pupil it was once our happiness to be, both duty and inclination prompt us to cherish sentiments of a far warmer nature, to which we dare not trust ourselves to give utterance, lest in the effort to express our feelings in their natural strength, we might do violence to the scrupulous refinement of a mind to which we owe so much, and thus offend the native delicacy of one who does not live the less in the hearts of those who are fortunate enough to know him, that he shrinks, perhaps too sensitively, from all appearance of publicity and applause. We feel assured that we could point to at least one other member of "the Board," who has effected, and will yet effect, for the advancement of learning and the promotion of science, both in the university and throughout all Europe, much more than even the worthy and eccentric subject of our friend's personal sketch.

Ed.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Cloudesley. A Tale. By the author of Caleb Williams. 3 vols. 8vo.—Colburn and Bentley—London.

To speak of the merits of the author of these volumes would be to impute utter ignorance to our readers. The name of Godwin is known throughout the literary world.

The avowed intention of the work is to illustrate a proposition, which, as the writer asserts, has been stated before, but which has not yet, perhaps, received so full an explanation as might have been given of it.

History—the history of masses of men—may be regarded under two points of view, either as it relates to the vicissitudes of nations, their rise and fall, their progress in refinement and corruption, their literature, their habits and customs, their philosophy and their religion—in a word, all that belongs to men in the aggregate; or, as it relates to the conduct of those who occupy a considerable place on the scene. Of all and each of the former, the writer asserts that we may attain to some knowledge, but of the character of individuals almost nothing.

"It is," he proceeds, "under the latter of these heads, that, however paradoxical it may seem, fictitious history is more true and to be depended on, when it has the fortune to be executed by a masterly hand, than that which is to be drawn from state papers, documents and letters written by those who were actually engaged in the scene."

The discussion of this paradox, for one of the most extraordinary kind it is, would, of itself, occupy a space greater than that of the three volumes we are about to review, and, after all, would, we are convinced, leave the question precisely as it was at the commencement. But, on an examination of the work before us, read with this object in view, we must say, that we do not find in it any confirmation of the principle which Godwin proposed that it should confirm.

The introduction of celebrated characters into fictitious history, is equally instructive as pleasing; not, however, because we become better acquainted with their real dispositions, but because the great points of that character can be made, "by a masterly hand," to stand out more prominently, and thus bring both itself and all the train of actions associated with it, more forcibly before the eyes of those who hitherto knew, and were inclined to know, little about them. It is gilding the pill of history for the spoiled children of literature.

There are other points in the preface of these interesting volumes which we should like to dwell upon. This part of the book, indeed, seems to be considered by the author as the materiel, and the rest merely a kind of chasing, by which he hopes to bring out the value and excellence of the metal more fully; in the same manner as that author who has lately come out so voluminously before the public, but whom it is not for us to comment or criticise upon, his high mightiness the two houses of parliament, send forth a puny report of some half dozen stunted folios, illustrated with an appendix of a bulk in paper and minuteness in type, sufficient to satisfy the craving even of a German commentator. Yet after all, it is the chasing that sells the gold; it is the tale that disposes of the book; the novelist, say the best we can of it, writes for grown children, and with them "the play's the thing," and not the moral, whether appended to it by Æsop, or prefixed by Godwin.

The tale is worthy of the author. Two brothers, the sons of an Irish nobleman, are brought up together, but under very different treatment; the elder, the heir, is the sole favourite; the younger brother is wholly neglected, unless so far as to give him an education sufficient to carry him through the career of life for which younger brothers of noble families are usually destined. Notwithstanding this diversity in the parental management, the brothers become most strongly attached to each other through the innate good qualities of both, and, having passed through college together, they enter the same regiment. After their father's death they join the Austrian army under Prince Eugene, in the memorable war against the Turks, in the beginning of the last century, by the toils and vicissitudes of which, their former ties of brotherly affection became more indissolubly confirmed.

Among the many romantic occurrences which take place in every war, and more particularly in one where Asiatic and European customs as well as arms must necessarily come in conflict, Lord Alton, the elder brother, rescues a beautiful young Grecian lady from the hands of some Turkish soldiers. We give the description of her person in the author's words, because the reader can thus best judge of his merits in a department in which he is peculiarly felicitous, that of animated description.

"She stood before us in the lustre of that beauty, which is seen in the frailer and more delicate moiety of the human species, when born beneath a glowing sun: she could not be more than nineteen years of age. The first thing that struck the beholder was the extreme regularity of her features, so that the eye wandered over the whole countenance without meeting a single harshness which might disturb its enchanted gaze. Her forehead was low and broad, yet arched, and being for that reason in a considerable degree concealed by the hair, a double interest was given to the eyes, which thus became, in a certain sense, the sole interpreters of the mind. These were full and round, the dark balls dilating with innumerable rays, and fixed in a liquid heaven of the deepest, purest blue. The sweeping arch of the upper lid gave a peculiar look of nobleness and openness to the countenance. There seemed, so to speak, full room for the thoughts to come forth and display themselves. Her nose was broad at the root, and, descending straight from the forehead, terminated in due season in a rounded point. Her smile was tender and full, and, while it possessed extraordinary powers of expression, disturbed less the shape

of the lips than the smile of an European, which most frequently widens in lines into the cheek. Her chin, which was round and turned up, formed, as it were, a base to the whole countenance. Her cheeks were not full and prominent, but on the contrary seemed to withdraw, and thus to place the features strikingly in relief. Her complexion was brown and glowing, and, on any sudden emotion, her eyes, and lips, and cheeks, partook of the same suffusion, each with a hue peculiar to herself, yet blending into one delicious whole. Her figure was smaller in size and fulness than that of the beauties of the north usually are, while it was at the same time more defined in muscular appearance, more airy in effect, and compact in the entire whole."

Such was the person whom the writer so felicitously describes, and upon whom the whole interest of the work depends. She was the daughter of a Greek nobleman, who had roused the Greeks of the Morea to an insurrection against their oppressive masters, and who, on the termination of a long and unsuccessful struggle, was forced to quit his native land. In the contest which ensued before the lady's rescue, her father was killed; her mother soon sunk under the accumulation of banishment and domestic misfortune, and the beautiful Greek was thus left totally dependant on the bounty of the British nobleman. She soon after became his wife.

The marriage in no way diminished the cordiality of the brothers mutual attachment. They resided together in the north of Italy, a climate chosen as most congenial to the delicacy of the lady's health, which in addition to the effects of her preceding family sufferings, was also liable to be affected by the change naturally to be expected from her new situation as a wife. While residing at Venice, Lord Alton, the elder brother, irritated by contemptuous expressions used against the Greek nation, and against his wife's father more particularly, by a young Venetian nobleman, struck him in a public assembly; the offence was unpardonable; a duel was the necessary consequence, and Lord Alton fell. He died, after recommending his wife to the care of his brother, who undertook the charge with all the enthusiasm of fraternal affection, heightened by gratitude. The Grecian lady did not long survive this last shock; she died on giving birth to a son, who was thus entitled to inherit the fortunes and the rank which his father had enjoyed.

The death of Lord Alton made an extraordinary change in the younger brother's sentiments. He thus describes them: "My journey from Saltsburg, while returning from the fatal scene, was a memorable period of my life. I saw none of the objects that presented themselves on the road; whether I went forward or stopped, whether I were waking or asleep, to me was all the same. What passed before my bodily sense was nothing; my mind was occupied only in its own longings. I called up all the images of my boyish days. I recollected the slights and contempt which had been put upon me by my parents; how my brother had been their idol, while I seemed only to stand in the way, to be a being that had intruded himself into a world where he was not wanted. I recollected the senseless and pernicious speeches of the servants:—'Ah! Master Richard, what a fine thing it is to be the eldest! your brother will have the whole estate; he will be called my Lord; the house here in county Cork, and the house in Dublin, will be his. But, I am sure, I do not know what they will do with you. I suppose they will make a parson of you; you will be your brother's chaplain.'—All this was now on the point of being reversed: the whole was suspended on an invisible thread. Every thing was at the disposal of that most capricious of umpires and autocrats, chance. Would the child with which my sister was pregnant, be a male or a female? would it live or die? would she, who was now in so alarming and perilous a state, bring it alive into the world? Then, all that depended on this chance passed in full review before me. I saw the house in county Cork, and the house in Dublin: I saw the pillars of marble, and the apartments of state: I saw the numerous train of tenants and dependants. Were all these to call me master in the proper sense of the word? Or was I to administer them only as the functionary of another; to take care of them, that they might be properly managed and delivered in perfect condition to the brat of Irene, and then to be cast out as a loathsome weed, unworthy to grow in the garden of the peerage, either English or Irish."

Although deprived by the birth of the son of all present hope of the innocent attainment of his great object in life, yet the death of the mother suggested the idea that this difficulty could now be easily removed by making away with the infant. Murder, however, was not within the scope of his meditations; he proposed to descend no further down the declivity of guilt, than would be absolutely necessary to secure himself in the possession of rank and affluence, and to prevent the legitimate claimant from ever making or wishing to make any attempt to dispossess him. All this was effected speedily, with little difficulty and with no suspicion, through the agency of the late lord's confidential servant, who agreed to take the infant and educate him as his own child, for a liberal annual compensation. The younger brother, now Lord Alton, and afterwards Lord Danvers, by the death of a relative of high rank and very large estates in England, returned to that country, proved the infant's death to the entire satisfaction of all parties concerned, took possession of all his nephew's rights and property, and continued to enjoy them without the smallest suspicion being excited as to the nefarious means by which they had been usurped.

The workings of the guilty soul while thus revelling in all that the world calls good, form one of the chief beauties of these volumes, displaying most powerfully the author's skill in the analysis of that most mysterious compound, "the naked human heart." Lord Danvers marries a woman of the most amiable qualities, becomes the father, but not the happy father, of four fine children, and lives encircled with all that usually constitutes domestic happiness. The following is the account given of his mode of living; we wish we could have been more copious in our extracts:—

"In process of time Selina made me the father of four children, two sons and two daughters. She proved no less exemplary as a mother, than she had before done as a wife; and under her able and judicious management our happy progeny daily expanded in new loveliness and virtues. Their alternate frolics and caresses rendered my rural retreat a very paradise to me. I remembered the error into which my own father and mother had fallen, and its pernicious consequences; and I resolved that not the smallest difference of treatment should be allowed to introduce itself between my sons, the elder and the younger. They lived, therefore, in uninterrupted harmony and love.—Never was man more fortunate in his experiment of the connubial state than I have been. I seemed to possess every ingredient that might have constituted the most unalloyed happiness. What occasional spectator would not have envied a lot which fall to the share of so few among mortal men! But it was all unsubstantial and hollow: the consequences of my misdeed pursued me. Heaven, though sometimes slow in executing the retribution laid up for us, is still in vain to be expected to forget the vindication of its justice."

His elder son, at eleven years of age, sickened and died. This was the first blow; it dimmed all his family prospects by the anticipation of a similar death to his other children by a similar disease. The forebodings of a stricken conscience were but too true: both his daughters fell in turn victims to the same blighting malady: his wife sunk also under her maternal afflictions. "The fate," says he, "of our remaining daughter was nosooner decided and complete, than the dreadful effects of all that had passed became visible in Selina. The heart of her heart was gone. She said, she was fully aware that she had at least one remaining duty to perform on earth, attendance on the days, and an endeavour to sustain the failing strength, and mitigate the last struggles and sufferings of our surviving son. She was, however, relieved from the performance of this heart-rending duty. She died, recommending with her last breath, her only child to him she called the best of men.

"Thus did Selina in these last solemn moments misread my character. I shed no tears; but no tongue can tell what I suffered. I preserved a plausible and a manlike exterior.—But it was not possible that my wife should suffer the thousandth part of the agonies I did. She saw the course of events: but I only possessed the key that explained and opened the whole. To her it was only an unheard-of oppression of adverse incidents; but I saw in it the hand of God. It was justice, that he who had robbed and maltreated his brother's orphan, should himself be made childless; that he who had stolen the inheritance of his brother, should be denied the fruits of his loins to inherit after him. All these innocents, my wife and her offspring, perished from the face of the earth: but I was the guilty cause.—When my whole family had perished, and I with my youngest son was left alone, it is not in words to express the anguish that overwhelmed me. I saw the hand of the Governor of the Universe in all that had occurred. He was my enemy! Where would he stop in the just retribution inflicted for my crime? What sort of a monument of divine vengeance was I to become? I saw all the miseries that had hitherto overtaken me; but it was beyond the penetration of my prophetic spirit to discern what was to come."

While Lord Danvers was thus reaping the bitter fruits of his crime, his agent, Cloudesley, was occupied in fulfilling his part of the engagement. This man, whose name is made the title of the narrative, is described as benevolent by nature, but misanthropic by collision

with the world. His participation in the tissue of guilt in which he was involved by his more educated accomplice, was, however, the only instance in which his misanthropy degenerated into crime. He is described as feeling that the only means to compensate for his share in an act so black, was to devote himself to secure the happiness of his so strangely adopted son, whom he resolved to educate so as to secure his happiness in his present station of life, and to qualify him for ascending gracefully into a more elevated rank, should the course of events make him acquainted with his rightful claims.

The ideas of a writer like Godwin upon the important subject of education, are worthy of peculiar attention. Cloudesley, he says, wished to make his ward all-accomplished.—The first point of attainment was the acquisition of languages. The child had been singularly circumstanced at the period when his organs were first formed to the imitation of articulate sounds. Cloudesley spoke to him in English; Eudocia, his wife, who had been a Grecian attendant on the infant's mother, with the pliability so characteristic of female love, learned a good deal of English from her husband; but she could not refrain, especially in moments when the heart most pours itself out without constraint, from mingling words of endearment borrowed from her native tongue; the German servants, and more particularly the girl who had the charge of thy child, addressed him in German. Cloudeslee was desirous of putting an end to this eternal jargon; and resolving that the language of his ward should, as soon as possible, be Italian only, removed with his family into Italy.

Cloudesley was anxious in the first place for the robustness and sound health of the corporeal frame of his pupil. He, therefore, took the child with him to the fields, as soon as, in the fine climate of Lombardy, he was capable of this discipline. He taught him to run, to vault, and to swim. After this, when Julian, for so the boy was named, was seven or eight years old, he had him instructed in shooting with the bow, in wrestling and in horsemanship. His course of puerile literary studies is thus described:—

"Italian was to the boy in a manner his native tongue; and therefore at a comparatively early age, his tutor began to initiate him in the rudiments of the Latin language. But all this was without formality. The inflexions of nouns and verbs were treated as a kind of game. When Julian had laughed sufficiently at the sing-song of declensions and conjugations, they were laid aside for something else. The next day the tutor would propose that the boy should try how much he could recollect of the exercise of the day before; and when he did well, his instructor would commend him, and, perhaps, turn the whole into an agreeable recollection by a toy, a tool, an amusement, a promenade, so as to produce unconsciously a pleasing combination of ideas between the lesson and the gratuity. The meaning of sentences in Latin was acquired by Julian's first learning by heart a distich or stanza for its musical cadence, at which he had a marvellous facility, and then his inquisitive mind instinctively prompted him to enquire after the sense, which, by means of his tutor's lively method of expounding, he was well contented to learn word for word till he had mastered the whole."

If the author, in his account of the orphan's education, proposed to show how the future events of his life naturally or necessarily proceeded from the previous course of his mental training, the mode described by him is excellent; but if he intended it as a model for introducing a young man into the higher grade of society, it must be pronounced a failure.

The education of Julian, as described throughout the narrative, is that of a spoiled child, a child of extraordinary natural faculties, but yet completely spoiled. When grown up to years of maturity, we find him utterly ignorant of the most simple and necessary acquirements for entering the world, wholly unacquainted with himself or with human character, and therefore involved in misfortunes, through the agency of which we find him associated with the leader of a banditti, and sentenced to perish on the scaffold as one of the gang.

The particulars of this extraordinary consummation it cannot be expected that we should here detail. His supposed father, Cloudesley, conscience-smitten by continued meditation on the crime to which he had been accessory, sets out for England to persuade Lord Danvers to acknowledge the deceit, and to restore Julian to his rights. He fails, and is hurried back by an account that his ward had escaped, in consequence of ill-treatment from the person to whom he had given him in charge. He goes in quest of him, and is mortally wounded by a party of the banditti, with whom Julian had unknowingly joined himself. The youth, who had been brought back, and witnessed his protector's death, being now left without adviser or guide, again seeks the company of the bandit chief.

In the mean time, Lord Danvers, on hearing of Cloudesley's death, and his nephew's flight, selects another confidant to go in quest of him. The previous account of this latter person's life, forms the commencement of the narrative, and, in our opinion, is among its most interesting portions, as containing several lively sketches connected with the history of Peter the Great of Russia, and his more immediate successors. He goes to Sicily in quest of the young fugitive, finds him under sentence of death, and makes an energetic but fruitless application for his pardon. On returning to his hotel, hopeless and desponding, he most unexpectedly meets Lord Danvers. This nobleman had, during the interval of his absence, lost his only remaining son; and now, at length, determines to make the long postponed retribution. He sets out for Italy, arrives at the moment to rescue the young prisoner from an ignominous death; makes a full confession of his own guilt, and dies shortly after, under a complication of maladies brought on by the workings of a soul ill at ease with itself.

"He was extenuated to a degree that can scarcely be credited. The death of his son, his journey to Italy, the acute apprehension of some dreadful event to befal his nephew, and the eternal shame and horror of his guilt, were enough to have killed the strongest man that ever lived. He died by degrees: it was scarcely possible to say when he expired. When he was laid in his grave, the oblivion he desired covered the spot where his body was laid; no stone told even his name to the passer-by.—But," continues the narrator of this part of the story, "I visited the place the last thing I did before I left Naples; and I regarded this grassy hillock as to me the most impressive legend of the fatal end of usurpation and fraud that ever was recorded."

As an awful and highly impressive lesson on the sentiment contained in the last paragraph, this book deserves to stand high. The workings of the guilty mind, and the slow, but inevitable progress of retributive justice, are delineated with the force of a master. But, as an illustration of the paradox set forth in the preface, it proves nothing; and as an auxiliary for the education and management of the mind of a child, we think it faulty. Considering it as a literary production, it nowise derogates from the reputation of the author's previous writings, and it displays, in particular, a knowledge of the workings of the human heart, and a tact in connecting actions with motives, that must ever prove highly gratifying to a cultivated imagination, and highly serviceable in aiding the scrutiny of our own thoughts, for the purpose of giving a proper direction to our external conduct.

Consolations in Travel, or the Last Days of a Philosopher; by Sir Humphry Davy, Bart. 12mo. Murray, London.

The history of the human mind is the most important branch of philosophy; the volume before us presents an important page of this history. Sir Humphry Davy appears to have possessed the very unusual combination of a romantic temperament, with methodical analytic perseverance. His attainments in chemistry prove his claim to the latter of these; the volume before us is an indisputable evidence of the former. In it he has thrown before the world the workings of his intellect during that period of existence to which we all look forward, as to ourselves, with awe, and as to others, with intense sympathy: the period when we feel reluctantly conscious that we are about to close one part of our career, and equally conscious that we are soon to enter on another, concerning the manner of which we believe much, but know nothing.

The book before us was evidently written at the time now described, when the soul was quivering on the beam between the two states of existence. If our sympathies be excited, if our intellectual curiosity be stimulated, to analyse the workings of the human soul at such a period, when developed even in the most degraded being who expiates his crimes upon a scaffold, and thereby attracts thousands of spectators to a scene where the feelings of humanity are suspended, for a time, by the workings of the most intense curiosity, how much more powerfully must the enlightened mind be drawn to scrutinize the opening afforded by a book like this, for seeing how a highly informed, a deeply thinking, a philosophic individual, prepares himself for the awful transition to a new and enduring state of existence?

These we conceive to be the feelings which a book written under the circumstances of the present volume must excite: the gratification afforded by the indulgence of those feelings will be heightened by the information arising, independently of such considerations, from a work, known to be the last, of the greatest chemist of the age.

We have attributed to Sir Humphry Davy a romantic temperament; the book justifies us: it seems to say, had I not been a chemist,

I would have been a poet: it is philosophical, but it is the poetry of philosophy. The illusions of a highly wrought imagination are so intimately blended with the conclusions of profound investigation, that, we confess, we have found it in many passages difficult, and in some impossible, to unravel their mysterious combination.

The very table of contents confirms our inference. The work is thrown into dialogue form, an arrangement which, though frequently employed by the most admired writers of classic antiquity, and recently revived by a justly celebrated English author, is generally considered as by no means the best fitted for communicating information, or for exciting or maintaining attention. The dramatis personæ are, the writer himself, and two of his friends; one, a Roman Catholic, the other, bred a Calvinist, but with no small dash of freethinking in his composition, having imbibed sentiments verging upon scepticism, our author tells us, at a northern university in Britain—both, however, philosophers. With them is introduced, in the progress of the work, a fourth character, named "The Unknown," who, though he makes his entrance in the middle of the drama, becomes, like many other dramatic characters, the hero of the ensuing scenes.

The first dialogue is entitled "The Vision," and is, as its name implies, the representation of a vision, seen, or supposed to be seen, by the author, when left alone by his friends, under peculiarly exciting circumstances, amidst the ruins of the Colosseum at Rome. The Colosseum, of itself sufficient to raise a host of powerful associations in a highly cultivated mind, leads the writer to a train of thinking on the progress of humanity, through its various stages of civilization. These are successively pourtrayed, in a series of scenic displays, presented to his imagination by an invisible being. The machinery of the vision, or dream, is extremely inartificial, strongly resembling (if we may be allowed to sink, like Homer, into a very low-lived comparison,) the device of the raree-show man, who pulls a string, and presents a new picture. Nor are the scenes themselves of peculiarly striking novelty or incident. At length, however, the spirit leads, and the philosopher follows, into the regions of pure unreality. They quit our mundane sphere, and are borne together to the extreme limits of the planetary world. Here we must adopt the writer's words; for his own language alone can do justice to his thoughts.

"The voice ceased, and I appeared in a dark, deep, and cold cave, of which the walls of the Colosseum formed the boundary. From above, a bright and rosy light broke into this cave, so that whilst below all was dark, above all was bright, and illuminated with glory. I seemed possessed at this moment of a new sense, and felt that the light brought with it a genial warmth; odours like those of the most balmy flowers appeared to fill the air, and the sweetest sounds of music absorbed my sense of hearing; my limbs had a new lightness given to them, so that I seemed to rise from the earth, and gradually mounted into the bright luminous air, leaving behind me the dark and cold cavern, and the ruins with which it was strewed. Language is inadequate to describe what I felt in rising continually upwards through this bright and luminous atmosphere; I had not, as is generally the case with persons in dreams of this kind, imagined to myself wings, but I rose gradually and securely as if I were myself a part of the ascending column of light. By degrees this luminous atmosphere, which was diffused over the whole of space, became more circumscribed, and extended only to a limited spot around me. I saw through it the bright blue sky, the moon, and stars, and I passed by them as if it were in my power to touch them with my hand; I beheld Jupiter and Saturn, as they appear through our best telescopes, but still more magnified, all the moons and belts of Jupiter being perfectly distinct, and the double ring of Saturn appearing in that state in which I have heard Herschel often express a wish he could see it. It seemed as if I was on the verge of the solar system, and my moving sphere of light now appeared to pause. I again heard the low and sweet voice of the Genius, which said, 'You are now on the verge of your own system: will you go further, or return to the earth?' I replied, 'I have left an abode which is damp, dreary, dark, and cold; I am now in a place where all is life, light, and enjoyment; show me, at least, before I return, the glimpse which you promised me of those superior intellectual natures, and the modes of their being and their enjoyments.' 'There are creatures far superior,' said the Genius, 'to any idea your imagination can form in that part of the system now before you, comprehending Saturn, his moons, and rings; I will carry you to the verge of the immense atmosphere of this planet. In that space you will see sufficient to wonder at, and far more than with your present organization, it would be possible for me to make you understand.' I was again in motion, and again almost as suddenly at rest. I saw below me a surface infinitely diversified, something like that of an immense glacier covered with large columnar masses, which appeared as if formed of glass, and from which were suspended rounded forms of various sizes, which, if they had not been transparent, I might have supposed to be fruit. From what appeared to me to be analagous to masses of bright blue ice, streams of the richest tint of rose-colour or purple burst forth and flowed into basins, forming lakes or seas of the same colour. Looking through the atmosphere towards the heavens, I saw brilliant opaque clouds of an azure colour, that reflected the light of the sun, which had to my eyes an entirely new aspect, and appeared smaller, as if seen through a dense blue mist. I saw moving on the surface below me, immense masses, the forms of which I find it impossible to describe; they had systems for locomotion similar to those of the morse or sea-horse, but I saw, with great surprise, that they moved from place to place by six extremely thin membranes, which they used as wings. Their colours were varied and beautiful, but principally azure and rose-colour; I saw numerous convolutions of tubes, more analagous to the trunk of the elephant than to any thing else I can imagine, occupying what I supposed to be the upper parts of the body, and my feeling of astonishment almost became one of disgust, from the peculiar character of the organs of these singular beings; and it was with a species of terror that I saw one of them mounting upwards, apparently flying towards those opaque clouds which I have before mentioned. 'I know what your feelings are,' said the Genius: 'you want analogies, and all the elements of knowledge, to comprehend the scene before you. You are in the same state in which a fly would be, whose microscopic eye was changed for one similar to that of man; and you are wholly unable to associate what you now see with your former knowledge. But, those beings who are before you, and who appear to you almost as imperfect in their functions as the zoophytes of the polar sea, to which they are not unlike in their apparent organization to your eyes, have a sphere of sensibility and intellectual enjoyment far superior to that of the inhabitants of your earth; each of those tubes which appears like the trunk of an elephant, is an organ of peculiar motion or sensation. They have many modes of perception of which you are wholly ignorant, at the same time that their sphere of vision is infinitely more extended than yours, and their organs of touch far more perfect and exquisite.'"

Here we must break off. The continuation is equally animated, equally imaginative, as what we have selected, but too long for an extract. His guide carries him through the cometary system, and concludes with an account of the sensations and enjoyments of spiritual beings like itself. "There is," it says, "one sentiment or passion, which the monad, or spiritual essence, carries with it into all its stages of being, and which, in these happy and elevated creatures, is continually exalted, the love of knowledge, or of intellectual power, which is, in fact, in its ultimate and most perfect development, the love of infinite wisdom and unbounded power, or the love of God."

"*We* are likewise in progression, but we see and know something of the plans of infinite wisdom; we feel the personal presence of that supreme Deity which you only imagine; to you belongs faith, to us knowledge; and our greatest delight results from the conviction that we are lights kindled by his light, and that we belong to his substance. To obey, to love, to wonder, and adore, form our relations to the infinite Intelligence. We feel his laws are those of eternal justice, and that they govern all things, from the most glorious intellectual natures belonging to the sun and fixed stars to the meanest spark of life animating an atom crawling in the dust of your earth. We know all things begin from, and end in, his everlasting essence, the cause of causes, the power of powers.

"The low and sweet voice ceased; it appeared as if I had fallen suddenly upon the earth, but there was a bright light before me, and I heard my name loudly called; the voice was not of my intellectual guide—the genius before me was my servant bearing a flambeau in his hand. He told me he had been searching me in vain amongst the ruins, that the carriage had been waiting for me above an hour, and that he had left a large party of my friends assembled in the Palazzo F——."

The second dialogue is entitled Discussions connected with the Vision in the Colosseum, and is, as its name indicates, a kind of commentary on that magnificent and extraordinary display of philosophic enthusiasm. It is by no means equal in interest to that of the Vision itself, being chiefly engrossed with discussions on the nature and differences of the two great branches of Christianity, the Roman Catholic and the Reformed Churches, intermixed with theories on other points of religion, both natural and revealed, in which the same spirit of imaginative invention, though curbed by the solemnity of the subject, occasionally breaks out.

The third dialogue is called, from the name of the person introduced into it, "The Unknown," a character mysterious and eccentric, but not, as might be inferred from the nature of the former dialogues, supernatural. "His dress was very peculiar, almost that of an ecclesiastic, but coarse and light; and there was a large, soiled, white hat on the ground beside him, on which was fastened a pilgrim's cockle-shell, and there was suspended round his neck a long enamelled phial, like those found in the Greek tombs, and it was attached to a rosary of coarse beads."

The account given by this singular character of the cause that induced him to carry about him these affectedly eccentric ornaments, and the use they were to him, are extremely natural, and we dare say quite true:

"I was passing through France in the reign of Napoleon, by the peculiar privilege granted to a scavan, on my road into Italy. I had just returned from the Holy Land, and had in my possession two or three of the rosaries which are sold to pilgrims at Jerusalem as having been suspended in the holy sepulchre. Pius VII. was then in imprisonment at Fontainbleau. By a special favour, on the plea of my return from the Holy Land, I obtained permission to see this venerable and illustrious pontiff. I carried with me one of my rosaries. He received me with great kindness; I tendered my services to execute any commissions, not political ones, he might think fit to entrust me with in Italy, informing him that I was an Englishman; he expressed his thanks, but declined troubling me. I told him I was just returned from the Holy Land, and bowing with great humility, offered to him my rosary from the holy sepulchre; he received it with a smile, touched it with his lips, gave his benediction over it, and returned it into my hands, supposing of course that I was a Roman Catholic. I had meant to present it to his Holiness; but the blessing he had bestowed upon it, and the touch of his lips, made it a precious relic to me, and I restored it to my neck, round which it has ever since been suspended. He asked me some unimportant questions respecting the state of the Christians at Jerusalem; and on a sudden, turned the subject, much to my surprise, to the destruction of the French in Russia, and in an exceedingly low tone of voice, as if afraid of being overheard, he said, 'The *nefas* has long been triumphant over the *fas*, but I do not doubt that the balance of things is even now restoring, that God will vindicate his church, clear his polluted altars, and establish society upon its permanent basis of justice and faith; we shall meet again—adieu!' and he gave me his paternal blessing. It was eighteen months after this interview, that I went out with almost the whole population of Rome, to receive and welcome the triumphal entry of this illustrious father of the church into his capital. He was borne on the shoulders of the most distinguished artists, headed by Canova; and never shall I forget the enthusiasm with which he was received, it is impossible to describe the shouts of triumph and of rapture sent up to heaven by every voice. And when he gave his benediction to the people, there was an universal prostration, a sobbing and marks of emotions of joy almost like the bursting of the heart; I heard, every where around me, cries of 'the holy Father, the most holy Father, his restoration is the work of God;' I saw tears streaming from the eyes of almost all the women about me, many of them were sobbing hysterically, and old men were weeping as if they had been children. I pressed my rosary to my breast on this occasion, and repeatedly touched with my lips, that part of it which had received the kiss of the most venerable pontiff. I preserve it with a kind of hallowed feeling as the memorial of a man, whose sanctity, firmness, meekness and benevolence are an honour to his church and to human nature; and it has not only been useful to me, by its influence upon my own mind, but it has enabled me to give pleasure to others, and has, I believe, been sometimes beneficial in insuring my personal safety. I have often gratified the peasants of Apulia and Calabria by presenting them to kiss a rosary from the holy sepulchre which had been hallowed by the touch of the lips and benediction of the pope; and, it has been even respected by and procured me a safe passage through a party of brigands who once stopped me in the passes of the Appennines."

The third dialogue contains a discussion on the primary formation of the globe, as deducible from geological observations, which, interesting as it is when treated of by a writer who has paid so much attention to such inquiries, is rendered more so by the comparison drawn between it and the Mosaic account of the creation, and by the observations on the means of harmonizing the apparent inconsistencies of the two systems.

In the fourth dialogue, which is styled Proteus, or Immortality, from the name of a very singular and scarce animal, endowed with equal powers of existence in water and land, but which has only been found in subterraneous abodes, we are led into further disquisitions relative to our own existence, deduced from the analogies of the natural objects around us.—The fifth, the "Chemical Philosopher," is a defence of the philosophy of chemistry. This has, on reflection, afforded us the greatest pleasure of any of these essays, because in it the writer divests himself, in a great degree, of the garb of mysticism in which he is too frequently involved, and assumes the character of advocate of a department of science that may proudly boast of him as its champion.

The sixth and concluding dialogue, which assumes the unmeaning name of "Pola," from a town of that name in Istria, where the scene of conversation is laid, is inferior to all the rest: it is a discussion on the nature of time. It concludes with a sentiment that brings the mind forcibly back to what we have described in the commencement of these observations, as being the supposed state of mind in the writer when expressing it.

"Your history," says one of the speakers in the dialogue, "of the laws of the inevitable destruction of material forms, recalls to my memory, our discussion at Adelsberg. The changes of the material universe are in harmony with those which belong to the human body, and which you suppose to be the frame or machinery of the sentient principle. May we not venture to imagine, that the visible and tangible world, with which we are acquainted by our sensations, bears the same relation to the divine and infinite Intelligence, that our organs bear to our mind;—with this only difference, that in the changes of the divine system, there is no decay, there being in the order of things a perfect unity, and all the powers springing from one will, and being a consequence of that will, are perfectly and unalterably balanced. Newton seemed to apprehend, that in the laws of the planetary motions, there was a principle which would ultimately be the cause of the destruction of the system. Laplace by pursuing and refining the principles of our great philosopher, has proved, that what appeared sources of disorder, are in fact the perfecting machinery of the system, and that the principle of conservation is as eternal as that of motion."—And again, in the sentence which stands in its proper place, as the conclusion of this very extraordinary series of essays—"Time is almost a human word and change entirely a human idea; in the system of nature we should rather say progress than change. The sun appears to sink in the ocean in darkness, but it rises in another hemisphere; the ruins of a city fall, but they are often used to form more magnificent structures as at Rome; but, even when they are destroyed, so as to produce only dust, nature asserts her empire over them, and the vegetable world rises in constant youth, and, in a period of annual successions, by the labours of man providing food, vitality and beauty upon the wrecks of monuments which were once raised for purposes of glory, but which are now applied to objects of utility."

We have sketched from this little volume, what we conceive will give our readers some insight into its character; but it must be read to be truly enjoyed, and the perusal will, we conceive, amply repay the trouble, for though it contains matter from some of which sober reason must dissent as extravagant, and almost bordering on the absurd, yet even the aberrations are those of a highly gifted, a philanthropic and a deeply reflecting mind. The opinions and observations on dreams are particularly pleasing.

Twelve Dramatic Sketches, founded on the Pastoral Poetry of Scotland. By W. M. Hetherington, A. M. 12mo. pp. 275.—Edinburgh: Constable and Co.; and Hurst and Chance, London.

This little book has been some time published, yet it is very little, if at all known, though it deserves to be well-known. The volume is full of poetry, and rural repose, and sober piety; it is intended to illustrate the character of the Scottish peasantry, and it does so most successfully, whilst it naturally places that character in the most amiable and favourable light, though not an overstrained or fanciful one. We quite agree with the author, that those critics are very far beside the mark who assert that country life is of necessity excluded from all the deeper workings of passionate joy, sorrow, fear, hope, and love. The mild magnificence and beautiful repose of nature, seem to us admirably fitted to produce and cherish a poetical temperament, and if we allow the natural objects with which the dwellers among the green pastures and the lofty mountains are perpetually conversant, to be sublime and beautiful, our next step must be to confess, that their comparisons, metaphors and allegories should be so likewise; for, as Sir William Jones reminds us, in his Essay on the Poetry of the Eastern Nations, "an allegory is a string of metaphors, a metaphor is a short simile, and the finest similes are drawn from natural objects." Above all, there is in the still yet cheerful solitudes of the country, more of peace, of fearful innocence and pure religion,

and therefore, more of the elements of true poetry, as well as of true happiness, than can be found elsewhere. Let us see how this theory is reduced to practice by Mr. Hetherington. The first of the Dramatic Sketches is entitled Bessy Bell and Mary Gray. These two young ladies were both very handsome, and were most attached friends; while the former was on a visit to the latter, the plague broke out in the year 1666, in order to avoid which they built themselves a bower about three quarters of a mile west from Lynedoch, in a very retired and romantic place, called Burnbraes, on the side of Brauchie-burn. Here they lived for some time; but the plague raging with great fury, they caught the infection, it is said, from a young gentleman who was in love with them both, and here they died. Their burial place is about half a mile from the present house of Lynedoch, whence the Old Song:—

"Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonnie lasses;
They bigget a bower on yon burn brae,
And theeket it owre wi' rashes."

In a scene in a sweetly-wooded glen, on the banks of Brauchie-Burn, near their bower, Drummond, the lover, is introduced, conversing with the two young ladies on a still summer evening; he professes himself a lover of the romantic, and he is asked what he means by this romance of which he is so ardent an admirer; what follows is a part of his reply:—

"Suppose a youth
Of strong soul, uncorrupted mind, high heart,
And feelings, like the universal air,
Embracing all things! See him when the Morn,
Blushing in her own conscious beauty, comes,
Like a fair bride, to meet her lord, proud Noon;
A holy rapture rises in his breast,
And glows along each nerve, till his whole frame
Feels like a flower expanding in the sun!
This is romantic!—be it so!—If, then,
He scarce can bear to brush the diamond dews
From the green grass, and picks his wary steps
Lest he should crush the wild-flower, could he bear,
In deed, or word, or thought, to do foul wrong
To man, his mortal brother? When the sun
Rides high in the mid-heaven, in some deep glen,
Where rocks project, and mossy caverns yawn,
Through tangling brushwood all alone he strays,
Listening the brawlings of the rippling brook,
Mix'd with the intermittent song of birds
Hid in their shady covert; o'er his mind
Light falls the veily calm of purest peace,—
(Peace with his own soul and with all the world,)
And love, even to its least existencies;
Sweet singing birds, trees with their bloomy boughs,
And that fair populace, by Nature's hand
In lavish charms array'd, the flowry tribe;
Till his heart heaves involuntary sighs
Of gratitude to that benignant Power
That placed him in a world so beautiful.
This, too, is all romantic!—be it so!
Can he whose bosom pants with the excess
Of all-refining sensibilities,
Can *he* stoop from the lofty eminence
Of friendship with the universal Mother,
Cramp all his finer feelings, and imprison
His soul in that dark dungeon *Self*, for all
The little paltry gains that wordlings toil for?—
Or see him when the humid hand of Even
Casts wide her shadowy mantle o'er the plain,
Drawing its folds gradually up the hills,
As day's departing lustre fades away,
And dews, soft as an infant's evening prayer
When by her tender mother's side she kneels,
Fill all the air with sense of gentler life,
Even till a sympathetic moisture floats
Over the silent wanderer's pensive eye!
And as the night comes on, and star by star
Enkindles its eternal lamp on high,
Beaconing the heavenward traveller to the home
Of everlasting peace, and bliss, and love:
Oh! how the world, and all its mean pursuits,
Its empty pleasures, and debasing passions,
Sink into utter insignificance,
Till the enlarged soul spurns earthly ties,
And with seraphic ardour re-asserts
Its heavenly birth, and glorious destiny!
Even this is term'd romantic!—poor despite
That grovelling minds display, scoffing in vain
At pure and rapturous delights, far, far
Beyond their feeble comprehension! Go,
Ye poor despisers of mysterious nature,
And hide your littleness! Go, drudge and moil
For veriest trash! Go, herd among the crowd
Of Mammon's slaves! Let not your steps be found
Insulting the majestic solitudes,
Where uncontaminated minds yet hold
Lofty and solemn converse—through the love,
The beauty, and the grandeur which pervade
And o'er-inform the universe—with Him
The omnipotent, all-merciful Creator!"

Again, when Bessy Bell feels that the pestilence that walketh in darkness hath struck her with its baneful influence, and discloses her apprehensions to her friend, the following dialogue ensues:—

M. Gray. Nay, say not so!
Come with me now, and walk a little space—
The fresh air will revive you.
B. Bell. Never, Mary!
The fresh, free air, the flowers upon the fields,
The song of birds, the music of clear brooks.
The mighty voice of winds, the boundless cope
Of the blue sky, the glorious light of day,
No more can kindle up the ecstatic fires
Of fervency, and hope, and love in me,
As they were wont, till the strong rapture cast
The sense of sickness from my languid frame—
The hand of death is on me.
M. Gray. Droop not yet!
One effort more, and you may yet throw off
This fit of faintness.
B. Bell. Mary, lay me down,
And place my head that I may see the light,
And feast my dying eyes, while they wax dim,
With a few glimpses more of lovely Nature.
Now I am easier! thank you, my sweet friend;
And leave me for a little:—there are thoughts
And communings between the soul and Him
Who gave it and recalls, that have their course
Freest in utter solitude. Meanwhile
The open air will do you good.
(While Mary retires to another part of the cottage, out of her sight, she remains for a while in silent prayer, then slowly opens her eyes, and endeavours to look around.)
How weak,
How very weak I am! Sure death is near.
Oh! little do they know of death, who crowd
Thousands of gloomy, dreadful images,
All ghastly and abhorrent, into one
Dark form, and call the fearful phantom Death!
It is a messenger from Heaven, and bound
Upon an errand of eternal peace.
Even now, methinks I faintly hear its call,
Like the uncertain sound of distant music.
I come, I come! Farewell, sweet Mary Gray.
M. Gray. Not yet! not yet! Oh! stay a little while,
And take me with you!
B. Bell. What! return'd again?
My kind attentive nurse! Methinks 'tis dark:—
Tell me, is the sky curtain'd with deep clouds?
M. Gray. There's not a cloud in all the sunny dome,
And not a breath to stir the quivering leaf
Of the light aspen; all creation sleeps
In smiling, blissful, sabbath-like repose.
B. Bell. 'Tis strange! I've often thought that I could wish
To die on such a day as you describe;
And now Heaven grants my prayer: Come nearer,
And let me look once more on that dear face
Ere mine eyes close for ever: let me feel
Thy hand.—Alas! it trembles and it burns!
And thou hast sacrificed thy life for me!
And who will tend thy death-bed? Oh, this is
Indeed the bitterness of death!
M. Gray. Oh! calm
Thy mind. Let no regretful thoughts of me
Shake thy life's ebbing sands. All will be well.
I'm not ill yet; and if I should be so,
'Tis from the infection in the general air,
And not from tending you that I have caught it.
Why do you shrink and shudder so?
B. Bell. I see
You sick and comfortless:—no tender hand
To smooth your pillow, to support your head,
To moisten your parch'd lips! Oh! how my soul
Shudders with grief and horror at the scene!
M. Gray. Where is your trust in Providence? Can you—
Yes, whose calm hopes have ever been reposed
Immovably on Him who can support,—
Can you permit despondency to seize
Your soul in such a moment? Think on Him,
And on his gracious word!
B. Bell. Thank you, dear friend!
Dearer, if possible, than ever now,
My hopes are all restored; and I can leave
Both your fate and my own to Him who knows
Our wants, and will supply them."

We shall only add part of the first scene of the Snow Storm, the last of the sketches in the volume:—

The Moor. (Advanced Winter.)

WILLIE *and* CHARLIE.

Wil. Charlie! Where are ye, Charlie? Rest a bit!
I cannot move another step!
Char. Cheer up!
We'll soon be through the deepest wreath, and then
The worst is past.
Wil. Where are we? Not a foot
Of the wild waste is like itself; the hills
Are scoop'd and rounded into thousand shapes
They never were before; the very streams
Are buried fifty fathoms deep; the glens
Smooth'd up by the white ruin. Lost, oh lost!
Char. Come, come, you must not thus despond;
The wind may soon abate.
Wil. It may; but long ere then
We shall have ceased to feel it.
Char. [*Aside.*] (How his face
Is changed! His strength and self-command are gone.
Unless I can awake his heart, I fear
All's over with him!) This will never do!
To yield ere we have well begun! Will this
Find and secure our flocks?
Wil. Our flocks! Ay—yes—
Flocks, said ye?—the gudeman—they're buried deep,
Poor things!
Char. Poor things, indeed! Where are they now?
(No, no, this will not do! he minds me not!
I'll touch another chord.) How did you leave
Your poor sick child this morning? And your wife,
Is she well?
Wil. Child!—Ay, that's my Fanny! O!
The patient little sufferer! Yes, she will—
She will recover! Death will never crop
My little moorland flowret in its bud!
Lucy's strong prayers will mount before the throne,
And bring down health and bliss! Shall we go on
And seek our flocks?
Char. Do you feel strong again?
Or shall we rest a little longer here?
Wil. Rest! No, let us move on! Alas! I feel
Weak, very weak! Here must I stay and die!
Char. But did your little Fanny seem indeed
Better this morning?
Wil. Fanny! my dear child!
Yes, she is better! While my Lucy sought
My plaid, I knelt beside her bed, and gazed
On the sweet infant's face. Her brow was calm,—
Pale, but quite calm; her eyes were closed; but life
Shone fresh through their transparent coverings;
Her cheek was peaceful, and her gentle breath
Raised her fair bosom mildly, healthfully,—
No pain disturbing her soft sleep:—I touch'd
With lightest kiss her silent lip, and thank'd
The gracious Being, who alone can give
Repose to suffering mortals! Shall we yet
Meet, and together praise him? O! no, no!
My limbs are powerless, and my heart is sick!
Charlie, what can we do?
Char. Trust in that voice
That stills the tempest!—in that mighty hand
That snatch'd his doubting follower from the wave!
And strong in him go forth, surmounting all
Our present dangers!
Wil. Yes, in Him I trust
For future bliss, but not for longer life.
For I bethink me now, that yesterday,
About this very hour,—my soul had been
Sad for my Fanny's illness,—while I sat
And eyed the fair horizon's verge, where glared
The weather-gleam, and loom'd the coming storm,
Sudden a trance of rapture fill'd my breast—
A passion of ethereal bliss!—My soul
Seem'd born into a new existence!—All
Was one wild whirl of speechless extacy.
'Twas a foretaste of death! And see! see! see!
Look there! my Fanny! O! thou angel-form,
Take, take me with thee! Lay thy holy hand
Upon my brow, and shade these burning glories!—
I come, I come!—
(Staggers forward, and falls dying.)

In conclusion, we can honestly recommend the perusal of this volume to the admirers of pure and simple pastoral poetry.

Adventures in the Rifle Brigade, in the Peninsula, France, and the Netherlands; from 1809 *to* 1815. By Captain J. Kincaid.—London, J. and W. Boone.

THIS is a book which sets literary criticism altogether at defiance, both virtually and in terms. The author powders along in a helter-skelter, scatter-brained way, with his rifle in one hand, and a pen in the other, with which latter he jots down his observations just in the order and phraseology he might be supposed to utter them, vivâ voce, to a brother officer as wild as himself. The result is, a personal nar-

rative of the writer, his adventures and feelings, sayings and doings, from the Peninsular campaign of 1810, to the battle of Waterloo, so exceedingly graphic and lively, though trifling, abrupt and odd, as to make us feel as if we had read the writer's private letters to some intimate friend at home, who had let us completely into the confidence of the dashing young rifleman. But our readers must judge by sample, for, as we have said, a formal review would be ridiculous; on reaching Figuera, the captain thus inditeth:

"Our men were lodged for the night in a large barn, and the officers billeted in town. Mine chanced to be on the house of a madwoman, whose extraordinary appearance I never shall forget. Her petticoats scarcely reached to the knee, and all above the lower part of the bosom was bare; and though she looked to be not more than middle aged, her skin seemed as if it had been regularly prepared to receive the impression of her last will and testament; her head was defended by a chevaux-de-frise of black wiry hair, which pointed fiercely in every direction, while her eyes looked like two burnt holes in a blanket. I had no sooner opened the door than she stuck her arms a-kimbo, and, opening a mouth, which stretched from ear to ear, she began vociferating '*bravo, bravissimo!*'

"Being a stranger alike to the appearance and the manners of the natives, I thought it possible that the former might have been nothing out of the common run; and concluding that she was overjoyed at seeing her country re-enforced, at that perilous moment, by a fellow upwards of six feet high, and thinking it necessary to sympathize in some degree in her patriotic feelings, I began to '*bravo*' too; but as her second shout ascended ten degrees, and kept increasing in that ratio, until it amounted to absolute frenzy, I faced to the right-about, and, before our *tête-à-tête* had lasted the brief space of three quarters of a minute, I disappeared with all possible haste, her terrific yells vibrating in my astonished ears long after I had turned the corner of the street; nor did I feel perfectly at ease until I found myself stretched on a bundle of straw in a corner of the barn occupied by the men.

"We proceeded, next morning, to join the army; and, as our route lay through the city of Coimbra, we came to the magnanimous resolution of providing ourselves with all manner of comforts and equipments for the campaign on our arrival there; but, when we entered it, at the end of the second day, our disappointment was quite eclipsed by astonishment at finding ourselves the only living things in a city, which ought to have been furnished with twenty thousand souls.

"Lord Wellington was then in the course of his retreat from the frontiers of Spain to the lines of Torres Vedras, and had compelled the inhabitants on the line of march to abandon their homes, and to destroy or carry away every thing that could be of service to the enemy. It was a measure that ultimately saved their country, though ruinous and distressing to those concerned, and on no class of individuals did it bear harder, for the moment, than our own little detachment, a company of rosy-cheeked, chubbed youths, who, after three months feeding on ship's dumplings, were thus thrust, at a moment of extreme activity, in the face of an advancing foe, supported by a pound of raw beef, drawn every day fresh from the bullock, and a mouldy biscuit.

"The difficulties we encountered were nothing out of the usual course of old campaigners; but, untrained and unprovided as I was, I still looked back upon the twelve or fourteen days following the battle of Busaco as the most trying I have ever experienced, for we were on our legs from day-light until dark, in daily contact with the enemy; and, to satisfy the stomach of an ostrich, I had, as already stated, only a pound of beef, a pound of biscuit, and one glass of rum. A brother-officer was kind enough to strap my boat-cloak and portmanteau on the mule carrying his heavy baggage, which, on account of the proximity of the foe, was never permitted to be within a day's march of us—so that, in addition to my simple uniform, my only covering every night was the canopy of heaven, from whence the dews descended so refreshingly, that I generally awoke, at the end of an hour, chilled, and wet to the skin; and I could only purchase an equal length of additional repose by jumping up and running about, until I acquired a sleeping quantity of warmth. Nothing in life can be more ridiculous than seeing a lean, lank fellow, start from a profound sleep, at midnight, and begin lashing away at the highland fling, as if St. Andrew himself had been playing the bagpipes; but it was a measure that I very often had recourse to, as the cleverest method of producing heat. In short, though the prudent general may preach the propriety of light baggage in the enemy's presence, I will ever maintain that there is marvellous small personal comfort in travelling so fast and so lightly as I did.

"The Portuguese farmers will tell you that the beauty of their climate consists in their crops receiving from the nightly dews the refreshing influence of a summer's shower, and that they ripen in the daily sun. But *they* are a sordid set of rascals! Whereas *I* speak with the enlightened views of a man of war, and say, that it is poor consolation to me, after having been deprived of my needful repose, and kept all night in a fever, dancing wet and cold, to be told that I shall be warm enough in the morning!—it is like frying a person after he has been boiled; and I insisted upon it, that if their sun had been milder and their dews lighter, that I should have found it much more pleasant."

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"From the moment that I joined the army, so intense was my desire to get a look at this illustrious chief, that I never should have forgiven the Frenchman that had killed me before I effected it. My curiosity did not remain long ungratified; for, as our post was next the enemy, I found, when any thing was to be done, that it was his also. He was just such a man as I had figured in my mind's eye, and I thought that the stranger would betray a grievous want of penetration who could not select the Duke of Wellington from amid five hundred in the same uniform.

"Having now brought myself regularly into the field, under the renowned Wellington, should this narrative, by any accident, fall into the hands of others who served there, and who may be unreasonable enough to expect their names to be mentioned in it, let me tell them that they are most confoundedly mistaken! Every man may write a book for himself, if he likes, but *this* is mine; and, as I borrow no man's story, neither will I give any man a particle of credit for his deeds, as I have got so little for my own that I have none to spare. Neither will I mention any regiment but my own, if I can possibly avoid it—for there is none other that I like so much, and none else so much deserves it; for we were the light regiment of the light division, and fired the first and last shot in almost every battle, siege, and skirmish, in which the army was engaged during the war.

"In stating the foregoing resolution, however, with regard to regiments, I beg to be understood as identifying our old and gallant associates, the forty-third and fifty-second, as a part of ourselves, for they bore their share in every thing, and I love them as I hope to do my better half, (when I come to be divided,) wherever *we* were, *they* mere; and although the nature of our arm generally gave us more employment in the way of skirmishing, yet, whenever it came to a pinch, independent of a suitable mixture of them among us, we had only to look behind to see a line, in which we might place a degree of confidence, almost equal to our hopes in heaven; nor were we ever disappointed. There never was a corps of riflemen in the hands of such supporters!"

With the same easy air of modest assurance, our worthy man-of-war scatters along through merry and moving accidents by flood and field, and never cracks cry, till he hopes his readers have been well entertained, and shuts the book after the battle of Waterloo. Surely Cicero would never have been fool enough to cry *cedant arma togæ*, had he lived in our more happy days, and seen the brilliant literary productions of even our second-rate sons of Mars; for our Napiers and Londonderries hawk at, and strike down, a higher quarry.

We remember, though possibly our readers do not, a singularly brilliant poem on the Battle of Waterloo, also produced by the commander of a troop, a certain Captain Hardman, we think of the 10th Royal Hussars. Some few lines of the exordium of this exquisite effusion, made so deep and lasting an impression on our heart, that, though years have since rolled by, they still live in our memory, and we cannot resist the opportunity of affording our readers the pleasure of a specimen:

"To-morrow morning, by break of day,
An orderly dragoon did come this way;
Holla, holla! he cried, do you hear,
Is Captain Hardman quartered here?
He again cried out by words so strong,
Holla holla there! I am not wrong;
Is Adjutant Hardman in the house?
If he is, you must him quickly rouse:
I left Brussels this morn at half-past two,
All in confusion I do assure you,
The French are advancing very fast,
Rouse up! make haste, or we shall be last:
You! get up quickly, and open the door,
Before the sun sets the cannon may roar.
Up I jumped, then rubbed my eyes,
But thought the man was telling lies;
What do you want, dragoon, with me?
Here is a letter, Sir, for you to see;
I took the letter, held it in my hand,
Then dressed, and quickly roused the band."

We are far, indeed, from placing the excellent, though, of course, less elevated prose sketches of Captain Kincaid, *au niveau*, with the lofty flights of this rhyming trooper; but in neither case would we advise the indulgent reader to dwell with a too hypercritical nicety upon the turn of a phrase, such as scampering away "like a shot out of a shovel," or to start aside, astonished and dismayed, on hearing the captain consign himself, or some other person or persons unknown, to the deuce, in very unequivocal terms, or announce, in a tone of jocular familiarity, the arrival of a brother officer in that place which the dean or we never mention 'to ears polite;' or, in short, any of

those little violations of prevailing taste, which might be reasonably objected to in the works of professed authors. With these limitations, however, we doubt not they will find the "Adventures in the Rifle Brigade," a pleasant, rolicking, slapdash sort of journal enough; witness the description of the field of Waterloo, during and after the battle:

"I had never yet heard of a battle in which every body was killed" (it is clear the author is scandalously ignorant of the well authenticated conflict of the Kilkenny cats); "but this seemed likely to be an exception, as all were going by turns. We got excessively impatient under the tame similitude of the latter part of the process, and burned with desire to have a last thrust at our respective *vis-à-vis*; for, however desperate our affairs were, we had still the satisfaction of seeing that theirs were worse. Sir John Lambert continued to stand as our support, at the head of three good old regiments, one dead (the twenty-seventh) and two living ones; and we took the liberty of soliciting him to aid our views; but the Duke's orders on that head were so very particular that the gallant general had no choice.

"Presently a cheer, which we knew to be British, commenced far to the right, and made every one prick up his ears;—it was Lord Wellington's long wished-for orders to advance; it gradually approached, growing louder as it grew near: we took it up by instinct—charged through the hedge down upon the old knoll, sending our adversaries flying at the point of the bayonet. Lord Wellington galloped up to us at the instant, and our men began to cheer him; but he called out "no cheering, my lads, but forward, and complete your victory!"

"This movement had carried us clear of the smoke; and, to people who had been for so many hours enveloped in darkness, in the midst of destruction, and naturally anxious about the result of the day, the scene which now met the eye conveyed a feeling of more exquisite gratification than can be conceived. It was a fine summer's evening, just before sunset. The French were flying in one confused mass. British lines were seen in close pursuit, and in admirable order, as far as the eye could reach to the right, while the plain to the left was filled with Prussians. The enemy made one last attempt at a stand on the rising ground to our right of La Belle Alliance; but a charge from General Adams's brigade again threw them into a state of confusion, which was now inextricable, and their ruin was complete. Artillery, baggage, and every thing belonging to them, fell into our hands. After pursuing them until dark, we halted about two miles beyond the field of battle, leaving the Prussians to follow up the victory.

"This was the last, the greatest, and the most uncomfortable heap of glory that I ever had a hand in, and may the deuce take me if I think that every body waited there to see the end of it, otherwise it never could have been so troublesome to those who did. We were, take us all in all, a very bad army. Our foreign auxiliaries, who constituted more than half of our numerical strength, with some exceptions, were little better than a raw militia—a body without a soul, or like an inflated pillow, that gives to the touch, and resumes its shape again when the pressure ceases—not to mention the many who went clear out of the field, and were only seen while plundering our baggage in their retreat.

. . . . . .

"The field of battle, next morning, presented a frightful scene of carnage; it seemed as if the world had tumbled to pieces, and three-fourths of every thing destroyed in the wreck. The ground running parrallel to the front of where we had stood was so thickly strewed with fallen men and horses, that it was difficult to step clear of their bodies; many of the former still alive, and imploring assistance, which it was not in our power to bestow.

"The usual salutation on meeting an acquaintance of another regiment after an action was to ask who had been hit? but on this occasion it was, 'Who's alive?' Meeting one, next morning, a very little fellow, I asked what had happened to them yesterday? 'I'll be hanged,' says he, 'if I know any thing at all about the matter, for I was all day trodden in the mud and galloped over by every scoundrel who had a horse; and, in short, that I only owe my existence to my insignificance.'

"Two of our men, on the morning of the 19th, lost their lives by a very melancholy accident. They were cutting up a captured ammunition-waggon for firewood, when one of their swords striking against a nail, sent a spark among the powder. When I looked in the direction of the explosion, I saw the two poor fellows about twenty or thirty feet up in the air. On falling to the ground, though lying on their backs or bellies, some extraordinary effort of nature, caused by the agony of the moment, made them spring from that position, five or six times, to the hight of eight or ten feet, just as a fish does when thrown on the ground after being newly caught. It was so unlike a scene in real life that it was impossible to witness it without forgetting, for a moment, the horror of their situation.

"I ran to the spot along with others, and found that every stitch of clothes had been burnt off, and they were black as ink all over. They were still alive, and told us their names, otherwise we could not have recognized them; and, singular enough, they were able to walk off the ground with a little support, but died shortly after.

"Among other officers who fell at Waterloo, we lost one of the wildest youths that ever belonged to the service. He seemed to have a prophetic notion of his approaching end, for he repeatedly told us, in the early part of the morning, that he knew the devil would have him before night. I shall relate one anecdote of him, which occurred while we were in Spain. He went, by chance, to pass the day with two officers, quartered at a neighbouring village, who happened to be, that day, engaged to dine with the clergyman. Knowing their visitor's mischievous propensities, they were at first afraid to make him one of the party; but, after schooling him into a suitable propriety of behaviour, and exacting a promise of implicit obedience, they, at last, ventured to take him. On their arrival, the ceremony of introduction had just been gone through, and their host seated at an open window, when a favourite cat of his went purring about the young gentleman's boots, who, catching it by the tail, and giving it two or three preparatory swings round his head, sent it flying out at the window where the parson was sitting, who only escaped it by suddenly stooping. The only apology the youngster made for his conduct was, 'Egad, I think I astonished that fellow!' but whether it was the cat or the parson he meant I never could learn.

"About twelve o'clock, on the day after the battle, we commenced our march for Paris. I shall, therefore, leave my readers at Waterloo, in the hope that, among the many stories of romance to which that and the other celebrated fields gave birth, the foregoing unsophisticated one of an eye-witness may not have been found altogether uninteresting."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Reminiscences of Henry Angelo, with Memoirs of his late Father and Friends, including numerous original Anecdotes and curious traits of the most celebrated characters that have flourished during the last eight years, vol. 2. pp. 551. London, Colburn and Bentley.

Those who remember the first volume of this book, published some two years ago, need only to be told that the second is continued in the same vein. The writer is one of that class for which Juvenal professes such profound contempt, a superannuated fencing master, the son of an Italian riding master. It is much the fashion of late years with such of the lower people as have had occasion in the way of business to come frequently in contact with the great, to publish all the loose idle gossip they have been able to collect. We cannot much commend either the morality or the liveliness of Angelo's book. The following short snuffy anecdote is one of the most amusing.

"Old Slaughter's coffee-house was my usual resort to read the papers. I once sat near Sir William Chere, who had a very long nose, and was playing at back-gammon with old General Brown; during this time Sir William, who was a snuff-taker, was continually using his snuff-box, seldom making the application necessary to keep pace with his indulgence. Observing him leaning continually over the table, being at the same time in a very bad humour with the game, the General said, "Sir William blow your nose." "Blow it yourself," was the reply, "'tis as near you as me!"

A Review of Captain Basil Hall's Travels in North America, in 1827 *and* 1828. By an American, pp. 149. London; Kennett.

Brother Jonathan is exceedingly wroth, and not without some cause, against Capt. B. Hall, for his censorious remarks upon American society and manners; yet he is not without wit in his anger, and humour too, though of a somewhat saturnine kind. We are not naturally disposed to be much in love with "the nasty guessing Yankees," but we confess we think, that much prejudiced and unkindly feeling has been very unnecessarily cherished by various publications from time to time on both sides of the Atlantic, tending to exasperate the feelings of the inhabitants of the respective countries. To irritate the mutual animosity of two nations, such as Great Britain and America, which have now no just ground of quarrel, is both foolish and wicked. In the present review, Captain Hall is shewn up tartly enough for his numerous alleged misrepresentations, to the disadvantage of the States people, and calculated to increase the unkindly feelings here alluded to, and certainly rather a strong case is made out against his "Two Guinea Book on America."

Sermons on the Characters of the Seven Churches in Asia, described in the book of Revelation; to which are added, two Sermons on the distinction between "secret and revealed things in religion." By W. Muir, D. D. Minister of St. Stephen's Church, Edinburgh. Waugh and Innes, Edinburgh. Curry and Co. Dublin, and Whittaker and Co. London, 12mo. pp. 288.

This excellent little volume contains twelve sermons, of which ten are devoted to certain portions of the addresses of the Spirit to the Asiatic churches, recorded in the second and third chapters of the Revelation of St. John. There is no attempt in these sermons by any fanciful or presumptuous conjectures upon the mystical parts of the Apocalypse, to satisfy the cravings of a vain and sinful curiosity respecting the hidden things of God; on the contrary they are all eminently practical, and abound in the expression of rational scriptural piety. We were particularly pleased with the two sermons on the character of the church of Leodicea, of which the first treats of listlessness in religion, suffering the love and fear of the world to stifle the fear and the love of God; and the second, of the condescending love and affectionate invitations of our blessed Redeemer, to repentant and believing sinners. The whole volume stands in sober and highly commendable contradistinction to the wild speculations of certain others of the Scottish divines of the present day.

As we have a great aversion to sweeping and indefinite accusations against bodies of men, we think it right to add, that we allude particularly to the recent productions of Mr. Edward Irving, and Campbell of Row, author of the Gairloch heresy, founded apparently on some of Mr. advocate Erskine's mystical lucubrations.

Titi Livii Historiæ Libri omnes qui extant, cum annotationibus probatissimis et utilissimis, ex omnibus prioribus commentatoribus accurate selectis, et anglice redditis, &c. A J. Prendeville. Tomus primus, in usum Scholarum. Editio secunda, priore longe auctior atque emendatior. Dublinii: veneunt apud Curry et Socios.

It is now just three-and-thirty years since Mr. Walker's admirable edition of Livy, with annotations, in eight volumes, was given to the world; it is, however, adapted chiefly to the use of more advanced students. The volume at present under notice is of an humbler but perhaps not less useful character. It seems intended solely for the use of schools and tyros, and accordingly it contains only the precise portion of Livy read in the entrance course of Trinity College, with a very voluminous collection of notes, compiled from Walker and various other sources, and translated into English. It is certainly by far the best school book that we are acquainted with for boys commencing Livy, as it contains a vast body of necessary information, presented in a form that renders it easily accessible.

The text of the first edition was extremely incorrect; we are glad to see that the typography and some other minor details of the present one, have been much more carefully attended to: it is printed at the University press, and is really a very respectable looking school book, which, both as a Dublin publication, and the best of the kind we are acquainted with, we feel great pleasure in recommending to all candidate-gibs, and others, who cultivate Minerva on the lower forms.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

Frazer's Magazine.

The blending of the London Magazine with the New Monthly, and the sudden dissolution of "Sharp's Magazine," introduced "Frazer's" to the public. Another and perhaps a better reason might be found in this, that the established Magazines seemed to have been worn out, and had become unusually dull and heavy. The attempt on Frazer's part was a bold one, and met with deserved success. We refrained from criticism on the first number, knowing that a great effort is generally made at starting, which is likely to be the shorter from its violence; however, as a second number has appeared, it becomes our duty to notice the new Magazine. The politics of this periodical are tory, and are boldly enough expressed; "our confession of faith," in the first number, is written with considerable energy—but in politics, and in every thing else, this Magazine is evidently an exact imitation of Blackwood, whose worst faults the writers in Frazer have most faithfully copied. In the article American poetry, it is observed of Channing, that he is conspicuous for elegant diction, but not a man of original conceptions; from this opinion, we entirely dissent, believing as we do, that in his Character of Bonaparte, and in his Essay on the Writings of Milton, Doctor Channing has displayed not merely diction elegant and correct, but proved that he has thought deeply and philosophically, and that he could embody his vigorous and original conceptions in shapes of life and beauty. However little we may approve of certain peculiarities in Doctor Channing's religious opinions, we must admit that he is not a mere Magazine writer, but a man of a serious and philosophical mind, as he has more recently shewn in his "remarks on the disposition which now prevails to form associations, and to accomplish all objects by organized masses," which exhibits a novel and interesting view of society, on which, at some future opportunity, we may be tempted to dwell a little more at length. An article on "architectural decoration," seemed to be excellent, but being immoderately long, we were afraid to venture far into it; the review of Montgomery's poetry we think correct in principle, but of the offensive language in which the reviewer's opinion is conveyed, we entirely disapprove.

What a God-send Moore's Byron has been to all the Magazines. Frazer commences the second number with a formidable review of it, and maintains Leigh Hunt's to be the truest account extant of the character and habits of Byron.—What strikes us as the principal difference between Blackwood's and Frazer's review of Mr. Moore's book is, that the former consists of sixty, whereas the latter contains only forty pages; and of two evils—our readers know the proverb.

The original papers in the second number are in nowise remarkable, but just the commonplace Magazine articles. There is, however, a review entitled "Donovan the intoxicator," which we have no hesitation in pronouncing as unfair, as uncandid, and as insolent a piece of criticism as ever disgraced the literature of England: in the first page of this review, after other indecent and hackneyed comments on the "Hibernian Author," the reviewer observes, "True it is, that the man is a donkey, in every page erecting ears of alarming magnitude; but an ass, after all, is a beast useful to man, harmless in his ordinary propensities, and we proceed through without murmur the various fooleries of the book before us, chewing the absurdities which we meet with, as laboriously and as patiently as a brother of the breed of Donovan would chew so many thistles." The other comments on this gentleman's book are conceived in the same taste and spirit: against this manner of reviewing, we enter our decided protest; it is no less offensive to the author, than hurtful to the interests of literature; if a book be published, let its merits and defects be laid fairly before the public—if it be insulting to good feeling and morality, let it be unhesitatingly and strongly condemned; but in all events, let there be no personal allusions, which are at all times vulgar and misplaced; let there be no paltry and contemptible jokes on the name, the occupation, or the country of the writer. Coarse scurrility and virulent abuse should be far removed from the pages of a work which professes, we should say, presumes, to adjudicate on the literature of the day, to enlighten the understanding, and polish the manners of the public. When our feelings are shocked by the perusal of vituperation so shameful as that which we extracted from Frazer, how refreshing, if we may use Mr. Jeffrey's phrase, it is to turn to the good old Spectator, a work now we fear too much neglected, but one in which kindness, taste and genius are so happily and so beautifully blended.

Mr. Donovan is known as a man of science; his book, which our readers may remember we reviewed in No. VIII. of the D. L. G. has some trifling faults, but on the whole, it is an excellent and entertaining publication, and has been highly commended by scientific gentlemen, who from their peculiar pursuits, are best calculated to pronounce an opinion on the matter.

The reviewer concludes his critique on Mr. Donovan's books as follows: "Good bye for the present, Dionysius Lardner—why do you call yourself Dionysius? At home they baptised you Denis, which your progenitors pronounced *Dinnish*, if you publish in continuation a book on Cookery, as you ought, knock the *n* out of your name, and come forward under the title of Larder. It would be almost as good as Kitchiner." Our readers will appreciate and admire the exquisite taste which prompted these concluding observations.

For a long time coarseness seemed indissolubly united with strength in the Periodical Literature of Great Britain; that strong minds have generally something of a natural tendency towards coarseness, we are inclined to admit, but it is a tendency that may be struggled against and overcome. The public, who have hitherto only endured the slang for the sake of the wit, may possibly find out that mental vigor and pure good taste are not altogether incompatible; and they will no longer countenance or tolerate calumnious ribaldry, devised in open violation of decency, truth and honour, for the sake of setting on some quantity of barren-minded readers to laugh, when they have seen that vigorous good sense, and even a vein of shrewd and caustic wit or playful humour, may be met with in the productions of men who would scorn to forfeit for applause or gold, the exalted character of scholar, gentleman, and Christian.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Obras Literarias De Don F. Martinez de la Rosa, 4 vols. Paris.

Any thing literary from Spain is agreeable now-a-days for its novelty, and we gladly hail the appearance of the works of de la Rosa, were it only as a proof that the Spaniards have not forgotten those gifts of reading and writing which Dogberry says come by nature, and for which, especially in the dramatic and romantic walks, they were once so deservedly famous. These volumes contain a number of dramatic pieces, principally tragic, many miscellaneous poems, and a treatise on poetic art, illustrated with copious annotations which would unquestionably be very valuable, but that the subject had been so completely exhausted before. The plot, of perhaps the best of the tragedies, is founded on the story of Œdipus, so familiar to all who delight in the productions of the ancient Greek theatre. We confess, however, the Spaniards do not now appear to us to understand the art of producing dramatic effect, though in other respects this play may justly rank as a fine composition. *La Viuda de Padilla* is entitled to similar praise.

A comedy called *La Nina en Casa, la Madre en Mascara*, or the Daughter at Home, the Mother at the Masquerade, we found, in our imperfect acquaintance with the language, a performance by no means to be laughed at. We shall return to the subject of the Spanish theatre at an early day, and discuss its history and merits as largely and particularly as our limits will permit.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, March 22.

We have been so much taken up with politics during the last few days, that there has been little time to devote to subjects of literature and science, or the lighter matters which are considered interesting in a miscellany from which politics are excluded. I cannot give you a stronger proof of this, than in stating, that the Globe, a paper which has risen into fame by its literary and scientific articles, has, for several days past, been filled with political discussions, or news, from beginning to end; you must not, therefore, consider me an idle collector, since there is little to collect.

In the present contest between the liberals and the government, no class of persons seems to be exposed to more obloquy than the clergy; almost all the literati of the capital are opposed to their growing influence, as if religion and literature were inconsistent. Nothing seems to offend the patrons of the latter more than the support given to the clergy by the government, and an article in the *Gazette des Cultes*, showing the amount of donations and legacies in favour of the clergy, since the accession to power of M. de Polignac, has excited much bad feeling among their literary opponents. As this article is very curious and concise, I subjoin a translation:—"The donations and legacies in favour of the French clergy, amounted, in 1829, to 4,268,927 fr. The amount, for the first half year, was 10,440 fr., and for the second, that is, since M. de Polignac has been in power, 4,172,750 fr. During the four preceding years, 20,750,984 frs. had been received for the same object; so that the clergy have obtained in donations, &c. independently of what is allowed them by the state, more than 25,000,000 fr. The ministers of the Protestant Church received, in donations, during the last year, 55,491 fr. The hospitals, 2,683,578 fr. The parishes, 585,639 fr. The department of public instruction, 105,580 fr. and the Monts-de-Piété, 2500 fr. The department of the Seine contributed to the above sums during 1829, as follows: for the clergy, 29,631 fr. for hospitals, 201,857 fr.; and for the parishes, 21,000 fr. It is remarked that in those departments where the Jesuits have establishments, the proportion of the donations made to the clergy has been exorbitant; and that in the *Vienne*, the *Morbiham* and the *Somme*, where no donations were made under the administration of M. de Martignac, a sum of 499,295 francs has been obtained since the accession of M. de Polignac."

The following curious letter has been received by a gentleman in Paris, from his correspondent at Milan:—

Milan.

"I have reached Milan, and even here an example has just come under my notice, which exceeds what I should have previously imagined of the diffusion of a taste for the Fine Arts amongst the Italians. Will you believe it? a boot-maker is the possessor of a 'Gallery of sculpture, paintings, and engravings,' which contains choice specimens of many of the most eminent masters, not only of the Italian school, but what is rarer in Italy, of the Flemish, and also several productions of the best chisels.—The name of this tasteful son of Crispin, is Ronchetti; and I can assure you by my own experience, his zeal as a Mæcenas has not prejudiced his skill as a professor of the 'last;' on the contrary, I never in my life was so well fitted, while the materials and workmanship are admirable. His habit is only to prepare one boot at first, in order to try; and there is an anecdote of Napoleon and him arising out of this custom. The emperor, when at Milan, hearing of the famous bootmaker, ordered a supply. Ronchetti, according to custom, came in a day or two with one boot to try on. The emperor was in council, and the fitter of his *understanding* had to wait two hours, until his patience was exhausted—'I leave the boot,' said he to the servant in waiting; 'and his majesty may try it at his leisure.' It fitted to perfection, but never would our Italian Hoby be prevailed upon to make a fellow to it. The emperor alternately menaced and cajoled, but the man of leather was proof against both. I wonder never to have seen this singular and ingenious person named by tourists in Italy; he is quite a lion in his way. The next time you come to Milan, go and see him and his fine gallery. His conversation is interesting, and piquant with anecdotes of the arts and eminent personages, whom he has seen in his double capacity of connoisseur and artist."

London, March 23.

You have probably seen some of the attacks which have been made in various publications upon the new Literary Union Club in Regent-street. To judge from these, a person unacquainted with the real facts would suppose that many of the members were persons not only unfit, from their station in life, to belong to such a society, but were also otherwise exceptionable as to character and conduct. The truth, however, appears to be, that only five or six persons who could have been fairly objected to in open ballot, have found admission into the club; and as the committee have given way to the wish of the members at large, that the ballot should now be open, there can be no doubt of its future respectability. The number of members already admitted exceeds 800.

Amongst the new speculations in the literary world is a Sunday newspaper called The Intelligence, which comes out as an avowed organ of the Treasury. The first number made its appearance yesterday, and excited a considerable sensation. It contained, amongst other curious matters, a severe animadversion upon a celebrated preacher, the Rev. Daniel Wilson, vicar of Islington, for having introduced the Scottish method of catechising his congregation from the desk, a practice which appears to be repugnant to the genius of the Established Church, and much more nearly allied to the class-meetings of the Methodists. The worthy vicar, a man of excellent private character, and great talent, is, it is hardly necessary to add, one of the leaders of that party in the Church of England which piques itself on being exclusively "evangelical."

I have read with great satisfaction your notice of Mr. Godwin's last new novel, Cloudesley. You appear, however, to have somewhat mistaken what I said in my last letter on this subject. I by no means meant to insinuate that the work was not one of very great merit, but merely to say, that the sale of it was not so extensive as might have been expected from the celebrity of the author. It gives me great pleasure now to state, that as the work becomes known, the demand for it increases; and it cannot, I think, fail in the end of being popular. There is little new in literature to notice this week; indeed I knownot of any work of the last few days worthy notice. In the dramatic world also, things are very dull; Miss Kemble, after a career of extraordinary, and almost unprecedented brilliancy, takes her benefit at Covent-Garden on Thursday, for which occasion every place has been already secured; and, in consideration of the great liberality evinced by herself and her father, with respect to the amount of her remuneration during the season, very handsome sums have been sent to her by way of presents in exchange for tickets. Miss Smithson, who was for some time with you, has concluded an engagement for two months, at the rate of sixty pounds per week, with the manager of the new Feydeau Theatre at Paris; she has also a benefit secured to her, which will make her engagement worth twenty pounds a week more. She was present last night at Miss Kemble's performance, with which she appeared much delighted, and leaves town to-morrow for Paris. Drury-Lane Theatre, since the secession of Mr. Price, has had a fair run of business; nothing is yet determined as to who is to be the future lessee, but I understand from all who intend to bid for the lease, that they will not take it without a very considerable reduction of rent.

I have already mentioned to you, that the Columbian and Mexican ambassadors at our court, were literary men of considerable note in their respective countries, where talent appears to be appreciated much more than title.

* We did not misapprehend our valued correspondent's meaning at all; we merely availed ourselves of the opportunity his letter afforded, of entering a general caveat against mistaking any other man's opinions for our own, which we deemed due to our correspondents rather than to ourselves, as we have no wish to arrogate the merits or appropriate the labours of others. Ed.

M. de Gorostiza, the Mexican minister, who is the author of several very successful dramas in the Spanish language, is now engaged on a work of some importance, which will be published either here or in Paris. The following authentic anecdote of this gentleman, will, I think, be read with interest. On his first mission to Europe, he was entrusted with the negociation of an important commercial treaty with the Prussian government; when the treaty was concluded, and the contracting parties were about to affix their signatures at Berlin, the Russian minister desired to know what title M. de Gorostiza would have affixed to his name. The latter being at that time styled by his government merely the confidential agent of Mexico, replied, that he had none; "what," said the Baron Bulow, "no title?" Considerable hesitation hereupon ensued, and notwithstanding M. de Gorostiza's observing, that in republican governments no titles were admitted, it was considered highly improper that the seals should be affixed to a treaty in which one of the subscribing parties was an untitled personage. In this state of things, there was some danger of the treaty remaining unexecuted, when fortunately for the embarrassed diplomatist, it was recollected that M. de Gorostiza had held the rank of Colonel in the Mexican army; this smoothed every difficulty, and Colonel de Gorostiza executed an instrument, which to plain Mr. would have been impossible.

In the last number of the Dublin Literary Gazette, it was stated in a communication from Paris, that M. Cottereau, a French physician, had discovered a mode of curing consumption, by the inhalation of chloruret. I find on enquiry, that this has already been attempted with success in this country, and that great benefit is expected to arise from an improved method of administering it. When it is considered that a very large portion of the community fall annually victims to this fatal malady, we cannot but feel delighted at the prospect of a remedy which bids fair to rescue so many persons from its destructive influence. I shall carefully watch the result of some cases now in hand, and communicate it to you, so that you may be able to put the faculty of the Irish capital in possession of the earliest information on the subject.

To the Editor of the Dublin Literary Gazette.

Sir,

As you were so good as to give insertion in your most interesting journal, to the "Hints for the formation of a Society for promoting the Study of Natural History in Dublin," I am induced to hope you will confer the same favor on my present letter.

I am happy to have to inform you, that without any personal applications, above seventy gentlemen have already signed their names as willing to become subscribers, in the books left for that purpose at the Literary Gazette Office, and at Mr. Glennon's, Suffolk-street, and there is no doubt of a great number of names being added, when the intention is more generally known.

A gift has been already made to the intended Society, accompanied by the following letter:

Sir,—Having had the pleasure of reading in the Literary Gazette, an article relative to the establishment of a Museum in Dublin, for the encouragement of the study of Natural History, on a plan therein so satisfactorily described, I beg to say, that the undertaking appears to me most desirable, and must, in my opinion, encourage every lover of the science to aid in its advancement.

I avail myself of my present visit to this country, to present to the Institution a perfect set of specimens illustrative of the Geology of Cumberland, with a set of Musical stones, known by the name of Clink stones—and I shall be happy, on my next visit from Keswick to show my anxiety to further the object in view, by making any additions I can to the intended Museum.

I remain, Sir, your very obedient Servant,

ROBERT CRAMPTON.

3, Suffolk-street, March 3d.

Edward Murphy, esq. of Aughnacloy, in entering his name, adds as follows:

"I have carefully collected specimens of the Geology of the Counties of Tyrone, Donegal and Derry, which I shall have great pleasure in presenting to the Society, whenever a place is fitted for their reception."

E. M.

I have also to acknowledge the receipt of a handsome silver medal, by Mossop, struck on the occasion of his Majesty's visit to Ireland, from William Brereton, esq. of Borris in Ossory.

Several gentlemen have expressed their intentions of presenting specimens of Natural History, as soon as a place is determined on to commence the Museum in, and there is little doubt, that when entered upon, its success will be as great as can be desired.

When a sufficient number of names are subscribed to warrant its being done, a general meeting will be requested, to consider of the best means of commencing the Society: books still lie for that purpose, at the Literary Gazette Office, D'Olier-street, and at Mr. Glennon's, 3, Suffolk-street.

I remain, Sir, your very obedient Servant,

W.

THE ENGLISH IN FRANCE.

It is scarcely fair to throw all the malice to which idiomatic blunders and literal translations have from time immemorial doomed the French, *exclusively* upon our vivacious neighbours; and it may be more than suspected, that we owe our security rather to habitual shyness and constitutional silence, than to any particularly felicitous aptitude in discovering the right way of expressing our ideas in a foreign language. A Frenchman once said, "que Messieurs les Anglois avoient un talent merveilleux pour le silence," and certainly in comparison with their own extreme volubility, the often abstracted air, and general taciturnity of the English, must appear to them very remarkable, for while even our well educated young people, who have recently learned both to speak and write French, obstinately refuse, in England, to risk the possibility of a mistake, in order to satisfy the eager inquiry of a foreigner, French ladies and gentlemen seldom hesitate to speak as well as they can, and always good-humouredly join in the laugh which their own comical blunders occasion, and which our want of savoir vivre too often exposes.

It must, however, be acknowledged, that to stifle a smile is not always possible; a perfectly amiable and modest French lady of my acquaintance, Mad. de P. convulsed a whole dinner party with laughter, by gravely asking a gentleman near her, if she should help him to some *crim con!* (crimped cod.)

But an Englishman must speak French in France, or, forty years ago, he might have starved; now, he only runs the risk of mistaking *harrico* for stewed mutton cutlets, and getting a pain in his stomach from the indigestible white beans, which are thus designated in the "carte" of the restaurateur—not forty years ago, but something more than fourteen, in that memorable year when *la belle ville* de Paris, was occupied by the allied armies, many of our officers found it extremely difficult to make themselves understood; and it is related of a certain *hungry* Major ——, of the —— dragoons, that he went to a restaurant in the Palais Royal, in no small doubt *how* to express his wants to the Garçon de Caffé, who stood gazing at him with that indescribable mixture of subservience and impudence in his look, which belongs to his "caste"—"Garçon!" at last said the Major, with a self satisfied air, "Je suis —— fameux! Oh oui monsieur," answered the waiter, with a shrug and a sigh, "sans doute tous les officiers Anglais le sont." Pshaw, nonsense, that won't do, I must try again, Garçon? Plait-il monsieur? Garçon J'ai une grosse femme! ha, ha, apparemment que Monsieur aime l'embonpoint!! et des petits enfans?—no, no, pas cela, stupid idiot not to understand his own language!" Once more, with the voice of a Stentor, he exclaimed, "Garçon je suis —— femme!!!" this was too much even for the enduring politesse of a French Garçon, who, no longer able to repress his laughter, could only point to the Major's bushy whiskers and well curled moustaches, and vociferate, "Oh pour le coup monsieur la chose n' ést pas possible!"

[The foregoing anecdote, which has the singular merit of truth to recommend it, is from the pen of the same fair and distant correspondent to whose thoughtful kindness we have had occasion, more than once, to express our obligations. We need scarcely inform our readers, that what the Major meant to express, in his three unfortunate essays, was 1, Je suis affamé; 2, J'ai grand faim; 3, J'ai faim. The anecdotes of the French emigr s are carefully cherished in petto, and shall appear in due season.]

NEW MUSIC.

"*The False Maid,*" from the poetry of the Magyars, by Doctor Bowring, the music composed by Vincent Mazzocchi, (A. Ellard, Dublin.)

WE congratulate the musical world on the first effort to illustrate by music the delightful effusions of the Hungarian poets, for an acquaintance with whom we are indebted to the work of Doctor Bowring, which we recently noticed.—The composer in the present instance appears to have selected the most simple, from among the many beautiful specimens of poetry which the work in question exhibits, but we trust he may be induced to pursue his exertions in a field so propitious to the exercise of his talents.—The melody of the song under our notice, is at once flowing and graceful, exhibiting as a musical composition, many characteristics of Rossini's style, as well as much of theoretical tact in the composer.—In the second verse, the progression from G major to B flat, and the reversion to the original key, has a novel and pleasing effect; the chorus also, at the conclusion of each stanza, is

striking and effective, displaying a peculiarity quite of the Italian school; the accompaniment is tastefully arranged, and adapted to the capacity of any performer.

THE DRAMA.

THE Tragedy of Werner was repeated on Saturday evening with increased success—too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Macready for redeeming from comparative oblivion, a production which has been too long lost to the stage; and we have no doubt that Werner will continue to rank among those characters which he has rendered peculiarly his own.

It is said Miss Kemble and her father are expected in Dublin very soon; her benefit took place at Covent Garden on the 25th inst.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

AT a meeting held on Thursday, March 25, the Marquis of Downshire was elected a member of this Society; at the meeting of the preceding Thursday, a letter was read from his Lordship recommending the particular attention of the Society to Agriculture, the promotion of which had been a main object of its original institution. We are happy to understand that the Noble Marquis will continue to direct especial regard to this important subject. H. K. G. Morgan, J. W. L. Naper, and G. B. Hickson, esquires, were also elected members, and Mr. M. A. Shee, President of the Royal Academy, was elected an honorary member. In consequence of Mr. Lynch's illness, the lectures in natural philosophy have been suspended.

In conformity with the suggestion of the general selected Committee, and at the desire of Government, it has been resolved to charge for all future courses of lectures. The price of admission to each course in each department will be, to gentlemen 10s. to ladies 5s. Sir C. Giesecke is to commence his lectures on Mineralogy on the 19th April, and Dr. Litton his on Botany, on the 4th of May.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SUNSET ON THE LOWER SHANNON.

(By the Author of the Sonnets on the local Scenery of the South.)

How beautiful the tints of closing even!
The dark blue hills, the crimson glow of heaven,
The shadows purpling o'er the wat'ry scene,
Now streaked with gold—now tinged with tender green;
And yon bright path that burns along the deep,
Ere the sun sinks behind his western steep.
Soft fades the parting glory through the sky,
Commingling with the cool aërial dye;
While every cloud, still kindling in the beam,
In mirrored beauty prints the waveless stream.
Light barques, with dusky sails, scarce seen to glide,
Bend their brown shadows o'er the glowing tide;
And hark! at intervals the sound of oars
Comes, faint from distance, to the silent shores,
Blent with the plaintive cadence of the song
Of boatmen, chanting as they drift along.
But see—the radiant orb now sinks apace—
Gradual and slow, he stoops his glorious face;
And now, but half his swelling disk appears—
And now—how quickly gone! he scarcely rears
One burning point above the mountain's head—
And now, the last expiring beam has fled.

A. de V——.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ROSSI.

LOVE, TIME, AND BEAUTY.

Beauty, resigned to Cupid's power,
Long lived a captive in his bower;
His rosy chain still held her fast,
But Time's sharp scythe cut thro' at last;
Exulting then, she rose to fly,
When Cupid, most maliciously,
A mirror to her eyes displayed,
Whose welcome sight her steps delayed:
"Now mark," he cried with elfish glee,
"What thou hast paid for liberty."

M. de V——.

SONETTO.

Sperando, amor, da te salute invano
Molti anni tristi, e poche ore serene
Vissi di falsa gioja e nuda spene;
Contrario nudrimento al cor non sano:
Per ricovrarmi, e fuor della tua mano
Viver lieto il mio tempo, e fuor di pene;
Or, che tanta dal ciel luce mi vene;
Quant 'io posso, da te fuggo lontano:
E fo come augellin, campato il vieco,
Che fugge ratto a i più nascosti rami,
E sbigottisce del passato risco.
Ben sent 'io te che 'ndietro mi richiami;
Ma quel Signor, ch 'i 'lodo e riverisco,
Omai vuol, che lui solo, e me stesso ami.

DELLA CASA.

TRANSLATION.

Long years, O love! from peace decoyed by thee,
I've vainly spent; but scarce one hour serene;
While false delights, and shadowy hopes to me,
The heart's empoisoned nutriment have been;
Safe (tyrant!) now, from thy deceitful arm,
Life's evener joys, and tranquil bliss I'll try;
Whilst heaven sheds light, to guard my course from harm,
Far from thy toils and soft domain I'll fly.
Yes! like the bird to thick sequestered bower
That hies alarmed, from some treacherous snare
Escaping;—so, from thy mistrusted power,
And voice recalling, love! my heart I'll tear;
For heaven my hopes to its celestial goal
Now wafting, claims it, and awakes my soul!

H. Y.

MY HUSBAND'S BIRTH-DAY.

I.

When on the brief and fev'rish race of life,
My overshadowed spirit sadly broods;
When hope retires from the unequal strife,
And her dark visions memory intrudes.

II.

The imaged past then brings but the regret,
Or that it was, or that it ceased to be;
And o'er the dim and dreaded future yet,
In mere, hangs the veil of mystery.

III.

Vain thoughts! vain sorrows! what can it avail,
To count and scan the fleet and fitful hours?
What's done—what is to do—alike a tale,
And even the present moment is *not ours!*

IV.

Lasting alone what Time has written here:
These are the annals of his changeful flight,
White hairs, dim eyes, and faces pale with care,
Hearts calm and sad, that once were free and bright.

V.

Say then, my friend, is all indeed a dream?
Is there, as some have thought, no truth but *pain?*
Must hope, our only guide for ever seem,
Still lead us on, and lead us but in vain?

VI.

It is not so! on this thy natal day,
The first and holiest of all days to me,
I chase the demon of despair away,
And give one hour unto the muse and thee.

VII.

To deem existence but a length of years,
To seek not how, but how long life may roll—
To measure seasons by our hopes and fears,
And mete out moments for the human soul.

VIII.

Insane and fatal error! Is the sun
The radiant centre of eternal light,
Made for the dial that it shines upon?
Made but to mark the ages of his flight.

IX.

Man lives by lofty thoughts, and loftier deeds,
Not by the dull progression of his frame:
One glorious moment is all genius needs—
Ages of being for her sons to claim!

X.

Is it for *thee alone*, or for mankind,
Thy high designs—thy golden dreams are given?
No! the kind heart, the comprehensive mind
For all, and for all time, were meant by heaven.

XI.

Then deem no longer, that thy life is brief,
Since in its little limit can be wrought,
(Idle our smiles or tears, our joy or grief,)
The mighty works of everlasting thought.

XII.

Within the tiny circle of this day,
Thine own peculiar day, how vast the sum
Of all that thou couldst think, or do, or say!
Compute—and wish those days already come.

XIII.

Be thou prepared to greet them as they shine,
Thy lyre new strung, and fresh inspired thy soul,
Meet them with joy as unalloyed as mine,
And they though swiftly, shall in gladness roll!

PAULINA.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

We have received one hundred and eighty-seven thousand four hundred and fifty three letters this week, all and severally claiming to be inserted, or 'at least' duly noticed in our notices to correspondents. Were we Briareus, with an eagle's quill in every one of our hundred hands, we should shrink from the attempt in despair; wherefore, as we cannot do all, the simpler and less invidious way, is to do nothing. Meanwhile, we are happy to inform our anxious public, that we have, by great and unremitting exertions in their behalf, secured two superannuated gasometers, and the reversion of six done-up distillers' mashing keeves, for daily balaam boxes; and the executive of the country, hearing of our distressful case, has, with the promptitude and liberality which always characterise its proceedings, made over to our use several waste horse-barracks, in which to deposit the MS. literary accumulations of our first quarter, this day completed, with a promise of immediate possession of the five-acre king's store at the Custom-house docks, not being at present much encumbered with rum or tobacco, or any other drowsy or inflammable materials. A few trains of Commissariat waggons, are likewise ordered to attend, *ad libitum*, for the conveyance of the transmisses to the river, down which they will be floated to their destination in barges provided for the purpose, with drums beating and banners flying, under convoy of the channel fleet, to be commanded by the scavenging commissioners, who have respectively received flags for the great occasion. Our friend Croker, member for the University, and secretary of the Admiralty, who always quotes the Gazette, as the leading Literary Journal of Europe, has directed a new broom to be prepared as the ensign on board the admiral's ship. The curious in naval tactics, "if they be there, and if these things be a care unto them," will see the fleet weigh anchor off Westmoriland-bridge, and gliding over the watery-way, stand into dock, at sunrise on *Thursday* morning next, when an immense concourse of spectators is expected to witness this novel and interesting spectacle, (one of the many unexpected results of the late great healing measure,) as well as to renew their subscriptions, as they pass down D'Olier-street, on their return to College and the Squares. The expense of this grand national exhibition is intended to be defrayed by an income-tax, or some other equally popular impost, which will be most cheerfully paid by all true lovers of their country.

LITERARY NOVELTIES, &c.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

The first volume of a Treatise on Optics, containing the Theory of Impolarised Light. By the Rev. Humphrey Lloyd, A.M. F.T.C.D.—Mr. Macfarlane, who is so favourably known to the public, by his work on Turkey, has just completed a tale entitled The Armenians; the scene of which is laid on the banks of the Bosphorus. From the Author's residence in these parts, we may hope for characteristic illustrations of Turkish and Armenian life.—A Transcript from a curious MS. discovered under the foundations of the ancient Manor-house at Abbots Leigh, Somerset; to be called the Royal Book, or Oracles of Dreams.—The new Number of the Quarterly Review is advertised for the 30th of this month.

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Lord Bishop of Cloyne, D.D. &c. President,
Vice-Presidents nominated by the President.
Archbishop of Dublin.
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I therefore love to stand at the open iron gate that leads into Trinity College. I sometimes lean against the rails and meditate,—again, I stand, as at anchor, in the busy current, shaking hands with this friend, bowing to that acquaintance, collecting news, assimilating information, regarding, remarking, lamenting, rejoicing and foretelling, as the case may be, with all my old cronies and fellow idlers; that are occupied in that commonest of urban sports, the process of killing time. I may safely affirm, that never did a city idler and humorist, having the recollections and acquaintances of a quinquagenarian, take up a better position than that where I now stand. I am moored, as it were, at the confluence of sundry human tides, and as the hundreds and thousands pass me by, or busily or idly, I amuse myself recognising faces of persons I never spoke to—fixing down professions for each physiognomy, admiring, wondering, and laughing mentally at the changes of men, manners, fashions, and forms, that pass on before me. A quinquagenarian stands, as it were, between the living and the dead, he is a sort of middle term between the aged and the youthful; men he remembers as children, dotards he has noticed as sound men; he has observed all the changes and phases of human character. The fop that fluttered by, five and twenty years ago, in all the pride of a thoughtless popinjay, he now sees plodding on, a corpulent man of business—carefulness in his countenance, and carelessness in his attire—Sir Desirable Spruce, the pink of the fashion, the carnation of all companies; now passes, or rather creeps on, a shapeless, shattered pantaloon, beyond the aid of wig or stays, or cushion, or stuffing; neither toilette, nor tailor will do, time demands his forfeit, and without gravity in a year or more, the poor thing must gravitate into the grave. Neither will rouge or millinery, nor all the cosmetic science of Paris remove the *fade* look of Lady Emily Discard, who, passing by towards Grafton-street, sits so *wornfully* in the corner of her carriage. O how I have some quarter of a century ago, admired the rich rounding of her fine and healthy form, as she swept on gorgeously in her curricle—for the peaches down, and the cherries bloom, that mantled on her cheek and lip—no: if she taxed all the Palais Royale for art's brightest and most elaborate tints, what has fled, could not be recalled—

The bloom of young desire, the purple light of love,

are gone for ever; and I would now almost rather see her ghost.

Such are some of my remarks and reveries concerning the people that stream on before me; perhaps it would be more profitable for myself if I reflected on what *I* was thirty-five years ago; I needed not then so charily to lean against the iron rails; my poor calveless legs were not then such noun adjectives, as to require a substantive stick or umbrella, to aid in giving them understanding. But I desire not to trouble you, sir, or you madam, with my past prowess. I may not recount, though I should like dearly to get some one to listen to the story, of my feats of arms as a College yeoman; of my marches and counter-marches along the line of the river Dodder; of the sham battle at Dundrum, and how led on by the gallant captain P. who alas! now has lost all his wonted bearing and port, as a soldier; in the comfortable corpulency of a senior fellow. I say how led on in gallant style we masked a paper mill; routed a flock of goats; summoned a dairy to surrender, and despite of the braying of the dairyman's donkey, made booty of all the goat's whey, curds, cheese, and other *materiel* of the enemy. But, Sir, I must not trouble you with all these glorious, though brief exploits of my yeomanry career. My grand-nephews, in consideration of some debentures which they expect at my demise, may, no doubt, listen hereafter to my garrulity on the subject. To return then to the city, what a change has been here also, not to be sure in external decay: the pillars before, the pediment behind me, shew no tendency to totter like my poor limbs; but what a *moral* change—on my left is the old post office—to my right, the parliament house. Before me, king William; and in the indistinct smoky distance, the castle. What a change in the circumstances and associations connected with all these. I shall never forget the elated hurry, the big, bounding, elastic delight, with which I sprung into the dark entry of that old post office, to announce to my dear mother in the country, the winning of my first College honour. I could also call to mind, many an affray—many a cuff and kick did I give and take in that crowded and busy passage—then to my right, the parliament house—it is fresh before me, as if of yesterday, investing myself with cap and gown, and strutting in all the academick arrogance of a Freshman, to enter for the first time, as a privileged person, the gallery of the House of Commons; and how much I was disappointed, when instead of finding our senators sitting there in bearded majesty, like the conscript fathers, with whom my historic lore had made me familiar, I observed them all looking like common country gentlemen, and making little better hand of oratory than they would have done over their bottle of claret at home.

Oh, Sir, how different are the courses of my temperament—how changed the train of my ideas, since the day I first entered that house. I now stalk coolly and covetously along these arcades; I enter the great banking hall to cash my draft, or receive my dividend in the four per cents. Formerly I sprung up the stairs with all the alacrity and playfulness of a kid, to listen in the gallery of its glorious round-room, to the splendid antitheses of Grattan; the caustic wit of Curran; the oily and glozing amplifications of Castlereagh; the puns of John Toler; the wit of Bushe; the blunders and the bulls of the Momus of this Irish Olympus, Sir Boyle Roche. Here I entered with my whole soul into the war of politics, I was quite a party partizan. I was a most flaming patriot. No ingenuous youth, filled with Grecian or Roman lore; and charged to the muzzle with ancient republicanism, could be other than a doughty assertor of the liberty of the people; and his ardent mind leaping over all unobserved obstacles, must embrace the conviction, that the rights of Romans and Grecians, are the common rights of man. A red hot patriot then, I hated with a perfect hatred all slaves, and tools, and castle hacks, as I charitably counted Castlereagh, and Isaac Corry, and Marsden, &c. &c. To be sure, the visitation that dark John Fitzgibbon, the stern Chancellor, held a little after in our college, lowered the topsails of my republicanism not a little. But, after all, I was a republican in theory *only*. I had nothing to do with secret societies; I wore neither an orange nor green badge; I banded myself with no party:—but I am falling fast into egotism, and it is time to cry stop—self. What a change then, in the *morale* of this beautiful building. It is now near 3 o'clock—just this time thirty-four years ago, I have stood here, with others, to witness the Lords and Commons assemble before the bell summoned us in to our early dinner; here was our lounge—observing, criticising, abusing, or cheering the members as they passed in. Oh! where are now all the fine, hearty, joyous youths that stood with me on that day: some, fathoms deep in caverns of the ocean; some, mouldering in the ditch of Badajos; the bones of some bleaching on the sands of Egypt; others on the plains of India; others on the high ranges of the Pyrannees. Could I, for one moment, summon them all together as they now are, what a contrast would they be to what they were then—aye, even in the living; one a judge, another a banished man; one a bishop, another a Sectarian preacher; one the poor crawling usher of a day school, the other rolling by, in all the pride of wealth and pomp of promotion. I remember it was our practice to hail the equipages of the popular members of either house; or groan, when we dare, at those who were not in our good graces. See!

there comes the duke's coach turning down from Nassau-street, you may see the strawberry leaved coronet, and the baboon supporters. Boys let us give a shout for the Duke of Leinster—yes, and another, said a dark-eyed youth behind me, for Lord Edward Fitzgerald, hurra, boys, let us all cry Crom-a-boo. Whose carriage is this dashing down Dame-street, with six horses all hot and blown, as if coming from a distance, and the outriders in white? That's Tom Connolly of Castletown; a man above a castle price, or pension; the first commoner in Ireland. And whose is that splendid equipage with its running footmen coming slowly along in proud parade, and its owner sitting so stiff and so lordly; so much in foreign style "*en maitre;*" an aristocrat, no doubt? Oh! that's the proud earl of B——, a specimen of the French "Vielle Court"—very haughty, very profligate, and very brave; a modish seducer; a graceful duellist, a believer in his own attributes and not in God's. But boys, says one beside me, while we are looking at this creature of the tailor, the posture master, and the King; we are likely to lose our notice of the little man just ascending the colonnade. What a character there is about him—is it nature or is it affectation? his prominent frenchified features; his little body and long stride; his port so particular; his bearing, like his mind, so antithetical and ambitious, all mark him off as the patriot of 82; while every one he passes seems so anxious to catch up his recognition; there can be no necessity of announcing *him* to be Henry Grattan. And who is that jockey-like horseman, who seems as if he had just come into town from a fox chase, his look more that of a keen sportsman than a proud senator? That's George Ponsonby, the leader of the whigs. And who is that smirking little man with chin protruded, and keen black eye, cast up towards the skies, as if he was saying some witty or saucy thing to one above him; he has just now slipped in under the arm of Bully Egan? That's John Philpot Curran. Oh, if in face and figure he is below the proportions of a man, in wit and humour, and force and eloquence, he is far above them; would to heaven your heart beat in unison with your brain; would that they did not counteract each other. What a pity that an angel's intellect should be given to preside over a will and affections so heteroclite, so uncertain, and so unsound. Look at that busy, bowing, hand-shaking, puffing, chattering, self-complacent person who is shuffling by, nodding at every one, and seeming to patronize the whole world around him. Oh, there goes a man whom God made without a heart; a man bold without bravery; familiar with all, without being fond of any; with the greatest pretence to openness, the closest man alive; with all the appearance of rashness, the most prudent; with ready wit, ready tongue, ready body and mind; he's the man for rubbing through life, and long life to him, for the world is fit for him and he for the world. I could not exactly hear the name of the person so announced; but such were the cursory and superficial, but free remarks, that used to be made on the members of parliament as they passed into the house. Poor S——, he was one of our readiest talkers; he would prate away upon character after this manner without end, he was the noisiest member of our Historical Society; with all his faults and failings we all loved him, and were more than sorry, when, as implicated in the united Irish affair, Chancellor Fitzgibbon expelled him from college, and we lost sight of him for ever. Now that five *lustrums* have passed over my head, what a change is made in yonder edifice, which at that hour, of three o'clock, is emptying itself of all its clerks and runners, and all the dull officials of its paper prosperity, and around whose dreary and secured walls the lazy centinel will creep; when formerly, far in the night, these very walls rang with noisy and animated debate; whose lobbies witnessed the cabals of counter plotting juntos, political intriguers and speculators; where but too often, venality masqued itself as patriotism, and for a while made play in order to job for itself more securely; where men talked of elevating the national character and thought only of elevating themselves. Such are the contemplations that now come over me, as I look on that fine edifice; and in my moody way I turn off from admiring it, and say—tut!—what was it ever but a mercenary place; a worship house of mammon; its former directors were contractors, jobbers, place sellers and place buyers. Its present directors are men honest and useful in their book-keeping generation. And now I turn my eye down Westmorland-street towards Carlisle-bridge, what a fine city sight *now*; I challenge Europe to produce a finer. How different from my early recollection of the same scene? Here was then a mass of abominable buildings intersected by cut-throat alleys, leading towards the filthiest ferry imaginable, to which the passengers were forced to descend amidst fœtid mud, and all the nauseousness of a pestilent coal-quay. The remembrance that adheres to my mind most strongly concerning that bridge, was the execution of a gentleman in 1798, on one of the obelisks which then adorned it. He was a man of ancient family, of a liberal profession, much beloved and associated with, by Protestants. Yet in this accursed period of domestic fury and fell civil strife, he was instrumental in the slaughter of a detachment of the North Cork militia, who, with their captain, were in the middle of the night, almost to a man, exterminated by this person, who but the day before wore his yeomanry uniform, and on that fatal night changed it for the green dress and the rebel command. I saw him passing to undergo his doom. Never can I forget his appearance: his terrified features seemed petrified into stolidity—the marble expression of his countenance—the awful rocking and throes of his body as he passed along, silently and slowly, amidst the astounded and low muttering crowds. I did not go to see him die.—Through all these horrid scenes of flogging and execution that were daily going on in the city, I never could bring myself to witness one. I fled from the gallows or triangle, as I would from my own danger or suffering; and hid myself darkly in my college apartments. Never did I yet see a man put to the death or the torture. But see, I am lapsing fast into egotism again, a sure sign that my best days are over.

And now I cast my eye onwards towards the castle, and king William on horseback catches my attention, looking towards the seat of government; that government whose spirit, HIS spirit seemed to govern for more than a century. Had I the imagination of an orangeman, I might suppose I saw the bronze of his face assume a hot and copper hue even through the cream-coloured paint with which he is annually invested, in indignation at the change, both of temper and purpose, that now governs yonder castle. Poor William! the broken truncheon in your hand indicates but too well that your spirit no longer directs; and your memory like the old associated song of Lillibulero, will soon be forgotten. The Protestant boys DONT carry the day. Alas! how different in days of yore, when the civil observance that was paid your statue, amounted almost to a religious and fanatical worship. Oh! what fine times were those for downright and true blue loyalty. How heart and pocket felt in gratified unison, the blessings of ascendancy!—glorious days they were for militia colonels and yeomanry captains, and accoutrement contractors, and full-fed forage-masters, and all the lengthy train of doughty and delighted loyalists.

But this is levee day,—and it calls to my remembrance one thirty years ago. What a difference! Where are now the coroneted coaches-and-four?—where the mitred equippages?—where the long cortege of county members and city burgesses, moving in slow pomp along? all going up to have audience of viceroyalty, with such *hopeful* countenances; all so *attached*, and so prodigal of services to his majesty's government—all desiring to shew their devotedness and capabilities in some higher and more *lucrative* station. Alas!, the day—now no great offices and patent places for lords—no translations for bishops—no contracts—no sinecures—no pensions. The day of market loyalty in Ireland is over; every dog has had his day, and now night is come on, and the dogs wont hunt! sign's on it,—what a poor levee it is now. Nothing but a train of whiskered and Germanized officers, whose bravery seems all transferred to their backs, and whose strength, like Sampson's, we might suppose lies in their hair's growth:—a few gentlemen pass in sorry chaises or barouches—a few doctors, parsons, surgeons; and some grocers—but not one bishop, not a mitred coach in all the train; 'tis easily seen that the only place for translation is London: all *done* at Downing-street. Yes, I beg pardon, I see one quiet carriage, a decent sort of *job* chaise, passing up among the officers; the inmates are two comely sleek ecclesiastics; they have the worshipful, lawny look, that bespeaks the bishop; there is a command in the countenance, a patronizing grace in the demeanour, an unction in the air, that must belong to the episcopal order; and *yet*, I think I ought to know at first sight every individual on the bench. While thus in doubt, a fat female, well dressed enough, but not of very lady-like appearance, cried out, as the sober chaise with its saintly occupants passed on—"Oh, blessed day!—and is'nt it a sight worth coming all the way from Fermoy, even if it were on my two bare knees, to see our *own* bishops—the right sort, that are now coming out upon the world, all as one as new, as a body may say, after our long night of persecution, just for all the world as my husband, Tim Roche, came out clear and clane under the Insolvent Act; there they go, and my blessin' and the blessin' of the Blessed Vargin, be about them, for they are the rale sort. None of your father's bishops, the black usurpers,—law bishops, the thieving counterfeits. No; but our own, holy Catholic, Prelates. Musha, the heavens be your bed, do now that you have the opportunity, try and make the Lord Lieutenant out and out a Catholic, for certain sure he must be half a one in heart already, after giving the Catholics all

they axed of him, and more, long life to his Grace's honor.

While I was pondering in my mind what a portentous sight it would have been, thirty years ago, for Roman Catholic bishops to go to levee, the thought struck me that if permitted to lean at the close of another quarter of a century, against these rails, I might see other strange and unthought of people, forming the same cortege. But, Sir, enough for the present of the senilia of

QUINCUNX.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.—2 vols. 8vo. Dublin, Curry and Co.

THESE volumes certainly contain the most minute and graphic account of the characteristics of the Irish peasantry that we have ever met with in print. The author informs us, in a sensibly written preface, that the picture he presents us with, is drawn by one "born amidst the scenes he describes, reared as one of the people whose characters he sketches, and conversant with the pastimes, festivals, feasts, and feuds, he details." We can well believe it: there is a minuteness in his touches, a fullness in the variety of detail he employs, which remind one of the profusion of small but characteristic objects in one of Wilkie's Cottage Pictures, and carries conviction to the mind of even an uninitiated observer, that the copy is done to the life.—Notwithstanding the number of volumes which have issued from the press within the last few years, having for their object the description of Irish scenery and character, the author of the present work, has, in a great measure, broken new ground, inasmuch as the habits and manners delineated are principally those of the Northern Irish, or Ulster Creachts.

"Upon this race," says the preface, "surrounded by Scotch and English settlers, and hid amongst the mists of their highland retreats, education, until recently, had made little progress; superstition, and prejudice, and ancient animosity, held their strongest sway, and the priests, the *poor* pastors of a *poorer* people, were devoid of the wealth, the self-respect, and the learning, which prevailed amongst their better endowed brethren of the South.

"The author, in the different scenes and characters he describes, has endeavoured to give his portrait as true to nature as possible; and requests his readers to give him credit, when he asserts that, without party object or engagement, he disclaims subserviency to any political purpose whatsoever. His desire is, neither to distort his countrymen into demons, nor to enshrine them as suffering innocents and saints—but to exhibit them as they really are; warm-hearted, hot-headed, affectionate creatures—the very fittest materials in the world for the poet or romance writer—capable of great culpability, and of great and energetic goodness—sudden in their passions as the red and rapid gush of their mountain streams—variable in their temper as the climate that sends them the mutability of the sun and shower—at times, rugged and gloomy as the moorland sides of their mountains—oftener sweet, soft, and gay, as the the sun-lit meadows of their pleasant vales.

"The author, though sometimes forced to touch upon their vices, expose their errors, and laugh at their superstitions; loves also (and it has formed, as he may say, the pleasure of his pen) to call up their happier qualities, and exhibit them as candid, affectionate, and faithful. Nor has he ever foregone the hope—his heart's desire, and his anxious wish—that his own dear, native mountain people may, through the influence of education, by the leadings of purer knowledge, and by the fosterings of a paternal government, become the pride, the strength, and support of the British empire, instead of, as now, forming its weakness and its reproach.

"The reader may finally believe that these volumes contain probably a greater number of facts than any other book ever published on Irish life. The author's acquaintance with the people was so intimate and extensive; and the state of Ireland so unsettled, that he had only to take incidents which occurred under his eye, and by fictitious names and localities, exhibit through their medium, the very prejudices and manners which produced the incidents themselves."

These volumes contain eight stories, descriptive of an Irish wedding; a wake; a funeral; a battle of two opposing factions; a party fight between orangemen and ribbonmen; a hedge-school; a priest's station; a legend, called the Three Tasks, which our readers have already seen abridged in our pages, and Ned M'Keown, an introductory story. The story of the Three Tasks, which we selected on a former occasion, although not an unfavourable specimen of the author's powers of composition, is, perhaps, ill suited to give a just idea of the nature of the book, as it is the only *legend* contained in the volumes. The following sketch, from Larry M'Farland's wake, of the gradual decay of a household, consequent upon the neglect and gossiping idle habits of the man and wife, will better enable the reader to judge of the author's powers of observation and expression:

"'They were, indeed, the best nathured couple in Europe; they would lend you a spade or a hook in potatoe time or harvest, out of pure kindness, though their own corn that was drop-ripe, should be uncut, or their potatoes, that were a tramping every day with their own cows, or those of their neighbours, should be undug—all for fraid of being thought unneighbourly. In this way they went on for some years, not altogether so bad, but that they were able just to keep the house over their heads. They had a small family of three children on their hands, and every likelihood of having enough of them. Whenever they got a young one christened, they'd be sure to have a whole lot of the neighbours at it—and surely some of the young ladies, or Master George, or John, or Frederick, from the big house, should stand gossip, and have the child called after them. Then they should have tay enough to serve them, and loaf-bread and punch; and, though Larry should sell a sack of seed oats, or seed potatoes, for to get it, no doubt but there should be a bottle of wine to thrate the young ladies or jintlemen. When their children grew up, little care was taken of them bekase their paarents minded other people's business more nor their own. They were always in the greatest poverty and distress, bekase Larry would be killing time about the Squire's, or doing some handy job for a neighbour, who could get no other man to do it. They now fell behind entirely in the rint, and Larry got many hints from the squire, that if he didn't pay more attention to his business, he must look after his arrears, or as much of it as he could make up from the cattle and the crop. Larry promised well, as far as words went, and, no doubt, hoped to be able to perform; but he had'nt steadiness to go through with a thing. Truth's best; you see, both himself and his wife neglected their business in the beginning, so that every thing went at sixes and sevens. They then found themselves uncomfortable at their own hearth, and had no heart to labour; so that what would make a careful person work their fingers to the stumps to get out of poverty only prevented *them* from working at all, or *druv* them to work for those that had more comfort, and could give them a better male's mate. Their timpers soon began to get sour: Larry thought, bekase Sally was'nt as careful as she ought to be, that if he had taken any other young woman to his wife, he wouldn't be as he was; *she* thought the very same thing of Larry. 'If he was like another,' she would say to his brother, 'that would be up airly and late at his own business, I would have spirits to work, by rason it would cheer my heart to see our little farm looking as warm and comfortable as another's; but, *fareer gairh*, that's not the case, nor likely to be so, for he spinds his time from one place to another, working for them that laughs at him for his pains; but he'd rather go to his neck in wather than lay down a hand 'or himself, except when he can't help it.' Larry, again had *his* complaint—'Sally's a lazy trollop,' he would say to his brother's wife, 'that never does one hand's turn that she can help, but sits over the fire from morning till night, making birds' nests in the ashes with her yellow heels, or going about from one neighbour's house to another, gostering and palavering about what doesn't consarn her, instead of minding the house. How can I have heart to work when I come in, expecting to find my dinner boiled, but, instead of that, get her sstting on her hunkers on the hearth-stone, blowing at two or three green sticks with her apron, the pot hanging on the crook, without even the *white horses on it*. She never puts a stitch in my clothes, nor in the children's, nor in her own, but lets them all go to rags at once—the devil's luck to her! I wish I had never met with her, or that I had married a sober girl that was'nt fond of dress and dancing. If she was a good sarvant it was only bekase she liked to have a good name; for when she got a house and place of her own, seee how she turned out.' From less to more, they went on squabbling and fighting, until at last you might see Sally one time with a black eye or a cut head, or another time going off with herself, crying, up to Tom Hance's or some other neighbour's house, to sit down and give a history of the *ruction* that he and she had on the head of some thrifle or another that was'nt worth naming. Their childher were shows, running about without a single stitch upon them, except ould coats that some of the sarvants from the big-house would throw them. In these they'd go sailing about, with the long skirts trailing on the ground behind them; and, sometimes, Larry himself would be mane enough to take the coat from the *gorsoon*, and ware it himself. As for giving them any schooling, it was what they never thought of; but even if they were inclined to it, there was no school in the neighbourhood to send them to. It is a true saying, that as the ould cock crows, the young one larns; and this was true

here, for the childher fought one another like so many divils, and swore like Trojans—for Larry, along with every thing else, when he was a Brine-oge, thought it was a manly thing to be a great swearer; and the childher, when they got able to swear, war'nt worse nor their father. At first, when any of the little souls would thry at an oath, Larry would break his heart laughing at them; and so, from one thing to another, they got quite hardened in it, without being any way checked in wickedness. Things at last drew on to a bad state, entirely. Larry and Sally were now as ragged as Dives and Lazarus, and their childher the same. It was no strange sight, in summer, to see the young ones marching about the street as bare as my hand, with scarce a blessed stitch upon them that ever was seen, they dirt and ashes to the eyes, waddling after their uncle Tom's geese and ducks through the green dub of rotten water that lay before their own door, just beside the dunghill; or the bigger ones running after the squire's cars, when bringing home the corn or the hay, waiting to get a ride, as the labourers would go back with the empty cars.

"'Larry and Sally would never be let into the squire's kitchen now, to ate, or drink, or spend an evening with the sarvants; he might go out and in to his male's mate along with the rest of the labourers, but there was no welcome for him. Sally would go down with her jug to get some buttermilk, and would have to stand among a set of beggars and cotters, she as ragged and as poor as any of them, for she would'nt be let into the kitchen till her turn came, no more nor another; for the sarvants would turn up their noses with the greatest disdain possible at them both. It was hard to tell whether the inside or the outside of their house was worse; within it would almost turn your stomach to look at it—the flure was all dirt, for how could it be any other way, when, at the end of every male, the *schrahag* would be emptied down on it, and the pigs that were whining and grunting about the door, would brake in to the hape of praty skins that Sally would there throw down for them. You might reel Larry's shirt, or make a surveyor's chain of it; for bad cess to me but, I believe it would reach from this to the rath. The blanket was in tatters, and, like the shirt, would go round the house: their straw beds were stocked with the *black militia*—the childher's heads were garrisoned with *Scotch greys*, and their heels and heads ornamented with all description of kibes. There war only two stools in all the house, and a hassock of straw for the young child, and one of the stools wanted a leg, so that it was dangerous for a stranger to sit down upon it, except he knew of this failing. The flure was worn into large holes, that were mostly filled with slop, where the childher used to dabble about, and amuse themselves by sailing egg-shells upon them, with bits of boiled praties in them, by way of a little faste. The dresser was as black as dirt could make it, and had on it only two or three wooden dishes clasped with tin, and noggins without hoops, a beetle and some crockery. There was an ould chest to hould their meal, but it wanted the hinges; and the childher, when they'd get the mother out, would mix a sup of male and wather in a noggin, and stuff themselves with it, raw and all, for they were almost starved. Then, as the byre had never been kept in repair, the roof fell in, and the cow and pig had to stand in one end of the dwelling house; and except Larry did it, whatever dirt the same cow, and pig, and the childher to the back of that, were the occasion of, might stand there till Saturday night, when, for dacency's sake, Sally herself would take a shovel, and out with it upon the heap that was beside the dub before the door. Then, if a wet day would come, there wasn't a spot you could stand in for *down-rain*; and, wet or dry, Sally, Larry, and the childher, were spotted like trouts with the soot-drops, made by the damp of the roof and the smoke. The house on the outside was all in ridges of black dirt, where the thatch had rotted, or covered over with chicken weed or blind oats; but in the middle of all this misery, they'd a horse-shoe nailed over the door for good luck. You know, that in telling this story, I needn't mintion every thing as it just happened, laying down year after year, or day and date; so you may suppose, as I go on, that all this went forward in the coorse of time. They did'nt get bad of a sudden, but by degrees, neglecting one thing after another, until they found themselves in the state I'm relating to you—then struggling and struggling, but never taking the right way to mend. But, where's the use in saying much more about it?—things couldn't stand, they were terribly in arrears; but the landlord was a good kind of man, and, for the sake of the poor childher, didn't wish to turn them on the wide world, without house or shelter, bit or sup. Larry, too, had been, and still was, so ready to do difficult and nice jobs for him, and would resave no payment, that he couldn't think of taking his only cow from him, or prevent him from raising a bit of oats or a plat of potatoes every year out of the farm. The farm itself was all run to waste by this time, and had a miserable look about it—sometimes you might see a piece of a field that had been ploughed, all overgrown with grass, because it had never been sowed or set with any thing. The slap's were all broken down, or had only a piece of an ould beam or a thorn bush lying across, to keep the cattle out of them. His bit of corn was all eat away and cropped, here and there by the cows, and his potatoes rooted up by the pigs. The garden, indeed, had a few cabbages, and a ridge of airly potatoes, but these were so choked with burdocks and nettles, that you could hardly see them. I tould you before that they led the divil's life, and that was nothing but God's truth; and, according as they got into greater poverty it was worse. A day couldn't pass without a fight; if they'd be at their breakfast, maybe he'd make a potatoe hop off of her skull, and she'd give him the contents of her noggin of buttermilk about the eyes; then he'd *flake* her, and the childher would be in an uproar, crying out, 'Oh, daddy, daddy, don't kill my mammy!' When this would be over, he'd go off with himself to do something for the squire, and would sing and laugh so pleasant, that you'd think he was the best tempered man alive; and so he was, until neglecting his business, and minding dances, and fairs, and drink destroyed him.'"

Notwithstanding the apologetical tone of that part of the preface which relates to the Roman Catholic priesthood, and the manner in which the imputation is cast there upon their poverty rather than upon themselves, we could have wished that less of an unkind or jeering spirit had been exhibited towards them throughout the book. None can be more assured than we are, of the erroneous and injurious nature of certain tenets of the unreformed church, but we cannot conceive what possible good can arise from holding up the pastors of any church to ridicule or contempt, as if that were the way to convince them of the error of their ways. We wish that all who direct their thoughts in this channel, would keep in mind the excellent old apologue of the traveller, who, when the winds blew, and the storm pelted hardest, only held his cloak the faster, and wrapped it the more closely about him; but when the sun got up, and shone upon him genially and warmly, he presently threw his covering aside, and freely admitted the kindly beams.

We shall, however, if possible, return to these volumes, so genuinely Irish, both in material and manufacture, and in the meanwhile, we strongly recommend a perusal of them to all who can take delight in graphic delineations of Irish habits and manners, without any profound developement of individual character, or any of the more refined and delicate strokes of nature or pathos. The volumes are characteristically embellished with highly humorous etchings by Brooke.

The Waverley Novels. New Edition, with the Author's Notes, vol. 1 to 11. 8vo.—Cadell and Co. Edinburgh, and Simpkin and Marshall, London.

The Waverley Novels!—We introduce them not as a subject for review, but as a literary phenomenon. Their character is stamped, beyond the power of reviewer to undermine or overthrow, by the unanimous vote of the community of literature. They are more read, more known, than any work of imagination in modern days, and they are likely to maintain a position, not only in the library, but in the hands of the more polished part of society, for a period longer than any similar work has ever had to boast.

The history of these novels, from its commencement, was marked with striking singularities. The excellencies of the first of them brought it at once prominently and extensively into general notice. The rapid succession of novel after novel kept up the interest thus excited. Each following trio of volumes, when announced for publication, afforded an anticipation of the failure of the author's powers through exhaustion. The higher our opinion of the merits of the volume just read, the stronger our conviction of the failure of that about to issue; the highly concentrated spirit must shortly evaporate, such was the general anticipation, but volume has succeeded volume, each, like Macbeth's shadowy kings, displaying as they passed in rapid succession, the crown and sceptre of acknowledged sovereignty in the realms of imagination.

The fame acquired by sterling merit, has been increased by the mysticism of delusion, an innocent delightful delusion; while the works were known throughout the world, the author, in this age of indefatigable inquiry, remained undiscovered. The great unknown, sat on his hill retired, enjoying the guesses and the mistakes, the disputes, and the contradictions of the restless world of critics. The mystery is unravelled, the great unknown reveals himself. If obscurity be, as Burke supposes, an element of the sublime, what a descent was here—but

this elastic spirit only fell to rebound the higher. As soon as, by his self developement, he had touched the terra firma of solid fact, and the world saw the great unknown and Walter Scott identified, he soared to a still loftier height of public estimation, though edition was poured out after edition, another still presents itself, possessing still greater attractions than any of its predecessors.

How singular, yet how philosophically correct is all this. A superior mind is able, and ever will be able, to make the egg stand on its end,—to excite the astonishment of the vulgar by the difficulty of the paradox, and that of the intelligent by the facility of its solution. The history of the Waverley novels, is a standing wonder. Had the writer on taking up his pen, declared "I will write a succession of novels more in number than any that has yet flowed through the fingers of the most indefatigable novelist, and they shall increase in estimation as in number," how would he have been ridiculed. Perhaps he did not so anticipate; of all pampered animals, the public is the most difficult to feed, and no writer, how great soever his intellectual resources, could foresee the continuance of such an unebbing tide of success. Yet this is surely no derogation from the merit, that could so adroitly and so continuously direct, as it flowed on, the movements of such a wayward element.

But though we affect to talk philosophically on this phenomenon, we do not intend to philosophise. Instead, therefore, of suggesting all the possible causes that may have led to the unparalleled success of the series of novels now before us, we shall merely state one, which, we think, has had its full share in producing the effect. We mean the illustrations; not the material illustrations, though these are excellent in their way, and doubtless add much to the beauty of the book, but the intellectual illustrations, with which this edition is accompanied. The interest in the events of a novel are much diminished by our consciousness of their unreality. Divest them of this character of shadowy illusion, and so far as the attempt is successful, so far also the interest is increased. When we peruse a recital of savage brutality, we exclaim, impossible! When we read a description of one of those exertions of magnanimity by which humanity is at times, though rarely, wrought up to the highest soarings of elevation, we are also ready, alas, for poor human nature, that finds it so difficult to prove its claim to excellence, to cry out impossible! But when the magician discloses the secrets of his phantasmagoria, when the writer turns from the page of imagined sufferings or triumphs, and opening the volume of history, points to chapter and verse for the truth of every sentiment he has put into his puppet's mouth, for the realization of every scene his pencil has so vividly pourtrayed, need we dwell upon the organization of the human faculties, to prove that the glimmerings of fancy are illumined an hundred fold by such a flash of truth. This it is which constitutes the immortality of Walter Scott. His characters are founded in nature. His narratives are based upon historic truth. In his graphic descriptions we see our ancestors standing, as it were, before us; we see the diorama of the days gone by, solemnly yet vividly moving along.

History presents the material, the reality of past transactions, but it is too often, and it must be so, an exhibition of the more prominent, the grosser parts, the frame work alone; it shews the skeleton, the muscles, the working system of this wonderful combination that we call the world. Walter Scott throws around it the illusions of fancy, he applies his wand to the inert mass, and it springs up, all buoyancy and brilliancy, an animated spirit at the touch of the mighty enchanter.

We had selected some passages to show how powerfully the descriptions of the novelist were elucidated by the judicious selection of the historical events on which they were founded; but we cannot now insert them, and they are too numerous and too apposite to require our aid to guide the reader to their discovery, or to afford him a better criterion of their value, than what they themselves present.

We shall therefore content ourselves with extracting from the introduction to the Heart of Mid Lothian, contained in the eleventh volume, which has just now reached us, the brief outline which Sir Walter has filled up with that heart-moving and exquisite story of humble life.

"Our author has stated in the preface to the Chronicles of the Canongate, 1827, that he received from an anonymous correspondent an account of the incident upon which the following story is founded:—

. . . . . .

Her communication was in these words:

"I had taken for summer lodgings a cottage near the old Abbey of Lincluden. It had formerly been inhabited by a lady who had pleasure in embellishing cottages, which she found perhaps homely and even poor enough; mine therefore possessed many marks of taste and elegance unusual in this species of habitation in Scotland, where a cottage is literally what its name declares.

"From my cottage door I had a partial view of the old Abbey before mentioned; some of the highest arches were seen over, and some through, the trees scattered along a lane which led down to the ruin, and the strange fantastic shapes of almost all those old ashes accorded wonderfully well with the building they at once shaded and ornamented.

"The Abbey itself from my door was almost on a level with the cottage; but on coming to the end of the lane it was discovered to be situated on a high perpendicular bank, at the foot of which run the clear waters of the Cluden, where they hasten to join the sweeping Nith,

"Whose distant roaring swells and fa's."

As my kitchen and parlour were not very far distant, I one day went in to purchase some chickens from a person I heard offering them for sale. It was a little, rather stout-looking woman, who seemed to be between seventy and eighty years of age; she was almost covered with a tartan plaid, and her cap had over it a black silk hood, tied under the chin, a piece of dress still much in use among elderly women of that rank of life in Scotland; her eyes were dark, and remarkably lively and intelligent; I entered into conversation with her, and began by asking how she maintained herself, &c.

"She said that in winter she footed stockings, that is, knit feet to country people's stockings, which bears about the same relation to stocking-knitting that cobbling does to shoemaking, and is of course both less profitable and less dignified; she likewise taught a few children to read, and in summer she whiles reared a few chickens.

"I said I could venture to guess from her face she had never been married. She laughed heartily at this, and said, 'I maun hae the queerest face that ever was seen, that ye could guess that. Now, do tell me, madam, how ye cam to think sae?' I told her it was from her cheerful disengaged countenance. She said, 'Mem, have ye na far mair reason to be happy than me, wi' a guide husband and a fine family o' bairns, and plenty o' every thing? for me, I'm the puirest o' a' puir bodies, and can hardly contrive to keep mysell alive in a' the wee bits o' ways I hae tell't ye.' After some more conversation, during which I was more and more pleased with the old woman's sensible conversation, and the *naivete* of her remarks, she rose to go away, when I asked her name. Her countenance suddenly clouded, and she said gravely, rather colouring, 'My name is Helen Walker; but you husband kens weel about me.'

"In the evening I related how much I had been pleased, and inquired what was extraordinary in the history of the poor woman. Mr. ——— said, there were perhaps few more remarkable people than Helen Walker. She had been left an orphan, with the charge of a sister considerably younger than herself, and who was educated and maintained by her exertions. Attached to her by so many ties, therefore it will not be easy to conceive her feelings, when she found that this only sister must be tried by the laws of her country for child-murder, and upon being called as principal witness against her. The counsel for the prisoner told Helen, that if she could declare that her sister had made any preparations, however slight, or had given her any intimation on the subject, that such a statement would save her sister's life, as she was the principal witness against her. Helen said, 'It is impossible for me to swear to a falsehood; and, whatever may be the consequence, I will give my oath according to my conscience.'

"The trial came on, and the sister was found guilty and condemned; but, in Scotland, six weeks must elapse between the sentence and the execution, and Helen Walker availed herself of it. The very day of her sister's condemnation, she got a petition drawn up, stating the peculiar circumstances of the case, and that very night set out on foot to London.

"Without introduction or recommendation, with her simple (perhaps ill-expressed) petition, drawn up by some inferior clerk of the court, she presented herself in her tartan plaid and country attire, to the late Duke of Argyle, who immediately procured the pardon she petitioned for, and Helen returned with it, on foot, just in time to save her sister.

"I was so strongly interested by this narrative, that I determined immediately to prosecute my acquaintance with Helen Walker; but, as I was to leave the country next day, I was obliged to defer it till my return in spring, when the first walk I took was to Helen Walker's cottage.

"She had died a short time before. My regret was extreme, and I endeavoured to obtain some account of Helen from an old woman who inhabited the other end of her cottage. I inquired if Helen ever spoke of her past history, her journey to London, &c. 'Na,' the old woman said, 'Helen was a wily body, and whene'er ony o' the neebers asked any thing about it, she aye turned the conversation.'

"In short, every answer I received only

tended to increase my regret, and raise my opinion of Helen Walker, who could unite so much prudence with so much heroic virtue.

"This narrative was enclosed in the following letter to the author, without date or signature:—

"SIR—The occurrence just related happened to me 26 years ago. Helen Walker lies buried in the churchyard of Irongray, about six miles from Dumfries. I once proposed that a small monument should have been erected to commemorate so remarkable a character, but I now prefer leaving it to you to perpetuate her memory in a more durable manner."

Notices of Brazil in 1828 *and* 1829. By the Rev. R. Walsh, L.L.D. M.R.I.A. author of a Journey from Constantinople, &c. 2 vols. large 8vo.—London, Wesley and Davis.

DR. WALSH is well and favourably known to the public, as the author of a very intelligent and agreeably written account of a journey from Constantinople to England, published about two years ago.

Lord Strangford, whose embassy then, as now, Dr. Walsh accompanied in the capacity of chaplain, was appointed in the summer of 1828, ambassador extraordinary to the court of Brazil, for the purpose of completing, if possible, the marriage between Don Miguel, and the young queen of Portugal; as this was thought by the British government, the most likely means of bringing the difficult and long unsettled Portuguese question, to a satisfactory termination. Although, however, Don Pedro, the emperor, had been the original author of the project, he now evinced so much repugnance to its fulfilment, that it was necessarily abandoned, as a point of family arrangement in which he was naturally the sole judge.—During the voyage and residence of the embassy in Brazil, for the purpose above mentioned, the notices which form the subject of the present volumes were written by Dr. Walsh, for the amusement and information of his friends in England.

In addition to a highly interesting personal narrative, they contain a full and satisfactory account both of the Portuguese Royal Family, and of Brazilian scenery, habits, and manners, which cannot fail of being read with attention and pleasure. From among the many interesting details, we select a few extracts, relating to our poor countrymen, who embarked in the Brazilian service, during the war between Buenos Ayres and Brazil; when, in order to withdraw as few persons as possible from the agriculture and manufactures of the country, it was resolved by the Brazilian government, to engage a number of foreigners as soldiers; first to do duty as military, and then to be located as agriculturists, after a certain term of service.

"In October, 1826, Colonel Cotter, an Irish officer in the imperial service, entered into an engagement with the Brazilian government to bring over a number of his countrymen. It does not appear what were the precise terms which he was authorized to offer to them; but, as far as I can collect from several I have conversed with, who remained behind in Brazil, and from other sources, they were as follow:—Every man was to receive pay and allowances equal to one shilling per day, one pound of beef, and one pound of bread as rations, and were to be employed four hours each day in learning military exercises, to be ready to act as soldiers if called on, but not to be sent out of the province of Rio unless in time of war or invasion; and at the end of five years of such engagement, to be discharged from all military service, and located as farmers on land, each having fifty acres assigned him.

"With these powers, Colonel Cotter proceeded to Cork, caused notices to be affixed to chapel doors, and instructed clergymen to give it out from the altars, in different parts of the south of Ireland. The notifications were received with great joy by the people: the exceeding distress of the poor peasantry of that part of Ireland, as well from exuberant population as want of employment, is notorious, and they were eager to avail themselves of the proposal. Land was the great object of their competition at home, and they who thought themselves fortunate in obtaining a few acres at an exorbitant rent in Ireland, were transported at the idea of receiving a grant of fifty acres, rent free, in Brazil. Many, therefore, as they told me, sold their farms at home, and laid out the small portion of money they could raise, in purchasing agricultural implements, conceiving that their military service was to be merely local, and would no more prevent their attending to their land, than if they were members of yeomanry corps in their own country. Among them were mechanics, who looked forward to exercise their calling to advantage in Rio, and had brought out the implements of their trade; and among them certainly were many, whose idle habits led them to prefer a military life, and were ready to engage as soldiers, careless of the terms of their service. Of these descriptions, two thousand four hundred persons were collected, some of them, as was to be expected, of indifferent characters and dissolute manners; but the majority, decent, respectable people, who brought out with them their wives and families, and who would be an acquisition to any country as settlers, but particularly to Brazil.

"Every thing was provided for their accommodation on leaving their own country; the ships were well found, stores and provisions of a good quality were not wanting, and the people thought themselves highly fortunate in this mode of emigration. They had been long expected in Brazil, and it was natural to suppose that every thing would have been ready for their reception; but their arrival was the signal for annoying them, and that system of petty persecution commenced which roused them into mutiny, and finally effected the purposes for which it was resorted to, by driving them from the country.

"The minister of war was at that time S. Barbozo, and from his subsequent hostility to the foreigners, it is to be presumed he was the instrument of their first annoyances, which were in his department. When the transports arrived, nothing was ready for the accommodation of the men. They were kept for three or four days on board, and when at length they were landed, they were trust into dirty empty barracks, without the smallest preparation of any kind for their comforts or wants. They had no beds to sleep on, not even a mat to keep them from the bare ground, which is always provided for Brazilian soldiers. This comfortless state was still increased by want of provisions, for they were kept starving for two days without any distribution of rations, and when at length it was made, they were so bad in quality that the men could not eat them, but sold them for a trifle to the English to feed their horses; they were also deficient in quantity, and so irregularly given, that they were frequently afterwards forty-eight hours without receiving any issue. Many of them contracted fevers, and other sickness, from privation and anxiety, and in this state of debility were seen crawling about the streets of Rio. Application was made to the Brazilian government to provide them with medicines and necessaries, but no notice was taken; and they would have perished on the roads, where they were sometimes obliged to lie down, but for the humanity of Doctors Coates and Dixon, who supplied them with medicine from their own pockets. For some time they received no pay at all, and when at length it was ordered, it was much less than they were promised.

"In this state of disappointment and growing discontent, there was not the smallest pains taken to give them any habit of order or regularity. They remained in their quarters, idle and unemployed, dirty and neglected, and in the same clothes in which they had arrived, ragged and squalid, without the habits or appearance of common decency."

These, and some other still more aggravated causes of irritation, led to the well known mutiny of the Irish and Germans, which for a short time seemed to threaten the overthrow of the regular government. The subsequent fate of these wretched men is thus related:—

"Of 2,400 Irish who had been invited, and arrived in Brazil, not more than 200 were concerned in the insurrection; and these were generally young men, totally neglected, and left to themselves, to follow the impulse of any passion excited in them. They were without officers or arms, yet they caused much terror and anxiety, in a large and populous city, for three days. It was determined, therefore, to send them all back to their own country; and the object of those who laboured to bring that end about, was completely answered. They were immediately embarked, and placed on board the ships of war in the harbour, till transports could be provided for them. The emperor himself seemed very well disposed towards them: and I am told by those who witnessed the fact, that he shed tears of anxiety and vexation, when he heard the state into which they were degraded. It had been his custom frequently to attend divine service, when it was performed for the Irish at the Praya Vermelha, where he freely knelt down amongst them. His condescension, however, was suspected. An absurd rumour had been circulated, that if this ceremony was performed three times, they were bound to him, as soldiers, for unlimited service. On the third Sunday none but the officers attended—the men all disappeared—a strong proof of their repugnance to such an engagement, and their determination to resist it. He now gave every direction for their ample accommodation, on their return home; and Mr. Gordon the British minister, and the English admiral, had power in his name to supply them with every necessary.

"On this occasion it was expedient to collect them all, and it was observed that many of them had been arrested and confined in various prisons. Mr. Aston, the secretary of legation

to the British mission, with that promptness and humanity which every one who knows him will give him credit for, immediately applied to the proper authorities to have them found out; but so little interest did they take in the life or liberty of those foreigners, that they could give no information about them.—At length he found thirty of them confined in the dungeon of the fortress of Villegagnon. On one occasion the whole of the officers had been arrested, and shut up in the cells of the prisons in the different islands.—After eighteen or twenty days' incarceration, however, they were liberated, and never could learn why they had been confined; but numbers of inferior rank remained behind, till they were altogether forgotten. Such was the case of these poor men. When they emerged from these catacombs, they were in the most miserable state of destitution and disease, their bodies ulcerated with sores, and covered with vermin, and their skins so raw and tender from putrescency and mortification, that when it was necessary to clothe them for the sake of decency, to enable them again to appear, they could not bear the painful touch of any covering.

"They were a fine body of young men, and of good character. They had been called on to take the military oath, but they refused.—They affirmed they had come out as settlers; if they were located as such, they had no objection to be enrolled as militia, learn military duty, and be ready to turn out to defend their own or any other part of the country invaded: but they persisted in refusing to take the oath tendered to them as mere soldiers, for unlimited service. For this offence they were represented as mutineers, and thrown at once into these dismal dungeons, where they had remained totally neglected, and must in a short time have perished in a state of putridity, had they not been relieved by the humane and timely interference of Mr. Aston. Two hundred and fifty were embarked in the Moro Castle, on the 3d July, 1828, and sailed for Ireland. The Phœbe followed with 150 more. with the Highlander, and a Swedish ship, carrying in all 1400 persons back to their native land. It was industriously given out, that many of these persons had carried off plate and other valuables from the houses they had plundered, and a search was made among their boxes and trunks. Nothing was found to justify the suspicion, and then it was said, that to avoid detection they had cast all these valuables into the sea.

About 400 were left behind, engaged in different employments. A body of them, to the amount of 229 persons, forming 101 families, were conveyed to Bahia, and located at Taporoa, in the comarca of Ilheos, where they formed a colony, directed by a commissioner appointed to regulate their affairs. It was the only portion of the emigrants with whom good faith was observed; and it appears from the report of the Viscount Camamu, president of the assembly of the province, that they were deserving of every care and attention. Several who remained at Rio, I afterwards met and conversed with. They were doing well; and the whole, had they been properly encouraged, would have done the same. Some men from Waterford and Lismore were engaged in a quarry in the rear of our residence, preparing blocks of granite for building, and by their industry and good conduct were earning five patacs (about seven shillings) a day, and making a comfortable independence. Another family, of the name of Cook, from the county of Tipperary, had been recommended to Messrs. Marsh and Watson, who located them on a form in the Organ Mountains, where I visited them with Mr. Watson. The farm was in the depth of a forest, fourteen or fifteen miles within the recesses of the mountain.—The way led through the wildest scenery; and on the bank of a river, in the centre of a forest, we found these colonists. They had built a large and comfortable house, with a rustic portico, and thatched it very neatly with palm branches, whose regular fronds formed a tasty roof, the stems and pinnate leaves of which were very elegantly disposed in the thatch. On the other side of the river, which we crossed by two trees forming a rustic bridge, was a large shed for cattle, and other conveniences; and rising up the hill was an extensive plantation of coffee, behind which, descending into a glen, was a rich field of Indian corn in high health, with gourds, mandioca, and a variety of other produce of Brazilian agriculture. On our return the good woman had prepared for us a plentiful dish of bacon and eggs, with fried cakes of maize; and our entertainment concluded with whiskey, which our host had contrived to distil from his coffee plantation. When I contemplated this comfortable house and abundant farm, rescued from the heart of a Brazilian forest, cultivated by persons who in their own country could not make out a scanty livelihood in a miserable hovel, I could not help feeling the deepest regret, that 2400 who had left their homes were not, as they might have been, so located. It would have abstracted so many individuals from an overflowing people perishing from want, and added a valuable population to a country, where millions of fertile acres are lying waste for lack of hands to cultivate them.

"The greater part of the Irish who returned home were in a disabled state. Hardship, wounds, privation, and sickness, had affected them more or less; but the ailment under which they principally laboured was lameness. Not furnished with shoes, nor able to provide them, their feet were attacked with the bichu, or insect of the country, which burrowed in myriads in their naked feet, and caused the most frightful ulcerations. Many of the men, therefore, are lame beggars about the streets, or incurables in the hospitals of Cork. Many who had less comfortable farms, are reduced to common labourers; and of all who returned home, there is not one, perhaps, who is not now enduring want and misery."

We are happy to recommend these volumes of our countryman, Dr. Walsh, to public attention, as full of pleasant information and amusement.

Mount Sinai: a Poem, in Four Books. By William Phillips, of the Middle Temple.—London: Maunder, 1830.

We do not consider the revelation on Sinai, a subject eminently susceptible of poetic interest, distinct from the magnificent description contained in holy writ; and though we admire that purpose of a manly and devout spirit which seems to have prompted Mr. Phillips in selecting it, we cannot but regret, that a young man of evident genius, in making his first experiment on the taste of the public, should have chosen materials possessing so few claims on their interest or sympathy. Dr. Johnson attributed weariness to the readers of Milton; and we cannot deny, that in his magnificent poem, the very nature of the subject—one of the most awful on which an earthly pen may be employed—deprives the reader of all interest dependent on novelty or suspense: of the former, he has little to reward his perseverance: of the latter, nothing to stimulate his attention. These difficulties, and difficulties greater than these, the genius of *that* immortal poet was sufficient to overcome; he had an imagination which could travel on steadily and unfaltering, even across the barriers of superhuman thought; and his sublime poetry—of whose inward music, the harmony of his verse is but the echo—stimulates the mind, invigorates the understanding, and suggests those pure and dignified thoughts that lift the heart to God. The powers of Milton, exerted on subjects like the present, have procured for him a deathless fame; but they must be stout and bold adventurers in the world of intellect, who dare to struggle for such high and perilous excellence. We think, then, that Mr. Phillips has chosen his subject unhappily—though he has certainly treated it well. He adheres to the narrative in the Pentateuch, and, disposing it in four books, has managed it with great skill. The course of Divine Providence is brought prominently forward, in its series of sublime events, of awful and tremendous judgments, and the actions of the inspired Lawgiver, animated with superhuman powers, directed to immortal intents, are well developed. We have been pleased with the knowledge and power of thought and feeling, displayed in this poem: we have been pleased by its fervour, unalloyed by cant or vulgarity: we have been pleased by the thoughts that breathe throughout it, which ever take a uniform direction to the best and highest things. We arose from its perusal with feelings of esteem and admiration for the virtue and understanding of its author; and we are about to speak of its errors with respect. Mr. Phillips will not fancy him a foe, who speaks unpleasant truths, in preference to the most sweet and plausible illusions. We will even subject ourselves to such a charge, rather than keep silence; for when the remonstrance of the critic may be heard, his voice is not raised in vain. We complain then, of a strange construction of language, by which many parts of his poem are disfigured, and which the author seems to have adopted, with the zeal—not of a poet, but of an ingenious workman. The beauties of composition in poetry are too fine, too subtle, too delicate, to be made the direct object of an author's care: they must rather be unintentional, the natural and unconstrained result of thought, feeling, and imagination. Mr. Phillips has forgotten this; he has apparently searched everywhere around him, for a heavy and massive frame-work wherein to deposit his poetry; he has sacrificed, in many places, the harmony and music within, to a strange metrical garb without; he throws behind him that simple eloquence which belongs essentially to the breathings of a poet's thoughts, and adopts instead, big, rough, Cyclopean words, which, by their rumbling noise, divert our attention from the beauties of conception and of sense, and, being obnoxious to sarcasm, afford matter for malicious ridicule, or stupid and perplexed

astonishment. Some one remarked well, that few will sympathise in feelings which they cannot understand without a scholiast; and in truth, though hitherto vain enough to consider ourselves somewhat learned in the tongues, we have been often driven to our Lexicon for interpretation of the various Hebraisms, Græcisms, Latinisms, and other "sesquipedalia verba," with which, as with weeds, the structure and spirit of this poem is overgrown, and its real worth and beauty much obscured. Does Mr. Phillips wish to model himself on the style of another century? Does he aspire after the laboured and ornate diction of Henry More, or Sir Thomas Browne, or other writers of that time, who, in endeavouring to avoid the stupid dismal style of the puritans on the one hand, and the affected, elaborate, conceited spirit of the euphuists on the other, struck unfortunately into offensive peculiarities, nearly as far removed from taste and good sense as either? If so, then he must procure some contemporary lexicographer to do that service for him and "his public," which the worthy and indefatigable Henry Cockeram undertook for the works of the authors above-mentioned, when he published his dictionary "to the understanding of the more difficult authors, already printed in our language, and the more speedy attaining of an elegant perfection of the English tongue, both in reading, speaking, and writing." But we anticipate no such necessity. Mr. Phillips is a young man, with powers far above "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease;" and his faults are, for the most part, those so common to genius, before true notions of taste prevail. A practised ear, and a cultivated taste, will, in time, show him the uselessness of mere sound and verbiage, and will teach him to discard those laboured ornaments, which only disfigure the simple majesty of his original conceptions, with that obsolete phraseology, which, though it may be very fine, is very hard to construe, and so exclusively antique as to be wearisome, we will not say unintelligible, to a mere English reader. When these errors of taste are laid aside, we shall be glad to acknowledge the spirit and vigour of his genius; for he has much strength of mind, and many fine conceptions, if he would only embody them in a way more congenial to the sympathies and understandings of men.

The third book opens with the following:—

"How sweet at morning to exalt the soul
On wings of early orison! to send
The bosom's own pure frankincense abroad,
While nature's matin to the chrystal porch
Of empyrean riseth! to expand
Religion's blossom amaranthine fair
Towards God's day-beam! In quick faith serene,
To make essay on the everlasting gates,
With key ethereal, pious pray'r divine,
How sweet at morning!"

Now, there are in this many bright touches, the result of pure and exquisite feeling; but there is an excessive complication of words, and restraint of language, which renders the sentiments that would have been in simple language, lofty and glowing—formal and declamatory. Thus, throughout this poem, many passages of power and feeling are marred by the language of the poet. We are not speaking generally. Considerable portions of the work are, in a great measure, free from that harsh redundant speech, and show that the singularity of construction of which we complain, must be the effect of caprice, rather than of principle, for Mr. Phillips assuredly is not deficient in the requisites for graceful and harmonious writing. The description of the glory of Jehovah, as revealed to Moses on Mount Sinai, is very fine:—

"In robes of living light,
Before Jehovah, so effulgent he,
That mortal sense had fancied him resolved
As 'twere to featured empyréan fire.
His glowing hands the Tables of the Law,
Tenacious held, and from his upward eye
Flash'd pious ecstacy. Replete arose
The fragrant sweets of calamus, and stacte,
Perfume balsamic, and redolent spice,
Effused in ether. Twice ten thousand forms
Of angel orders their aspects serene—
In glorious dignity of place around
Reveal'd resplendent. To each beaming head,
In beauty sculptured, was a diamond tiar,
Adorning and adorn'd. Their quivering harps,
And sweet recorders, waken'd into sound,
Breathe pæans joyous, and the silvery strains
Concordant float through aromatic air.
The changeful iris of their glancing wings
Enamell'd space, and gave the features rude
Of Sinai's solitude for once to smile
Imputed radiance. The increate Himself,
'Mid these imparadised, apart from all,
Is present proximate, and gracing earth,
In blest perfection immaterial shows.
Such awful nature, so transcending thought,
Access of sense refuseth; but the soul,
With stronger vision gifted, could perceive
His shrouded glory. The portentous sight
O'er Moses' spirit sublimate and rapt,
Emits beatitude. Thus, all in all,
The Almighty stood impalpable on high,
Benevolence breathing upon heaven and earth,
And all created. A redoubled bright
Suffused his angels, and the human form,
Entranced resolving solid into soul,
Had nigh upsprang upon immortal wings,
And coped with cherubim. The smile reflect
Of God propitious each seraphic shape
Arrays in splendour. Unimagined joy
Most rapturous mantles on the precious air,
And all is radiant as an issuing beam
From out the cycle of solstitial morn."

In conclusion, we have only to say, that on the whole, Mr. Phillips has shown a sufficient foundation for considerable poetical fame. In what we have said of his errors, we trust we have spoken with respect: we would encourage his early aspirations after excellency, and stimulate him to farther patient and unwearied exertion. Let him not be disheartened, if the reception of his poem chance to be but lukewarm: immediate success depends on adventitious circumstances. Let him not wax faint in his exertions after fame: if, disdaining vulgar resources and extravagant peculiarities, he rest on the strength of his genius alone, he may feel assured that his "final hope" will be far from "flat despair."

Mr. William Phillips is, we believe, an Irishman, and brother of Mr. Charles Phillips, the well-known barrister.

Letters from Nova Scotia; comprising Sketches of a young Country, by Captain Moorsom, 8vo. Colburn and Bentley, London.

Captain Moorsom's book will be read with great satisfaction, by those who wish to acquire a general knowledge of the state of Nova Scotia. It is precisely what its title professes, a series of unpretending sketches, by a man, who observes not profoundly, but yet accurately, and it is to us an additional recommendation that he always seems to take the cheery side of the prospect.

To a person unsettled in his future arrangement for domestic location, and who is wavering as to which of the thirty-two points of the civilized world he shall veer, this book will afford information as well as amusement; and not to him only, but to the philosophic mind, which loves to dwell on the progress of civilization under different circumstances, it presents materials for serious meditation.

Nova Scotia, as to soil and climate, possesses many features similar to the neighbouring states of new England. Their geographical positions differ little, and the disadvantages that might be supposed to affect the former from its more northern situation, (which is, however, but one or two degrees of latitude,) may be supposed to be compensated by the contiguity of all its parts to the ocean. Under such similar circumstances, the progress of the two districts in the career of civilization, the one under the influence of republican, the other under that of aristocratical institutions, will furnish something useful towards the speculations of the theorist, and, if the film of prejudice could be removed from the eye of the practical politician, would not be without its use towards the introduction of mutual improvements in both countries.

The population of Nova Scotia was introduced there at various times, and under very different circumstances. It was originally, as far as Europe is concerned, a French settlement; few, however, of the descendants of that nation remain. Shortly afterwards, when it fell under British domination, a colony of Germans was sent thither, which still retains the rigid peculiarities of their aboriginal stock; settlers from the British islands have also emigrated thither in great numbers, and more particularly during the last few years, when its great geological resources have made it one of the favourite, and perhaps one of the most encouraging, among mining speculations. Besides these, a few of the native Indians are to be found in a state of decline, nearly approaching to annihilation, as are also some emancipated Negroes from the United States, who do not appear to have benefited much from the acquisition of the abstract blessing of liberty; last, though not least conspicuous, the restless bustling American, is also to be found here in numbers not inconsiderable.

The different classes of settlers intermingle little, each seems to have his particular district in which he retains the peculiarities of his mother soil, tinged and diversified by the local circumstances of the place. The characteristic features of society in each, are shewn to us by Captain Moorsom, with the minuteness of a visitant, and the accuracy of a sound observer; we select that of the French, because it appears to us the most picturesque, shewing many of the amiable points of the habitudes of that nation, in what we believe to be their true colouring, when untarnished by the demoralizing contact of an overgrown state of society, and the overgrown population of a metropolis.

"The settlement of Clare, of which the Roman Catholic chapel is the *nucleus*, extends for about thirty miles along the shores of Saint Mary's Bay. The population is almost entirely Acadian-French, and deserves particular mention not only from its origin, but for the distinct and peculiarly interesting features it displays. The number of families comprising the pastor's immediate flock is about three hundred and thirty, giving a total of nearly two thousand five hundred souls; about thirty families also reside in the township of Digby; and at Tusket, below the town of Yarmouth, are nearly two hundred families more; the whole being included in the cure of the Abbé Segoigne. Perhaps it is to a sojourn in the out-quarters of Ireland that I owe, in common with many others, the uncharitable feeling which leads us to associate a Roman Catholic

priest with imaginary phantoms of dark-scowling mortals wrapt up in bigotry and black garments, or intent on the means of retaining in slavish ignorance, and moulding into a handle of political anarchy, the quick perceptions and high-wrought passions of a warm-hearted peasantry. How pure, how redeeming an architype in the reverse of this image is the worthy Curé of Montaigan! Born and educated in France, M. Segoigne emigrated from that country when revolutionary suspicion threatened the lives of all whose virtues were inimical to the views of the ruling democrats, and for the last thirty years has devoted his attention exclusively to the welfare of these children of Acadia. Buried in this retreat from all the thoughts and habits of the polished world, he yet retains the urbanity of the old French school; or rather, I apprehend, possesses that natural excellence of disposition which gives to urbanity its intrinsic value. He is at once the priest, the lawyer, and the judge of his people; he has seen most of them rise up to manhood around him, or accompany his own decline in the vale of years: the unvarying steadiness of his conduct has gained equally their affection and respect: to him, therefore, it is that they apply in their mutual difficulties; from him they look for judgment to decide their little matters of dispute. Eleven years ago, a case between two Acadians belonging to this settlement came on for trial before the Supreme Court. From some informality, the cause was nonsuited: it was not again brought forward; and since that time there is no instance of a law-suit from Montaigan appearing on the records of the judicial circuit."

. . . . . .

"In practical traits of social morality, they shine pre-eminent. Their community is in some respects like that of a large family. Should one of their members be left a widow without any immediate protector or means of support, her neighbours unite their labours in tilling her land, securing the crops, and cutting her winter-fuel. Instances of a second marriage are rare among them. Children who may become orphans are always taken into the families of their relations or friends, who make no distinction between them and their own offspring.

"Intermarriages between the Acadians and British settlers very seldom take place. 'Why,' said a friend of mine, to a young *Acadienne*,—'why do you keep the English at such a distance? you never give them a chance of running off with any of you.'—'Ah,' replied Ma'mselle Teriot, in her native *patois*, 'perhaps the English don't try.'

"The difference of language, however, is rather an awkward bar to surmount in the advances of intimacy, and is quite sufficient to give colour to the young lady's implied accusation. A small *auberge* near Sissiboo is kept by an Englishman, who has been bolder than the rest of his countrymen, and has carried off a prize from the flock of Montaigan. I passed the night at his house, and was amused, not like Miss Letitia Ramsbottom, that little boys should speak French, but to observe half a dozen children chattering to their mother in that language, and then running to their father with a little tale in English: they invariably maintained this distinction, never speaking to their parents, except in the native language of each, although the mother, in this instance, was almost equally conversant with either. The French of *la vieille France* is perfectly understood by them; and one whose ear has been accustomed to the *patois* of that country, would have no difficulty in understanding theirs. It is however far more corrupted than that of the Canadians, and has become still farther changed by many grammatical misapplications.

"The costume of the women is preserved in greater purity than I have ever observed among the settlements of the East Coast. The *coiffe*, a blue or white handkerchief, covers the head, and is tied under the chin. The little children, who are muffled up in this manner at all seasons, look almost smothered on a hot summer's day. A ribband is bound round the forehead, under which a few short and remarkably thin curls are suffered to escape in front, and two ringlets equally thin fall down on each side. A little bob-jacket of linen cloth, checked blue-and-white, with a high waist, is covered at the shoulders with a white or coloured handkerchief, pinned neatly behind. The petticoat is usually dark blue, of coarse woollen homespun, made very large, and gathered in folds at the waist all round. Blue stockings, (as if in mockery of the notions we attach to the *bas bleu*,) and low shoes of black leather, without binding or ornament, complete the dress of the females. The men are not so peculiar in this respect: a sailor's jacket and trowsers compose their ordinary dress; and their dark eye and olive-brown complexion, together with an occasional *bonnet rouge* are the only characteristics that recall to the memory aught we have seen on the coasts of Brittany or banks of the Garonne. Their labour is divided between sea and land; they build their own shallops, (of which the construction is peculiarly well-adapted to this squally coast,) and in these vessels carry on the fisheries to a limited extent off the provincial shores, or transport their agricultural produce to the market of their commercial capital, *Saint Jean*, in New Brunswick. Their lands are of good quality, although not equal to the rich alluvium of the Annapolis valley and upper shores of the Bay of Fundy: they pay a good deal of attention to its culture; and their crops, chiefly potatoes and barley, at the time I saw them, looked cleaner and in better order than those on most of the other small farms."

"At Yarmouth," continues the traveller, on leaving this pleasing scene of primitive manners, "we come to a very different place, and may almost fancy ourselves in some rising village of the eastern states of America."—If the reader has, what we have not at present, time for the investigation, we would recommend him to examine the contrast as described by the author.

As to the nature of the government, and the forms of its administration, the reader will be much amused by the description of the pigmy imitation of British legislature. A governor or lieutenant governor, towering high above his fellows in all the majesty of military rank and ample salary—an upper house, imaged forth by a council of twelve nominated by his Excellency, and consequently possessing a sufficient share of *ex-officio* influence—and a house of assembly formed of about forty representatives from the several locations, constitute the legislative body. The first act of the last-named, and in our eyes most influential portion, is to vote themselves a daily salary of a pound each for their own attendance during the session, not to exceed, however, a certain number of days. The natural effects of this considerate act, is, that ample discussion is given to every subject at the commencement of their sittings, but that when the period of remunerative labour draws to a close, as much business is done in one day as employed their honours three, to talk about during the earlier part, and the session forthwith closes.

But we must conclude our notice of this little work of small pretensions but real utility, and we shall only point the attention of our readers to Captain Moorsom's account of the decay of the town of Shelburne, which though written respecting settlers of the year 1783, and descriptive of movements and feelings in the western hemisphere, may furnish wholesome warnings to emigrators *in prospectu* in the year 1830, who propose to direct the current of their movements to that antipodal and gigantic sphere of settlement, where, unless they ruminate deeply on such warnings, they will find, too late perhaps, like the squirrel in the fable, that sunshine does not always gild the prospects of the western world.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Remarks occasioned by Mr. Moore's Notices of Lord Byron's Life.

THIS little pamphlet is supposed to be from the pen of Lady Noel Byron, and is certainly published under her sanction. It purports to be a vindication of the lady's parents from certain charges or insinuations contained in Mr. Moore's book, which she "knows to be false." The imputation laid by Moore is, that Lady Byron having quitted her husband without any quarrel or misunderstanding, on a short visit to her parents, was by them moved and instigated to demand a formal separation from him, and did, in point of fact, never return. Lady Byron replies by removing all concern in the matter from her parents, and taking the whole responsibility of her conduct upon herself.—She says she thought her husband was mad, and therefore parted from him in the most amicable manner, that she might not further irritate and aggravate his disease; but when she was assured by lawyers and physicians consulted for the purpose that he was not mad, she determined never again to put herself within his power. To satisfy herself of the propriety of this line of conduct, she disclosed to Dr. Lushington, in professional confidence, the grounds of her determination. We perceive by the public prints, that the lovers of scandal and tittle-tattle, tax her ladyship with not being sufficiently explicit in her disclosures to the public: no doubt they would be highly gratified to rake into the uttermost depths of the disgusting secret; but for our parts we join most heartily in Uncle Toby's decision on a delicate subject of another nature, namely, that the parties concerned should have wiped it up and said nothing about it. We subjoin Dr. Lushington's reply to Lady Byron's confidential communication, which we think contains every thing the public are concerned to know, in a question of a strictly domestic and exceedingly painful nature:

"My dear Lady Byron—I can rely upon the accuracy of my memory for the following statement. I was originally consulted by Lady Noel on your behalf, whilst you were in the country; the circumstances detailed by her

were such as justified a separation, but they were not of that aggravated description as to render such a measure indispensable. On Lady Noel's representation, I deemed a reconciliation with Lord Byron practicable, and felt most sincerely a wish to aid in effecting it.—There was not on Lady Noel's part any exaggeration of the facts; nor, so far as I could perceive, any determination to prevent a return to Lord Byron: certainly none was expressed when I spoke of a reconciliation. When you came to town in about a fortnight, or perhaps more, after my first interview with Lady Noel, I was for the first time informed by you of facts utterly unknown, as I have no doubt, to Sir Ralph and Lady Noel. On receiving this additional information my opinion was entirely changed: I considered a reconciliation impossible. I declared my opinion, and added, that if such an idea should be entertained, I could not, either professionally or otherwise, take any part towards effecting it. Believe me, very faithfully yours,

"STEPH. LUSHINGTON.

"Great George's-street, Jan. 31, 1830."

Dialogues on Natural and Revealed Religion; with a Preliminary Inquiry, an Appendix, containing Supplemental Discourses, and Notes and Illustrations. By the Rev. R. Morehead, D. D. F. R. S. E. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and Simpkin and Marshall, London.

THE best brief explanation of the nature of this work, is furnished by its author in the dedication to his friend Mr. Jeffrey, the late editor of the Edinburgh Review. Its subject matter is, he tells us, in one word, RELIGION, that inspiring theme, which in happier times was at the foundation of all that was elevated and pure, not only in morals but in the efforts of genius, and which, if it has seemed, for a season indeed, to be under a heavy eclipse, is again happily breaking forth into its genuine station, although it may still be travelling through clouds. To throw all the light that can be collected upon this highest of all inquiries, and to point out its bearings upon every other branch of knowledge, and on all human improvement, is Dr. Morehead's aim in the present work; and particularly to draw closer the connexion between philosophy and religion, and to shew to the men of genius and letters of the age, that they will never employ successfully their great gifts and acquirements, unless they surrender their souls to those impulses of piety, which, through all the different views of nature and of revelation, are the only sentiments congenial with the force of reason, and with the splendours of imagination. This design is carried into effect by means of a series of ten dialogues, between an amiable sceptic and two earnest believers; these are followed by discourses on such collateral topics of inquiry, as the constant agency of the Deity, our Saviour's character as an evidence of the divinity of his religion; and the discussion of such popular objections as the want of universality in divine revelation, the late introduction of Christianity into the world, and the like.—The whole being prefaced by a powerfully written and highly interesting "Preliminary Inquiry," into the grounds of belief in the existence of a Creator and moral governor of the universe, founded on the striking manifestations of intelligence and design which every where crowd upon us; and a proof that what are called the principles of common sense, are neither more nor less than principles of natural theology. The manner in which these views coalesce with the great discoveries and saving truths of revelation, is then considered, and that heavenly teaching which was to rectify the will, and bring the warped affections of the heart into unison and co-operation with the natural principles of belief, is next developed.

Though the dialogue form, is not, in our opinion, the one most happily chosen for a work of this kind, the matter of the present is so valuable, that we willingly overlook any difference of opinion on a mere matter of taste, and cordially recommend the present volume, as the production of a man of clear, shrewd thought, expressed in terse and elegant language, upon a subject the most interesting and important that human beings are capable of investigating.

Encyclopædia Britannica, Part I.—This is the seventh edition, stereotyped and published in parts, under the superintendance of Macvey Napier, the new editor of the Edinburgh Review. The able preliminary dissertations by Dugald Stewart, Playfair, Leslie, and Sir J. Mackintosh, need not to be celebrated by us. Great expense, has, we understand, been gone to in preparing the present edition, and it bids fair to be executed in a manner altogether worthy of so laborious and important a work.

The Rudiments of correct reading; consisting of Rules and Examples adapted to the capacity of children. By Alex. Adam.—Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd.

THIS is the production of a practical teacher, drawn up and arranged with considerable judgment and skill, and well calculated both for teaching children to read, and for conveying simple, pleasing, and useful information, during that process.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

Foreign Quarterly Review,* No. 10. Treuttel and Würtz, London.

WE have been very much pleased with the literary ability displayed in the present number of this Review, it appears to be conducted by a person of very careful and elegant literary taste, and the various articles, if not distinguished by any particular vigour of thought, or energy of expression, are yet abounding with useful information, and as pieces of composition are, we think, generally more correct and graceful, than we meet with in any other periodical of the day.

The first article is an Essay on the present state of the Netherlands, and it is undoubtedly a very masterly statistical paper. It is hardly possible to imagine a statement giving a more complete and satisfactory statistical account of the Netherlands, were all the documents certainly authentic, but in this respect we fear the paper will not be thought by cautious people, to be all that could be wished—some of the tables are without any authority affixed, others are admitted to be liable to doubt, and one we observe to be given on the authority of a publication from the pen of M. Cesar Moreau. We do not know whether this gentleman be more careful in his statements with respect to continental matters, than he is when he touches upon our Irish affairs, but if we are to estimate the authenticity of the table quoted in the Foreign Review, by the accuracy of the statements, purporting to be information, which appear in his work on Ireland, our reliance upon it must be very small indeed. The population tables in this paper are very interesting, but we should have been as well satisfied, if the writer had not suffered his zeal to prove Mr. Sadler's views erroneous, to lead him a little out of his way. Some of our readers may perhaps not be aware, that the grand principle upon which Mr. Sadler founds his opposition to Malthus and his school, is this, that "the intensity of fecundity varies in an inverse ratio to the numbers on a given space," which means in plainer, and less concise terms, that the more dense the population becomes on a given space, the smaller will be the rate of increase in proportion to the numbers of that population.

We hope that the tables furnished by the reviewer, have been sought for more in the spirit of ascertaining the exact truth, than of proving his side of the population controversy.

We present our readers with one of the comparative tables, which will, we think, prove very interesting to those who take an interest in the subject to which it refers.

	Netherlands.	France.	Gt. Britain.
100 Births to 2807 Inhabitants,	3168 ..		3534
100 Deaths to 3981 do.		4000 ..	5780
100 Marriages to 13150 do.		13490 ..	13833
100 do. to 468 Births,		426 ..	359

It will be seen, that a given number of deaths bears a much smaller proportion to the number of inhabitants in Great Britain, than in either France or the Netherlands, the marriages are nearly equal in the three countries—the births fewest in England, and fewer in France than in the Netherlands. Had the reviewer taken in Ireland, he would have had the pleasure of finding out that we beat them all hollow, in the matter of births.

We cannot close our notice of this paper, without mention of the author's panegyric on political economy, and we give an extract from it, as affording both a curious view of the lofty notions which some persons entertain concerning

* In our notice of the last Number of the Foreign Review, in which a comparison, in some respects, was instituted between it and the Foreign Quarterly, mention was made of the articles in each, to which the title of the French translation of Mr. Bentham's work on Jurisprudence, was appended. We find we have been misunderstood in what we said respecting these articles; it was not our intention to institute a comparison between the merits of the essays, which by no means admit of being compared, the paper in the Foreign Review being a criticism on Mr. Bentham's opinions, and that in the Foreign Quarterly, a biographical sketch of M. Dumont, the French translator of Mr. Bentham's book, which is attributed, and we believe justly, to Sir James Mackintosh. Our object merely was to object to what we consider a literary abuse very prevalent in the present day—that of estimating productions rather by the names of the authors to whom they are attributed, than by an honest examination of the productions themselves.

It has also been objected, that we have given to the Foreign Quarterly Review, a political character which it does not arrogate to itself: we called it whig, because we thought that in the political world, of which we have some little knowledge, though we do not chuse to discuss politics, it was so regarded: nor is it remarkable that we should have described the Foreign Quarterly, and the Foreign Review, as rival whig and tory publications, when it is known that the pages of the former are graced by the elegant compositions of Sir James Mackintosh, and those of the latter, enriched by the vigorous pen of Doctor Southey. At all events, holding ourselves, as we do, aloof from political discussion, it is impossible that we should have intended, by the political character which we gave these publications, to convey censure, or imputation of any kind,

this science, and a good specimen of the elegance of style which so frequently adorns this periodical.

"To make societies what they ought to be, a right understanding of the principles of political economy will do almost every thing, provided the end of that science, is, in its study, never lost sight of. When the science of wealth is considered merely in itself, and for itself, the world becomes a sort of mercantile speculation, and every thing is, as it were, materialized in a manner repulsive to elevated minds; but if we ascend the hill far enough to extend the limits of the horizon, a new prospect is opened to our view, and the importance of the science becomes the greater to us, when we see that the wealth which it teaches us how to produce and distribute, operates as the prevention and alleviation of human sufferings; as the antidote to the vices and crimes engendered by misery, and as the source from whence a constant supply of moral and intellectual culture may be drawn. Riches are thus changed from a stagnant pool, into a fountain of living water, whose stream flows in the same direction, and to the same point, as law or religion, of which political economy is the most powerful auxiliary, to make men live together in peace, and the indispensable ally in creating the greatest possible amount of happiness."

If political economy be indeed all this, which we confess we never knew before, its professors are much to blame for having presented it to us in such a dress, that we really have never been able to see the amiable features, which are here described with all a lover's enthusiasm.

We have been led into a greater length of observation than we contemplated, in speaking of the first article of this Review, and we must necessarily be very concise in what we say of the remainder.

The paper on "Rosetti's Dante," is ably and learnedly written, and will be very interesting to general readers, as presenting to them, a view of the political character and writings of Dante, the fame of whose mighty genius as a poet, stands more prominently before the world, than that which in his own day he derived from the treatise on monarchy.

The account of the travels of Doctors Spix and Martius, in Brazil, is a very interesting paper. These learned persons were sent out in the year 1817, by the king of Bavaria, to collect information concerning Brazil; and they have made a valuable addition to the stock of knowledge which Europeans formerly possessed, relating to that rich and magnificent country. The account given of the "Diamond District," which will be found extracted in this article of the Review, is one of particular interest. We believe Brazil has the credit of having first given us the potato, to the pernicious effects of which the Malthusians, the Emigrationists, and other benevolent persons, are wont to attribute the alarming evil of our redundant population.

It would appear, however, that the Brazilians in imparting to us a portion of their prolific machinery, have not at all abated of their own powers in that way. The following account beats Munster all to nothing. In 'Contendas,' the travellers say, "a woman of about fifty had two hundred and four living descendants; another, who at seventy, had married a husband of equal age, produced him three children at a birth, which all lived. It is common to see a mother of eight or ten children who is not more than twenty years of age!"

Such a paragraph as this, is enough to make a veritable Malthusian, absolutely frantic.

We were well pleased with the article on the "Medici Family," and the biographical account of "Bianca Cappello," Grand Duchess of Tuscany. While the reviewer admits the just title to honorable fame attached to the names of Leo X. and Lorenzo the magnificent, he deprecates the false glare of glory, which on no legitimate ground is associated with the name of their family. "But," says the reviewer, "we think we are doing a public service, by discouraging, to the extent of our humble means, the sickly feeling of admiration for titled worthlessness; and stripping vice of the ermined robe, that conceals its deformity."

We think so too, and we thank the reviewer for this service.

The article on the state of religion in China, is a very interesting paper. The estimated number of Christians at present in China, is stated to be 200,000.

In the next article, French Literature is brought on the carpet, in a review of the novels of Paul de Koch; and in the succeeding one, we are introduced to Spanish Literature, in a criticism on the life and writings of Jovenallos. Then there is a paper on "Gnosticism," a dark subject on which we dare not to venture, but content us with referring the curious to the Review itself. Next we have a paper on the English Court of Chancery; such an one as we should be sorry to see any where, and more particularly in this Review, where such a subject seems to have no legitimate business. The remarks upon Lord Eldon are as little creditable to the knowledge of the reviewer, as they are to his good feeling or good taste.

Besides the papers we have mentioned, there are articles on the "History of the Crusades," on "Jacotot's system of education," and on the "Sovereignty and final settlement of Greece;" and after these are six critical sketches of new foreign books, but of these we have not space to give any account.

We think, indeed, that this Periodical contains *too much*, even for a Quarterly Review; and it would, perhaps, be an improvement, if both its price, and the quantity of its contents, were curtailed.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

To many of our readers it is not unknown that the minds of the French people, and of the Parisians in particular, have been lately much directed to metaphysical philosophy, by the lectures of M. Cousin. The ultramontane party had had the credit of silencing him for some time, but he regained at length the liberty of resuming, on the triumph of the liberal party. It is a curious fact, that there does not exist what can properly be called a *French* philosophy, for they always adopt the opinions of some of their neighbours: M. Cousin, for instance, is the advocate of Kant's philosophy, with improvements by himself.—Then there is M. Laromiguière, who is the representative of the Condillac opinions, founded chiefly upon Locke's, being the philosophy of the *senses*, the impressions upon which form the basis and materials of our knowledge. Those who profess this philosophy are accused by others of verging towards materialism; and indeed it cannot be denied that, unintentionally, Locke served as a text book to the shallow sceptics of the 18th century, as well as to the shadowy and perplexing mazes of Berkeley. Voltaire is unceasing in his praise of Locke; and a M. Alletz has lately asserted, that he was one of the causes of the French Revolution. This M. Alletz has published a book of moral philosophy.

It may naturally be supposed that the *Huet*, school is not without defenders, among churchmen particularly; the most famous, we believe, is La Mennais, who follows the distinguished bishop above-mentioned, in forming a general scepticism of philosophy, to bring men to revelation and—church authority, as the only safe support on which they can depend. There exist also works of a *soi-disant* philosophy, which we are sorry to say still continues to sway many of the French, a cheerless, dark, undisguised materialism, the authors of which we would regret even to mention, but against whom an able champion has arisen in M. A. H. I. Valette, professor of philosophy at the college of St. Louis. It is cheering to add, that this gloomy madness prevails much less at present than it has done; and will, we trust, speedily disappear altogether.

Baron Cuvier is again lecturing at the Collège de France; the subject he has chosen for this year is the history of the natural sciences. In his first and second lectures, after having explained the motives which induced him this year to elucidate the history of natural science, M. Cuvier spoke of the utility of this branch of study. And tracing rapidly the progress of science from the earliest periods to our own days, he was led to distinguish three principal epochs: the *religious*, the *philosophical*, and the epoch of the *division of labour*, which may be termed the *scientific* epoch, properly so called.

The 1st epoch comprises the whole period during which science was shut up within the temples, and cultivated solely by priests, who made it a mystery to the vulgar, or presented it to them in an emblematic form.

The 2d epoch dates from the time when the sciences, whose germ had been found in Egypt, began, after a long interval, to be developed in Greece. From the moment of their regeneration they took a new direction, were entirely separated from religion, and were no longer cultivated by the priests, but by sages, who communicated the fruit of their researches without reserve or disguise. Then each of them embraced the whole circle of human knowledge, and the philosopher was at the same time a metaphysician, a moralist, a geometrician, a naturalist, and a physician.

The 3d epoch was marked by the separation which took place between the different branches of science. Each division was cultivated by men who devoted themselves exclusively to it, with the whole energies of their minds; and, by this judicious distribution of labour, an unprecedented success was obtained.

Having thus marked the character of the three scientific epochs, the Professor returned to the first; and, with the view of determining its origin, he investigated the antiquity of human society: he showed that, notwithstanding the inconsiderable data which we possess on this subject, it is possible to obtain some satisfactory results, by relying at once on history and geology, whose evidences are mutually confirmative. Thus, whilst the traditions of all nations have preserved the remembrance of

one great catastrophe, which changed the surface of the earth, and almost annihilated the human race, geology teaches us, that, of the different revolutions which have agitated our globe, the last corresponds, evidently, with the epoch which we assign to the deluge.

We will tell you, said he, how, by means of considerations purely geological, we can obtain, with a degree of precision, the date of this great event.

There are certain formations which must have been commenced immediately after the last catastrophe, and which, from that moment, have been continued to our days with marked regularity. Such are the deposits which we observe at the mouths of rivers, the detritus which lies at the foot of mountains, and is formed of the debris which falls from the summit. These deposits increase every year, by a quantity which observation can make known to us. Consequently, nothing is more easy than to calculate the time which would have been required to produce the accumulation which we see at this day. This calculation has been made for the detritus of mountains; and we have found it to be, in every instance, from 5 to 6000 years. It has been made for the deposits of rivers, and has given the same number of years. In fine, whatever natural phenomenon has been interrogated, we have always received a confirmation of the exactitude of the traditions. These traditions, themselves, treasured in the recollection of men, present the most astonishing conformity. The Hebrew text of Genesis places the deluge in the year 2349, before Christ. The Indians make the fourth age of the world—the age in which we live—to commence in 3012. The Chinese date it about 2384. Confucius indeed represents the first king, Yao, as being occupied in draining off the waters of the ocean, which were elevated to the tops of the mountains, and in repairing the injuries which they had caused.

It is in India, however, according to all appearances, that we must search for the origin of the sciences. It was in this country, indeed, that man first established himself after his escape from the last cataclysm. The highest mountains of the world, the chains of Himalaya and Thibet, served for their asylum; and the base of the same mountains presented to them the first field for cultivation. Babylonia could then offer nothing but marshes, and Egypt was yet under the water. All the low country, indeed, as the priests told Herodotus, is a present from the Nile. This river every year deposits a new bed of mud. By counting the number of superincumbent beds, which are easily distinguished from each other, we can learn how much the soil rises during a given time; and thence, by a simple calculation, we arrive at the fact, that 2000 years before Christ, Lower Egypt did not exist.

The priority of the Indians is proved also by a tradition, to which no one seems to have paid attention. We find, indeed, from the extracts which are preserved out of the writings of Manetho, that in the reign of Amenophis, king of the 16th dynasty, a colony from the Indus established itself in Ethiopia. But Diodorus Siculus, and all those who have written upon the religion of Egypt, trace it from Ethiopia or Higher Nubia. Thebes itself was but an island,—but a colony of Meroe, the sacerdotal city of the Ethiopians. Thus, then, civilization would advance from India to Nubia, and from Nubia to Egypt; from the latter country it may be followed to Babylon, since, according to Diodorus, the Chaldeans, who formed the sacred caste in Babylonia, were at first nothing but a colony of Egyptian priests.

We regret we cannot enter more at large into the detail of the distinguished Baron's prelections, which are full of interest and curious information.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, March 29.

It has been resolved to send out with the expedition to Algiers, a scientific commission, on a similar plan to that which was adopted with the expedition to Egypt under Buonaparte—two botanists are to be on this commission. It would appear from this fact, that an idea is really entertained of colonizing Algiers, when it shall have been brought under subjection by the French army.

Letters have been received from Dr. Pariset, dated the 21st and 25th of January; this gentleman was pursuing with great ardour, his enquiries into the cause and nature of the plague in Egypt, and had made frequent and successful experiments with the chlorates of lime and soda, as a remedy against infection.

Some Roman Antiquities, in a high state of preservation, were lately discovered at Lillebourne, in this country; among them was a small figure of Hercules, of most exquisite workmanship; another of a large horse, completely caparisoned, and several coins; there were also remains of baths, walls, ruins of temples, &c. The Statistical Society is going on well. I was present at its sitting on Thursday last, and had the pleasure of finding it numerously and respectably attended. The Count de Noé presided, and there were among the members, near the chair, the Duke de Doudeauville, the Duke de Rangau, the Marquis de Bouillé, and several other distinguished personages;—some very able memoirs were read by different members, and it was announced, that the Society, which now consists of 340 members, is likely to have considerable accessions.

The newspapers having said a great deal about the magnificent Vase belonging to the museum of Brunswick, which the Duke of Brunswick has brought with him to Paris; I was anxious to get a sight of it, and succeeded. It is cut out of an onyx, and is six inches high, and two inches and a half wide, the handle, legs, and other ornaments, are of gold, curiously manufactured. As to the Vase itself, it is of beautiful workmanship, and will bear comparison with the most perfect specimens of the kind in the cabinets of Paris and Vienna. The figures, which are cut out of kir-stone, are of the most exquisite finish. This Vase was taken in 1630, in the sacking of Mantua by the Austrian troops, when it fell into the hands of a private soldier, who sold it for 200 ducats to Duke Albert of Saxe Lauenbourg, by whom it was left to his wife Christina Marguerita, Princess of Mecklenburgh, who at her death left it to her sister Sophia Elizabeth, wife of Augustus Duke of Brunswick; from this time it has always remained in the House of Brunswick. During the war of 1806, it was sent to England with the other valuable effects belonging to the family, and remained there until the Duke returned to his states. An idea of its value may be conceived from the fact, that Napoleon offered to forego the whole of the contribution which he had enforced on the state of Brunswick, on condition of receiving this Vase, which was refused.

London, March 31.

A new weekly periodical called "*Le Representant des Peuples*," in French, made its appearance yesterday. It is in the form of a pamphlet, which is intended as an evasion of the stamp duty, but this is not likely to be of avail, as the stamp office agents are now on the alert. Le Representant contains letters from Paris, dated March 24th and 25th, giving all the political news of the capital, by which it becomes subject to the stamp duty. It is a violent democratic publication—but the price is quite aristocratic, being 1s. 4d. for a quantity by no means equal to half the contents of the smallest sevenpenny London newspaper. It is not probable that at such a price it can attain much circulation. There is already a French paper here devoted to literary subjects, called the *Furet de Londres*. This paper, which does not contain one-sixth part of the quantity embodied in the Dublin Literary Gazette, is sold at one shilling. It is rather surprising that with the present extensive use of the French language in London, there should not be a single French newspaper on a proper footing. Whilst on the subject of newspapers, I may be allowed to notice a curious blunder made by Dr. Brown, the editor of the North Briton, in an article headed "The London Newspaper Press," in a recent number of his paper. It is surprising that a gentleman of Dr. Brown's literary character should so strangely commit himself. Speaking of the annual expense of a London evening paper, (the Globe,) exclusive of stamps, and paper, and advertisement duty, he sets it down at upwards of £8,200 per annum, whereas, the truth is, that it is under £6,000. The doctor assumes the editing of the paper to amount to about £1,600 per annum, whereas it is little more than £800, and there are many other blunders equally striking. Had Dr. Brown chosen to refer to the account of the London press which appeared in the Westminster Review, he could not have made these mistakes, for the author of that article, although erroneous in his statements as to the Scotch and Irish press, is allowed by all persons conversant with the subject, to have been correctly informed respecting the London newspapers.

None of the monthly periodicals for April have yet made their appearance, so that I am unable to give you the slightest news as to their contents. There is a rumour that a schism has taken place among the contributors to the New Monthly Magazine, and that the work is likely to suffer from it; but with so much talent at hand, and so much capital to reward it, the New Monthly cannot long be inconvenienced by any secession, even supposing the rumour to be correct, which I very much question. The Westminster Review for April, has been out for some days past.—It is on the whole a clever number, but there is rather too much of Mr. Jeremy Bentham, and of Colonel Thompson's political economy articles. These are both able—I may say first rate—pieces, in their way, but these are not times for heavy writing, and if the Westminster would rise in sale, as well as in reputation, it must have lighter and more agreeable papers.

I mentioned some time since that a patent had been taken out for a new steam or vapour power—nothing practical seems yet to have been attempted with it. The principle appears to be this:—An ethereal mixture is prepared, and this being placed over a lamp, a powerful vapour is produced, which acts in the way of ordinary steam, but with more force. This vapour is not suffered to escape, but, when it has done its work, it is recondensed by means of a peculiar apparatus into fluid, and this being again heated, another vapour is thrown off, and so on until the strength has been all lost, which, according to the statement of the patentee, is not very speedily the case. The great difficulty seems to be in obtaining vessels sufficiently tight to hold so active an agent. It is not probable that this difficulty will be got over without some new discoveries as to the mode of preparing metals. At present any engine worked with this gas, would, I think, be attended with danger. We have nothing of Mr. Gurney's steam carriages; the probability is, that they will not be fit for the road for several months to come, if, indeed, they can be brought to perfection even then.

This is to be a grand skirmishing day at the Literary Union Club, Mr. Campbell and his Scotch friends will muster strong, but Crofton Croker, (just married,) and a host of green Erin boys are of the opposition. It is an absurd struggle, and the chairman ought to give way. The great point in dispute is, as to whether cards should be allowed; I cannot see why cards or billiards, or any other game under proper restrictions should be excluded.

To the Editor of the Dublin Literary Gazette.

SIR—As it must be always interesting to trace those labours by which the zealous biographer seeks to obtain the requisite materials for embalming the remains of some learned and good man, I shall offer no apology in placing at your disposal the following letter of James Boswell, the biographer of Johnson; it was written soon after the decease of Johnson, in answer to an offer of assistance made by the late J. C. Walker, Esq. of this city.

London, 1st July, 1785.

"SIR—I am much obliged to you for your polite attention, in offering to collect for me, among the literati of Dublin, such private letters of Doctor Johnson as have been preserved. All that you can send me will be very acceptable, for it is my design in writing the life of that great and good man, to put, as it were, into a Mausoleum, all of his precious remains that I can gather. Be pleased, Sir, to transmit your packets for me, to the care of Mr. Dilly, bookseller, London.

"I should ill deserve the liberal aid you are to afford me, did I not endeavour to procure for you in return, what communications I can get for your Historical Memoirs of the Bards and Music of Ireland. I myself am very ill-informed upon that subject, but when I get back to Scotland, which will be some time in autumn next, my exertions shall not be wanting.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

JAMES BOSWELL."

That our prince of biographers should have been tempted to extend his researches to Dublin, will cease to excite surprize, when we reflect, that amongst the numerous ardent lovers of literature of the day, are to be found the names of Leland, Ledwich, Vallancey, O'Conor, Falkiner, Boyd, Berwick, Eccles, and others; that Moira House *was* no mean type of what Holland House now is, and, that though they could not boast a Literary Gazette, yet they had their Anthologia.

I remain, Sir, with great respect, yours,

JUVENIS.

To the Editor of the Dublin Literary Gazette.

SIR—A passage in the ninth number of your Gazette, justly vindicates for the *Alma Mater* of Dublin, the honor attendant upon the affiliation of Dr. Thomas Leland. I remember to have been told, in my boyhood, that he was the son of a staymaker; and my informant, who resided in Dublin, had frequently, in his own house, been a witness of the exultation which the elder Leland manifested in the possession of such a son. The following anecdote respecting our distinguished countryman may not be unacceptable.

"In this year [1773], Dr. Leland, published his history of Ireland, and Richard Shackleton received a letter, with the signature of the author, requesting his opinion of the work. The style of the letter gave no very favourable promise of the abilities of the historian. R. S. sent a civil reply, disclaiming any pretensions to critical judgment, and soon after received the following letter from the real author."

I annex the mock epistle, which has never yet been published: the short but interesting correspondence to which it gave rise, may be seen in the work,* from which the above extract is taken.

I remain, Sir, yours, &c. &c.

Z.

Mr. Shackleton, Ballitore.

DEAR SIR—Your character in the literary world being well known, and your judgment much admired, I must beg your opinion of my History of Ireland. Candidly point out what passages you may think are too obscurely or rather poorly expressed: in short, your thoughts upon the whole will be pleasing: perhaps you'll think the request rather out of the way, but it is from one who shall esteem an acquaintance with you as the highest honour, even a correspondence.

I remain, dear sir, with great esteem and true respect, your very humble servant,

THOMAS LELAND.

Trinity College, 24th June, 1773.

* Mary Leadbeater's "Memoirs and Letters of Richard and Elizabeth Shackleton."

DUELLING.

We were sitting in our library lately, ruminating, among many other bitter fancies, upon a late disastrous and fatal occurrence which has given so much pain and sorrow to many in our city, when we chanced to cast our eye upon Lord Bacon's celebrated charge against duels. As the evil is one which arises chiefly from paying more and higher regard to the law of man's opinion, than to the law of God's will, we thought it might not be unuseful to bring before the public eye, the recorded sentiments of one who has been celebrated as the wisest of mankind, upon the subject; among barbarians the custom of single combat may have been a step in the progress towards civilization, among civilized men it is certainly a remnant or vestigium of barbarism, which even human wisdom ought to be sufficient to see the necessity of eradicating. Lord Bacon condemns it thus:

"Again, my Lords, it is a miserable effect, when young men full of towardness and hope, such as the poets call 'aurorse filii,' sons of the morning, in whom the expectation and comfort of their friends consisteth, shall be cast away and destroyed in such a vain manner, but much more it is to be deplored, when so much noble and genteel blood should be spilt upon such follies, as, if it were adventured in the field in service of the king and realm, were able to make the fortune of a day, and to change the fortune of a kingdom. So as your lordships see what a desperate evil this is, it troubleth peace, it disfurnisheth war, it bringeth calamity upon private men, peril upon the state, and contempt upon the land. Touching the causes of it, the first motive, no doubt, is a false and erroneous imagination of honor and credit, and therefore the king doth most aptly and excellently call them bewitching duels; for, if we judge of it truly, it is no better than a sorcery that enchanteth the spirits of young men, that bear great minds with a false shew, 'species falsa,' and a kind of satanical illusion and apparition of honor, against religion, against law, against moral virtue, and against the precedents and examples of the best times and valiantest nations. But then the seed of this mischief being such, it is nourished by vain discourses, and green and unripe conceits, which nevertheless have so prevailed, as though a man were staid and sober minded, and a right believer, touching the vanity and unlawfulness of these duels, yet the stream of vulgar opinion is such, as it imposeth a necessity upon men of value to conform themselves, or else there is no living or looking upon mens' faces; so that we have not to do in this case, so much with particular persons, as with unsound and depraved opinions, like the dominations and spirits of the air, which the Scripture speaketh of; hereunto may be added, that men have almost lost the true notion and understanding of fortitude and valour. For, fortitude distinguisheth of the grounds of quarrels, whether they be just, and not only so, but whether they be worthy, and setteth a better price upon mens' lives, than to bestow them idly! nay, it is weakness and dis-esteem of a man's self, to put a man's life upon such light performances; a man's life is not to be trifled away, it is to be offered up and sacrificed to honorable services, public merits, good causes, and noble adventures. It is in expense of blood, as it is in expense of money; it is no liberality to make a profusion of money upon every vain occasion, nor no more is it fortitude to make effusion of blood, except the cause be of worth."

PERE LA CHAISE.

"To live in hearts we leave behind, is not to die."

THERE are few objects in Paris so calculated to excite the stranger's interest as the cemetery of Pere la Chaise; it is even more than interest, it amounts to delight and admiration. Previously to his visit, he had formed an imaginary sketch of this enchanting spot, he had concluded that its utmost beauty did not equal Westminster, for that in his opinion was unrivalled, he thought that it stood isolated, that it was unique; and he expected to find Pere la

Chaise a neatly arranged church yard, with an occasional interesting monument, and a considerable quantity of the gloom-inspiring willow. But this picture is soon dissipated on beholding it, and involuntarily he exclaims, "How beautiful," forgetting blue-devils, church-yards and Westminster. He had never seen any thing resembling it, and though tombs were lying at either side, whichever path he turned, he felt as if passing through some delightful garden, rather than a cemetery. The diversity of the walks, and the taste displayed in the arrangement of the little garden that lies round each tomb, are particularly remarkable. The rose, jessamine, lilac and forget-me-not, are scattered in profusion, imparting a delicious fragrance to the atmosphere, and so much do the French respect these tributes of affection, that they bloom unmolested. Such cannot be said of the English, who wantonly pluck these pretty ornaments, and were it not for the guards, it is feared that not a single flower would escape destruction. The relations of the deceased, testify their affection by suspending garlands on the monuments each year, which tends to increase the interest of the scene. The tomb of Abelard and Eloise is continually strewed with garlands by some faithful or unhappy lovers; a description of it would be superfluous, it is already so well known. We imagine that Pere la Chaise is generally preferred to Westminster, in consequence of its scenery and variety. In the latter, all is dedicated to fame, on every stone stands some name with which you are familiar. They have either wielded the pen or sword with eclat, or have flourished in the cabinet, but yet though you feel yourself in the society of the great, it smells too much of the grave, and reminds you too forcibly of your own mortality. The monuments erected to Napoleon's generals excite considerable interest, and in regarding them, it is impossible not to be affected in recollecting their exploits, and the fate of their great and unfortunate leader. It is somewhat remarkable, that after witnessing these splendid models of art, the temples of white marble, and the towering monuments, none perhaps attracts such deep attention and enquiry as a simple grave that bears no stone, it is surrounded by a black iron railing, and a solitary willow and numerous garlands, are all that are seen enclosed. Around it may be always perceived a few gazing on it steadfastly, a whisper is the usual tone of communication, which is followed by a sigh or a muttered imprecation against his "murderers"—Poor Ney—they deplore your fate, your crime, they say, was inadequate to its punishment, and let the existing dynasty answer for it. But history will award you the well-earned laurel, and though your death has been ignominious, your remains will be respected. No flower grows over his grave, while his fellow soldiers exclaim with the mourner over the body of Pompey, "He who deserved a monument could scarcely find a tomb," for the government at first refused to allow him burial ground in this cemetery, but by the solicitations of his sons, they were induced to alter this determination. In England, Sheridan dead, although he had been deserted by all his friends when dying, was pompously attended to Westminster even by the nobility, who bore his coffin to testify their respect to that genius whom they neglected in adversity: "And they who loathed his life, would gild his grave," which occasioned the observation, that a man should live in France and die in England.

But if we could choose our grave, we certainly would give the preference to Pere la Chaise, where our spirits could find some pleasure. When night would draw her sable veil over the drowsy world, how delicious would it be to wander through such scenes, and retaste departed pleasures. The perfume of the rose and the violet, would lull us into a dream of life, and the simple and recent garlands would inform us that we had not been forgotten. The reckless sexton would not hurt our pride, by placing another over us, nor would we feel "the influence malign" of that insatiable and venal goul the resurrection-man.

M.

BOTANY.

Rare production.—In the gardens at Woodhall, Lanarkshire, belonging to Walter F. Campbell, Esq. of Islay, M.P. there is now in flower a plant of the Doryanthes excelsa, one of the natural order Amaryllideæ.

This plant, which was first introduced from New South Wales into England in 1801, has seldom flowered in Britain, or perhaps in Europe, and the present, it is presumed, is by far the most magnificent specimen ever seen in this country. It is twenty-three feet six inches in height—the flower stem eight and a half inches in circumference, the umbel of flowers, at top, two feet three inches in diameter; formed of nine horizontal stems; besides a number more coming forward, and each of their stems shewing eight or ten flowers.

There are also at present many splendid Camellias in full flower and great beauty, in the Camellia house at Woodhall; where the collection, it is believed, is unequalled in Scotland.

M^c.

THE DRAMA.

On Tuesday evening, a new tragedy, from the pen of the late Mr. Maturin, entitled, "*Osmyn, the Renegade*, or the Siege of Salerno," was presented for the first time at our Theatre, and met with decided and deserved success. We are told that this piece was in rehearsal at Covent Garden Theatre, before the decease of the lamented author; but owing to some circumstances with with which we are not acquainted, was never produced; this is the more surprising, as we believe we but echo the general opinion, in considering it fully equal, if not superior, to Mr. Maturin's other dramatic productions; and it is likewise to be regretted, as the success of this last effort of his genius might have solaced the declining days of that highly gifted and extraordinary man. To Mr. Macready, we learn, is to be attributed the credit of bringing forward the piece in the present instance; and we rejoice that it has fallen into the hands of one so capable of doing justice to its merit. We know he was most active in preparing it for representation; and the anxiety he felt for its success, was exhibited by his exertions in every scene in which he appeared. It is but justice to the other performers also to state, that they effected all that was possible in their respective parts; and the scenery, (some of which is new,) and stage business, were managed with an attention, which we should wish to see imitated in future. The plot of the tragedy is remarkable for that depth of conception, which characterizes every effusion of its author; and the language is beautifully poetic, teeming with imagery as exalted as it is original. On the demerits of the production we are prevented from entering by the charitable aphorism, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum;* but they are of that trivial description, which, when placed in comparison with its perfections, sink into insignificance.

MUSIC.

The Messrs. Hermann gave a morning concert on Monday last, which we are happy to say, was very fashionably attended; as the music selected for this occasion, consisted of pieces which were performed at previous concerts, and on the merits of which we have already commented, we have only to say, that in this instance, they received if possible additional effect, from the very able manner in which they were performed, and elicited general and well-deserved applause.

PRIVATE PIANO FORTE CONCERT.

Logierian Academy of Music, Rutland-square.

On Monday last, the pupils of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Allen, at the above institution, presented their parents and friends with a rich treat, and fully sustained the high reputation of their instructors, acquitting themselves to the admiration of a crowded and fashionable assemblage, numbers of whom, after the concert room was quite filled, were glad to occupy the stairs for two flights above and below that spacious apartment. The concert commenced with exercises in Thorough Bass, in which the pupils exhibited an extensive acquaintance with the laws of harmony, by arranging several melodies in score, and afterwards playing them at sight, from the lecture board, with excellent effect. The elementary lessons were admirably executed, though in several instances performed by mere infants. More elaborate pieces were selected from the best composers, and were extremely well performed. The simultaneous performance on so many Piano Fortes, had a curious and very striking effect. Among the pieces selected, we observed the minuet and rondo from a symphony of Haydn's, Handel's Occasional Overture, Winter's Overture to Zaira, Rossini's to Zelmira and Otello, Mozart's to La Clemenza di Tito, and Weber's splendid one to Der Freischutz. There was also a Grand Trio for three Piano Fortes, by Ries, of great beauty.

These were played with considerable expression, and a freedom from that harsh and mechanical touch, which, we know not why, we have almost always observed in the performance of those who have used the Chiroplast for any length of time. One of the most interesting parts of the exhibition, was the performance of Miss Tomasine Allen, who bids fair to be one day a musician of much merit. She gave a brilliant air and variations of Chaulieu, with an energy and a *plomb*, that would have done credit to a finished performer, and the fidelity and execution of some of the left hand passages, were really surprising, produced as they were, by the tiny fingers of a child of eight years old.

OBITUARY.

We have this week to record the death of Mr. George Jones, M.A. of the University of Dublin. He was a very distinguished

Hebrew and Biblical scholar, the author of a Hebrew Grammar, written at the express desire of the heads of the University for the use of the students, and of a book of Hebrew selections, initiatory to the study of that language; both these publications are deservedly in high repute as school books. Mr. Jones was an accomplished general scholar, and upon all subjects relating to Sacred History and Divinity he was profoundly skilled. To his learning were added great piety and moral worth, and a modesty which prevented him from making any vain display of his erudition: to be useful was his aim, and those who have had the advantage of his instructions, will readily acknowledge their deep and lasting obligations to him. He was connected with the Feinaiglian Institution in this city, as lecturer in Hebrew and Divinity, for nearly seventeen years. It is gratifying to record of one whose talents and attainments were of so high an order, that he was in heart and soul an unwearied and humble follower of Christ, and an earnest teacher of the great truths of Christianity; to this end he rightly considered all his powers bestowed.

We may add, that Mr. Jones was one of those deserving few, whom the thirst of knowledge enables to overcome difficulties, which to others, less laborious, seem insurmountable; for he was originally intended for a mechanical trade, and it was only by unceasing diligence, that he attained the learning which gained him the respect of all who knew him.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET.

TO MOORE, ON LALLA ROOKH.

Delightful poet of my native land,
  Heart-searching Moore! pouring thy various song,
Such as of old on Persia's conquer'd strand
  Inspired Timotheus sang. Now deep and strong
  A prophet-bard, with freedom on thy tongue;
Now bending o'er love's lyre with trembling hand—
  Now laughing with Anacreon along,
Through viny bowers, by sports and graces fanned.
But here, here mingle all the passionate beams
That ever dawned above young lover's dreams,
  Or patriot's eagle gaze—all center here:
Thou, with a master-hand, hast touched the spring
  Of rapture and of pity—and this tear
Is truer praise than flattering lips can bring.

A. de V——. 1817

SONETTO.

Son queste amor, le vaghe treccie bionde
Tra freche rose e puro latte sparte,
Ch' i' prender brano, e far vendetto in parte
Delle piaghe, ch' i' porto aspre e profonde?
E questo quel bel ciglio, in cui s'asconde
Chi le mie voglie, com'ei vuol comparte?
Son questi gli occhi, onde 'l tuo stral si parte?
Nè con tal forza uscir potrebbe altronde.
Deh chi 'l bel volto in breve carta ha chiuso
Cui lo mio stil ritrarre indarno prova:
Ne in ciò me sol, ma l'arte insieme accuso.
Stiamo a veder la meraviglia nova,
Che 'n Adria il mar produce, e l'antico uso
Di partorir celesti dee rinnova.

DELLA CASA.

TRANSLATION.

Are these, O Love! the charming tresses, fair,
Sporting mid roses fresh, and purest white,
Which for the heart-wounds cruel, deep, I bear;
I long to plunder in revengeful spite.
Are these the eyebrows where th' enchantress hides,
Whose spells my soul, and prostrate will enchain?
Are these the eyes whence Love! thine arrow glides,
Fraught with the magic force those eyes contain?
Ah! whose skill'd pencil with such life endues
Those pictured charms my rhymes to trace make bold;
But fail my pow'rs—or fails thine art, O muse!
Do we some novel miracle behold!
Adria's sea its wonders past renews,
And bears celestials as 'twas wont of old!

H. Y.

FAIR EYES,

OR THE PILGRIM AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

(A SIMILE.)

There was a time when did that soft blue eye,
  Each finer feeling of my soul excite
  To admiration, for it seem'd the light
Of heaven was there infused from the sky;
And lent a holy brightness to each glance,
With power to bless—or to destroy, perchance.

I loved you then, nor deemed that on my head
  The fatal lightning of that glance should fall;
Ah! happy then! in woman's looks unread,
  The cup of sweetness yet unmixed with gall!
Now dear experience teaches me to know
  The perfect cunning of each artful look,
To trace the demon ever hid below
  The heavenly aspect of that placid brook,
Whence oft I've tasted draughts of deepest joy,
And deemed them pure—unmingled with alloy.

Thine eyes are like the current of a bright
  And graceful stream, not pure, but seeming pure;
Fair-wandering, and refreshing to the sight
  Of panting travellers whom its waves allure.
Sweetly it seems its smiling course to hold,
  In gentle glidings o'er the peaceful vale,
Touching in kindness, not abrupt or bold—
  The flowery banks that joy to bid it hail!

Suspicion bows his head, nor dares to think
  The waters of that icy stream contain
One drop unblest, that, should the pilgrim drink,
  Can turn his once delicious draught to pain.
He drinks, alas!—and ah, too late detects
  The bubbling demon at the fountain's head:
There sits he grimly smiling, and directs
  The streamlet's course, too faithfully obeyed;
Slow-working poison mingles from his hands,
Pollutes the stream, and stains the yellow sands!

If, too, at eve the exhausted Pilgrim stays,
  And slowly lifts his weary eyes along
The margin where that fairy current strays,
  And seeks those flowers so blooming and so young—
Those blossoms that like early hopes looked gay—
Whither, ah! whither did they fade away?
Yes, they are faded, ne'er to bloom again;
So wither hopes, nor with so little pain.

'Tis not the chill of evening that has so
  Descended on these blossoms, and destroyed
Their noontide freshness sadly at a blow,
  And killed the promise of this morning's pride;
The dew of night had fostered them, and given
  Fresh strength and vigour for to-morrow's fire;
So earthly hopes receive support from heaven,
  When virtuous thoughts the mortal breast inspire.

The demon's work is this, whose feeble heart
  Requires new food for her diurnal joy;
Fresh flow'rs, as fair, to-morrow will impart,
  As sweet in fragrance, and in hopes as high.
But to decline, as these have lately done,
So crop on crop its short bright course must run,
Till cold satiety shall wake that spirit's dream,
And time disturb the clearness of the stream.

Ah! may no secret, unsuspected fiend
  Ere then disturb its smooth and placid course;
For there's an airy figure I have weened—
  (How much unlike the demon at the source!)
That flits across my wandering fancy still,
Whom it were heavenly to shield from ill!

Her influence gives whate'er there is of joy,
  Whate'er of beauty to those glassy waves;
Can she be conscious that those waves destroy?
  A devil tortures, but an angel saves.
Oh! were she mortal, and the sister whom
  I loved, but with a brother's pure regard,
'Twere sweet to cherish still that rose's bloom,
  And fatal cankers from its heart discard!

. . . . . .

This airy form still to the Pilgrim's eye
  Seemed in the twilight tempting him to stay;
But fate forbids, wide fields before him lie,
  Sadly he turns upon his lonely way;
And when that stream had faded from his sight,
Thus he resigned him to the shades of night.

Now Philomela, tender bird of ove,
  Let me be sad, and listen to thy song;
With thee in resignation let me grieve
  For one unlike thee, as I stroll along.
And as thy story pours upon my ear
  Its accents of sincerity and woe,
Teach me with thee to make the night less drear,
  And soothe my heart with music while I go.
Thy mate will come ere long to thee, and join
His notes of touching melody to thine;*
I wander still a solitary bard,
No friend to cheer, or make my lot less hard.

ROSENKRANZ.

* Let naturalists rail as they will, it is the privilege of poets, from Virgil downwards, to make the swan a singing bird, and the female nightingale as well.—Pictoribus atque poetis quidlibet audendi, &c.—ED.

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He has often mixed in society where the expression of political or sectarian antipathies, was in vexatious opposition to the benevolent hearts of those who uttered them; and frequently has he seen the same hand raised in all the vehemence of party denunciation, that ere long, was generously stretched forth, to succour and protect the wretched and forlorn!—On these occasions, he has anxiously wished that they whose feelings may have been wounded by the asperity of the politician, were present to witness the benevolence of the man.

The graphic designation under which these trifles appear, will, it is hoped, prevent the reader from expecting any thing more than a slight indication of character: sketches come within the grasp of ordinary faculties and humble powers; but to enter deeply into the feelings—to give the finished work—to paint the soul—has been reserved for the pencil of Wilkie, and the pen of Scott.

Amongst the horrors and evils of civil war and rebellion, the spirit of hatred and revenge that survives, has ever been found both destructive and lasting, long after the country has put on the appearance of tranquillity and submission to the laws; and the malevolent spirit of retaliation is often found still to exist, waiting but for an opportunity to indulge itself in all the atrocity of smothered but deadly revenge. This has been too often, and too fatally proved, in the burnings and murders that have disgraced this unhappy country, since the rebellion of 98, nor could it be otherwise; the cruelties inflicted by both parties, at that frightful period of our history, left no ground on which a rational hope could be founded, that mutual forgiveness or forgetfulness could be expected during the generation of that day. That fell spirit, however, had not dared to manifest itself for some years after the period that had given it birth: the rigour of martial law, had, as it were, seared over the surface of the political ulcer; in plain words, force served to keep both parties in check.

The year that immediately followed that epoch of disturbance, was one of almost famine: the fury of party zeal and political hatred, had, in some degree, subsided under the afflicting visitation of that period: starvation is a stern queller of the bitterest animosities, and as a community of suffering is most likely to produce a feeling of common sympathy, so the rancour of human hearts often melted into a mutual commiseration and pity. That such was the intention of Him, whose chastening afflictions are always blessings in disguise, we cannot doubt. He saw the people of this then ill-managed and unhappy country, in a state of warfare against each other, and against Him! all their worst passions had been roused to a pitch of the most demoniacal excitement: the laws of God and man, were alike trampled on and disregarded; and the spirit of rancour, and the thirst for blood, had sunk so deep into the nation's heart, that if it had not been made to feel its common dependence on an all-merciful creator; and if the people had not been thus brought together, by a visitation that threatened all alike, to receive each from the other, the social charities of life, the scenes that must have ensued, could have been none other, than those of carnage and extermination.

It was during this year of suffering, that a family of the name of Byrne, that had fled at the commencement of the rebellion from 'their little place' in the county of Wicklow, and who were now working in a remote part of the county of Antrim, were seeking to get back to their humble possessions, which, however trifling, were to them, their all. Flight at that disastrous period, was, in many instances, no proof of guilt. To have been related to, or in any way connected with the disaffected, was quite enough to draw down on the unfortunate being, who was so circumstanced, all the horrors of the pitch cap and the triangle. This poor man was related to many of the rebels; he was also connected with one of their most active leaders, being joined with him in a lease for the land, part of which constituted his farm; his cabin too, was situated in the immediate vicinity of one of those places of meeting to which the rebels resorted; yet notwithstanding all these condemnatory facts, Byrne was, politically speaking, wholly unconnected with them. He was a man of mild, quiet, timid habits; he was industrious, religious, fond of his family, and of his peaceful home. Such men seldom ally themselves with the boisterous, or disaffected; many efforts had been made to induce him to join their ranks, but without effect: they, therefore, left him to himself and to his little farm, and few spots of land could be better attended to; his wife was a decent, orderly, sensible woman, she prided herself on the whiteness of Patt's shirt, and on the general neatness of her cabin, and her family; they had four children, two girls, and two boys; their eldest was a daughter, just entering on her sixteenth year: Susan was her father's pride, she was a pretty creature, the very picture of rustic innocence and simplicity. When the troubles commenced, the father's fears for the purity and preservation of his child, roused him to a fixed determination to quit house and home, rather than risk the dangers to which he well knew the recklessness of lawless violence would too surely expose her, whose future happiness had been the chief object of his own and his wife's anxiety; they took with them their children, and the little money which they had saved, and set off on foot to Dublin, which place they reached on the evening of the day on which they had left home.

Their anxiety and fears, as they journeyed along the road, may easily be imagined; often did the wife, in the course of the day, express her regret that they had quitted their little home; and often she wished that Patt had "stood his ground," as she termed it, "and not quitted the place:" He allowed her to indulge in that regret, leaving her to believe, that it was his own personal safety he was securing, rather than shock her by an avowal of his fears regarding Susan; such is ever the genuine delicacy of the virtuous mind, be its station in society ever so humble.

They had taken the Bray road, and had proceeded so far on their journey as Booterstown, where they had stopped to get a drink of milk for one of their children, when they were accosted by two drunken yeomen of the lowest grade, who used towards them the most unfeeling, and insolent language; a gentleman, of courteous and dignified appearance, walked up at the moment; on hearing the coarse and brutal address of those privileged ruffians, who, in so many instances, directed public hatred against the justly-respected body to which they belonged, he instantly stepped forward, and in a commanding tone ordered them to pass on; then turning to Byrne and his family, he brought them to his house, where they got a comfortable dinner, and were treated with a kindness worthy of his high calling. He was the rector of an adjoining parish, and was then at the shore, for the benefit of his daughter's health and sea-bathing. He made no other inquiries than merely to ask where they were going—and whether they had money to pay for their lodging? They told him that they were going to Dublin, and the last question being answered in the affirmative, he, with that humility that never fails to accompany true religion, "bade God bless them," and sent them on their way; they walked leisurely into Dublin, and arrived there about seven o'clock.

To persons in their circumstances, the city could have presented no cheering appearance, had they not had every reason to believe that they would be kindly received by those to whom they were going. Byrne's wife had nursed an only child for a gentleman of great respectability, who held a situation in one of the government offices; his name was Joseph Goodwin; he had often expressed a wish to see them in town, and those who knew that excellent man, never doubted the sincerity of his

invitations; to him they were going. He was a man of singular worth and benevolence of character; yet so wayward in many of his acts, that occasionally even his nearest friends mistook him. In his politics he was the most ultra-orangeman to be met with; his eternal themes were, "the Constitution of 1688," "Protestant ascendancy all over the globe," and "the glorious memory of the great and good King William;" with these he managed to get rid of many a pipe of port, and many a hogshead of whiskey, assisted by a group of those thirsty loyalists, who preferred giving such demonstrations of attachment to Church and State, at any other man's expense rather than their own.

From his infancy to his nineteenth year, Mr. Goodwin was in continual suffering, from a disease in his knee, which ended in extreme lameness. During that period, school education was wholly out of the question; nor did the circumstances of his family allow his excellent mother to give him the advantages of a domestic tutor. His father died when Joe was but six years old, and the management and direction of five children, devolved on the widow; these arduous duties she discharged with a well-judging ability, so far as her limited means enabled her. His mind, however, all this time had acquired none of that mastery over its own powers, which a regular course of study seldom fails to impart. His education, with the exception of mere reading and writing, might, in truth be said, to have been wholly neglected. It is true, that he was surrounded by an amiable family, whose love of truth, and reverence for religion, gave the early and just bias to his mind. His heart, which, after all, is the most important part, was well educated; but he wanted those acquirements that properly distinguish the scholar, and the gentleman. It is a very general opinion, that the chief advantage of a good education is, that it *fits* a man for high society; this, we think, is but a confined view of the benefits it confers; it has another, and, in our mind a greater advantage, it *un*-fits him for *low* company. A well-stored, well-balanced mind, accustomed to judge soundly, and to reason for truth, not for triumph—to act from principle and not from mere expediency, is little likely to abandon itself to the blind zeal of the partizan, to the selfishness of the intolerant, or to the meanness of the sordid and the vile. When guided by a cultivated taste, it rejects the vulgar excesses of party, it is not less disgusted at their errors, than shocked at their injustice. Had this excellent man received the benefit of a good education, he would have been found associating himself with men of science, of literature, or of taste; persons, who in the assertion of their opinions, whether political or religious, are seldom found to wound the feelings, or wantonly insult even the prejudices of their opponents, and who, in no instance, degrade themselves, by an indulgence in the riotous habits of boisterous and vulgar revelry. To mingle in such circles is the surest way, both to elevate our thoughts and to increase our stock of knowledge. We become the better and the wiser by such associations; we can really respect, and truly esteem such men; but an intercourse with coarse, low, vapid minds, rendered energetic only by the excitements of party, and the excesses of the bottle, calls upon us so frequently to dissemble our honest indignation and contempt, that we insensibly lose all high and just notions of social intercourse, and, at last, sink to the meanness of a dexterous insincerity, out of which no man was ever yet able to raise himself. That this kind-hearted man had not so sunk, was in consequence of the early and deeply-seated love of truth, and virtue, which a religious and sensible mother had poured into his heart.

It was to this gentleman's house that Byrne and his family directed their steps. The amazement and admiration with which the appearance of the mighty metropolis struck them, was not unmingled with feelings of awe and terror. Their attention was frequently distracted from the lofty and continuous piles of buildings, the strangeness of the houses, the splendour of the shops, and the throng of well-dressed persons whom they saw on every side, by groups of jaded country-women with children in their arms, on their backs, and clinging to their gowns, hurrying along with frightened and cowering looks, to seek that shelter and protection in the city, which the disturbances and outrage prevalent in the country districts, denied to them at home.

The well known loyalty and worth of the gentleman for whose house Byrne had to inquire, and the general and high esteem in which he was held by all who knew him, greatly facilitated their progress to his town mansion, which they reached in safety at eight o'clock.

By Mr. Goodwin they were received and welcomed most kindly; when he had heard from Byrne the frightful state the country was then in, and thought of the probability of the poor man being confounded with the turbulent and the guilty, ere he could establish his own innocence, (for Byrne never breathed his fears for his daughter,) he fully approved of the journey to town. "You were quite right, Patt," said he, "to come, you might have suffered had you remained; it is impossible for the Government to select the guilty *only* for punishment, in times like these the innocent must often suffer for the crimes of others; but you are now safe, and we must find some employment for you until the times become quiet. Can't you work in a garden, Patt?" "I can indeed, Sir, and well, too, I hope." "Then that is just what I want at present: the fellow that I had in my garden was both idle and drunken, he has left it in a most wretched state. But you shall all go down to-morrow to Clontarf, where my house is. I know that *you*'ll be very happy when you get there, nurse, for you'll find your mistress and miss Ann there; and as to the children, they'll find something for them to do too: they can weed the garden, and keep the walks clean, and they can also amuse themselves on the strand, gathering cockles, when the tide is out; but," looking at Susan, "you must not let them go too far out on the strand, lest the tide should surround them, and swallow them all up." The latter part of this sentence he uttered with an expression of affected gravity, such as good people often put on when they would guard the inexperienced from danger.

Having so far made arrangements for the following day, and perceiving that they were not eating as heartily as he thought they should, the dinner he had desired to be provided for them, he left them, imagining that they would feel more at their ease when by themselves, for though they had told him what an excellent meal they had had from the good old gentleman at Booterstown, still he thought that they should be hungry after a journey of twenty miles. He gave directions to his servant, as he went up stairs, to have beds ready for them, at whatever time they wished to go to rest.

He rose at an early hour the next morning, and was informed by his servant, that Byrne and his family were then at breakfast. This gratified him, as it proved to him that the poor people had been attended to. He ordered his gig to the door, and desired a car to be sent for, on which Byrne and his family could follow him to Clontarf. He then hastened to set off.

When they arrived there, they found Mrs. Goodwin and her daughter in the garden, arranging some plants in the green-house; the interview was really interesting. Peggy's delight at seeing her former charge, exhibited all that affection and love, that so strongly characterize the Irish nurse. She embraced "her darling Miss Ann," with an ardour, which those who have witnessed such meetings, can easily imagine; she wept with joy, and turning to her mistress with streaming eyes, energetically exclaimed, now, ma'am, "I always told you that Miss Ann would be tall, though you would not believe me." "Indeed you did, nurse," replied her mistress, and I have often thought of your observation, within the last two years. Ann brought nurse through every part of the garden; the children followed, viewing, with the enlarged eyes of rustic curiosity, each novelty as they passed along.—Meanwhile, Byrne had received all necessary directions for entering on his new employment from his master, in one of the side walks.

Having shewn nurse every thing in the garden, Ann's next anxiety was to bring her through every apartment in the house. The furniture and general arrangement of the rooms occupied their attention for some time, at last, the telescope was placed on its stand, and drawn out to the proper focus. Nurse first essayed to look through it, but could see nothing; Byrne next made the attempt, but with no better success; nor was it very surprising, as both of them closed the eye which they had applied to the glass; however, after some ludicrously awkward attempts, he at last succeeded so far, as to catch a glimpse of Bray-head, Sugar-loaf, and the top of the Scalp; this brought back to him, all the associations of home: he instantly exclaimed, "Peggy, Peggy, this beats the world;" I can see the very rock, and the heath on ould Sugar-loaf;" then taking his eye from it, he looked at the outside of the telescope, at a point of about two-thirds of its length, which he held fast, conceiving that to be the situation of the mountain.

His wife, whom he had so earnestly addressed, evinced the utmost anxiety to look again, but her mistress, who was a kind and sensitive woman, had perceived that the thoughts which had been excited by the view of objects with which they were familiar from their own cabin door, were painful and depressing; she, therefore, sought an opportunity of drawing their attention to something else. She told them that the haziness of the morning made it unfavourable for the use of the telescope, but, said she, "come with me, and I think I'll show you something that you'll both feel a pleasure in looking at;" she then brought them into a sitting room that looked into the garden, and placed them opposite to a large portrait, in oil colours, of their master, our kind hearted friend Joe.

Byrne and nurse, surrounded by their children, stood gazing at the picture. Mrs. Goodwin and Ann placed themselves a little at one side; their educated air and ease, presented an admirable contrast to the all-absorbing intensity of look, with which the simple rustics seemed to be transfixed; the group altogether was fit for the pencil; had a Leslie, a Newton, or a Stephanhoff painted it, it would have been invaluable.

They remained "searching for a likeness," for some minutes, in deep but not motionless attention, for every action that a head is capable of, their's performed during the examination; at one time stooped, at another raised, now turned in this direction, then in that, occasionally moving backwards, then closely approaching the object of their attention, at last Byrne, slapping his thigh with his hand, thus broke out, "by the gor of war, mistress, its the Prince of Wales—sure enough, only he has'nt his fine large feathers." "The Prince of Wales!" said Mrs. Goodwin, with an evident feeling of disappointment, "now what enabled you to make that discovery Patt?" "Oh! faith ma'am, I'll tell you that, you see ma'am, Dinny Toole, just above Killincarig, has a nate sign of him up these five years, that's the way that I come to know it, why then you see, its himself that's sorry enough for putting up the same sign, my poor Dinny, for not a hap'orth do they call him, from that day to this, but Prince O'Toole!"

His mistress, though a sensible woman, was perhaps better pleased to find him whom she loved, mistaken for a Prince, than for an humbler person, and told them whose picture it was, "Faith then, so it is," exclaimed Byrne, "Well, well, Peggy, is'nt it mighty quare that we did'nt see that at wanst, sure enough there's his own rosy cheek, with the nate little dimple at the corner of his mouth, the heaven's bless him, and the powther too, in his hair; och, well, well, but there's nothing can bate the art of man."

"That's true for you Patt," said his wife, then after a pause, she turned to her mistress, "why then ma'am, begging your pardon, neither yourself, nor the master, used to be so easily plased with your linnen, whin I lived with you; faith I never seen such a coloured shirt and cravat on him afore." "Oh nurse, I find you are no judge of painting," said her mistress, good humouredly, "that was all purposely done so, by the artist, for what he terms effect, he tells me, that it makes the flesh look much better, than if those were white."

Oh! faith then may be so ma'am," said nurse, "to be sure, how should I, or the likes of me know such things, only you see ma'am, what I was thinking of was, what a fright a yollow shirt makes of Patt, throth he is not the same man wid it at all, as when it does be clane and white."

Byrne perceiving that poor Peggy's criticism on the soiled appearance, (or in painter's phrase, the subdued tone,) of the cravat, had not quite pleased her mistress, began praising the colour of the hand, in the corner of the picture, "its so natural," said Patt, "just the colour it used to be, whin he was very bad with the gout, as red as scharlet, every bit of it."

"O not at all, Byrne," said Mrs. Goodwin, "your master had not the gout when he sat for that picture."

"Had'nt he, ma'am?"

"No, no, that is the shadow on the hand, Mr. Leake says, there must always be one hand in shadow; Sir Joshua Reynolds always puts one hand in shadow, is not that what Mr. Leake says, Ann my love?"

"O yes, mamma, but you know he also said, that when the curtain is red, then the shadow on the hand in the corner, should be warm, quite hot, to keep pace with the other reds in the picture."

"So he did, Ann my dear, I quite forgot that."

"Faith then ma'am," said Byrne, "I was'nt so far ashstray for all that, for that hand looks as hot, for all the world, as a blazing sod of turf."

M.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

1. *Practical Theology*; comprising Discourses on the Liturgy and Principles of the United Church of England and Ireland; critical and other tracts; and a speech delivered in the House of Peers in the year 1824. By John Jebb, D. D. F. R. S. Bishop of Limerick, Ardfert and Aghadoe. 2 vols. large 8vo. London, Duncan.

2. *The Clergyman's Obligations considered*: as to the celebration of divine worship, ministration of the sacraments, instruction of the poor, preaching, and other official duties; and as to his personal character and conduct, his occupations, amusements and intercourse with others; with particular reference to the Ordination vow. By Richard Mant, D. D. M. R. I. A. Bishop of Down and Connor.—Oxford, printed by Baxter, for J. Parker and C. Rivington, London, 12mo. pp. 397.

At this solemn season, when the thoughts of the whole christian world, without distinction of sect or party, are, or ought to be, directed to the devout contemplation of the cross and passion of him who brought life and immortality to light, we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded by the appearance of the books placed at the head of this review, to direct the attention of our readers, in an especial manner, to works connected with the all-important subject of religion. These works, which have just been forwarded to us by our publishers, are from the pens of two very eminent and distinguished ornaments of the protestant church in Ireland. Of Bishop Jebb's black-letter learning, his knowledge of Hebrew poetry, and his profound study of the ancient Greek fathers, we shall not here presume to speak; but we may describe him as a divine who unites to sound philosophical views, thoroughly orthodox principles, and sincere and ardent piety, an intimate acquaintance with all the lighter and more elegant branches of scholarship, great general knowledge, and a pure and elevated taste. The title of Practical Theology, prefixed to his present work, had led us to expect something different from what it proves to be. There is nothing like a connected system developed in it at all. We have, in the two volumes, twenty-four sermons, on various subjects, with notes and illustrations; several of these sermons are re-prints, but none of them, to the best of our recollection, is contained in the volume of sermons 'chiefly practical,' formerly published by the same author.

As the bishop of Limerick justly ranks high in what may be called the orthodox philosophical school of theology in Ireland, we select a brief specimen, (from his sermon on the end of all things,) which will afford our readers an opportunity of judging of the combination of strong good sense and earnest piety, which characterises his sentiments on religion.

"Let it not, however, be imagined, that we would stigmatize or depreciate the pursuits of active life. Far from us be such egregious folly! We cannot put them down, if we would; for they are interwoven with the very fibres of civil society. Divine Providence has identified them with the habits, passions, and affections, of mankind. The convictions of our judgment, the events of every hour, the wants of every moment, tell us that they must go on. And we would not put them down, if we could; for, assuredly, it would be no slight indication of growing improvement, if man were to become more diligent, more intellectual, more conversant with subjects which require patient research, comprehensive views, and long-sighted sagacity. Especially, we would not put them down, because, we are assured, that the same infinitely wise Disposer, who, at all times, and in all places, has rendered the prominent pursuits of men, subservient to his great designs, will, doubtless, make the prevailing tastes of this our day, instrumental to the growth of knowledge, the advancement of civilization, and the progress of religion.

"We cheerfully admit the value, then, of all secular pursuits, that do not trench upon the sacred principles of Christian virtue. But we cannot forget, and shame and woe must be our portion, if we do not remind our hearers, that 'one thing is needful,' indispensably needful. With this truth, therefore, in our view, and with its consequences in our apprehension, we do most seriously deplore, that numbers, who, in very important instances, contribute to the public welfare, are blind to their own true happiness; are devoting themselves, with more than Roman hardihood, and in a far more awful sense, and to no salutary purpose, when there is a sure and summary mode of attaining every real good that the heart of man can wish, or that his imagination can devise. For the voice of inspiration testifies, and multiplied experience strengthens our conviction, that 'godliness is profitable to all things; having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.'

"Truly, the children of this world, wise in their own generation, are foolish in the estimate of comprehensive reason. They know not what they lose. Christianity is neither weakness, nor enthusiasm, nor superstition. It is the sublimest philosophy, realized by fact, and teaching by example. It is the unclouded perception of our ultimate end, and the vivid apprehension of the best means, through every stage of our earthly pilgrimage. It is a blessed communion with that Infinite Mind, which regulates, adjusts, and predisposes all things. It is a filial access to that benevolent parent, who withholds no good thing from the children of his love; who guides them with his counsel; who teaches them by his spirit; who sheds his holiest influence around their guarded footsteps; and who, at the last, will receive them into heavenly mansions, prepared before the foundation of the world.

"Yes; as Christians we are called to a high vocation. It is the happy peculiarity of our religion, to place its mature proficients on that serene and holy eminence, which philosophers and poets loved to figure to themselves,

as the watch-tower of their ideal sage. Thence, the confirmed Christian surveys human nature, in its utmost height, and in its lowest degradation; from the glorious and benignant beings, that are stamped with God's own imperishable image, to the blighted and self-ruined souls, that, even in this life, are but spirits in prison. And how does he behold them? Not with cold-hearted apathy, not with selfish pride; but, with the lively interest of a fellow mortal, whose highest earthly bliss it is, to hold communion with the virtuous few; to strengthen the weak, to confirm the wavering, and, if possible, to rescue the victims that are rushing down the steep of ruin.

"And is this the religion, and are these the dispositions, which the children of this world regard with supercilious scorn? Unhappy beings! They know not what they lose! But, if in this life they do not come to themselves, let them be assured, that, when its feverish dream is over, they shall awake to a bitter sense of their delusion; to what they now shrink from, with horror; to what they now dread, more than death; to contempt, everlasting contempt. This is the unqualified, the awful declaration of Scripture; and reason and conscience bear testimony, that the record is true. For, what, indeed, can be more contemptible, than moral agents who have, all their life, been wasting infinite capacities, on objects, not merely finite in their nature, but which sages and poets, no less than prophets and apostles, have uniformly characterized as a shadow, a vapour, a smoke that vanisheth? What can be more contemptible, than beings, fitted to trace the finger of God, in the benign magnificence of nature, and to experience the grace of God, in the renovation of their whole body, soul, and spirit, who, by a voluntary degradation, have not only neglected, but despised, those great things which angels desire to look into; And despised them for what? Why, for the straws and bubbles that are floating down the troubled waters of vanity. What, in a word, can be more utterly contemptible, than spirits, formed for eternal union with their Maker, who have wilfully fixed their own doom; who are immortal, only in their pride, their pravity, their guilt, and their despair!"

The primary charge to the clergy of the diocese of Limerick, the speech in the House of Lords on the tithe composition bill, and the tracts and treatises which complete the volumes, are all re-prints. The latter consist of a prize essay on a divinity subject, which gained the first Downes premium in Trinity College, Dublin, in 1797; a speech delivered from the chair of the Historical Society; a letter to a young clergyman on the subject of fashionable amusements; and a letter to the Rev. Dr. Elrington, our Divinity Professor, on the subject of the Homilies. We rather wonder that the bishop thought it worth the while to re-print the former two. No doubt they are very creditable productions for an under graduate of college, but in a treatise of practical theology published by a bishop, they seem to us somewhat superfluous and out of place. The speech is simply an elegiac eulogy on two deceased members of the Historical Society, the Rev. I. W. Reid, and John Sargint, Esq. a young barrister. The former died first, and the latter, who was his intimate friend, composed an affectionate and elegant tribute to his memory, (which is also given in the volumes before us,) but a short time before his own decease. The best picture of the amiable author of this pathetic little piece himself, will be found in the following extract, which formed the final clause of his will:

"My gratitude to heaven for singular bounty, in giving me such parents and such friends, as I have experienced during my stay in life, shall part me only with my breath, and the idea of leaving such friends is my only sorrow. Christianity is my anchor of hope; and to those who will take the word of the man who writes at the time I do, I would bequeath my firm belief in Christ's gospel."

Bishop Mant's excellent treatise contains a comprehensive view of a clergyman's principal obligations in the ordinary course of his official ministrations and parochial duty; and in the regulation of his personal character and conduct, as arising out of the promises made by him at his ordination. It is written in that calm, yet earnest strain of rational piety, which pervades all the productions of its distinguished author; not charging ignorance or neglect upon those to whom it is addressed, but on the Apostolic principle, of putting the brethren *in remembrance* of these things, though they know them, and are "established in the present truth;" for the memories of the best christians stand in need of refreshing, and the affections of the holiest require to be continually excited.

"In pursuance of this purpose, the celebration of divine worship, in its relation both to the minister and to the people, in each respect demanding the clergyman's careful attention, is first considered: then the administration of the sacraments, and the catechising of children, from the latter of which topics, occasion is taken for adverting to other instruments of religious improvement, such as the education of the poor, and the distribution of the Holy Scriptures and other religious books. Reverting to the celebration of divine worship, the ensuing chapter takes up the subject of psalmody, in its authorized form, and as to the proper manner of conducting it. In some succeeding chapters, the rule of ministerial duty is stated with distinctness, under the heads of the rubrick, the canons, and obedience to ecclesiastical superiors; and herein excuses for deviating from the prescribed rule of duty, are noticed, and miscellaneous illustrations are introduced, applying to the clergyman's obligations in various departments of the Church Service. Some hints are then offered upon preaching, with reference to matter, style of composition, and delivery. The treatise then passes on to other topics, not forming parts of the public exercise of the ministerial office; such as the clergyman's personal conduct, his private occupations, his amusements, his intercourse with others, especially his parishioners, and his attention to the sick and infirm.

"These are the prominent contents of the treatise now offered to the reader, especially to the younger clergy and to candidates for holy orders."

We warmly recommend this valuable little work to the diligent perusal of the younger and less experienced members of the clerical body; and we cordially concur in the concluding wish of the author, that by directing their attention to certain particulars of duty, it may excite in them a more lively desire to make themselves thoroughly acquainted, not with these particulars only, but with all the rest; so that they may "go on from strength to strength," and worthily fulfil the high office bestowed upon them, of "ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God."

Raymond, a Tale of the Nineteenth Century; and other Poems. By the Rev. Piers Edmund Butler, A.B.—Dublin, Tims; and Hatchard and Son, London.

We heard the author of this little volume preach the Sunday before last, and he preached well. Let the reader imagine a tall, spare, dark-complexioned young man, with deep set black eyes, and straight dark hair, combed back in every direction from his face, with a profound seriousness, amounting perhaps, to sadness of expression, in his countenance, and speaking in a thick and somewhat husky tone, much through his nose, and he will have Mr. Butler's personal appearance before his mind's eye.

Notwithstanding that he is a poet, he did not at all indulge in that landscape style of oratory in the pulpit, with which so many unfledged divines of the present day, overlay their ill-timed efforts at effect. On the contrary, his style was plain, often almost to homeliness; but there was an energetic rapidity, combined with solemnity about his manner, indicative of extreme and honest earnestness, and fervent piety, which never fails to make a powerful impression upon an auditory. Something too much there was upon the idolatrous enormities of the scarlet lady, which might have more judiciously been spared; but we must not criticise his sermons, as it is with Mr. Butler as a poet, not as a preacher, that we have now to do.

The tendency of his poem, is, as might naturally be expected, of a religious nature.—The story is extremely brief and simple. Raymond is the representative of an ancient family of the nobility of France, whose wealth and honours are wrecked in the storms of the revolution, and his own mind tainted by the dreary scepticism of the same miserable period.

He marries a young maid of Normandy for her beauty, grows tired of his wife, as all who marry without pure and virtuous affection must do, turns gambler, is ruined, goes to the wars a desperate man, and being dreadfully wounded at the battle of Waterloo, is sought out, tended, and cured, body and soul, by a benevolent Englishman called Fitzalban; whereupon he very properly goes home to Paris, and after a good deal of seeking, finds his children dead and buried, and converts his wife.

The miserable condition of Raymond's feelings when he is on his way to visit the gaming table for the last time, is thus touched upon:—

"Blind to the hope of God's relief,
How doubly desolate is grief!
On her no light of truth descends
With healing in its beam;
But superstition's gloom impends,
And hides the heavenly gleam—
And to illumine sorrow's night
Avails no substituted light.
To seek, tho' nature feels the rod,
The bosom of a chast'ning God,
And there, while human tears are pour'd,
Hear consolation in his word—
A fabled mystery would seem,
If e'er her thoughts approach'd the theme.
What tho' proud reason may proclaim
God over all his works the same,
Alike indulgent to the cry
Of princes, and the poor man's sigh—
Beyond whose arm no region lies—
Whose love no feign'd distinction ties—
In vain she boasts her borrow'd gold,
Her truths, like moonlight, clear and cold,
While conscience cries with voice within,
"The Friend of man's the Foe of sin,"
And guilt and fear, with loud alarms,
Affright the suppliant from His arms
To seek th' Incarnate Surety bleed,

Hear the sole Mediator plead,
While points primeval prophecy
His throne, exclaiming, "This is he"—
What else may guilt's alarm remove,
And change our terror into love?
What else one trembling soul has brought
To meet th' Almighty but in thought?"

In Canto Second, we have family worship in Fitzalban's house, described at length: first a hymn, then the text, which is a close paraphrase of that amazing prophecy which constitutes the 53d chapter of the book of the prophet Isaiah, and next an appropriate discourse. We never saw a sermon in verse before, at least not in rhyme, (for we would not willingly be thought ignorant of the ingenious arrangement of the most divine and important of all sermons, contained in bishop Jebb's Sacred Literature,) except in Dr. Syntax; and we much prefer Mr. Butler's prose sermon, (we never heard him but once,) to his verse lecture on Isaiah.

Raymond's recognition and conversion of his wife, are described in the following lines, which form the conclusion of the poem:—

"Next in her native Normandy
With boding mind he sought Julie.
Her father's heart was slumbering there,
Bow'd to the dust with age and care,
And broken by his daughter's fall;
No wild flow'r twin'd their home around—
Its walls were mould'ring on the ground—
And echo mock'd his call.
His country's capital again
He search'd, and on th' Elysian plain
One eve sweet music reach'd his ear—
A strain that he had lov'd to hear
Breath'd from her lips. The alter'd air
Now seems the gaiety of despair—
It was a wild and pensive lay
His fancy fram'd in former day.
He starts, he gazes—can it be?
That minstrel was his lost Julie.
She stood with ev'ry deeper trace
That grief had drawn upon her face,
For him, through all his future time,
A living record of his crime—
Like fabric on whose ruin'd wall
Is grav'd his name who wrought its fall.
From her sad tale he turn'd his ear—
Too painful for his heart to hear.

But ah! her children shall explore
His looks, and climb his knee, no more.
He stood where early flow'rets wave,
Rang'd in their names, above a grave. *
As if they shrunk from life's alarms,
Reft of their sire's encircling arms;
And without him refus'd to bear
The conflict with a world of care.

Though peace (whom erst he never knew,
And hardly deem'd her being true)
Now made her mansion in his heart—
Nor long'd he vainly to impart
The secret of his new relief
To her who shared in all his grief—
He felt like one by fearful force
Arrested in a downward course."

The first of the minor miscellaneous poems, which follow Raymond, we give at length, because it will enable the reader to form a better, and we think a more favourable estimate, of the author's powers:—

THE JUDGMENT OF NINEVEH.

1.

A voice from the temple—a voice from the Lord—
What heart may refuse to re-echo his word?
Relume on his altar the lingering fire;
Bring down from its slumbers the heavenly lyre,
And breathe in its fulness of chords, and prolong
O'er Nineveh's ruin the funeral song.

2.

The Almighty hath spoken—"thy gates were set wide,
And pour'd over Jacob the merciless tide
That bore desolation embuoy'd on its waves,
And left to my people no land but their graves.
And hadst thou not heard of my terrible fame,
Nor wither'd thy heart at the sound of my name?
Thy shadows are deep'ning—thy sun is gone down—
The Lords of the He: then shall rifle thy crown,
All earth at the tale of thy slaughter shall smile,
And thy carcase unburied be cast with the vile."

* The custom of planting flowers on a grave, so as to form the name of the dead, is common in France.

3.

The trumpets have sounded—for God is gone forth—
And the armies of vengeance are mov'd in the north;
Their thundering tramp is re-echo'd afar,
And flash from their sabres the lightnings of war,
And the plumes of their helmets are toss'd like the deep,
When shoreward his billows indignantly sweep;
At the sound of their march all the nations have shook,
And the hearts of th' Assyrians are quell'd in their look.
Howl, Nineveh, howl—for the kingdoms rebel;
Call the idols of earth, and the demons of hell—
Nor hell, nor the world, can one respite afford;
For what power shall triumph that strives with the Lord?

4.

The midnight cloud o'er Nineveh is hung;
Pride wakes and wantons in her royal hall.
And there the feast is spread, the lyre is strung,
And flatt'ry sings of thrones that never fall—

But hark! what sounds of wild affright
Burst on the startled ear of night?
The shouts of victory are there!
The lion falls within his lair;
The sword of God is in his breast,
And dies the spoiler of the east.
It comes like some terrific dream—
The countless falchions clash and gleam,
And all her streets with slaughter stream,
And echo dying groans—
Her females o'er their infants scream
Dash'd headlong on the stones—
And blazing temples' ghastly light
Reveals the horrors of the night.
The spectres of the prophets rise
Before th' Assyrian Monarch's eyes,
In silence wave the shadowy hand
Tow'rd Israel's desolated land—
Then frowning point his father's tomb,
And warn the tyrant to his doom.

5.

And the besom of ruin has swept from the world
The tow'rs where Dominion his banner unfurl'd,
When first to the conquest of nature and man
He led the fell rage of his warrior clan.
Soft melody breathes in her palace no more,
But serpents shall hiss where it warbled before;
No triumphs emblazon'd shall glow from her walls,
But the thistle shall wave in her mouldering halls;
And the owl from those windows shall gaze on the wild,
Where the mighty once stood, and the beautiful smil'd.
For her idols outnumber'd the stars of the sky,
And the boast of her madness ascended on high,
And she pour'd like a river the blood of the just,
And the guilt of all ages was found in her dust.

In the twenty third line, where we have *shook* for shaken, Priscian's head is scratched a little; we could suggest a very expressive couplet here, but the second line ends with *bacon*, and that could never be stomached on a Jewish subject: in truth we have too great a respect for all we have seen and heard of Mr. Butler individually, as well for his sacred profession, to suffer us to banter him for the little slips we could discover here and there in his unpretending volume, which we think a marked improvement on the little book of hymns he published some time ago; and we congratulate him sincerely on the pious and amiable spirit which breathes through both these little books.

The Last Days of Bishop Heber. By T. Robinson, A.M. Archdeacon of Madras, and late domestic chaplain to his Lordship.—Madras, printed; London, reprinted for the Author.

NOTHING that is authentic, relating to the late bishop of Calcutta, can fail to be read with avidity and advantage. He was a truly apostolic bishop, devoted, body and mind, to the service of his great Master, by winning souls to righteousness; and if man may judge of his fellow-man's faith by his works, who can gainsay that Heber shall shine as the stars for brightness, in that great day when God shall reckon up his jewels?

Our readers may remember frequent and honourable mention of Mr. Robinson in the bishop's journal. The present volume consists of extracts relating to the bishop, from Mr. R.'s private journals, commencing on the 15th of August 1825, and ending with his Lordship's death, on the 3d of April following; during which time the author was constantly with him.

The funeral sermon, and a number of documents of minor interest relating to the same event, are subjoined, as well as a sketch of the churches of St. Thomas in Malabar, extracted from Paulin's India Orientalis Christiana.—From the journal we select one or two passages which will forcibly remind the reader of those amiable traits both of diligence and goodness, which, if at all acquainted with Heber's character, he must have so often recognised in some less prominent form than they are here put forward: they occurred during the voyage from Calcutta to Madras, and while the bishop was in very delicate health:

"*January* 31st. The Bishop has one of his travelling drawers filled with a small selection of books for the journey; and it is an unusual luxury to him, after his perpetual engagements of business, to have a few quiet hours of uninterrupted reading. One of his books is Milner's Church history, which he has brought with the intention of making some selections from it for the Ceylon Missionaries to translate into Cingalese. I never knew any one read so rapidly: he has got through two volumes in the course of yesterday and to-day, besides several letters and a variety of other avocations.

"*February* 3rd. Our progress is very slow down the river, but it enables us to get acquainted with the passengers, and arrange every thing with greater comfort before the voyage begins. The bishop came into my cabin after breakfast, and said he found that, besides the European crew, there was a detachment of Invalid Soldiers on board, returning to England, probably in a very ignorant and demoralized state, after their long residence in this country; and that he thought we might be exceedingly useful to them in the course of the voyage. He proposed, therefore, that we should go down alternately every morning to instruct them and pray with them. I begged him not to interrupt his own more important avocations for these lower duties, which I would gladly undertake alone, if he would commission me to do so; but he would by no means consent to relinquish his share in them. 'I have too little,' said he, 'in my situation, of these pastoral duties, which are so useful to the Minister as well as to his people; and I am delighted at the opportunity thus unexpectedly afforded me:—it will remind me of dear Hodnet. Besides, it is very possible that the mere circumstance of my going down may impress them more strongly, and incline them more to listen to us both.' He had his prayer book in his hand, and, after speaking to the Commanding Officer, went below immediately. Is not this worthy of a bishop? What inexpressible dignity do such simple labours add to his high and sacred office! We had family prayers in the Cuddy after tea, which will be continued during the voyage. I need not tell you that all the passengers gladly assented to the proposal. What is there that he could ask them that they would not assent to? for all are delighted, even on this short acquaintance, with the life and variety of his conversation and the gentleness of his manners.

"*February* 4th. On going down to the poor soldiers this morning, I found the effect of the bishop's visit yesterday to be just what might have been expected. His kindness and condescension have prepared them to receive with thankfulness all that is said to them; and be-

fore I began to read, they could not help saying, as they collected round me, 'only think of such a great man as the Bishop coming between decks to pray with such poor fellows as we are!' Who can tell what good may result from these humble efforts?—greater perhaps than from his more public and splendid labours, which are followed by the admiration of the world. These are unseen and unknown;—for who would expect to find the Bishop of India, the accomplished Heber, praying by the cots of a few disabled soldiers, between the decks of a merchant vessel?—but *his Father which seeth in secret, himself shall reward him openly.*"

Essay on the History, Religion, Learning, Arts, and Government of Ireland, from the Birth of Christ to the English Invasion. By John D'Alton, Esq. M. R. I. A. &c.—Dublin; R. Graisberry.

[UNPUBLISHED.]

SECOND NOTICE.

In our former review of this able and laborious work, which we may justly style a national one, we conducted our readers through the first period in the author's division, namely that extending from the earliest records of the kingdom, to the year 431. The second and third periods, of which we shall now endeavour to present as complete an analysis as our brief limits will permit, embrace, the former the interval between the arrival of St. Patrick, A.D. 431, and the Danish invasion, A.D. 795; the latter, from this invasion till the battle of Clontarf, A.D. 1014. We shall commence with the following brief sketch of the life of St. Patrick:—

"He was carried captive into Ireland, ('captivus apud Scotos,') at the age of sixteen, when wholly ignorant of the true God; ('Annorum eram tunc fere sedecim, Deum verum ignorabam; et Hiberione in captivitate adductus sum;') and there it was, as he admits, that Christianity revealed itself to him; while the employment, in which he was occupied by his master, afforded ample opportunities for continued rumination, 'quotidie pecora pascebam.' Or as Nennius has it, 'porcarius illo erat.'—From this bondage he effected his escape, and although he was again led into slavery, ('iterum post annos non multos capturam dedi,') the same providential interposition once more released him. The remembrance, however, of the beautiful island he had seen clouded with heathenism, concurred with his piety in inducing him to attempt a thorough conversion there. His confession attributes the resolution to a vision, which, under the influence of such thoughts, it was extremely probable he should have had, ('vidi in visu nocte virum venientem quasi de Hibernià, &c.')

"The death of Palladius hastened the departure of this new missionary, and accordingly his first landing is recorded as occurring in A.D. 432, on the shore of Dublin, ('consummato igitur navigio ac labore, S. Patricius in optatum portum regionis Evolenorum, utique apud nos *clarissimum*, delatus est,') which harbour sounds like the 'portum Eblanorum' of Ptolemy, (i. e. of Dublin;) and the word 'clarissimum' seems to fortify the description given by Tacitus of the ports of Ireland. After various repulses and persecutions, and being not unfrequently driven out to sea by the pagan Irish, he at length arrived in view of Tara, at the very time when king Leogaire was celebrating a heathen festival, and his Magi were about displaying that sacred fire, until the lighting of which no other flame was permitted to be kindled. Saint Patrick, however, had the confidence to raise such a beacon blaze at Slane, as was plainly distinguished from the heights of Tara; the king, no less alarmed than astonished, appealed to his Magi, and earnestly inquired by whom or for what purpose it was displayed, and it was then that these priests are recorded to have made the memorable reply:—'This fire, which has to-night been kindled in our presence, before the flame was lit up in your palace, unless extinguished this very night, shall never be extinguished more. Yea, it will triumph over all the fires of our ancient rites, and he who lights it shall scatter your kingdom.' The prediction was happily fulfilled; Leogaire, after some opposition, renounced the religion of his ancestors, and his royal example was soon followed by many of his court. Even the chief poet of the king believed, and with the zeal of a new proselyte, converted the pæans, in which he had celebrated false gods, to hymns in praise of the Almighty and his sacred ministers.

"After these successes the venerable missionary retired to the seclusion of Croagh Patrick, a mountain in the province of Connaught, where he passed forty days in exercises of devotion and mortification; a part of the narrative which Matthew of Westminster confirms. From this retreat he came forth with renovated enthusiasm, and wherever he traversed the country, Christianity beamed, and churches sprang up around him. About A.D. 455 he founded the Cathedral of Armagh, ('et ædificavit in eo monasteria et habitationes religiosorum virorum, in quo loco jam civitas est Ardmach nominata, ubi sedes episcopatus et regiminis est Hiberniæ;') investing it with a traditional supremacy, which William of Newborough confirms, and on this occasion he deposited there his celebrated crosier, which became so famous under the name of the staff of Jesus, Saint Bernard, indeed, insinuates that the possession of it and of Saint Patrick's text of the gospels almost conferred the bishopric; and Cambrensis intimates that it was removed to Dublin, possibly to aid the claim of supremacy advanced by that province.

"Saint Patrick next founded a church in Dublin, and when Ireland seemed inspired with the true faith, he appears to have even extended his labours to the neighbouring coasts of Scotland and England, and to the Isle of Man.—(See Jocelin, Vita S. Patricii, c. 92; Usher's Index Chron. p. 518; Ware's Bishops, p. 20, &c. &c.) Hence the Chronicon Manniæ, while it frequently mentions the isle and church of Saint Patrick in Man, expressly says, that according to all traditions, he was the first who preached the catholic faith in that island. His labours terminated only with his life, which, according to all accounts, was prolonged to nearly the close of the sixth century, when 'in senectute bonâ migravit ad Dominum, ubi nunc lætatur in sæcula sæculorum.'"

In this extract we have purposely omitted the paragraph which assumes that St. Patrick was sent under the sanction and as the delegate of the Roman pontiff. It is a matter of opinion upon which we entirely differ from Mr. D'Alton, for we have seen no sufficient evidence to satisfy us even that St. Patrick ever visited Rome; but we avoid the controversy altogether, because we have no space to do it justice. Immediately after this summary of his life, two controverted questions respecting him are discussed by our author: first, the notion adopted by Ledwich, but long since, as we conceive, universally exploded, that St. Patrick never existed at all; the other, the opinion put forward by Sir William Betham, in his "Antiquarian Researches," "that the first Apostle of Ireland, Patrick, the Roman Briton, introduced Christianity into Ireland centuries before the year 430," and that Palladius, who came in that year, was sent by pope Celestine to eradicate the Pelagian heresy, which had now crept into the Irish church, after it had long flourished in Apostolic purity.

Without pretending to decide the question as to the precise period of the arrival of St. Patrick, we may be permitted to observe that there seems no reasonable ground of doubt that Christianity existed in our island long before his time, insomuch, that he found Christian bishops there, some of whom actually gave in their adhesion to him, as primate and metropolitan of all Ireland.

With the point at issue between Mr. D'Alton, and Sir William Betham, we are not disposed to meddle very deeply, and shall therefore only observe, that it is one of considerable interest, and which we should like to see treated at greater length and with more minute research, by a person of competent learning and perfectly unprejudiced mind: but we cannot help thinking, that Mr. D'Alton, in his ardour to overthrow the arguments of his antagonist, makes much too light of the authority of the book of Armagh, with the contents of which he appears to be but slightly acquainted; a circumstance the more remarkable in a writer who quotes as authority, without hesitation, the much more apocryphal and modern farrago of the monk Jocelyn. The antiquity of the book of Armagh, appears to us to be quite unquestionable: it is proved by internal evidence—by the frequent notices of it in our ancient annals, and by the concordant testimonies in its favour of Usher, Ware, Lhuyd, and O'Conor. And it surprises us not a little to find, that Mr. D'Alton, himself so strenuous an advocate for the early civilization of Ireland, seems to throw discredit upon its authenticity, for the very reason, that it bears testimony to a degree of refinement, which Mr. D. appears, strangely though, in this place to deem incredible. We confess we are inclined to look upon the book of Armagh, believing it as we do an incontrovertible manuscript of the seventh century, as furnishing some of the strongest evidences extant, of the early and advanced progress of mind, and of the cultivation both of the useful and the elegant arts in this country. Another point of critical sagacity respecting the same M.S. in which we are at issue with our author, is, that he objects to the copy of St. Patrick's Confessio contained in this volume, that it wants many passages which are to be found in the other copies he refers to. No doubt it does; but the natural inference is, that this is the first and genuine copy, from which the others have been taken, and passages which do not bear at all the stamp of authenticity have been subsequently interpolated in them. Indeed we think that even without the aid of the earlier and simpler copy, the interluded passages might have been detected by a critical eye, and we feel satisfied that if any composition from the pen of Patrick does now exist,

it is the very one contained in the book of Armagh.

We pass with pleasure, however, from these *veratæ quæstiones*, to the less obscure results of St. Patrick's preaching:—

"It threw a sudden illumination over the island, the curious flocked in from every quarter, and went back to their families converts and proselytes; Episcopal jurisdictions were marked out, and prelates and clergymen were commissioned, in numbers sufficient for the labours of religious controversy and spiritual direction. Ecclesiastical schools were every where established. 'The country was filled with bishops, priests, and religious houses; the monks dispersed themselves into every corner, and no place was more celebrated for the sanctity and learning of its several monastic orders. The retreats which they pitched upon, they cleared and cultivated with their own hands, they fasted and prayed without intermission, and preached even more by their example than their precept. Hence, the name of the sacred island, or the island of saints, was given to it.' It has been justly remarked, that this 'quick and easy reception of Christianity in Ireland, is an unequivocal proof, not only of the liberal and tolerating spirit of the religion it supplanted, but also of enlightened civilization and charitable forbearance certainly without parallel in the early records of the Christian world;" and Giraldus himself admits, that in the retrospect of centuries, the saints of the island were all confessors, and not one a martyr. It was also the natural result of the mild and conciliating manners of the new priesthood, the charities with which they insinuated their doctrine into the heart of the country, founding their seminaries where the Magi had taught, enclosing their casiols in the groves of the ancient rites, carving the sign of Christianity on the pillar stones of heathenism, consecrating as stations for prayer those wells which had been invested with immemorial superstitions; kindling the bel-tinne for purposes of innocent diversion, perpetuating the sacred fire on the altar of the Most High, and, above all, constructing the simple models of their churches in the shadow of the round towers: thus imperceptibly 'succeeding to the veneration and authority of their pagan predecessors.'

"The Christian ecclesiastics were, however, not the less firm, where firmness was essential. They diligently expounded the scriptures to the people, as Jonas relates of Columba. The enemy were met in controversy at their strongest holds, and piles of heathen learning, the spoils of victory, were consigned to unrelenting destruction. Saint Patrick sanctioned the policy of this despoliation, and is said to have destroyed with his own hand two hundred volumes of the writings of the Magi. His successors, no less zealous in the cause of truth, well merited these praises which Camden so liberally bestows upon them, enlarging their schools, multiplying their churches, fixing themselves as beacons of salvation in the wildest districts, every where edifying by their example, they drew to their schools the young and the old, while the converts gladly flocked to their habitations for more frequent spiritual assistance. Thus were little cities associated and monasteries incorporated."

Of the labours of these Irish ecclesiastics in foreign missions, Mr. D'Alton thus speaks:

"The history of these glorious missions would claim a volume for itself. Columba early converted the Picts, and, as has been mentioned, founded the monastery of Iona, so celebrated for learning and classic collections, that according to Gibbon, it opened a hope of furnishing a complete Livy. Fursey, in 637, established Cnobersburgh, now Burgh Castle, in Suffolk. Maidulph is said to have erected Malmsbury, previously called Ingleborne, where, about the year 676, he instructed the English youth in classic literature; and that some ecclesiastics of the same country, extended their charitable labours even to Iceland, may be inferred from the remarkable tradition preserved in the Antiquitates Celto-Scandinavæ, (p. 14,) relative to the discovery of Iceland by the Norwegians.

"Enlarging the sphere of their proselytism, they founded the most flourishing schools of Christian Europe, and to them the world is indebted for the introduction of scholastic divinity, and the application of philosophic reasoning to illustrate the doctrines of theology, as Benedict, a writer of the eighth century, has mentioned, and Mosheim recorded. All, who are conversant with the literature of the continent, encounter perpetual acknowledgments for the benefits conferred on its kingdoms by Irish ecclesiastics."

The particulars of the christian doctrine then professed in Ireland, we necessarily pass over, as beyond the scope of this summary.—We shall merely mention, that on the one side the learned archbishop Usher maintains "that the ancient Irish Christians differed much from the faith and doctrine now received in the Roman church, particularly concerning the books of canonical scripture, justification, purgatory, the real presence, confession, absolution, Easter, church power, and the supremacy," while Dr. Lanigan in his very learned and recondite Ecclesiastical History of Ireland, combats these opinions of the Primate, with great zeal and ability. For ourselves, it seems sufficient to observe, that to Protestants the single argument appears conclusive, that we point to periods long subsequent to the establishment of Christianity in Ireland, for the dates of the beginnings of these "strange doctrines," in the Roman church; and, therefore, even supposing it admitted that the ancient Irish Christians at that time fully conformed to its then received doctrines, there is nothing done towards proving that they embraced that form of religion, which we now call the Roman Catholic.

But we 'turn from grisly saints and martyrs hairy,' to the consideration of the science and learning of the time:—

"Gratifying as it should be to an Irishman, to find his country maintaining at this period such a pre-eminence in her foreign relations, as the last section has exhibited, it is a still more splendid enjoyment to contemplate her in the pride of her home, surrounded with Christian charities, and basking in the revelation of science. When the rest of Europe was, as Doctor Campbell expresses it, 'canopied in ignorance;' when the Roman Empire was crumbling into ruin, and darkness hung over its pagan tributaries, the children of Ireland alone 'had light in their dwellings.'—Their country was, as Aldhelm is obliged to describe it, in that letter of jealous sarcasm which Usher has preserved in the 'Sylloge,' a country rich in the wealth of science, and as thickly set with learned men as the poles are with stars. She was the asylum of religion, the storehouse of learning, the guide of youth. Like the pelican of the east, she gathered her aliment in the desert, and opened her bosom to the young."

. . . .

"Marts of literature, to which all nations flocked, were opened throughout the island.—The school of Armagh, according to the Tripartite, was the head of these academies, ('summum studium literale.') The English annals, cited by Magnesius, make mention of no less than 7000 matriculated students resident there at one time; in fact, a division of the town was called Trian-Saxon, as long set apart for English students, who then flocked to Ireland. Besides this academy, Saint Patrick was also the founder of another celebrated seminary at Louth. Ibar, his contemporary, had a school at Beg-erin. In the sixth century, a great university was established at Clonard, which, in the enthusiasm of monkish praise, is termed the repository of saints, the hive of Christian wisdom, and the cradle of sanctity. Other schools were established at Roscarberry, Cork, Lismore, Roscrea, Clonfert, Clonmacnois, in the romantic valleys of Glendaloch, at Cashel, Leighlin, Fore, Kildare, at Slane, where Dagobert, the prince of Austrasia, during the exile before mentioned, is supposed to have received his education; at Bangor and Down, in the island of Inisbofin, and at Mayo."

Besides this enumeration of schools, or colleges, our author gives an account of the course of education pursued in these seminaries, which, *if true*, (and certainly the authorities quoted are nowise deficient in number and respectability,) reflects the truest glory upon Ireland. Briefly as we must dismiss this interesting topic, we cannot pass in total silence the proud boast of our early astronomical attainments, evinced in the fact that an Irishman first discovered the spheroïdical figure of the earth:—

"Virgilius, whom Bruschius calls 'vir pietate et doctrinâ clarus,' and whose country is marked by Alcuin, in the well known epigram:

"Egregius præsul meritis et moribus almus,
Protulit in lucem quem mater Hibernia primum,
Instituit,—docuit,—nutrivit."

this very Virgilius, in the year 767, asserted the spherical figure of the earth, at a time when all Europe was ignorant of the fact, and combated the opinions of Lactantius, Augustin, and other fathers of the Church, who supposed that the earth had a plane surface.—Pope Zachary, in a letter to Boniface, entitled 'De causâ Virgilii Hibernii,' strangely misconceives and execrates this novel opinion, as tending to irreligion and infidelity, and actually sentences its promulgator to excommunication and privation of clerical rank. Aventinus, however, draws a more correct view of the discovery and its author. The whole controversy on the subject is to be found in the works of Canisius, Aventine, and Velser."

The third ruinous period of Danish oppression, is one continued series of massacres, burnings and devastations; but our limits will not at present permit us to enter upon the melancholy recital, and we must reserve this, and the remaining period to the coming of Henry II. for a third and concluding notice, of which, for many reasons, we think it eminently worthy.

Travels in Kamtchatka and Siberia; with a Narrative of a Residence in China. By Peter Dobell, Counsellor of the Court of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia. 2 vols. London, Colburn and Bentley.

Every new traveller who visits a country, flatters himself he sees a great deal that others have not seen. And no doubt so he does. Even if he beholds none but the same objects, he beholds them from a different point of view. No two travellers perhaps have ever taken the same view of any object. Much less have their descriptions exactly coincided. A peculiar coloring, in keeping with the habits and associations of each narrator, is imparted to his story. Thus it is not surprising that the same country, visited at different periods, by men of different dispositions,—although the country itself may not have materially changed in the interval, should assume a varied aspect. Siberia is a good example. How different a scene is it in the pages of the grave John Bell of Antermony, from what it is in those of the gay madcap Captain John Dundas Cochrane! John Bell went in the train of Mr. Ismayloff, the Russian Ambassador, to Pekin, upwards of a hundred years ago; the gallant Captain only a few years since footed it every inch of the way to Kamtchatka and back again, and tells us many an amusing story of his adventurous exploit, yet, coloring and embellishment apart, Siberia we decided in our own minds was not essentially altered. A single passage in Mr. Dobell's book induces us considerably to modify that opinion. "There is an excellent, well served post all the way from St. Petersburgh to Yakutsk, and not an interval between any two stations exceeding fifty versts long, the most of them being from twenty to thirty versts, in a distance of eight thousand five hundred versts! From Yakutsk to Ochotsk, however, that is to say, upwards of a thousand versts, the stations are some of them from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty versts in relative distance, and travellers are obliged to have tents, and encamp every night by the way." Where such facility of intercourse has been established, it is impossible, no matter how short the period since, but that civilization must have made progress. With this fact in our recollection, we peruse the interesting volumes of Mr. Dobell with a better zest—we are prepared to hear his account of a country which has really undergone improvement, and we are anxious to inquire in what, and to what extent this improvement has taken place. Mr. Dobell traversed the great northern division of Asia, by the homeward route, from east to west, from Kamtchatka to St. Petersburgh. From Avatcha we find him proceeding by a difficult land journey to Ochotsk, thence to Yakutsk, Irkutsk, Tomsk, and Toboisk; and the period of the journey is in the years 1812 and 1813. His residence in China, an account of which occupies the latter half of the second volume, belongs to an earlier and a later date. But we shall confine ourselves to some extracts from the Siberian tour in our present number, reserving many curious particulars relating to the celestial empire for a second notice.

Felons from Tobolsk and western Siberia, are transported to Kamtchatka. This is injurious to the simple and amiable habits of the natives, whose character may be gathered from the following extract:

"All the Kamtchatdales I met with, were Christians of the Greek persuasion, and appeared attentive to their devotions. Their hospitality is excessive, and it is carried to an extreme amongst themselves that becomes ridiculous. They pay one another visits, which last for a month or six weeks, until the generous host, finding his stock of provisions exhausted, is forced to give a hint to his guest to take his departure. This is managed by presenting to him at dinner a dish called *tolkootha*, a kind of olio, or hodge podge, composed of a number of meats, fish, and vegetables, all mixed together, and very difficult to prepare. It is the *dernier resort* of the master of the house, and the moment this dish is served up, the guests take the hint, and leave him the following day, without feeling in the least dissatisfied; the proceeding being understood amongst them.

"I thought at first the natives of Kamtchatka were rather stupid; but I soon found they were more timid than dull, and possessed a good deal of that quickness and cunning belonging to the Asiatics generally. You do not discover a Kamtchatdale well until he has drunk a glass or two of watky.* Their remarks are sometimes very clever, and exhibit good strong common sense.

The first thing a traveller must do when he arrives at a Kamtchatdale house, is to treat the family with tea, of which they are excessively fond. I once saw a Kamtchatdale drink eleven half pint bowls of tea at a sitting; and he declared he could have completed the dozen, had there been water enough in the kettle!

They speak very slowly, with rather an effeminate voice, making use of the simplest language, but almost always with good sense. When they do not wish to come to the point directly, they convey their meaning by some curious allegory, having relation to bears, dogs, fishing, and hunting."

It is curious to observe the old patriarchal custom of *earning* a wife, still flourishing in this remote quarter of the world. Though Captain Cochrane, as we recollect, was fortunate enough to obtain a Kamtchatdale bride on easier terms.

"I found, on conversing with the Toyune, that the Kamtchatdales of Oukinsky coast have adopted some of the customs and habits of their northern neighbours, the Karaikees. For instance; should a young man fall in love with a girl, and that he is not rich enough to obtain her by any other means, he immediately enslaves himself to her father as a servant for three, four, five, or ten years, according to agreement, before he is permitted to marry her. When the term agreed on expires, he is allowed to marry her, and live with the father-in-law as if he were his own son. During the time of his servitude, he lives on the smiles of his mistress, which ought to be very benignant to enable him to endure so long the frowns of an imperious master, who never spares him from the severest labour and fatigue. Our Toyune himself assured me he had served three years for his wife under a very hard master, and that nothing but the love he bore his intended bride could have made him support it!"

We cannot quit Kamtchatka without noticing a volcano with which our author makes us acquainted. A smile may intrude, when we find it compared to Etna, a ruder symptom supervenes when we find it renders Mr. Dobell poetical, but we bar the poetry, at least for the present.

"At the back of the village rises the majestic volcano Klootchefsky, rearing his awful and flaming head a considerable distance above the clouds. This huge mountain towering to the skies, is a perfect cone, decreasing gradually from its enormous base to the summit. Klootchefsky may perhaps be inferior to Etna in size, but it certainly surpasses it in beauty. The summit is eternally covered with snow, and from the crater issues a volume of flame and smoke that streaks the sky for many miles. Sometimes quantities of fine ashes are thrown out, which fall almost imperceptibly, and impregnate the atmosphere, so as to be inhaled in breathing. The inhabitants informed me, that they affect the lungs, and produce a tickling cough, and a swelling of the glands similar to that occasioned by suppression of perspiration. When a pure flame issues from the crater of Klootchefsky, it is seen at the Tigil and Aleuters coasts, at the distance of three hundred versts. I thought the valley of Sherrom very beautiful; but here the sublime is so happily blended with the beautiful, that I gave the preference to Klutchee, and nothing can exceed the majesty and grandeur of Klootchefsky. The inhabitants also informed me, that this volcano had once thrown out a whitish clammy substance like honey, which stuck to the fingers, and was perfectly sweet to the taste, but disappeared about mid-day, when the sun shone out bright and warm. From their description of this phenomenon, I am rather inclined to think it must have been what is called the honey dew, which has fallen in other parts of the world, particularly in the Carolinas and South America. I could not forbear requesting the colonel to permit the boat to pass gently along without paddling, in order to feast my eyes on the magnificent scene before us. It is greatly to be regretted, that this sublime object is situated in such a remote corner of the globe. There are warm mineral springs on the river Klutchee, which I afterwards visited."

As a fair specimen of Mr. Dobell's travelling adventures, and of his manner of telling a story, we select the following passages; there are many of a similar description throughout the work.

"As we had lost our way from the commencement, the Toyune came to me to hold a consultation as to what was to be done. I told him he was an inhabitant of the country, and must be the better judge, and I should leave it to him to decide. He said: 'As it is impossible to make a fire—if we remain here, and the poorga continues all night, we shall be frozen to death: we had therefore better keep moving; but don't you give a dram to any one until I tell you; for watky is not good at such a time. I have great confidence in my dogs, and if there is a reindeer on the plain, they will find him.'

"After this speech, he pushed on his dogs, to take what road they liked, first giving orders to the party to watch strictly each other, and not to separate on any account. To our surprize, the dogs, instead of taking what we imagined to be the road, turned off from the sea, and brought the wind nearly on our backs. Although this alarmed many, who thought they were going wrong, they found it much more comfortable than to go against the sharp sleet that tore the skin from their faces.

"We continued travelling in this manner for upwards of two hours. The poorga raged with

* Watky is whiskey made of rye.

redoubled fury; the clouds of sleet rolled like a dark smoke over the moor, and we were all so benumbed with cold that our teeth chattered in our heads. The sleet, driven with such violence, had got into our clothes, and penetrated even under our parkas, and into our baggage, wherever there was the smallest crevice. At length, the Toyune's dogs began to snuff the air, bark loudly, and set out at full speed. It was like a shock of electricity. The rest of the dogs followed this example, and strained every nerve to keep pace with them. Our hearts now beat high; for we were sure the dogs smelt the reindeer, and this emotion had already infused a warmth through our veins, as we anticipated the happiness of finding shelter from a dreadful storm that threatened us with death. In about ten minutes more, we had the ineffable pleasure of finding ourselves near a large Karaikee Jourta, where we saw a fine fire blazing!

"The Karaikees had all run out with their clubs and spears, to defend their reindeer from the dogs, which our drivers, benumbed as they were, could hardly keep from running on the herd that surrounded the Jourta. The Karaikees, who were to leeward of us, had heard the dogs for some time, and, anticipating our arrival, had already killed a fine fat buck; and the women were skinning him when we arrived. It was some time before we could shake the snow and sleet from off us, and enjoy the comfort of shelter and a fine fire. I now administered a dram of watky (rye whiskey) to each, and the Toyune said, "This is the time to drink a glass, for should it put us to sleep, there is no danger of being frozen before such a good fire." The women engaged in skinning the deer soon finished their work, and then cut it up into several large pieces, and put them into a large kettle to boil, which had been prepared for the purpose.

"Our host was a fine hospitable old man, who possessed a herd of nearly three hundred sleek reindeer; and he seemed overjoyed to have us for guests. He made me sit down on some nice warm bear skins spread near the fire, which was in the centre of the Jourta. Behind me was a place apart, well hung and lined with deer skins, for me to sleep in. As soon as the deer was boiled, a large wooden trough was placed before me, and into it were put the tongue, the heart, and one of the fattest pieces of the reindeer, as well as the marrow that had been extracted from the bones whilst raw. I expressed my dislike to the latter in its raw state, and the old chief caused it to be boiled immediately: however, I ate of it raw afterwards, and found it well flavoured. Our host made signs to me to commence; but I would not, until I got my interpreter to tell him that I expected the Toyunes and himself to join me, for he had placed enough before me for half a dozen persons. They accepted my invitation, and I treated them with watky, and biscuit made of rye bread. The host took nothing but bread and watky during the dinner. He drank five or six glasses, which I thought would have made him drunk; but they seemed not to affect him in the least, and he drank two more after dinner without being intoxicated!"

We purpose accompanying our author to the confines of Russia proper, and paying a brief visit with him to the inhabitants of the celestial empire, in our next publication.

Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.—With etchings, by W. H. Brooke. 2 vols. Dublin, Curry and Co.

SECOND NOTICE.

In our late review of this work, we gave the author the high praise of describing with minute and graphic accuracy whatever is cognizable by the external senses. As the book is still but a few days published, and has not yet reached any other literary periodical, we willingly avail ourselves of the opportunity of confirming our views, and amusing our readers, by presenting them with the following description of the commencement of

A PARTY FIGHT:

"Ere the quarrel commenced, you might see a dark and hateful glare scowling from the countenances of the two parties, as they viewed and approached each other in the street—the eye was set in deadly animosity, and the face marked with an ireful paleness, occasioned at once by revenge and apprehension. Groups were silently hurrying with an eager and energetic step to their places of rendezvous, grasping their weapons more closely, or grinding their teeth in the impatience of their fury.—The veterans on each side were surrounded by their respective followers, anxious to act under their direction; and the very boys seemed to be animated with a martial spirit, much more eager than that of those who had greater experience in party quarrels. Joe Finigan's public house was the head-quarters and rallying point of the Ribbonmen—the Orangemen assembled in that of Joe Sherlock, the master of an Orange lodge. About six o'clock, the crowd in the street began gradually to fall off to the opposite ends of the town—the Roman Catholics towards the north, and the Protestants towards the south. Carson's window, from which I was observing their motions, was exactly half way between them, so that I had a distinct view of both. At this moment, I noticed Denis Kelly coming forward from the closely condensed mass formed by the Ribbonmen: he advanced, with his cravat off, to the middle of the vacant space between the parties, holding a fine oak cudgel in his hand. He then stopped, and addressing the Orangemen, said, 'Where's Vengeance and his crew now? Is there any single Orange villain among you that dare come down and meet me here, like a man? Is John Grimes there? for if he is, before we begin to take you *of a face*—to hunt you altogether out of the town, ye Orange villains—I would be glad that he'd step down to Denis Kelly here, for two or three minutes; I'll not keep him longer.'

"There was now a stir and a murmur among the Orangemen, as if a rush was about to take place towards Denis; but Grimes, whom I saw endeavouring to curb them in, left the crowd, and advanced towards him. At this moment, an instinctive movement among both masses took place; so that when Grimes had come within a few yards of Kelly, both crowds were within two or three perches of them.—Kelly was standing, apparently off his guard, with one hand thrust carelessly in the breast of his waistcoat, and the cudgel in the other; but his eye was fixed calmly upon Grimes as he approached. They were both powerful, fine men—brawney, vigorous, and active. Grimes had somewhat the advantage of the other in height; he also fought with his left hand, from which circumstance he was nicknamed *Kitthogue*.—He was a man of a dark, stern-looking countenance; and the tones of his voice were deep, sullen, and of appalling strength. As they approached each other, the windows on each side of the street were crowded; but there was not a breath to be heard in any direction, nor from either party. As for myself, my heart palpitated with anxiety. What *they* might have felt I do not know; but they must have also experienced considerable apprehension; for as they were both the champions of their respective parties, and had never before met in single encounter, their characters depended on the issue of the contest. 'Well, Grimes, said Denis, 'sure I've often wished for this same meetin' man, betune myself and you; I have what you're goin' to get *in* for you this long time: but you'll get it now, avick, plase God——' 'It was not to scold I came, you popish, ribly rascal', replied Grimes, 'but to give you what you're long——.' Ere the word had been out of his mouth, however, Kelly sprung over to him; and making a feint, as if he intended to lay the stick on his ribs, he swung it past without touching him, and bringing it round his own head like lightning, made it tell with a powerful backstroke right on Grimes's temple, and in an instant his own face was sprinkled with the blood which sprung from the wound: Grimes staggered forward towards his antagonist, seeing which, Kelly sprung back, and was again meeting him with full force, when Grimes, turning a little, clutched Kelly's stick in his right hand, and being left-handed himself, ere the other could wrench the cudgel from him, he gave him a terrible blow upon the back part of the head, which laid Kelly in the dust.—There was now a deafening shout from the Orange party, and Grimes stood until Kelly should be in the act of rising, ready then to give him another blow. The coolness and generalship of Kelly, however, were here very remarkable; for, when he was just getting to his feet, 'look at your party coming down upon me,' he exclaimed to Grimes, who turned round to order them back, and, in the interim, Kelly was upon his legs. I was now surprised at the coolness of both men; for Grimes was by no means inflated with the boisterous triumph of his party—nor did Denis get into a blind rage on being knocked down. They now approached again, their eyes kindled into savage fury, tamed down into the wariness of experienced combatants; for a short time they stood eyeing each other, as if calculating upon the contingent advantages of attack or defence. This was a moment of great interest; for, as their huge and powerful frames stood out in opposition, strung and dilated by the impulse of passion and the energy of contest, no judgment, however experienced, could venture to anticipate the result of the battle, or name the person likely to be victorious. Indeed it was surprising how the natural sagacity of these men threw their attitudes and movements into scientific form and elegance. Kelly raised his cudgel, and placed it transversely in the air, between himself and his opponent; Grimes instantly placed his against it—both weapons thus forming a cross—whilst the men themselves stood foot opposite to foot, calm and collected. Nothing could be finer than their proportions, nor superior to their respective attitudes—their broad chests were in a line—their thick, well-set necks, laid a little back, as were their bodies—without, however, losing their balance—and their fierce, but calm features,

grimly, but placidly scowling at each other, like men who were prepared for the onset.

"At length, Kelly made an attempt to repeat his former feint with variations; for, whereas he had sent the first blow to Grimes's right temple, he took measures now to reach the left: his action was rapid, but equally quick was the eye of his antagonist, whose cudgel was up in ready guard to meet the blow—it met it; and with such surprizing power was it sent and opposed, that both cudgels, on meeting, bent across each other into curves. An involuntary huzza followed this from their respective parties—not so much on account of the skill displayed by the combatants, as in admiration of their cudgels, and of the judgment with which they must have been selected; in fact, it was the staves, rather than the men, that were praised; and certainly the former did their duty. In a moment their shillelaghs were across each other once more, and the men resumed their former attitudes; their savage determination, their kindled eyes, the blood which disfigured the face of Grimes, and begrimmed also the countenance of his antagonist, into a deeper expression of ferocity, occasioned many a cowardly heart to shrink from the sight. There they stood, gory and stern, ready for the next onset; it was made first by Grimes, who tried to practise on Kelly the feint which Kelly had before practised on him. Denis, after his usual manner, caught the blow in his open hand, and clutched the staff, with an intention of holding it until he might visit Grimes—now apparently unguarded—with a levelling blow; but Grimes's effort to wrest the cudgel from his grasp, drew all Kelly's strength to that quarter, and prevented him from availing himself of the other's defenceless attitude. A trial of muscular power now ensued, and their enormous bodily strength was exhibited in the stiff tug for victory. Kelly's address now prevailed; for while Grimes pulled against him with all his collected vigour, the former suddenly let go his hold, and the latter having lost his balance, staggered back: lightning could not be more quick than the action of Kelly, as, with tremendous force, his cudgel rung on the unprotected head of Grimes, who fell, or rather was shot to the ground, as if some superior power had dashed him against it; and there he lay for a short time, quivering under the blow he had received.

"A peal of triumph now arose from Kelly's party; but Kelly himself, placing his arms a-kimbo, stood calmly over his enemy, awaiting his return to the conflict. For nearly five minutes he stood in this attitude, during which time Grimes did not stir; at length, Kelly stooped a little, and peering closely at him, exclaimed—'Why, then, is it acting you are? any how, I wouldn't put it past you, you cunning vagabone; 'tis lying to take breath he is—get up, man; I'd scorn to touch you till you're on yer legs; not all as one, for sure it's yourself would show me no such forbearance—up with you, man alive, I've none of your own thrachery in me. I'll not *rise* my cudgel till you're on your guard.'

"There was an expression of disdain mingled with a glow of honest, manly generosity, on his countenance, as he spoke, which made him at once the favourite with such spectators as were not connected with either of the parties. Grimes rose, and it was evident that Kelly's generosity had deepened his resentment more than the blow which had sent him so rapidly to the ground; however, he was still cool, but his brows knit, his eyes flashed with double fierceness, and his complexion settled into a dark blue shade, which gave to his whole visage an expression fearfully ferocious. Kelly hailed this as the first appearance of passion; his brow expanded as the other approached, and a dash of confidence, if not of triumph, softened, in some degree, the sternness of his features.

"With caution they encounter again, each collected for a spring, their eyes gleaming at each other like tigers. Grimes made a motion as if he would have struck Kelly with his fist; and, as the latter threw up his guard against the blow, he received a stroke from Grimes's cudgel in the under part of the right arm—this had been directed at his elbow, with an intention of rendering the arm powerless; it fell short, however, yet was sufficient to relax the grasp which Kelly held of his weapon. Had Kelly been a novice, Grimes's stratagem alone would have soon vanquished him: his address, however, was fully equal to that of his antagonist. The staff dropped instantly from his grasp, but a stout thong of black polished leather, with a shining tassel at the end of it, had bound it securely to his massive wrist; the cudgel, therefore, only dangled from his arm, and did not, as the other expected, fall to the ground, or put Denis to the necessity of stooping for it—Grimes's object being to have struck him in that attitude.

"A flash of indignation now shot from Kelly's eye, and with the speed of lightning, he sprung within Grimes's weapon, determined to wrest it from him. The grapple that ensued was gigantic. In a moment Grimes's staff was parallel with the horizon between them, clutched in the powerful grasp of both. They stood exactly opposite, and rather close to each other; their arms sometimes stretched out stiff and at full length, again contracted, until their faces, glowing and distorted by the energy of the contest, were drawn almost together.—Sometimes, the prevailing strength of one would raise the staff slowly, and with gradually developed power up in a perpendicular position; again the re-action of opposing strength would strain it back, and sway the weighty frame of the antagonist, crouched and set into desperate resistance, along with it, whilst the hard pebbles under their feet were crumbled into powder, and the very street itself furrowed into gravel by the shock of their opposing strength. Indeed, so well matched a pair never met in contest; their strength, their wind, their activity, and their natural science appeared to be perfectly equal. At length, by a tremendous effort, Kelly got the staff twisted nearly out of Grimes's hand, and a short shout, half encouragement, half indignation, came from Grimes's party: this, added shame to his other passions, and threw an impulse of almost superhuman strength into him: he recovered his advantage, but nothing more; they twisted—they heaved their great frames against each other—they struggled—their action became rapid—they swayed each other, this way and that—their eyes like fire—their teeth locked, and their nostrils dilated. Sometimes they twined about each other like serpents, and twirled round with such rapidity, that it was impossible to distinguish them—sometimes, when a pull of more than ordinary power took place, they seemed to cling together almost without motion, bending down until their heads nearly touched the ground, their cracking joints seeming to stretch by the effort, and the muscles of their limbs standing out from the flesh, strung into amazing tension.

"In this attitude were they, when Denis, with the eye of a hawk, spied a disadvantage in Grimes's position; he wheeled round, placed his broad shoulder against the shaggy breast of the other, and, giving him what is called 'an inside crook,' strained him, despite of every effort, until he fairly got him on his shoulder, and off the point of resistance.—There was a cry of alarm from the windows, particularly from the females, as Grimes's body was swung over Kelly's shoulder, until it came down in a crash upon the hard gravel of the street, whilst Denis stood in triumph, with his enemy's staff in his hand. A loud huzza followed this from all present except the Orangemen, who stood bristling with fury and shame for the temporary defeat of their champion.

"Denis again had his enemy at his mercy; but he scorned to use his advantage ungenerously; he went over, and placing the staff in his hands—for the other had got to his legs—retrograded to his place, and desired Grimes to defend himself.

"After considerable manœuvering on both sides, Denis, who now appeared to be the more active of the two combatants, got an open at his antagonist, and, by a powerful blow upon Grimes's ear, sent him to the ground with amazing force. I never saw such a blow given by mortal; the end of the cudgel came exactly upon the ear, and as Grimes went down, the blood spurted out of his mouth and nostrils; he then kicked convulsively several times as he lay upon the ground, and that moment I really thought he would have never breathed more. The shout was again raised by the Ribbonmen, who threw up their hats, and bounded from the ground with the most vehement exultation. Both parties then waited to give Grimes time to rise and renew the battle; but he seemed perfectly contented to remain where he was; for there appeared no signs of life or motion in him. 'Have you got your *gruel*, boy?' said Kelly, going over to where he lay;—'Well, you met Denis Kelly, at last, didn't you? and there you lie; but, plase God, the most of your sort will soon lie in the same state.'"

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Sacred Harp.—Leckie, Dublin.

This is a new and much enlarged edition of a nice little volume of poetry, on sacred themes; the selection, made from the works of the most approved English authors, reflects great credit upon the compiler; and although many of the pieces are well known to the world, there are also others of no inferior merit, which have not, so far as we know, been so favourably presented to notice before. The whole volume is exclusively Irish in all its mechanical details, even to the engraved head of bishop Heber, which ornaments the title; and we feel happy in recommending it as a very pretty and appropriate present for the season.

The Devil's Walk.—By Professor Person.—Marsh and Miller, 24mo.

The real authorship of the Devil's Walk, is still a moot point, and scarcely worth disputing. This edition is illustrated with comical caricature wood-cuts, by R. Cruikshank. The likenesses of the rat-catching minister, and the viper-killing lawyer, are excellent.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The Quarterly Review, No. 84.—London, Murray, March, 1830.

THE delightful article of the present Number, is decidedly the life of Sir Stamford Raffles, by his Widow. It contains a million of things to remind us of Heber and *his* widow, and what association can be more delightful. We would have every body read Lady Raffle's admirable book; they cannot fail to be pleased and made better.

Next to it comes René Caillié's visit to Timbuctoo. We take some small grains of credit to ourselves, for having been the first, and for a considerable time the only Journalists in Europe, who set this man's book upon its proper footing. We said that without pretending to decide, with certainty, whether Caillié had reached Timbuctoo or not, we could place little confidence in a man, who on his own shewing was capable of deliberate and circumstantial falsehood, on the most solemn and important of all subjects; and then we proceeded to shew internal grounds of doubt. The Quarterly we are happy to observe, brings its heavy artillery to bear upon precisely the same points at which we had levelled our little gun. Beginning with the initial lie just mentioned, the reviewer proceeds to shew, that divers constellations and stars, of the appearance of which this benighted Frenchman gives a flowery and poetical account, were necessarily out of sight at the time of his vision, and concludes as follows:—"We shall offer no opinion whether M. Caillié did, or did not, reach Timbuctoo—that question we are willing to leave the critics of Paris to decide; but we do not hesitate to say, that for any information he has brought back, as to the geography of central Africa, or the course of the Joliba, he might just as well have staid at home."

Hardy's Travels in Mexico is a very amusing paper. Titles of Honor in France and England—Insanity, Steam Carriages, the Currency question, and Sir Henry Parnell's book on Finance, are the remaining subjects. In all eight articles, as they say in invoices and bills of lading.

The New Monthly Magazine for April.—London, Colburn and Bentley.

THIS Number of the New Monthly contains an article entitled, "Notices of the Life of Lord Byron, by Mr. Moore, and remarks on those notices by Lady Byron," this is signed, T. C. and we need not inform our readers that these initials stand for Thomas Campbell, Editor, nominal or real, of the aforesaid Magazine. Our own review of Moore's Byron, (by the bye we sat up all night to read the book, and write the notice, after a hard day's travail in other matters,) we remember raised a storm of surprise and indignation at the time; but we have 'won the wise who frowned before, to smile at last,' and all men now are coming round to our opinion; the substance of which was, that if what people say in general about genius be true, it follows that men of genius are fit only for the gallows; a creed in which we do not believe. Mr. Campbell has taken up the cudgels in defence of truth and decency and honor, against the sickening twaddle about the waywardness of genius, and the unfitness of Lady Byron's wan unwarming spirit to manage such a mind as Byron's. We did not think the man had so much in him at this time of day, and though he sometimes degenerates into abuse, and calls names instead of using arguments, we can forgive much to the warmth of one engaged in defending an innocent and most injured woman. We subjoin a few brief extracts:

"You speak, Mr. Moore, against Lord Byron's censurers in a tone of indignation which is perfectly lawful towards calumnious traducers, but which will not terrify me, or any other man of courage, who is no calumniator, from uttering his mind freely with regard to this part of your hero's conduct. I think your whole theory about the unmarriageableness of genius a twaddling little hint for a compliment to yourself, and a theory refuted by the wedded lives of Scott and Flaxman. I question your philosophy in assuming that all that is noble in Byron's poetry was inconsistent with the possibility of his being devoted to a pure and good woman—and I repudiate your morality for canting too complacently about "the lava of his imagination," and the unsettled fever of his passions being any excuses for his planting the *tic douloureux* of domestic suffering in a meek woman's bosom."

. . . . . .

"You said, Mr. Moore, that Lady Byron was unsuitable to her Lord—the word is cunningly insidious, and may mean as much or as little as may suit your convenience. But if she was unsuitable, I remark that it tells all the worse against Lord Byron. I have not read it in your book, for I hate to wade through it; but they tell me, that you have not only warily depreciated Lady Byron, but that you have described a lady that would have suited him. If this be true, it is the unkindest cut of all—to hold up a florid description of a woman suitable to Lord Byron, as if in mockery over the forlorn flower of Virtue, that was drooping in the solitude of sorrow. But I trust there is no such passage in your book. Surely you must be conscious of your woman, with her *virtue loose about her, who would have suited Lord Byron*," to be an imaginary a being as the woman without a head.—A woman to suit Lord Byron!!!—Poo! poo! I could paint to you the woman that could have *matched him*, if I had not bargained to say as little as possible against him.

"If Lady Byron was not suitable to Lord Byron, so much the worse for his Lordship; for let me tell you, Mr. Moore, that neither your poetry, nor Lord Byron's, nor all our poetry put together, ever delineated a more interesting being than the woman whom you have so coldly treated. This was not kicking the dead lion, but wounding the shorn lamb, who was already bleeding and shorn even unto the quick. I know that, collectively speaking, the world is in Lady Byron's favour; but it is coldly favourable, and you have not warmed its breath. Time, however, cures every thing, and even your book, Mr. Moore, may be the means of Lady Byron's character being better appreciated."

We are sincerely sorry to announce the discontinuance of the London Foreign Literary Gazette. There was a great deal of learning, industry, and ability displayed in the Numbers that appeared, and we sympathise with the regret expressed in the following extract, from the farewell notice contained in the last:

"With this Number we conclude the first, and, we regret to add, the last quarter of this publication. We entered into it in the belief, that a desire to possess a speedy acquaintance with Foreign Literature and Science, was so prevalent in England, that a work of this kind would be encouraged to such an extent, as to remunerate the very great labour and expense that must be incurred in carrying it on. But so far as we can judge from our short experiment, we were at least partially mistaken in our opinion. It is true, that the journal has met, both with liberal support and most flattering testimonies of approbation; but the former has not been sufficient to induce us, on a rational view of the case, to proceed farther with the design."

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

"If men were wise," says the Duke di Lévis, "they would spend the greater part of their time in the study of religion and medicine," and however *men* may differ from his Grace in our day, religion must continue their principal concern; most men indeed, even now, admit it to be "the one thing needful," with an unprofitable sigh, while a chosen few, in all persuasions, make it their hope and their glory, their delight, and the lamp to guide their footsteps through the intricate mazes of things, and the busy crowd of people, which would jostle them aside from its pursuit. We do not mean to raise our feeble voice to plead the cause of that which *ought* to want no recommendation from a mortal to his fellow men, and which finds so many excellent advocates among the highly gifted and the good, but to speak a little on the humbler effects of religion on mundane matters. The difference existing between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, first presents itself to the view as the most striking of these; for owing to the exclusive nature of the latter, it will not coalesce with any of the various forms of the former, notwithstanding the nearer approach of some of them in doctrine or in discipline. With Roman Catholics, this is a subject of glory. Bossuet acknowledges the accusation of intolerance, but ascribes it to the holiness of the church, which will not enter into any compromise with heresy. We Protestants call it bigotry, yet, we would surely be as reluctant to port with, or to modify any doctrine we believe to be true, as the others. The two churches seem to harmonize better in Germany than anywhere else; there, in the very cradle of the reformation, priests have been seen to assist at its centenary commemoration, and assign for a reason, that Luther did their church good as well as harm, by purifying it in point of morals, which even they are constrained to acknowledge, was very much wanted among the German clergy.—This lax morality of the unreformed clergy, promoted Protestantism more than all the abstract arguments that could be employed, for to the poor, the vexatious tyranny of their prince-bishops, and the scandalous lives of many of the secular, but much more of the regular clergy, were arguments daily and hourly felt and groaned under. There were few of the nobility who had not feuds with the higher ecclesiastics, and therefore, they let no opportunity escape to humble and even to crush them; so that when Luther appeared, he found men's minds as inflamable as the dry

grass, which only wanted such a firebrand, (so he called himself,) to spread a conflagration which burnt up not only weeds and stubble, but, unfortunately, also the verdant meadows and the golden corn fields, in its desolating passage, so inevitably is evil mixed with good, in every great and mighty change, even of the most salutary nature. Then were men's minds irritated against each other; the brother forgot the tie of nature which connected him to his brother, to take his part in the mad strife which continued for so many years to desolate Germany, and made all good learning retrograde. But by degrees the wound was healed; the charities of life sprang up again; men no longer hated one another for speculative differences of the same religion, which commands them all, as its fundamental law, to love each his neighbour. And you—if you have been uncharitable, look to the Jew's neighbour, the *Samaritan*, his *natural enemy*, as some of our political wise men would call him, and find out if you can, as great a difference between any two persuasions of Christians. The solid, deep-thinking minds of the Germans, soon discovered this excellent and evident truth, and by degrees it has been more and more acted upon, and with still better success. We would refer particularly to three worthy ecclesiastics of the last century, Zolikofer, Teller, and Jerusalem. The former is undoubtedly one of the most delightful of writers. His works are sermons, in which reign the purest morality and most enlightened philosophy; they are chiefly of a practical nature. The second also wrote sermons, but has been particularly useful in his remarks on Luther's translation of the Bible, which he illustrates in an admirable manner. The last mentioned, the father of the unfortunate young man whose fate served as the foundation to the story of *Werther*, has made himself illustrious, by his Considerations on the Principal Truths of Religion; a work which from its extreme simplicity, makes one drink in deep draughts of divine knowledge almost unconsciously.

No English theologian is ignorant of the perspicuous and critical Mosheim; his history holds the very first rank among Protestants, as a general history of christianity, and surely none inculcated liberality more strenuously than he. Michaelis is also known among biblical students, in the excellent translation of bishop Marsh, whose notes have been re-translated, and joined to the German editions of his works. With him begins the reproach of *rationalism*, ascribed to the German divines, of which now Rosenmüller, Eichhorn, and other learned men have been accused: we apprehend that in some instances their opinions have been exaggerated, but they certainly verge very closely upon scepticism. Notwithstanding this, we think that for more than one reason, the study of German divinity is profitable to English divines, who would not be ready to be blown about by "every wind of doctrine," and we know that it is a subject upon which some of the ablest and most orthodox of our clergy are deeply read. Among Roman Catholic divines, the most eminent is undoubtedly Tahu, whose introduction to the Testaments is a treatise of great learning and enlarged views; indeed an excellent Protestant clergyman of our acquaintance, was extremely surprised to hear, after having read his works, that he was an Austrian bishop. We pray that foreigners, on reading the writings of our Irish bishops, may say, in like manner, "he is a truly apostolical christian," and that the fiend of party or polemical spirit, may never more usurp the place of that pure Catholic christianity, which is evinced in love to God and to all mankind!

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, April 5.

At the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences, a curious paper entitled "*General Considerations on Animals at different Geological Periods*," was read by M. Boubée. The author of this paper supposes that all the animals disseminated in the present day over the surface of the globe, in rivers, lakes, and other fresh waters, had a marine origin, and that they were scattered by the general irruption of the waters, which appears to have happened long after the formation of chalk. Those, says the author, which were able to live in water gradually more fresh, which was substituted for sea water, which of itself had become less salt, from its being spread over the land, continued to propagate; but they have undergone important modifications, determined by those which the elements in which they had lived, had experienced. This paper excited a good deal of interest, but I do not think many of the academicians were convinced by the arguments which were used by the author in support of his position.

Several superb pieces of native marble have just arrived in Paris, and have been deposited at the Louvre. They were discovered in the quarries of M. Galiffet, near Aix, and for beauty and hardness are equal to the finest specimens of foreign marble.

It is highly creditable to the French character, that in the provinces encouragement is given to the arts, as well as in the capital.—The academy at Toulouse has for years past paid the expenses of four or five natives of Toulouse, as students of the academy at Rome, and report speaks highly of their success.—Within the last few days, several pictures of their own painting have been received at Toulouse, from Rome; they are said to be exquisitely done.

Among the curious speculations of the present day, is the following:—A merchant of Toulouse, whose vessel has been chartered by the French Government, to carry stores for the use of the expedition against Algiers, has fitted up the cabins as a restaurant, and established a kitchen. Every comfort and luxury have been provided for the use of persons who may frequent his floating restaurant, which will be kept at such a distance from land, as to be perfectly safe, and several young dandies of Toulouse intend to go in this vessel to "enjoy the sight."

The Italian theatre is closed; but twenty-four representations of German Operas are announced. As the *troupe* is excellent, good success is anticipated. Miss Smithson has arrived here, but she has not yet made her debut.

The "Memoires inedites" of Madame de Pompadour continue to excite great interest in Paris. The following extracts from it, will enable you to form a pretty correct estimate of the character of Louis XV.

[These extracts are certainly very curious and *piquante*, but as our taste happens to be somewhat fastidious on these subjects, we have deemed it our duty to cancel them, in 'revising the proofs.' We trust our highly valued Parisian correspondent will concur with us in the propriety of this determination; though there is nothing in his selections that could possibly injure public morals, there is perhaps much that a parent would feel it very painful to read aloud to his children, and this we deem a fair criterion in such matters.—Ed.]

London, April 6, 1830.

There is little new in the literary world.—A few words will tell all. The Foreign Literary Gazette, a weekly periodical, which was started in January last by Mr. Jerdan, Messrs. Longman, Messrs. Colburn and Bentley, and, I believe, Mr. Murray, has been discontinued; not so much, I understand, on account of want of success, as from some differences among the proprietors. Indeed, with such publishers as Longman and Colburn, it was not possible that the work could be altogether unsuccessful.—Perhaps, however, it was unwise in the first instance to commence it, as it must have interfered, in some way, with the London Literary Gazette, which has the same proprietors.

Some little interest has been excited by an announcement, that some papers of the late Mr. Sheridan have been discovered among the waste paper of a butter shop. A Sunday paper is retailing them out to the public, and puffing them off as authentic. The bait, however, does not take, as it has been ascertained that a gentleman who had an intimate connexion with the "Shakspeare papers," respecting which so much was said a few years ago, is also connected with this Sunday paper.

The difference among the members of the Literary Union Club are in a fair train for adjustment. The proposal for introducing cards was lost at the last meeting; there being only 49 members for it, and 56 against it. The dining business is to commence next week.

Mr. Murray has just printed another number of the Family Library. He goes to press with 15,000 copies.

ROYAL IRISH INSTITUTION.

The second exhibition of works of the old masters will, we believe, be opened in the gallery of this valuable Institution, early next week. We have already been favoured with a private view, and were happy to perceive that the present even exceeds the last exhibition in variety and general excellence. Want of space prevents us for the present from going into any details, but we are happy to congratulate the lovers of the Fine Arts in Dublin, on the rich treat that is in store for them.

PHRENOLOGY.

Dr. Spurzheim commenced a course of Lectures on this subject in the Theatre of the Dublin Institution, on Thursday last. We shall not hazard any opinion on the truth or error of his opinions, till we have heard him further, but in the meanwhile we may assure our readers that the Doctor is evidently an able and philosophical physiologist, who, whether mistaken in his peculiar views or not, conveys a great deal of valuable and agreeable information in his Lectures, to the first and second of which we have listened with much interest. By the bye, are any of our readers aware that phrenology is a very ancient study in Ireland? We shall prove this to their satisfaction hereafter.

IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

A very curious ancient metal figure, of which the annexed cut is an exact representation, in a reduced size, has been recently found in the bog of Ballykerogue, county of Waterford, and is at present deposited in the interesting museum of Mr. Anthony, of Pilltown, in the same county. It is in high, or rather three-quarter, relief, having a flat or mural back, and measures nine inches in height, and seven in breadth at the base: the weight is sixteen pounds. The part of the bog in which it was discovered, had not been cut before, within the memory of man.

We are not prepared, at present, to offer any conjecture relative to the subject of this very singular remain, and shall, therefore, merely express our opinion that its style indicates it to be of very high antiquity. Our chief object in presenting it to the notice of our readers is to put its discovery on record, and at the same time to acquaint the public that our columns shall be open at all times for the reception of any authenticated communications that may be offered to us, respecting antiquities found in Ireland, and our best efforts given to elucidate them. The quantity of antiquities, as well of the precious as of the inferior metals, constantly found in Ireland, is, we are persuaded, much greater than those who are little conversant with such matters could form a notion of, or deem possible. Yet, of these, from the want of an enlightened taste in our gentry, and still more, of a national museum, for the preservation of such remains, but a very small portion indeed come under public notice, or escape the crucible of the mechanic, or destruction in some mode or other. Figures of bronze, and other metals, have been frequently found. Mr. Ousely had in his museum many such; and Governor Pownal speaks of a large figure of wood, covered with thin plates of gold, and which he supposed to have been a statue of Mithras, which was found in the county of Tipperary. Of these, and many other remains of the kind, which have been found in our island, there are now no existing memorials. We are anxious to promote a more national and enlightened spirit; and court the co-operation of those who sympathize with us in feeling this to be a subject worthy the regard of all who possess refined and cultivated minds.

THE DRAMA.

Werner.—Osmyn.

Macready's engagement terminated on Saturday evening; and we may say, without intending to be very poetical, that one of the brightest of the stars which gilded our western hemisphere this winter, has departed from us. His setting, too, was extremely brilliant—his last appearance being in Osmyn. The star system, which alone is found to succeed in Dublin, has its advantages and its disadvantages, like most other sublunary things. As we can seldom calculate on having even two or three of the first magnitude before us at once, we must in general wait for some favorable conjunction which may bring about the arrangement we should desire. Thus we have been deprived of Macready's Cassius this season—a representation the most perfect that we ever remember to have seen; Young's Iago, and Kean's Shylock, are master-pieces, personifications respectively perhaps never equalled: but *the* Cassius stands, at least in our mind, the first in the foremost rank of histrionic wonders; in it the actor outdoes himself—it takes precedence even of his Virginius and William Tell, characters which he alone can represent to perfection. It would seem indeed to be the peculiar prerogative of Macready, to appropriate to himself every new character that he studies; and we should be almost tempted emphatically to pronounce this to be the case with his Werner and Osmyn, in the newly performed Dramas of Byron and Maturin. But nobody has a better right to them. It is highly probable, that but for the critical discernment of Macready, these literary gems might have rested in as much obscurity as if they were buried in "the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean." Werner was published for some years, it is true; but it had no admirers. The author was taken at his word—as more modest authors but too often are—it was simply understood to be an adaptation and development of a favorite story, but neither suited nor intended for stage effect. Yet by a few judicious curtailments, and a slight accession (not alteration) to the catastrophe, Macready saw how it could be rendered a most effective tragedy. The chief curtailments are observable in the lopping off some speeches of the minor characters, which did not bear very strictly on the plot—those of Werner are untouched; and the catastrophe is heightened, by Ulric's arrest as he goes off in bold defiance, Gabor the Hungarian having procured an armed band for the purpose. Werner, too, dies broken hearted in pronouncing the concluding speech. Such is the whole amount of Mr. Macready's theatrical editorship; and it is enough, as we conceive, to render Werner a most valuable accession to the best stock pieces of our theatres. It is stamped—but we hope not quite monopolized, by the impress of Macready's excellent performance—Young, or Charles Kemble, might very well perform the part, and find in it ample room for the display of their powers. We shall not stay to make further remarks on Werner. The passages which *told* best in the representation, may however be briefly noticed. These were, Werner's short dialogue with Stralenheim in the first act; his attempted justification of the theft in the second; in the fourth, the interview with the abbot, when Werner rids himself of the stolen gold, by bestowing it for masses for the soul of Stralenheim; and in the last act, we seldom recollect to have heard any thing more powerfully touching than the manner in which Macready pronounces the lines:—

> Stop! I command—intreat—implore! Oh Ulric!
> Will you thus leave me?

There is no spilling of blood in the catastrophe. Werner falls under the pressure of mental agony—the victim of remorse—fully impressed with the baleful influence which his own early ill example has had on the morals and habits of his ill-tutored son.

Osmyn is a tragedy of another description. It is of a higher and more complicated and stirring interest. Werner is simply beautiful and dignified, while Osmyn is grand, nay gorgeous, profusely adorned with the sublime imaginings, and the glowing language, which befit the highest order of dramatic poetry. Compared with the heroic strains of Osmyn, Werner may be almost accounted a domestic tragedy. The place, the period, the plot, and the personages of Osmyn, are chosen with great skill—they fasten strongly on the feelings of the audience. We behold the retributive justice of an overruling Providence displayed in fearful operation. A ruined man rashly despairs—spurns his country and his religion—cherishes the prospect of revenge for twenty years—and at last falls a victim—taken in his own toils. Such was Osmyn—once the prince of Salerno. The sudden irruption of a neighbouring prince, stripped him of every thing, save life—and this was allowed him only to be lingered out in the torment of darkness, and famine, and chains. He escapes; but cut to the soul by witnessing what he conceives to be the unfaithfulness of Matilda, his beloved wife, he flees to the shore; flings back in desperation the cross he always wore upon his bosom; joins the Ottoman, and at once becomes a renegade and the sworn enemy of his country. Twenty years pass over him in the service of the Turks; and while honors are heaped upon him for his bravery and military talents, they are hoarded up and cherished as the futnre instruments of revenge. At length he commands an armament against Salerno; storms it; but restrains his somewhat relenting fury against the survivors, in condemning his own son to be a slave as a victim for them. He conceives the youth to be the son of his destroyer; he knows not that Guiscard was "the unborn burthen of Matilda's bosom," when ruin came upon the unhappy Osmyn. The disclosure comes too late; the prince is saved indeed, but the father falls by the scymetar of a ruthless enemy. What we have here attempted to relate in a few brief words, constitutes the outline of the tragedy. The action commences with the siege of Salerno, and terminates with the death of Osmyn. It would occupy a much larger space than we can at present afford, to point out even a few of the numerous beauties which adorn the piece; but we are the less anxious on this head, as we hope to present our readers, at an early opportunity, with some extracts from the manuscript. Those who have witnessed the representation will not readily forget the narrative of Osmyn at the beginning of the third act. The description of the dungeon; the darkness; the famine he endured; the frightful escape, and the desperate condition in which he cursed his country and his God—all this, uttered by Macready, formed one of the most heart rending tales we ever heard. Then the whole interview with Guiscard, while he only knows him

as the son of Manfred; the dream which he relates with averted head to Matilda, after she has procured audience, and when he discovers himself upon that occasion to be her lord, long deemed dead—these were passages all wrought up in the highest style of dramatic excellence. The feelings of the spectators all through are preserved in that awful yet delightful state of suspense which it is one of the chief objects of the dramatic poet to effect. This is in itself sufficient proof of the judicious arrangement of the incidents; while the applause so liberally bestowed on the descriptive and declamatory passages, attest the language to be glowing and poetical in an eminent degree, and the imagery to be drawn from a rich and luxuriant store. We speak in a strain of panegyric, no doubt,—but we cannot help that—we speak from the fullness of our satisfaction. Yet were we required to point out defects, we should readily suggest, by way of improvement, not as subject of censure, the curtailment of some of the speeches of Romould and Sismondi, in the first act. But even here we should rather incline to suspend our decision; the parts should have been committed to better actors.

To Macready, for his exertions in producing so successfully these fine tragedies, the highest praise is decidedly due. But it would be unjust to allow the splendour of his merits to eclipse those of his helpmate in both pieces—Miss Huddart—who in Josephine and Matilda acquitted herself with distinguished ability. Her portraiture of the gentle affections belonging to the former character, and of the maternal solicitude and distress incidental to the latter, marked both performances as truly excellent. We consider this young lady as an *artiste* of much merit; an ornament to our national theatre. Her accurate conception of the parts she usually plays—and they are of the first order, both in tragedy and high comedy—her lady-like mien, together with her personal attractions, will ultimately, we have no doubt, enable her to attain an elevated rank in her profession; and we have much satisfaction in knowing that the opinion which we now express coincides with that of some of the ablest judges in this and the sister kingdom. Unfortunately we defer too much in this city to the stamp of a London reputation. Many a night did Miss O'Neil play to empty benches in our theatre, before she was led by her better genius to the British metropolis.—But Miss Fanny Kemble will presently be received here with open arms;—and so she should, for though she is not pretty, handsome is——the text is somewhat musty; but we shall present our readers with the comment on Miss K's. arrival.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE THIRD DREAM.—A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

(For the Dublin Literary Gazette.)

Louisa asleep on a couch.
Julia watching her.

Julia.—I'll read no more. The night air locks mine eyes,
And thickens heavily around my heart,
Stifling its motion. Night, dull, rayless night,
How like a shroud, it folds the silent world!
Sepulchring it within the vaulted skies,
A dim, mysterious death-space! Springing fears,
And dusky thoughts, and fancies undefined,
And shadows huge and disproportionate,
Of things that never have been and ne'er can be,
Flit all abroad upon the murky air,
Blighting the human feelings of my soul,
And giving it a wild, bewildered sense
Of the close presence of existencies
Invisible—nay even a dream of sounds
Whispers into the startled soul strange tales
Which mortal ears have never heard. Oh! heavens!
Is that a groan?—Again!—'Tis from the couch.
My poor Louisa! rest thee! thou hast need:
Another long and sobbing sigh. Alas!
Sleep is not always balmy! Is this sleep?
Her bosom heaves, her writhing features work
With the strong agony of deep emotions,
Aroused in crowding and contending might;
Large drops are bursting o'er her knitted brow,
And her white fingers gripe, and clasp, and lock
With eager and convulsive violence.
Such sleep is worse than wakefulness. Louisa!
Awake thee dear Louisa! 'tis my voice—
It is thy sister calls!

Louisa.—Thanks, gentle Julia!
My own kind sister, thanks! Oh! raise my head,
And wipe my brow, and turn me on my couch,
That I may see thee, hear thee, speak to thee.
Oh! Julia, I have seen such sights!

Julia.—Mere dreams!
Thou art unwell; and when the body's ill,
The dreaming mind shapes sympathetic visions
Of unsubstantial evil: nothing more.

Louisa.—Ah! Julia! did'st thou know what 'tis to have
Within the secret chambers of the heart
The throned presence of a dreadful power—
A power at once accuser, witness, judge.

Julia.—Sure you are dreaming still! What has your mind
To fear from conscience? Smile away the cloud
That wraps thy brow, and darkens o'er thine eye;
And look as thou wert wont, bright, mild, serene,
Like the young May-moon in the clear night-heavens.

Louisa.—Oh! Julia, would that I had clung to thee
And thy ethereal musings! told to thee
The wayward wishes of my fickle heart;
And ruled me by thy counsel! But 'tis past!
The night of fate has thickened round my soul;
And chance, and choice, and deeds of other days,
Have now become the grim and beckoning shades
Of irreverable necessity!

Julia.—Dear sister, how mysterious thy talk!
Something brooding on your mind—for your own sake
Disburden your sick brain of these dark fancies;
Give me to share your griefs!

Louisa.—Then hear, and pity!
At least, oh! censure me in gentle words!
Thou'st seen young Herbert! need I tell thee then
How like the day-king, burning in the east,
Extinguishing the feebler fires of heaven
By his excess of glory, 'mong our youth
The gallant Herbert shone! To me his vows
Of love were breath'd in secret: proud I heard—
Proud as a queen beside whose gold-bound foot,
The conqueror of a thousand nations kneels,
And yields the homage of his victor-crest,
Taming the haughty terror of his words
To fond submissive flatteries. Even thee
My proud heart scorned. My soul enraptured drank
The nectar of his lovetale. Oft we met;
And glorying in my power, with dalliance light
I wantoned with his heart, casting it loose
Capriciously, then luring its return,
Like a trained falcon; even till I've feared
My eagle-captive might his silken bonds
Burst, and soar freely thro' the blue of heaven.
But this is taying with my ebbing life!
We pledged deep vows of mutual love—deep vows
Of constancy eternal; we exchanged,
And vow'd to wear for ever next our hearts,
Ringlets, twin talismans of love and faith!
But from that hour my tameless spirit knew
No rest, no peace: the ringlet and my vows
Were fetters and enthrallment; even his smiles
And soft caresses, and fond blandishments,
Insulting seemed. Into the giddy whirl
Of levity I plunged, spurning restraint.
He saw—he strove to win—to lure me from
My reinless folly. With cold looks of scorn
I bade him chide his slaves. Again he spoke,
He called to mind our vows. With frantic hand
I tore the ringlet from my breast, I cast
Its scattered fragments at his feet. 'Behold
'The end,' I cry'd, 'of the presumptuous spell
With which thou thought'st to bind me! from this hour
I scorn thee, I detest thee!' Calm he stood—
Sorrow and indignation in his eye,
Kindled and strove; but on his noble brow
Resolve sat throned. 'And is this then,' he said,
'The end of all thy vows? Oh! perjured one!
Too long, with fickle selfishness, hast thou
Trifled with my heart's hopes, and joys, and woes,
Smiling to see me rack'd—thou shalt no more.
I leave thee! yes! but hope not thou for peace:
Thy broken vows shall haunt thee! yes, I go!
But on my heart I'll bear thy ringlet still;
And it shall be, as thou hast said, a *spell*
To knit our destinies in union close.
My bodily form shall meet thine eyes no more:
But in the crisis of our fate—in hours
Of agony, of peril, and of death,
Our plighted spirits yet may converse hold.
Farewell till then!' he said, and with a glance
That withered all my heart, he pass'd away.

Julia.—Sure this is no true tale of waking deeds;
'Tis all a vision.

Louisa.—Would it were! Alas!
'Tis all too terrible reality!
He kept *his* promise: from that fatal hour
I never saw him more. The serpent tooth
Of keen remorse, my very heart-strings gnaw'd.
To stifle self-accusing thought I rush'd
Into the van of fashion's votaries;
Yet while I smiling led the heartless train,
In very bitterness of soul I scorned
Their gilded mockeries, their bright deceits;
But 'mid the gauds of this most barren show—
This restless dissipation of the heart,
The bolt of fate, mustered, and aimed, and launched
By mine own perjured vows, burst on my head,
And left me scathed and withered to the care ——

Julia.—What dost thou mean? What bolt? How left thee scathed?

Louisa.—'Twas a gay scene of sportive revelry:
The mazy dance, the song, the trembling strings
Of music's many-warbling instruments,
Had left me warm and listless. On my couch
I threw my wearied form: a troubled sleep
Oppress'd me, robbing present consciousness,
But yielding no repose. I seemed to pace
With haughty steps, a populous city's port,
A thousand ships were riding in the bay,
And countless boats, gliding like living things,
Seaward and landward: One, I knew not why,
Attracted my fix'd gaze, amid its crew
Who met mine eyes? Young Herbert! There he stood—
One hand was in his bosom, grasping close
My plighted ringlet; with the other hand,
He waved adieu to Britain's cliff-bound shores.
The skies grew dark, the waves rose wild between;
I saw no more—but in mine ear there rang
The long, low, pealing of a passing bell,
And as it seemed to say, "Farewell, farewell,
Once, twice, we meet again—farewell, farewell,
We must as spirits meet—farewell, farewell!"
In horror I awoke, and waking knew
My doom pronounced—felt that the fatal spell
Had caught me in its irreversive toils.
Yet not the less traced I the giddy round
Misnamed of pleasure; while the venomed barb
Festered within my heart, and in its source
Poisoned the current of my life. Enough!
Why should I trace to thee my mad career?
To thee, whose kind endeavours strove to save
A self-condemned, a doomed, and reckless wretch.

Julia.—Dear sister, calm thy heart! Thou wilt recover:
And sufferings past will rise a thorny hedge,
Fencing the path that, in thy days to come,
Shall lead thy steps to virtue.

Louisa.—Julia, no!
My second knell was pealed; my third is near,
And it rings out my death-hour. I have held
Converse with him again, in spirit—seen
Sights horrible and ghastly!

Julia.—Why wilt thou
Brood on such themes? 'Tis all the spectral work
Of thy sick fancy. Think of it no more;
'Twill but increase your ailments. Come, you must
Yield unconditional obedience
To your physician.

Louisa.—I have more to tell,
And I must give it utterance now—or never.
Thou knowest but few hours have sped their round
Since spent with pain and wakefulness, I sunk
Into a dreamy slumber: scarcely had
My outward senses shut upon the world,
When on my disengaged spirit rushed
Its inward powers that mock at time and space;
And I beheld across the tropic seas—
Two mighty fleets borne on their canvass wings,
With swift encountering intent. They met:
At once a burst of fire girdled each mass
Of tilting oak—at once a crashing roar
Of thunder stunned the weltering ocean-waves;
Dark sulphurous smoke rose eddying coil on coil,
As peal on peal the murderous vollies rolled.
Full in the vortex of the battle storm
Stood Herbert—grim with smoke his lofty brow,
Blood-streaked his gallant form: I looked again,
And on the gory deck rolled in a heap
Of mangled quivering life he lay! They raised
His shattered frame, and as they bear him past,
His one hand in his bosom wrought, and griped
The fated ringlet. Louder rung the peal
Of the wild passing bell; and clearer spoke
Articulate denouncements—"One farewell—
Once more we meet again—one more farewell!"
With fruitless agony I strove to speak—
To follow him—to clasp him to my heart—
But here thy gentle voice dispelled my dream,
And well I know that my 'Third Dream' will come,
My third knell call, and I shall wake no more;
Or if I wake it will but be—to die!

Julia.—Thy raving, 'tis sinful thus to talk! I'll raise,
Your aching head, arrange your downy couch,
And with soft music lull you to repose.

Louisa.—In vain, dear Julia! Repose? Alas!
I never shall repose again! Even sleep
Is now to me a fearful enemy,
Slipping the eager blood-hounds of despair,
And fell remorse, till my whole soul is wild
With frantic horror! No, I dare not sleep!

Julia.—Forget these stern illusions! Sleep shall yet
Bathe thy fair temples with untroubled peace,
And thou shalt wake and smile in placid bliss.
Let the soft fallings of my stilly lay
Charm thee to quietude: sleep, dear one, sleep!

[*Soft Music.*]

SONG.

Come, gentle sleep, thou dewy power,
With drooping eye and soundless tread,
Come, gliding from thy starlight bower,
And softly veil her weary head!
Let thy light finger seal her eyes;
Sprinkle Lethean dews around;
Still the quick heaving of her sighs,
Bid her repose be deep and sound!

Ye blissful dreams! serenely bright,
Come, on your golden pinions borne,
Come, from the starry cope of night,
Come, from the glowing gates of morn;
From all your beauteous fairy-bowers,
Come, clad in all your angel charms,
Shed bliss upon her slumbering hours,
And soothe away her vain alarms!

Rest thee! pale mourner! calmly rest!
Let peace steal meekly o'er thy heart,
Hush'd be the tremors of thy breast,
Far let thy darkening fears depart!
May guardian spirits o'er thee bend,
As bends a mother o'er her child,
Thy sleep from phantom-ills defend,
Or gladden thee with visions mild!

She sleeps. Oh! may her sleep be calm! Alas!
How easy 'tis for giddy, thoughtless woman,
By her own vanity betrayed, to leave
The path of rectitude! Then how beset
With terror and remorse! And to return,
How only not impossible! Oh! why
Thus tempted, tortured, were we made so frail!
Yet it were well, could we this lesson learn—
When we are gentle, modest, constant, mild,
Then is our strength invincible.

Louisa.—"Farewell!
The wierd is dreed—the knell rung out—farewell,
And hail for ever!" Herbert, yes! I come!
The '*Third Dream*,' and the third knell summon me!
Bend not thy stony eyes on me! I feel
The spell of that dread vow, dragging my soul
From its weak tenement! I come, I come,
To meet—oh! horror!—oh! despair!—the doom
Of pride and perjury! life—death, farewell,
For ye are nothing! Hail eternity!——(*dies.*)

W. M. H.

LITERARY NOVELTIES, &c.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Messrs. Colburn and Bentley are about to publish, dedicated by permission, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Illustrations of the Exodus, consisting of six views from drawings taken on the spot, during a journey through Arabia Petræ, in the year 1828, by W. H. Newanham, Esq. and engraved on stone, by J. D. Harding. The scenes pourtrayed are those in which the principal events recorded in Exodus occurred. The scriptural passages thus illustrated, are to be given on a page of letter-press, facing each plate, together with remarks, notes, &c. explanatory of the present state of the country and its inhabitants. Proposals for publishing the Wycliffite Versions of the old Testament are circulated, under the sanction of the Royal Society of Literature. The editors are, the Rev. I. Forshall and Mr. Madden, both eminent scholars, and connected with the British Museum; so that we may expect a work of great interest both to English philology and the Protestant religion, from their hands. The author of Rome in the 19th century, and the Continental Adventures, is said to be preparing a new work. By Mr. Ferrari, one of the oldest musical professors in London, we are promised Memoirs of his Life, and anecdotes of his musical contemporaries. Mr. Ferrari was the intimate friend of Paiesiello, and Haydn, the preceptor of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, and of Madame Catalani.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

S. S. R. will easily see why we have postponed his favour till next Number: meanwhile, we shall always be glad to hear from him.

We regret that we cannot comply with the wish of our Nenagh correspondent.

We are much obliged to 'Marye of Limerick' for her zeal and good wishes.

M. of T.C.D. at an early day.

G.P.M. seems to think he is our only unanswered correspondent; we have to apologise to him in common with a thousand others, for not performing impossibilities.

From the channel in which our thoughts have naturally been running this week, our readers will probably think this Number a sombre one; but as we love to be merry, as well as wise, let them only wait till next week, when the holidays come, and *lambs may play*, and they shall find us as sparkling and green as the sunny meadows gemmed with morning dew, and gay as the larks that soar and sing in the blue skies above them.

ADVERTISEMENTS

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Royal Hibernian Academy, April 7th, 1830.

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No. III.

Know ye the land, where the students pugnacious
Strut the streets in long frocks, & loose trowsers & caps,
Who, proud in the glory of pipe and moustaches,
Drink the downfall of nations in flat beer or schnaps?

Know ye the land where professors are tripping
In the light airy waltz, and the swift galopade,
Or retired within dark groves, their negus are sipping,
And mixing soft speeches with stout *kalte-shade?* *

It was a fine night in the month of June, and the moon shining brightly upon the towers and steeples of Göttingen, as the heavy diligence, thundering over the pavement of the main street, drew up within the *port cocher* of Der Hof von England. We alighted, and entered a long low room, in which about forty young men, evidently students, were seated at supper. At the head of the table sat the host himself, doling out soup from a vessel, the proportions of which had well nigh led me to suspect that I had mistaken the university, and was actually in company with the Heidelberg Tun.

We soon retired to our beds; but rose early on the following morning, and found, to our surprise, that even then, and it was but six o'clock, the streets were crowded with students hastening to and from the various lecture-rooms; their long braided frock coats and moustaches giving them a military air, strangely at variance with their spectacled noses and lounging gait.

As it has been my object in these notes rather to give a personal narrative than a regular account of the places I visited, I shall at present waive all historical details concerning the university, and its institutions, and the more willingly, as a brother rambler in the 'New Monthly' has in his 'Recollections of Göttingen,' gratified the world by an account of all these matters, the tediousness of which I could scarcely hope to equal, and certainly not to surpass. Well, then; in three days I was enrolled a student of Göttingen, which, besides conferring on me the undoubted advantages of one of the finest libraries in Europe, with admission to various lectures, collections, botanical gardens, &c. also bestowed on me, the more equivocal honor of being eligible to fight a duel, and drink "*bruderschaft*," in the beer cellar of the university. I now thought it time to avail myself of some of the numerous introductory letters with which I had paved my trunk on leaving home, and accordingly having accoutred myself in a suit of sables, and one hand armed with a large canister of Lundy Foot, (which I had brought with me as a propitiatory offering to the greatest nose in Europe,) and my credentials in the other, I took my way through the town. After wandering for some time, my guide brought me at length to the door of a long, low white house, with nothing remarkable about it, save the silence and apparent desolation which reigned around, for it stood in a most unfrequented part of the city. On entering, I enquired for the professor, and was told by the servant that he was above stairs in his cabinet; and having given me this piece of information, she immediately returned into a little den off the hall, from which she had emerged. I ascended the stairs, and found little difficulty in discovering the apartment, as all the doors were labelled with appropriate titles.

"*Herein!*" shouted in a voice of thunder, was the answer from within, to my still small knock at the door. I entered, and beheld a small venerable looking old man, with a quantity of white hair floating in careless profusion upon his neck and shoulders; his head, which was almost preternaturally large, was surmounted by a green velvet cap, placed a little on one side: he was grotesquely enveloped in a species of fur cloak, with large sleeves, and altogether presented the most extraordinary figure I had ever seen. I was again roused by the sound of his voice interrogating me in no less than six successive languages, (ere I found my tongue,) as to my name, country, &c. &c. for he at once perceived I was a foreigner. I immediately presented my letter and present, with which he seemed highly pleased, and informed me that his "*guter freund*," Lord Talbot always brought him Irish snuff; and then welcoming me to Göttingen, he seized my hand, pressed me down upon a seat, and began talking concerning my travels, plans, probable stay at the university, &c. I now felt myself relieved from the awe with which I had at first awaited the interview, and looked around with a mingled feeling of admiration and surprise, at the odd melange of curiosities in natural history, skulls, drawings, models, and even toys which filled the cabinet. But indeed the worthy professor was by far the greatest lion of the collection.

I observed that many of our newest English publications lay upon his table; and on my remarking it, he looked for a few minutes among them, and drew out a small pamphlet, which he placed in my hand, saying, at the same time, that he had derived much pleasure and information from the perusal of it. I must confess it was with no small gratification I found it to be the description of the Fossil Elk, now in the Dublin Society House, written by Mr. Hart, of Dublin. He made many enquiries concerning the author, and expressed his thanks for the delicate attention shown him in the presentation of the work. He then spoke of the London University, the plan of which ay before him; and on standing up to take my leave, I asked him whether the Gall and Spurzheim Theories were to compose part of my University creed and course of study; to which he answered, No! but if you will wait till October, we are to have a new system broached; and then chuckling at this hit at the fondness of his countrymen for speculating, he pressed me soon to revisit him, and see his collection, and thus ended my interview with the great BLUMENBACH.

On my way homeward I was met by a student, with whom the day before I had become acquainted at the table d'hote: he invited me to drink coffee with him in one of the gardens outside the town; and on our way thither told me that I should see a specimen of the Burschen life, as a duel was to be fought at the place to which we were then fast approaching. I could not conceive from the tone of my companion whether this was merely a piece of *badinage* on his part or not, for he informed me with the greatest indifference, that the cause of the meeting was the refusal of one of the parties to pledge the other in beer, being at the time of the invitation busied in drinking his coffee. Such a reason for mortal conflict never entered even into my Irish ideas of insult. We had by this time arrived at the garden, which, crowded with swaggering savage-looking students, most of them with their shirt collars open, and their long hair hanging upon their shoulders, was indeed deserving of a better fate than the code of the *Comment* had allotted to it.

It was a tract of something more than an acre in extent, tastefully planted with flowering shrubs and evergreens, and crossed by "many a path of lawn and moss," and in a sequestered corner, shaded by one large chesnut tree, stood the monument of Bürgher, the sweetest lyric poet in any language, not even excepting our own Anacreon Moore. I was roused from my silent admiration of the weeping figure which bends so mournfully over the simple urn of the peaceful dead, by a voice near me; and, on turning round, beheld a tall athletic figure, denuded of coat and waistcoat, busily engaged polishing his broad sword. At this moment my friend arrived to inform me there was no time to be lost, as we should scarcely get places, the duel having excited a more than usual degree of interest, from the great characters as swordmen of both the combatants.

We ascended a steep narrow stair, which led into a large well lighted room; but so full of figures flourishing swords and meershaums, that some minutes elapsed ere I could comprehend the scene before me; a space had been left in the middle of this chaotic assemblage, into which no one entered; at a signal given, the spectators all fell back to the walls, and at this moment two young men wearing large leather guards upon their breasts and arms, entered, and took their places opposite each other; they crossed their swords, and I could scarcely breathe, anticipating the conflict; but I discovered that they were only the

* Kalte-shade is a beverage used, as its name imports, as a preventive against catching cold: it is made by grating brown bread, brown sugar, and nutmeg, into warm beer, till the whole has attained to the consistence of thick gruel. The German ladies are wonderfully addicted to it.

seconds measuring the distance: this done, their places were soon taken by the principals, who stretching out their arms until their swords crossed, were placed in the proper position by their respective seconds; the umpire, or to use the Burschen phrase, the *impartial*, then came forward, and having examined the weapons, and finding all fair, gave the word *streich ein*, "strike on," which was the signal for the insulted to make the first blow. With the rapidity of lightning his arm descended, and when approaching the shoulder of his antagonist, he made a feint, and carrying his point round, cut with the full force of a flowing stroke, deep into the arm pit of the other, whose hand already uplifted to avenge the blow he could not avert, was arrested by the opposite second, it being *contre les regles* to strike while blood is flowing. He was borne home, and some weeks after I heard that he had left the university, carrying with him disease for life. This occurrence took not more time than I have spent in relating it: in a few minutes the room was cleared, the by-standers were drinking their coffee and enjoying their meershaums, scattered through the garden; and I returned to my lodging, fully impressed with the necessity of leaving a relic of my features behind me in Göttingen.

You will perhaps say this is an extravagant picture of student life. It is not; such occurrences are of every day, and the system which inculcates these practises is not confined to one university, but with some slight modification, is found in all. The students of Halle and Heidelberg have their *Comment*, (or code of honor,) as well as their brethren of Jena and Göttingen, and it little matters whether the law be called Burschenschaft or Landsmanschaft, the principle is the same.

The great fundamental maxim instilled into the mind of every young man entering upon his university career, is the vast superiority that students enjoy over all other classes in the creation, of what rank soever. The honest citizen of every university town is rudely denominated a *Philistine*, in contradistinction to the chosen few; and to such an extent is this carried, that no ties of relationship can mitigate the severity of a law which forbids a student to hold conversation with a burgher. This necessarily leads to counteraction; and woe be to the unhappy townsman who refuses aught to his lordly patron. I well recollect an adventure which will set this system in a clearer light than if I were prosing for hours in the abstract.

I was lolling one evening upon my sofa, enjoying a volume of Kotzebue over my coffee, when my door opened, and a tall young man entered. His light blue frock, and long sabre, bespoke him a Prussian, no less than the white stripe upon his cloth cap, which, placed upon one side of his head, with true Burschen familiarity, he made no motion to remove. He immediately addressed me as follows—"You are an Englishman studying here?" "Yes."—"You deal for coffey, &c. with Vaust, in the Weender Strasse?" "Yes"—"Well, then, do so no longer." This was said without any menacing air, but with a most business-like composure. He seemed to think he had said enough; but, judging from my look of surprise that I had not clearly comprehended the full force of the *sorites* which led to this conclusion, he added, by way of explanation, "I have lived two years in his house, and on my asking this morning he refused to lend me fourteen Louis d'ors."—Immediately perceiving the drift of this visit, I recovered presence of mind enough to ask, what the consequence would be if I neglected this injunction? "You will then fight us; we are forty-eight in number and Prussians—Adieu!" Having said this with the most provoking nonchalance, he withdrew, and the door closed after him, leaving me with an unfinished abjuration of groceries upon my lips. Ere the following day elapsed, he again visited me, to say that Vaust was no longer under ban, having complied with his demand. I could give many such instances but—ex uno disce omnes.

And now, that I have shewn you the dark side of the picture, let me assure you there is a better one. For firm adherence to each other, for true brotherhood, the German student is above any other I ever met with; and although the principle of honor be overstrained, yet, in many respects, the consequences are good, and the chivalrous feeling thus inculcated, renders him incapable of a mean, or unworthy action. There is a mixture of highly wrought romantic feeling in every thing they do, at this period of their lives, which strangely contrasts with the drudging plodding habits which distinguish them in after days. As I have all along preferred giving instances and facts to mere speculations, I shall conclude this article by relating an occurrence, which had made too strong an impression on me ever to be forgotten.

I had been about a month in Göttingen, when I was sitting alone one evening, in that species of indolent humour, in which we hail a friend's approach, without possessing energy sufficient to seek for society abroad, when my friend Eisendaller entered: he resisted all my entreaties to remain, and briefly informed me, that he came to request I would accompany him the following morning to Meissner, a distance of about five leagues, where he was to fight a duel, and told me, that to avoid suspicion in town, the horses should wait at my door, which was outside the ramparts, as early as five o'clock; having thus acquainted me with the object of his visit, and also told me not to forget he would breakfast with me before starting, he wished me good night, and departed.

I remained awake the greater part of the night, conjecturing what might be the reason of this extraordinary caution, for I well knew that several duels took place every day within the precincts of the university, without mention being made of them, or any enquiry being instituted by the pro-rector or consul. Towards morning I fell into a kind of disturbed sleep, from which I was awakened by my friend entering, and hallooing, "auf, auf, die sonne sheint hell,"—("up, up, the sun shines bright,")—the first line of a well-known student catch.

I rose and dressed myself, and having breakfasted, we mounted our nags and set off, at a sharp pace, to the place of meeting. For the first few miles, not a word was spoken on either side; he was apparently wrapped in his own thoughts, and I did not wish to intrude upon his feelings at such a moment; however, he at last broke silence, and informed me, that the duel was to be fought with pistols, as he and his adversary had vainly endeavoured to decide the quarrel in several meetings with swords. The cause of this deadly animosity, for such it must have been to require a course rarely if ever pursued by a student, of resorting to pistols, he did not clearly explain, but merely gave me to understand, that it originated concerning a relation of his opponent's, a very lovely girl, whom he had met at the Court of Hanover. Having given this brief explanation, he again relapsed into silence, and we rode on for miles without a word. The morning was delightful, the country through which we passed highly picturesque, and there was an appearance of happy content and cheerfulness on the faces of the peasants, who all saluted us as they went forth to their morning labour, that stood in awful contrast to our feelings, hurrying forward, as we were, on the mission of death.

We at length arrived at Meissner, where several of my friend's party were expecting him, and having stabled our horses, we left the town, and took a narrow path across the fields, which led to a mill, about half a mile off—this was the place of rendezvous. On our way, we overtook the other party, who had all passed the preceding night at Meissner, and guess my surprise and horror to find, that my friend's antagonist was one of my own intimate acquaintances, and the very student who had been the first to shew me any attention on my arriving in Göttingen. He was a young Prussian named Hanstell, whose mild manners and gentleman-like deportment, had acquired for him the sobriquet of *der Zahme* (the gentle,) among his brother students. After saluting each other, the parties proceeded to the ground together; there was little time spent in arranging the preliminaries, it was agreed, as both were well known marksmen, to throw dice for the first fire: the seconds then came forward, and Hanstell's friends announced that Eisendaller had won. There was an instantaneous falling back of all but the two principals, who now took their position about fifteen paces from each other: I watched them both closely, and never did I see men more apparently unmoved than they were at that moment—not a muscle of their features betrayed the least emotion, or any consciousness of the awful situation in which they were placed—the pistol was handed to Eisendaller, with directions to fire before the lapse of a minute; he immediately levelled it, and remained in the attitude of covering his antagonist for some seconds, but at length, finding his hand becoming unsteady, he deliberately lowered his arm to his side, stiffening and stretching it to its utmost length, and remaining thus for an instant, he appeared to be gaining resolution for his deadly purpose: it was a moment of awful suspense; I felt my heart sicken at the blood thirsty coolness of the whole proceeding, and had to turn away my head in disgust; when I again looked round, he had raised his pistol, and was taking a long and steady aim, at length he fired; the ball whizzed through Hanstell's hair, and as it grazed his cheek he wheeled half round by an involuntary motion, and raised his hand to feel if there were blood. I now looked anxiously at Eisendaller, but he still stood firm and motionless as a statue. I thought at one moment I saw his lip curl, and a half-scowl as if of disappointment and impatience cross his features, but in an instant it passed away, and he remained as calm and passionless as before. It was now Hanstell's turn, he lost no time in presenting his weapon: there was a small red spot burning on the cheek that had been grazed, which seemed to bespeak the fiery rage that had taken possession of his soul, for he

felt that his antagonist had done his best to take away his life. I shuddered to think that I was looking on my friend for the last time, for from the position in which I stood, I could distinctly see that his heart was covered, and that the moment Hanstell drew the trigger would be his last. Maddened with an agonising thrill of horror, I felt an almost irresistible impulse to rush forward, and arrest the arm that was about to deprive him of life; but while a sense of what was due to the established customs of society on such occasions, restrained me, and I stood breathless with terrific expectation of the fatal flash, Hanstell, to my amazement, suddenly raising his pistol to a vertical position, fired straight over his head, flung his weapon into the air, and rushing forward threw his arms round Eisendaller and bursting into tears, exclaimed, "Mein Bruder!" and wept upon his neck like a child.

We were wholly unprepared for such a scene, and although not easily unmanned, the overwrought feelings of all, sought vent in a passion of tears. We soon left the ground, and mounting our horses, returned to Göttingen. On our way homeward there was little said, it happened that once, and once only, I found myself at the side of Hanstell; he conversed with me for a short time in a low under tone, and on my asking him how he felt at the moment of his adversary's missing him, he answered, it was then my determined purpose to shoot him, and up to the last moment this determination remained unaltered, but at the instant of placing my finger on the trigger, I thought I saw an expression about his face that reminded me of earlier and happier days, when we studied and played together, and had but one heart, and I felt as if I were about to become the murderer of my brother: I could then more easily have turned the pistol against my own breast, than have shot the friend of my childhood. ——— Soon after this we arrived at the University, where I hope to meet you, my dear reader, in some future Number, if not already tired of life in Göttingen.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

ON DRESS.

The Mirror of the Graces; or the English Lady's Costume. By a lady of distinction. Edinburgh, Adam Black; and Longman and Co. London.

"THE person of a woman is the primary subject of this discourse." . . . .

"When innocence left the world, astonished man blushed at his own and his partner's nakedness, and coverings were soon invented. For many an age, the twisted foliage of trees, and the skins of beasts, were the only garments which clothed our ancestors. Decoration was unknown, excepting the wild flower, plucked from the luxuriant shrub, the shell from the beach, or the berry off the tree. Nature was then unsophisticated; and the lover looked for no other attraction in his bride, than the peach-bloom on her cheek—the downcast softness of her consenting eye.

"In after times, when Avarice ploughed the earth, and Ambition bestrode it, the gem and the silken fleece, the various product of the loom and the Tyrian mystery of dyes, all united to give embellishment to beauty, and splendour to majesty of mien. But even at that period, when the east and south laid their decorating riches at the feet of woman, we see, by the sculpture yet remaining to us, that the dames of Greece (the then exemplars of the world) were true to the simple laws of just taste.—The amply-folding robe, cast round the harmonious form; the modest clasp and zone on the bosom; the braided hair, or the veiled head; these were the fashions alike of the wife of a Phocion, and the mistress of an Alcibiades. A chastened taste ruled at their toilets; and from that hour to this, the forms and modes of Greece have been those of the poet, the sculptor, and the painter.

"Rome, queen of the world! the proud dictatress to Athenian and Spartan dames, disdained not to array herself in their dignified attire; and the statues of her virgins, her matrons, and her empresses, show in every portico of her ancient streets, the graceful fashions of her Grecian province.

"The irruption of the Goths and Vandals made it needful for women to assume a more repulsive garb. The flowing robe, the easy shape, the soft, unfettered hair, gave place to skirts, shortened for flight or contest—to the hardened vest, and head buckled in gold or silver."

Vive la jupe! We humbly thank her ladyship of distinction, for the fact, that the petticoat was put on as a chevaux-de-frize against the Goths and Vandals. The ladies, it appears, though formed

"For softness they, and sweet attractive grace,"

remained pent up within lines of circumvallation and impregnable bulwarks of whalebone and steel, till the time of the Restoration. The beleagured walls, our fair author informs us, "had been a little on the wane during the more classic, though distressful reign of Charles the First; and what the beautiful pencil of Vandyke shows us, in the graceful dress of Lady Carlisle and Sacharissa, was rendered yet more correspondent to the soft undulations of nature, in the garments of the lovely, but frail beauties of the Second Charles's court. But as change too often is carried to extremes, in this case the unzoned tastes of the English ladies thought no freedom too free; their vestments were gradually unloosened of the brace, until another touch would have exposed the wearer to no thicker covering than the ambient air."

And now having floated fairly into the current of our subject, impelled by the propitious breeze of the 'distinguished lady's' eloquence, we are emboldened to offer a few observations of our own, anent this branch of æsthetics, hitherto so much neglected, and too delicate and important for us to have ventured to address ourselves unto, had we not thus been led on by our fair companion, until we have insensibly glided, without an effort, into the consideration of silks and satins, waists and ankles, furbelows and lace.

A man of the name of Thomson who wrote a poetry-book about the four seasons, which some persons who lived in the eighteenth century are thought to have tried to read, was foolish enough to say or sing somewhere in a story about a country wench called Lavinia, that

——— loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorned adorned the most.

Said Thomson was a sheepish clown of a Scotchman, and therefore knew nothing whatever of the matter. People talk of a ship in full sail, or a waving field of golden grain, but commend us to a beautiful and splendidly dressed woman, entering a ball room, with 'grace in all her steps,' as the crowning climax of Nature's best and loveliest gifts.

We are inclined to look on dress, of course we speak of ladies' dress, as one of the most beautiful, and in common life the most important, of the fine arts. We are, therefore, of opinion, that it ought to be uniformly regulated by the principles of true taste. One of the many reasons adduced to prove that there is no fixed standard of beauty, but that whatever appearance is associated in the mind with what is considered dignified and agreeable, is also accounted beautiful, is the obvious one so often remarked, that whatever is fashionable in dress is, for the time, pleasing. Yet if we examine the dresses of the classic nations, who are still our masters and instructors in all the finer arts, we shall find no instance of any thing that revolts sound taste in their attire, a test from which we fear many of our modern modes would shrink, if subjected to examination two thousand years after their invention. Although however, we may refine our taste on this as well as on higher subjects, by a careful consideration of specimens of the antique, we should not by any means advise to model our notions of tasteful dress, on the consideration of that which would look most graceful on a statue. In the case of a statue, a pillar, a tree, or any other inanimate creature, we require an adequate support for the superincumbent weight and shape. In the living woman the very reverse of this is the case; wherefore the glory of womankind standeth not in the platitude of the pedestal whereon she rests, (*savoir* in duck-feet,) neither must she appear rooted to the ground like one of Sir Henry Steuart's noble trees, on the shape and proportions of which he justly prides himself so much, but like the inhabitants of Jove's starry court, in Comus, she should appear soaring far above the smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call earth—her form like a speck in the airiness blending—every gesture springing from mere spontaneity of will, and harmonizing with the music of her mind: she must do her spiriting gently, and never remind us by "stout notions" on the moving score, that she is formed of the same dull mechanical adhesive clay with ourselves. Dull earth is a place over the surface of which our 'most dear lady' must glide as one with wings, whom the spirit beareth upward, so as only to touch the ground as 'twere *par condescendance.* She should pass through and above it, as bees flutter over flowers, only to collect their sweets. This is, we suspect, the secret of the admiration paid to little feet in creation's better part, and brings us to the practical observation that, in a tastefully constructed female dress, the feet should always be visible, not because they are, but because they are *not* sufficient to the support and carriage of the body, according to the laws of the mechanical powers. The power that sustains and impels *her,* is of a lighter more ethereal nature, and that we may be able to discern the airy tread of our Camilla, we intreat of the drapery to terminate at the ankle, as much the natural boundary of gown and petticoat, as ever the Rhine was of France.

This important element being thus determined, and having pleaded with a degree of earnestness suited to the preciousness of the boon we seek, for a glance of

——— The fairy foot,
Which shines like snow, and falls on earth as mute,

we proceed to locate the habitation of the

waist. By waist, in the following part of this discourse, to use the dignified phraseology of the Lady of Quality, we would be understood to mean the most slender part of the female form. This being defined, it only remains to consult the anatomist as to what *is* the slenderest part of the human body, and he answers you at once, the muscular part immediately below the ribs, which will also bear considerable compression without injury, on account of the strong, yet yielding nature of the muscular coating which there protects the inner Eve. This, then, is unquestionably the natural locality of the cestus. But this, gently insinuates our dearest Lady Mary, in her soft, winning voice, this, my dear governor, will leave the waist frightfully long. Stay, my love, we are your grand-uncle, hear us out; we are no advocates for a wilderness of waist. The interval between the bosom and the cestus constitutes the length of what is called by this name.—Let the upper part of the stays then be shortened, so as to permit the bosom to resume its natural position, that which it would occupy if no stays were worn at all, instead of being artificially bolstered up, as at present, and then you reduce the longitude of the waist to moderate and natural dimensions, with the double advantage of giving 'ample room and verge enough' to your swan-like neck, my darling, which will then rest gracefully and unconstrainedly upon the upper part of the breast, instead of the tasteless manner in which, by the present mode of dress, it is squeezed abruptly, and shapelessly, down upon the shoulders.—And thus too, by simply consulting nature herself, the female form will be rendered

> Small, by degrees, and beautifully less,
> From the soft bosom to the tender waist.

It is difficult to lay down any general rules in an art which must chiefly depend, after all, upon the delicate taste and well regulated judgment of the individual, but there are a few maxims of general application which may be stated for the benefit of those, alas that they are so numerous, who are not thus happily constituted: and first we beg to observe, that a general acquaintance with the Fine Arts will best instruct a lady how she should dress with taste, and to the greatest advantage of her figure.

The greatest beauty in dress is that which is most simple, and at the same time gracefully adapted to exhibit the natural beauty of the female form. This simplicity should be observed even in colour: a profusion of tawdry and glaring colours bespeaks a tasteless and vulgar mind, even if the wearer were a Duchess. Colour should also always be adapted to complexion. Ladies with delicate rosy complexions bear white and light blue better than dark colours, while on the contrary, sallow hues of complexion will not bear these colours near them, and imperatively require dark quiet colours to give them beauty; yellow is the most trying and dangerous of all, and can only be worn by the rich-toned healthy looking brunette.

It is difficult to make the bonnet of any shape picturesque or becoming. The hat, with the large leaf and feather, is always so.

Yet the large hat, we fear, might be found inconvenient in a small or close carriage; it would condemn the wearer to solitary imprisonment, or at least prevent her from enjoying (with ease) the society of a *fair* companion, supposing her head-dress to be of equal dimensions. Against this evil we would provide by suggesting a different mode of coiffure for the carriage, from that used in the promenade: what could be more elegant or becoming for the former than an ornamental *cap*, made of some light material, and which might, by lining, be rendered equally warm with the bonnets often worn in summer? A veil, always an elegant and appropriate appendage to female attire, might be thrown over or attached to the cap, and would add much to its graceful appearance; an adoption of this head-dress would avoid the bitter complaints we have so often heard some of our fair friends utter against the narrow doors of their carriages, which not exceeding half a fathom or so in width, renders an awkward lateral mode of ingress indispensable to the fashionable head-piece.

And now for the mode of dressing the hair. We have often observed that ladies, instead of regarding the hair as designed for an ornament to the face, reverse the kind intentions of nature, and consider their foreheads as horticulturalists do the planks constructed for a flower exhibition, namely, as platforms on which to display to the best advantage a goodly array of shining curls, ranged in successive rows 'each above each aspiring,' 'till we are at a loss whether most to admire the skill of the fair '*Artiste*,' or the beauty of the materials she has had to work upon. Now be it understood that we wish not to say any thing disrespectful of the said glossy circlets, *au contraire*, we admire them *à merveille*, and think that in themselves they are deserving of all praise, cruel crève-cœurs though they be, but we can by no means consent to countenance the undue sacrifices our 'fairest of womankind' are willing to make in their behalf, we protest warmly against the total eclipse or even occultation of the open ivory forehead, and the delicately arched eyebrow, and we cannot witness the late unwarrantable intrusions upon the softly rounded cheek, without asserting its rights, and crying aloud for justice; the eyes themselves are scarcely safe from invasion even in these piping times of peace, and we must intreat the active co-operation of the ladies in averting the threatened evil, and establishing an equitable balance of power between the respective claims of features and tresses, though we have never before ventured to advocate the holy-alliance system; and even this we think should rather be considered an instance of *la belle alliance*. Still we would observe that no one uniform mode of dressing the hair can be recommended as superseding all others. In this, as in every other part of the details, each lady must consult the particular style of her own face and figure, and 'snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.'

Again, as the art of dress is to enable the individual to conceal the defects of nature, as well as to exhibit her beauties to advantage, thin persons should take care, let the fashion be what it may, to dress with a certain fulness of drapery, while on the other hand, fat or round persons, should on no account puff themselves out artificially, unless they wish to appear ludicrous.

Thus the lady with *no* hips may *bustle*, but if she who has sufficient breadth does so, she will disfigure herself. In like manner the lady with high square shoulders should wear sleeves commencing a little below the shoulder, but the lady with finely formed bust should dress *au naturel*.

Ladies with thick legs or ankles (soit dit en passant,) should not wear white stockings, but black or dark colours, which by presenting a smaller mass of light diminishes the size of objects.

Finally, all monstrosities should be avoided, nothing squeezed, or puffed out to extravagance should ever appear. The unnaturally contracted waist, on which so many of the fair sex unfortunately pride themselves, is not less offensive to good taste, than injurious to health, and the sufferer who makes such an exhibition, has not even the satisfaction of having the sympathy or pity of the spectators to console her for her self-inflicted sufferings.

We have thrown out these hasty and disjointed hints, most of which are doubtless quite too obvious to be at all new, in the hope, that by drawing attention to the subject, something may be done towards adjusting the general outline of a national costume for our fair countrywomen. In France, where, for the most part, ladies dress and walk with considerable elegance and grace, though still in a too constrained and artificial manner, there are comparatively few of those monstrous revolutions in the fashion of female attire, which so commonly occur in England. We should be sorry to see any approach to a Quakerish livery, but in the present age of enormity in bustles, and licentiousness in sleeves, something must be done to check the tide of depravity (in taste,) which is setting in with so strong a current. The subject is one of far too great importance, to be left with any propriety, as it now is, to the silly caprice of milliners and ladies' maids. Ladies! the eyes of Europe are upon you. Vindicate the cause of skirts fashioned for defence or conquest, in a manner worthy of yourselves. Forget not that—

> "True art is Nature to advantage dressed."

In a word, ever bear in mind the dignified and instructive admonition of the too-long-lost-sight-of, but not-the-less-on-that-account-to-be-remembered-and-admired "Lady of Distinction," who aptly and judiciously observes:

"The taste I wish to inculcate, is that nicely poised estimation of things, which shows it 'worth our while to do *well*, what it is ever worth our while *to do*.' This disposition originates in a correct and delicate mind, and forms a judgment which makes elegance inseparable from propriety; and extending itself from great objects to small, reaches the most apparently insignificant; and thus, even in the change of the morning and evening attire, displays to the considerate observer a very intelligible index of the wearer's well-regulated mind."

Osmyn, the Renegade; or, the Siege of Salerno, a Tragedy, in five Acts. By the late Rev. C. R. Maturin.

[UNPUBLISHED.]

In our last number, we gave some account of Osmyn, in connection with Werner, as both were the distinguished novelties which marked the close of Macready's late engagement at our theatre. Had the authors lived to witness the success of their respective dramas, they must have felt a contentment and gratification which their career of authorship, especially in the difficult line of the drama, seldom afforded. The grave closed, however, on both—to all human appearance prematurely—within a few short months of each other. Had they lived, they

had both of them much to correct, much to reform; each had his ample share of literary imperfections upon his head, which, it may fairly be presumed, the progress of years and a more mature judgment would have served to remove. With Maturin, the effervescence of his imagination, and the wild, uncontrolled, but generally beautiful luxuriance of his language, were his besetting sin: the principles of his taste were unfortunately not fixed upon a very steady foundation; but the genial influence of time would have wrought marvellously for him—it alone seemed to promise regularity and superior excellence to the productions of his muse.

Much of this happy effect, giving hope of still better things had he lived longer, is observable in his last, and perhaps his best, tragedy—Osmyn. We have heard it compared with Bertram. It was certainly not unnatural to compare an author's latest with his first and most decidedly successful dramatic production; but beyond the success which has attended both performances, we should think there is quite as much to contrast as to compare between Bertram and Osmyn.

Bertram owed much of its immediate popularity to the splendour of its language, and the striking interest of its situations: in these was its great attraction centered. Osmyn, with an ample measure, if not an equal portion of both, possesses beside, a deep-toned poetical feeling, more of abstract conception, and displays a more masterly power of metaphysical scrutiny into the human heart. In this respect, it is entitled to a much higher rank as a dramatic poem than the tragedy of Bertram—while its undoubted *moral* tendency sets it immeasureably above its once famous, but now inglorious and retired predecessor.

The success of Osmyn on the Dublin boards, has been most decisive. It was performed three nights successively with the greatest applause; and the termination of Macready's engagement alone prevented it from a longer run. It will, however, as we are informed, be brought out, ere long, in one of the leading theatres of London; and our British friends will then have an opportunity of judging for themselves.

Meanwhile, we are happy to have it in our power to lay before our readers, a more full and satisfactory account of the play, than our limits last week could permit. We have had an opportunity of perusing the MS. and are consequently enabled to accompany our analysis of the piece, by a few extracts.

The opening of the tragedy presents us with the christians of *Salerno* besieged by the Turks, and reduced to the last extremity. The time of action, is supposed to be somewhat about the year 1460. About this period there was a siege of Otranto, on the opposite shore of Italy, which the author informs us in a note, suggested to him the groundwork of his plot, and is the only historical foundation for any of the incidents. Osmyn, a celebrated renegade, arrives to take the command of the Turkish forces. He learns that Manfred, prince of Salerno, whom, for reasons not yet explained, he hates with unrelenting hatred, has been long dead, and that Guiscard, the son of Manfred, leads the Christians. He resolves not to delay his purposed vengeance, and rouses the Turks to the conflict, with the following energetic appeal, which concludes the first Act:—

"Where are ye? Gather round me, sons of blood!
Sons of the war, where sleep your scymetars?
Round me—come round me—faster—faster come—
Spahi, and Sangine, and Tanizar,
In all your fell and varied ranks of carnage.
Ye who with naked reeling step have trampled,
Crushed limb and spattered brain and gushing blood—
Ye, who have rent the infant from the breast—
Ye, who have plunged the mother in the flames—
Ye, to whom shrieking beauty pleads in vain—
I need you now—come, in my soul's need, come—
Sons of the Koran, worthy of its page:
Hither ye slaves—look to the prize I point—
Behold yon towers—ere night they must not be—
On—on—with heart and life, and arm and brand—
On to the ruin, to the carnage on!
Pour like a flood, o'er bastion and o'er battlement—
On like an earthquake, towers are dust before you:
Up with the cry—for vengeance and for Osmyn!"

In Act the second, the Turks are repulsed in a desperate attempt to storm the city. Osmyn wanders among the ruins of a delapidated cathedral, in the outskirts of the place, moody and chafing with his defeat: he recognizes the spot as one familiar to him in the days of his boyhood, and finds himself surrounded by the tombs of his ancestors; he hears the voice of Matilda, princess of Salerno, chaunting a *miserere* in the distant aisles. As he says in a subsequent passage:

"After a lapse of twenty years, I heard it,
Like the remembered music of a stream
That lulled our sleep in childhood."

His words convey some deep, though unexplained interest in her, and he pauses as she approaches. Matilda enters, sees Osmyn, and recoils in terror. Finding that she does not recognize him, he falls at her feet in an agony of despair.

Act the third discovers Osmyn, still in the ruined cathedral, recovering from his trance; he resolves to spare Salerno on conditions, and despatches officers to summon the Christian leaders to his presence. He then discloses to Syndarac, a faithful adherent, the circumstances of his past life. Twenty years before, he was Guiscard, prince of Salerno, and the husband of Matilda. Manfred, a neighbouring potentate, seized his territory and plunged him in a dungeon, where he was supposed to die of famine. A slave furnished him with the means of life: after six years of captivity, his dungeon is rent by an earthquake, and he escapes; no one knows him, and he wanders through the city unrecognized. One day, on a solemn festival, he sees Matilda, come in triumph, attended by shouting multitudes, acknowledged as the wife of Manfred, and with a child whom she calls on the people to protect, as the son of his enemy. Convinced of her perfidy, he flies, abjures the Christian faith, and as Osmyn the renegade, after an absence of many years, returns to gratify his long-delayed vengeance. The following passages taken from this scene, are among the most striking and poetical in the play:—

—— "There is a choking agony
When the heart's torture labours for confession,
Even though confession's torture; and we tell
To friend—or foe—or stranger—or the winds—
That which they mock at, all alike—and feel
Their mockery as a respite to the pang
That rent us e'er disclosure—listen to me."

. . . . .

"Oh! when the tide of ruin swept my towers,
Whom did I grasp at in the wreck?—that woman!
Whom did my last appealing groan invoke?
Whom did my bursting eye-balls strain to see—
(Would they had burst)—whom did the blood I shed
Drench to her shrinking bosom?—that—that woman!
They seiz'd me when I could no longer strive—
They plung'd me in a dungeon of these towers—
I cannot tell my dungeon agonies—
Nor time—nor space was there—nor day—nor midnight—
I knew not that I lived—but felt I suffered—"
Synd.—"Didst thou not live for vengeance?"
Osmyn—"No—I lived for her—
Amidst those horrors lived for her alone—
She was the moonbeam of my maniac cell,
That lighting me to madness—still was light."

. . . . .

"I look'd on her, as on his banish'd Heaven,
The apostate looked in his despair—and fled."

In the next scene, Osmyn receives the Christian deputation in his camp, surrounded by his troops; Bentaleb, another Turkish leader, urges him to shew them no mercy—Osmyn replies as follows:

Osmyn—"They've wrong'd thee, then?"
Bentaleb—"They're Christians and I hate them."
Osmyn—"And thou hast wond'rous reason—mighty cause:
A helmet hides their heads—a turban thine—
And when ye mutter o'er your heartless prayers,
They bend them to the East, and thou to Mecca.
'Tis reason strong and just as e'er
Distorted conscience gives to evil passions.
Thou art a fool in vengeance—a blunt fool,
Who knows the weight a fleshy frame can bear,
And lays it on with strong unpitying hand,
But forms no exquisite engine for the soul.
Canst thou, o'erlooking matter's paltry pangs,
Forge agonies for the heart of man within him?
Bend down the viewless and impalpable spirit
To writhe in tortures body never felt?
Thy vulgar cruelty, thou fool in torture,
Cries out—I hate thee, and will kill thee—mine
Exclaims—I hate thee far too much to kill thee.
If thou wouldst make man wretched, make him vile,
Sear up his conscience, make his mind a desert,
His heart an ulcer—and his frame a stone,
Countryless, friendless, wifeless, childless, Godless;
Accursed of Heaven, and hated—make him Osmyn."

Guiscard surrenders himself to save his country. Osmyn accepts the sacrifice, and determines to bear him away as a slave. Hating him as the supposed son of Manfred, he admires his heroism, and addresses him as follows:

"I've sought thy ruin, have o'erthrown thy power,
Have flung thee captive into hands of iron—
Yet there is here a nameless wandering feeling—
I know not how to utter it—to image it—
I came to curse thee like the prophet old—
Like him, o'erruled by a supernal power,
Lo! I return to bless thee—be thou blessed!"

. . . . .

"Men shall speak of us in the after ages;
Thus will they say of thee: He was a star
That sailed on smiling through the deeps of Heaven,
Mocking all clouds—whose brightness was within.
Thus will they say of me: He was a meteor,
On whose dread light pale faces doubtful gazed,
As he swept on his path of desolation.
Glorious shall be thy light, and bright thy setting—
My track is terror—and my end is darkness."
[*Exit.*]

Matilda rushes in as Guiscard is on the point of being carried away in bondage, and declares that a secret in her possession will release him from the hatred of Osmyn, to whom she demands to be conducted. The fourth Act opens with the most touching, and the most dramatic scene in the play, between Osmyn and Matilda. In the course of this interview, she proves her fidelity to her first and only husband, and that her acknowledging herself the wife of Manfred after his death, was a subterfuge to save the life of Guiscard, her son, and to secure for him his just succession to the sovereignty of Salerno. Osmyn can no longer command his feelings, but discovers himself to Matilda; this passage is extremely beautiful:

Osmyn—"Wouldst thou behold thy husband?"
Matilda—"My husband?"
Osmyn—"Aye—the husband of thy youth.
Him long deemed dead amid the vaults we tread on—
Darest thou see him? He wore no turban once—
The glow of youth was on his cheek—'tis faded;
The light of hope was on his brow—'tis quenched;
The strength of hosts was in his arm—it trembles—
Trembles to lift this veil—*this* was thy husband.
Matilda—"Risen from the dead! Away and save thy son!"
Osmyn—"The son of Manfred mine."
Matilda—"Talk not, but save him. He is *thy* son."

Osmyn despatches his signet to Bentaleb, with orders to surrender his prisoner. Bentaleb refuses obedience—excites the troops to mutiny—seizes Osmyn, as a traitor, and plunges

him in a dungeon. The fifth Act is short, but contains quite enough of incident to sustain the tragic interest of the piece. Guiscard is released by Syndarac; the Christians overthrow the Turks; Bentaleb, though foiled, seizes a moment in which he effects the murder of Osmyn, who dies repentant in the arms of his wife and son.

From the passages we have quoted, our readers will perceive that the poetry is characterized by all the peculiarities of Maturin's genius. Both on the stage and in the closet Osmyn will add to the reputation of the author, and its production on our national boards is highly creditable to all parties concerned. Maturin and Knowles, both Irishmen, have produced the most successful modern tragedies. Both are entitled to a high place in the list of dramatic authors—opposite in style, but kindred in genius. The writing of Knowles is distinguished by strength and simplicity—that of Maturin, by gorgeous ornament and splendid figures. Knowles was more fortunate in his selection of subjects: Virginius and William Tell, are hallowed in our memories by long and fond associations. The story of each strikes home to every heart; the incidents belong to the situations, and every one can feel their truth and probability. The more romantic imagination of Maturin searches among the dark and stormy recesses of the human soul, and produces scenes of guilt and agony, and characters of terrible passion and energy, more powerful and appalling, but less natural and affecting. They command, perhaps, our admiration, rather than our sympathy—our wonder, rather than our tears.

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1. *Constable's Miscellany*, Vol. LII. History of Music. By W. C. Stafford.—2. Vol. LIII. *Life of Sir William Wallace, of Ekderslie.* By J. D. Carrick, 2 vols. Vol. 1.—Edinburgh, Constable & Co. and Hurst, Chance, and Co. London.

THE History of Music, though by no means one of the most interesting volumes of Constable's Miscellany, is yet not devoid of pleasant light information, as well as anecdote: the author, in his preface, disclaims all intention of treating the subject scientifically, and sets out with a popular account of the origin of music; half his book is thus occupied by a dissertation upon ancient music, and the music of savage nations; now as we have no time or taste, at present, for the sackbut or psaltery, much less for Tom-Toms and split bamboos, we shall pass over the chapters upon Antediluvian music, as well as Oriental, African, American, Grecian, and Roman, and proceed at once to that part of the book which treats of modern Italian Minstrelsy. We hope to gratify our readers, by extracting for them part of the account our author gives of Rossini, of whose powers he seems to us to judge very fairly, as we shall have occasion to observe by and bye:

"The glory of Italy in the nineteenth century, is undoubtedly Rossini, who was born in February, 1792, at Pesaro, a small town in the Papal states. We wish our limits would permit us to give a full biography of this composer; but we must confine ourselves to a few of the leading features in his professional progress. His father and mother belonged to one of those strolling companies of actors and musicians who frequent the fairs of Italy; and when accompanying them on their excursions, the young Giachimo gave the first proofs of his abilities. He appears not to have commenced the study of music till he had attained the age of ten years, but his progress was so rapid, that before he was sixteen, he took his place at the piano as director of the orchestra, at Lugo, Ferrara, Senigaglia, and other small towns. He was also able to sing, at sight, any piece of music put before him. In 1808, he composed a symphony, and a cantata, his first vocal essay, called *Il Pianto d'Armonia.* The following year he is said to have written his first opera, *Demetrio et Polibio*, which was performed at Rome in 1812.

"For the carnival of 1813, he composed another *farze, Il figlio per Azzardo;* and his fine opera seria, *Tancredi.* One of his biographers says—"No adequate idea can be formed of the success which this delightful opera obtained at Venice. Suffice it to say, that the presence of Napoleon himself, who honoured the Venetians with a visit, was unable to call off their attention from Rossini. All was enthusiasm! *tutto furore*, to use the terms of that expressive language, which seems to have been created for the use of the arts. From the gondolier to the patrician, every body was repeating *Mi rivedrai, ti revedro;*" and in the very courts of law, the judges were compelled to impose silence upon the audience, who were ceaselessly humming this popular air.

"The beautiful and clever *cantatrice buffa*, Marcolino, was at this period at Venice.—There appears to have been one of those *liassons*, so common on the continent, between these parties, and Rossini composed for her the gay and animated part in *L'Italiana in Algeri.* This opera placed him in the first rank of modern composers. In the autumn of the same year, he composed *La Pietra del Paragone*, (the Touchstone,) which many consider as his best comic opera; it was supported by the talents of Marcolini, Galli, Bonoldi, and Parlamagni; and "obtained a success which was little short of extravagance." Rossini's remuneration for writing these operas was not great. He presided at the piano during the first three representations, and then received his 800 or 1000 francs. Of these receipts he sent two-thirds to his parents at Pesaro, (addressing the letters to his mother in the following style:—"*All' Ornatissima Signora Rossini, Madre del celebre Maestro, in Bologna;*") and with the remainder, he set off to amuse himself as fortune might dictate.—He was usually *fêted* in the towns which he visited; his agreeable manners, his talents, and celebrity, made him a welcome guest wherever he went; and he was as happy as a light heart and an unceasing flow of animal spirits could make him."

The following particulars relating to this great master's reception in Milan, are also interesting:

"After the Carnival, in the spring of 1817, he went to Milan, where his celebrated *La Gazza Ladra* was written, and performed.—The Milanese, angry with Rossini for leaving their city for Naples, went in crowds to the theatre, determined to cover the unfortunate composer with disgrace; and he, aware of the popular mood, took his place at the piano, with spirits considerably below par. Such were the merits of the opera, however, that they disarmed the rage of the Milanese, made them forget their mortified vanity, and caused them to hail the author with the most unbounded applause. "*Bravo maestro!*" "*Viva Rossini!*" resounded on every side; and as the master, when thus called on, is obliged to make his obeisance to the audience, Rossini declared, that he was as much fatigued with this ceremony, as he was with the direction of the opera."

We ourselves have heard a story abroad, that Rossini, being disgusted with the Milanese for their caprice or want of taste, set to work and composed a Requiem for himself, saying, after having performed it, I am now dead to Milan for ever, and made a vow never again to enter that city.

Of his talents as a composer, we think the following a just estimate, "his beautiful and elegant melodies sink into the heart, they are capable of being understood, and felt by all—their brilliant vivacity makes them always agreeable, and though Rossini breathes few pathetic strains, and is inferior in emotion, in pathos, and in depicting the more stormy passions, as well as in originality, to many of his predecessors and contemporaries, he is the composer for the populace, the *Artiste* of those who follow music as a pastime, not as a passion, and who adopt it as an agreeable amusement, not as a profound science."

When speaking of German music, the author remarks on the great taste for harmony possessed by that nation, as highly characteristic of their style in composition, and observes with truth, that "if an Englishman hears a party of country girls singing in a vineyard, or a company of conscripts going to drill, he is sure to hear them singing in parts." This part of the work, however, rather disappointed us, for it most unaccountably passes over the names of the most celebrated modern composers, and we never hear one word of Spohr, Herz, Hummel, and others, whose works are much better known in Germany than those of M. Roser, of Vienna, of whom it gives a full account.

Of the musical talents of the Hungarians, our author entertains no very flattering opinion, nor do the Laplanders occupy a more exalted place in his estimation.

"The nomade Laplanders do not appear to have any notion of music. Their singing is a fearful yell; their songs consisting of five or six words repeated over and over; one that Dr. Clarke heard, consisted merely of the following words:—

"Let us drive the wolves!
Let us drive the wolves!
See they run!
The wolves run!"

And no wonder Acerbi used to observe, that, if the wolf be within hearing when they sing, he should be frightened away. When singing, they strain their lungs, so as to cause a kind of spasmodic convulsion of the chest, which produces a noise like the braying of an ass.—The airs of the Fins, specimens of which are given by Acerbi, are much more pleasing."

The latter part of the book, which is taken up with an account of all the actors and actresses that have sung on the English stage for the last half century, contains little more than mere newspaper detail, and is very deficient in interest and information.

We have left ourselves little room to speak of the life of Wallace. We fear the subject scarcely affords materials for two volumes of a generally interesting nature, nor do we think the present author likely to impart any great additional zest to it by the charms of his style, which is often both cumbrous and inaccurate.

The Miscellany in general has strong claims on public support for many reasons, and we are therefore the more anxious that the choice both of subjects, and of writers, should be carefully and judiciously made, that it may continue to reflect credit on its conductors. We should add, that this volume is embellished with a singularly beautiful sketch of Wallace's Oak, with the ruins of Tor castle in the back ground, engraved by Miller, after a painting by Nasmyth, as well as by a fac simile of the seal of Baliol, used by Wallace when regent of Scotland.

The Game of Life. By Leitch Ritchie.—2 vols. post 8vo.—London, E. Bull.

WHOEVER has read 'Tales and Confessions,' by Leitch Ritchie, published about a year and half ago, must be aware that he is a writer of great energy and power. He often reminds one of Godwin, in his mode of eliciting the romantic out of common and seemingly vulgar occurrences; and of fascinating the reader, and forcing him to go on, page after page, with gasping breathless eagerness, though the interest excited is very often as painful as it is intense. Still one gets *a sensation*, and that is what we read fiction for now-a-days. The present story, the longest, we believe, that Mr. Ritchie has yet ventured upon, ends happily, and we like it all the better.

Mr. Vesper, an elderly gentleman, whose early life had been embittered by the profligacy of an only brother, and the consequent death of his broken-hearted father, an humble shopkeeper in a country town, is in middle life enriched by this abandoned brother dying in India, and leaving the fortune he had accumulated, to be equally divided between his brother and a daughter, whom he had by the wife he deserted, when he fled from his country.—Notwithstanding the most diligent search, Mr. Vesper can learn no tidings of this child, and he lives a hum-drum sort of life in retirement, for a long time, until one evening, when defeated at backgammon, by the curate of the parish, he resolves to set forth from home, and play, as he terms it, a game of life. In his youth he had been jilted by a coquet, who afterwards married an officer. She is now a poor widow with an only son, living in a cottage in Wales. To her he pays his first visit. When he arrives, the son, William Clive, who had now reached the age of manhood, is just setting out to London, to seek his fortune, with ten pounds in his pocket.—Moreover, he is in love with a certain Helen Howard, an orphan girl, who earns a scanty livelihood, by keeping school in his native village. The old man proposes to himself the agreeable task of watching (unknown and unperceived,) over the fortunes of this youthful pair; and the 'Game of Life' opens with the career of William Clive, in Babylon of the nations.

It is in this part of the book that the great judgment, minute knowledge, and wonderful skill of the writer, are most powerfully developed. The manner in which the every-day occurrences and petty misery of a needy life in the great metropolis, are vividly pictured before the mind's eye of the reader, is very admirable. We regret that we cannot find room for more than a single extract; we shall take the place where, after repeated attempts to gain a livelihood, and as repeated failures, the hero's mind gradually sinks under the pressure of want and disappointment, and he is reduced to the necessity of pawning his clothes:—

"His plans became like dreams, without substance or definite shape; his thoughts, one by one, were forgotten; his temper was captious, his voice querulous; and the low fever which preyed upon his vitals, was soon mistaken for an indication of the want of that talent and energy, which, to a poor and friendless adventurer, are the very basis of hope. The people with whom he lodged became every day more remiss in their attention, as every day their prospects of ultimate remuneration seemed more remote. His meals were unsuitable and irregular; his apartment was neglected; and, at length, his pale and ghastly appearance induced his benevolent hosts to think of consulting—not the physician—but the overseers of the parish. At this period his door was opened, and, for the first time, one of his London associates made his appearance as a visitor.

"'You are unwell,' said Burnet, in his usual monotone—'Yes, very unwell. I thought how it would be—few constitutions could stand the sort of life which must be led by a companion of Wigwam. In case of your death, you would like me, I suppose, to write to your mother? However, there is time enough to think of that; you will live, no doubt, as long as you can—I myself would do the same!'

"'I live,' replied the invalid, 'not because I can, but because I must. What is there to attach me to life?'

"'Very true; you are a lucky fellow.—Your mother has an income independent of your exertions; you have no wife—no children—yes, you are a lucky fellow, you can afford to die—but you will live for all that.'

"'I cannot live without food; food cannot be obtained except in exchange for money or labour; neither of these can I give—and therefore—'

"'Rare syllogism! But I deny a part of the premises, and therefore hold the *igitur* to be, as we lawyers say, a *non sequitur*. Money is merely the representative of other property, and when the principal is present you may dispense with the *locum tenens*. That trunk for instance contains more clothes than you can carry on your back at one moment; above your mantel-piece there hangs a pair of pistols, for which till your case becomes more desperate you can have little use; and below these, a wretched daub—some atrocious caricature of a face which it would be libellous to call human—acts the foil to a frame not inelegant nor uncostly. These articles are neither money nor labour, and yet they will purchase both.'

"'The daub, Mr. Burnet,' said the invalid, with some heat, 'I would not part with for all your legal knowledge thrown into one bundle; and indeed if I may judge of the value of your other acquisitions by your taste in the fine arts, they would hardly be a fair equivalent for the bit of gold leaf which covers the frame of that drawing.'

"'Well, well,' said Burnet, with a cold smile, 'let us talk of the wardrobe.'

"'These trifles I have already thought of selling; but,' and William added hesitatingly, 'just suppose that I recover from this illness—the plight I should have to stalk about the world in would be rather an awkward one.'

"'You have *not* thought of selling them, replied Burnet calmly, 'you are not such a fool. You have not meddled so long with the little miseries of your neighbours to be ignorant that you may lend them for as much as you could sell them.' William blushed.

"'Ay, ay,' said Burnet, understanding the feeling, 'you will soon get over all that. Your course is clear—you may writhe as you please—you may shut your eyes—you may fancy you are walking backwards; but on you will go till your head raps against the tombstone.'

"'What *is* my course?' cried the invalid—'speak, prophet of evil!'

"'Prophet of nonsense!' said Burnet coldly. 'You will not die this bout: you are too young and strong; you are buoyed up with too many hopes; your life is anchored with too many pleasant recollections. No, no, you will not die this bout. You will lend your wardrobe, piece by piece, to the pawnbroker who does not want it, and he in return will lend his money, piece by piece, to you who do. When you are able to go to work again you will in due time release a part of your property;—and thus you will do very well, rich and poor, well and ill clad alternately, for some years more. You will perhaps in the interim get married: your love will turn out a—wife; some of your children will die in the measles; you will work much, and eat, if not drink, sparingly:—and thus you will do very well—very well indeed—for some years more.'

"'And then?' asked William, with a gasp, as Burnet quietly finished his sentence.

"'Inquire some time hence,' replied the law-writer; 'I speak of things as I find them.'"

When reduced to the brink of despair, and in the act of throwing himself over Blackfriar's-bridge in a fit of insanity, his pocket Bible hurts his breast, as he is straining over the parapet; and on taking it out, he discovers a £50 bank note in the first page, placed there by Mr. Vesper.

We shall not describe his subsequent adventures, or the catastrophe, which is not very skilfully brought about; and the anticipation of it would only mar the reader's interest in the plot, if, as we strongly recommend, he takes the pleasure of reading the book. We confess, too, that we think Helen Howard, the heroine, rather an unaccountably strong-minded and excellent sort of person, much more easily to be met with in a novel than in real life. We beg, however, to recall the attention of our country cousins, to Burnet's notion of a man doing "very well indeed" in London; and to assure them, that we who have "sounded our perilous way," through the heights and depths of society in that metropolis, and looked upon its various phases with a somewhat 'learned spirit of human dealing,' can answer for the verisimilitude of the description. We wish, moreover, to warn the younger branches of excellent families, who love to repair to London with ten pounds and three introductions in their pocket, "to wait till something turns up," that it is not particularly probable they will be followed to town by an elderly gentleman in a brown coat and brown cane, with bushy eye-brows and a long purse, to fold £50 bank notes in their small Bible, the only book they always carry about their person. But we ourselves shall write a leading article all about London very soon. For the rest, they may gain a great deal of curious information, the result of shrewd observation and knowledge of 'life in town,' from Mr. Leitch Ritchie's interesting volumes.

The Life of a Lawyer: written by himself, 1 Vol. 8vo. Saunders and Benning. London, 1830.

This is a pleasing, light production. It professes to delineate the life of the writer, as he rose from one of the lowest ranks of life, by the patient and honorable exercise of industry and talents, to the highest station at the English bar. Though there is nothing in it of those wonderful transitions of fortune, to which romance owes so much of its interest, the patient progress of industry towards the attainment of the one object of its earliest ambition, is here traced out in a manner so vivid, so natural, and so unaffected, as imperceptibly to draw the reader along with it, to lead him into the details, and to imbue him with the spirit and feelings that have elicited their narration.

The writer states, that even when a child, he was seized with an irresistible ambition to become a lawyer. "An event now happened which made the first great impression on my mind. This was the assize week at Winchester. How well I remember all connected with it! The procession to meet the judges, their solemn entry, and the pomp of opening the commission, all sunk deep in my mind. I watched every person about the court; the faces of the very trumpeters and javelin-men, were eagerly gazed on and examined; it was my greatest pleasure to meet any of the barristers strolling about town, in which case I invariably took off my cap, and, if I received any recognition in return, I was happy for the rest of the day."

He then becomes servant, and afterwards clerk to a country attorney, where he was occupied from morning to night, working in the office at least twelve hours in the day; "but even here, I was not without my enjoyments. Perhaps, one of my greatest, at this time, was when I was entrusted, at assize times, with a brief to deliver to counsel, and sometimes with the fee marked upon it. I had great delight in seeing the benign and gracious air assumed by the barrister, to whom I was thus commissioned, when I unfolded the nature of my message, and I felt gratified by the condescension with which he would often talk to me about the matter."

This is the natural developement of a character, formed to wind its way tranquilly, yet surely, through the mazes of a tortuous world. The writer proceeds in the same simple, yet interesting tone, to inform us how he rose from step to step, till he became fixed as a first rate chancery practitioner.

With the narration of his forensic life, is interwoven a tale of love, this also has the same merit as the other, the history of his heart is similar to that of his head. The manner in which he developes the progress of his affections, is strictly in keeping with that of his worldly pursuits. It is quiet yet not tame, spirited yet not enthusiastic. "I had always looked forward to marriage, as the happiest condition of this life. It appeared to me the state where all the energies of the mind should flourish in the greatest vigour, as they would then be concentrated to obtain one object, and would be less likely to be diverted or weakened." He accidentally becomes acquainted with a young lady of large fortune, during her education at a boarding school; resists a temptation to hurry her into a secret marriage; loses for a time her good opinion, through the machinations of the person whose evil suggestions he had the manliness to reject; succeeds in procuring a satisfactory eclaircissement; and, at the end of ten years, is united to the object of his first affection. "It may be permitted," he thus writes when speaking of his marriage, "to a fond and affectionate husband to say, that although I have endured many severe struggles in life after my marriage, my domestic happiness has never been disturbed for a day, and that I have ever found a refuge from the troubles and disgusts of the world, in the bosom of my own family."

The severe struggles of which he here speaks, arose from the new character he assumed, after having attained the primary object of his ambition, that of a first rate lawyer. He became a politician, and rose, step by step, from the primary grade of Solicitor General, to that of Lord Chancellor of England. We cannot, however, give the same meed of unmixed approbation to this part of the narrative, that has been justly drawn from us by the preceding. We are now presented with a number of personages all well known in the living chronicles of our own time, to whom actions and motives and lines of conduct are attributed, of which we can trace nothing whatsoever in the page of history. We acknowledge that writers of fiction have a right to introduce historic characters, as acting and speaking in such a manner as we conceive they might have done, thought we have reason to believe they did not so act, or speak; but this kind of illusion has its due bounds, which cannot be transgressed without destroying all the appearance of probability to which it owes its attraction. When we read of a king, or a chancellor, or a prime minister, pursuing a course of action as to which history is silent, yet not inconsistent with what we there read, we are willing to acquiesce in the delusion; but when we are gravely told of great political events as occurring under our own eyes, which we know never occurred; of changes of ministry, which we are convinced never took place—of an attorney-general making acts of parliament which never were enacted—of a chancellor advocating a great political change in opposition to the positive declaration of a king, which change, and advocacy, and opposition, we are equally convinced, not only had no existence, but is contradictory to every annual register and magazine, and newspaper, we have met with: this is monstrous—it is not an illusion—it is not even a caricature, it can only be compared to an attempt to cut up living beings, in order to make puppets of them, by a new and unnatural combination of their limbs and members: yet this the writer has attempted, and we pronounce his attempt, a complete failure. Our readers are acquainted with the old jest of the strolling company, performing the play of Hamlet, in which, by particular desire, the character of Hamlet was omitted. This is bad enough: but here we have two Hamlets running together, and jostling and distracting our imaginations by the incessant double. Our author makes himself chancellor of England: we immediately *try back* for all the chancellors during the reigns of all the Georges, to ascertain which of them the picture is intended to represent. We find, or fancy, a resemblance to some one of them, in some one particular: pleased with our own sagacity in the discovery, we proceed to trace the likeness throughout, when instantly we are dashed and disconcerted by the narration of some event, or some incident, which never can be made to apply. This, we say again, is monstrous.

We differ from the writer on another point: "These memoirs," says he in the concluding sentence of them, "appear to me not unlikely to convey to other persons, the illustration of the glorious truth, that in England the road to honour and distinction is open to all." Now, after a somewhat careful perusal of the contents of the volume, we have come to a conclusion diametrically opposite. The very circumstance, that the simple, unadorned, life of a lawyer, rising from destitution to opulence and rank, excites sufficient interest to render it the basis of an entertaining volume, proves that such an event is very uncommon. We do not write tales of every-day occurrences.—There is also internal evidence in the book itself, in the author's own account of his own life, to shew the contrary to be the fact. The part to which we allude is, that in which he applies to the then chancellor, to be appointed one of the king's counsel. The circumstance is well told by the author, and we shall give it in his own words:

"In this mode of life, in constant and daily employment, I remained about a year, and I was then advised to apply for a silk gown, (the badge of a king's counsel.) This I thought, indeed, I was fully entitled to, being now in as good business as any junior at the Chancery bar. I had been able, also, to lead causes successfully on the circuit, and had succeeded in the Bertie case, already detailed. I was now also considered of sufficient standing; I therefore determined to apply to the lord chancellor, from whom all legal honors flowed."

"I had always been treated very civilly, by Lord Haverford, although personally I knew nothing of him. I wrote to him accordingly, stating that my business was now increasing, and that many of my friends were desirous that I should become a leader in the court, and requested the honour of being appointed one of his majesty's counsel."

"I received no answer to my letter for a week, and I was then in doubt whether I should renew my application, or consider the lord chancellor's silence as a refusal of my request. I did not know, at that time, that that noble lord very rarely answered any letter.

"I resolved to see the lord chanceller on the subject, and consequently on his leaving court one day, I sent in a message to him requesting the favour of a minute's interview. The lord chancellor sent to me, to say he would see me in his private room in a few moments.

"On entering I said to him that I felt anxious about a request I had made to his lordship, and that had induced me to trouble him. 'Pray, Mr. Eagle,' he said, 'look at that letter; I, for one, do not believe it; but, pray, is it true?' It was an anonymous letter, to the following effect:—'My Lord,—Understanding that Mr. Eagle has made an application to you for a silk gown, I think it my duty to acquaint you, that he was once a conveyancer's clerk, and even lower than that. This I assure your lordship is true, and will hardly be denied by himself, though I cannot now give my name.' Of course I felt very much surprised and hurt.

"'Now that letter, I hope,' said Lord Haverford, 'is not true.' 'My Lord,' I replied, 'that letter, so far as it alleges I was a con-

veyancer's clerk, is certainly true; but as to my being *lower than that*, I deny it, nor do I know to what it alludes. I have gained my present situation by my own exertions, and—"

"'Mr. Eagle,' interrupted his lordship, 'if you have indeed been a conveyancer's clerk, I do not think it consistent with my duty to the profession, to advise his Majesty to appoint you one of his counsel.'

"'My Lord,' I cried with some warmth, 'I should have hoped my former humble situation would have rather been in my favour.'—'I have given you my sentiments, sir,' said the chancellor, with a dignity approaching to haughtiness, and in a tone which I saw was intended to conclude all argument. I therefore left the room, saying only, on leaving, that I felt it my duty to submit to the chancellor's pleasure.

"My mortification and distress were of course very great. I was refused, and refused on grounds which I could not remove. Was my birth and its consequences, to be an eternal bar to my advancement? However, I was consoled by the reflection, that my only reproach was my obscure origin; and that my want of success in my application was in no manner owing to myself."

The writer then proceeds to inform us, that he was shortly afterwards appointed to the situation from which he had been so wantonly and unjustly excluded. But how? Not by any exertion of those talents by which he would lead us to suppose *the road to honour and distinction is open to all*, but in consequence of a change in the ministry, by which some of his friends came into office. Had the same chancellor continued to preside over the distribution of official prizes, the plebeian advocate would never have risen above the bar, and the life of a lawyer would never have appeared.—History shews that so far from England being pre-eminently the country in which the road to honour and distinction is open to all, the most despotic governments exhibit the same sudden and unexpected elevations from obscurity to the height of rank; and, generally speaking, the more frequent and rapid in the most despotic.

This difference of opinion as to the inference to be drawn from the life before us, detracts, however, in no manner from the merits of the work itself. It is a point on which differences of opinion will and must exist.—With the exception of the absurd, and we must say unnecessary amalgamation of historic falsehood with imaginative realities, and to the exclusion also of some speeches in parliament arising thereout, we think the work entitled to much praise, and tending strongly to promote what we conceive to have been the author's main object in its composition: the excitement of honourable ambition in young men born and educated in the lower classes of society.

Travels in Kamtchatka and Siberia; with a Narrative of a Residence in China. By Peter Dobell, Counsellor of the Court of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia. 2 vols.—London, Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

SECOND NOTICE.

After a fatiguing and perilous route through the country of the Tongusees, Mr. Dobell at length reaches Ochotsk, where he is obliged to sojourn a fortnight in order to recruit his health and strength. Ochotsk is not a large town, but one of great importance from its situation on the sea of that name; it is, however, but ill adapted for a naval arsenal, in consequence of the badness of its harbour.

On the road to Yakutsk he falls in with a colony of Siberian exiles.

"After passing to the opposite side of the river Aldan, we found there an establishment similar to that on the Ochotsk side, where likewise there are a number of jourtas, and where post-horses are stationed. Behind a large body of meadows, on the declivity of a hill, exposed to the south, we saw several jourtas beautifully situated, and, on inquiry, I was informed they contained a colony of banished men, sent thither by order of the Government. They appeared very well off, having comfortable dwellings, cattle, &c. They certainly had few luxuries; but, with common industry, living on the banks of a river abounding with fish and game, and where there was good soil and fine pastures, they could never want for the necessaries of life unless too indolent to procure them. Those people call themselves Possellencies, or colonists, and are styled in Siberia, Neshchastnie Loodie, or unfortunate people; no banished man, though he be a convict of the description, being ever called in that country by a name that can wound his feelings so as to remind him of crimes for which he is already supposed to have been punished, or degrade him in the opinion of the public. This shows not only very sound policy but a proper delicacy of the Governors towards the feelings of these poor people; a delicacy highly commendable, as, by throwing a veil over their past crimes, they not only make them forget what they have been, but induce them to emulate the very many examples before them of retrieved criminals, who have become honest, industrious, good subjects.

"Banishment to such a country as Siberia, then, is certainly no such terrible infliction, except to a Russian, who, perhaps of all beings upon earth, possesses the strongest attachment to the soil on which he grows—taking root like the trees that surround him, and pining when transplanted to another spot, even though it should be to a neighbouring province, better than his own. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the humane system adopted by the Russian Government in saving the lives of criminals without distinction, and transporting them to Siberia, to augment the population of a fine country much in want of inhabitants, where their morals are strictly watched, and where they soon become useful, good people."

. . . . .

"Having seen the good effects of the penal code of Russia, what I say on the subject is no more than what truth and justice demand; and I wish for humanity's sake that so bright an example, which sheds a ray of unsullied glory on her sovereigns, may be followed with equal success by every nation of the earth." *

It is with much pleasure we add the following passages, putting beyond all doubt the progress of agriculture in those hitherto unprofitable and barren regions:

"In the autumn of 1813, the first time I travelled along the banks of the Lena, I found that agriculture had advanced no farther than Olekma, six hundred versts above Yakutsk. But at my return in the spring of 1818, it had already begun to advance, and in the summer of 1827, when I again mounted against the stream of the Lena, in my journey from Manilla and Kamtchatka to St. Petersburg, I found grain cultivated even in the environs of Yakutsk, and on the banks of the river Amga between Yakutsk and Ochotsk! At the latter place there is a settlement of Russian peasants, who till the ground; and they say it is extremely fertile. Barley and spring-rye, called in Russian yaritsa, are the two grains which succeed best in those new settlements. The crops along the Lena were at first often destroyed by mildew and hoar frost, because the country being mountainous, the inhabitants erroneously thought the grain would succeed better in the valleys and low grounds. They have, however, at length discovered their mistake; and the traveller now sees fine fields of grain on the sides of the mountains, where they often prosper, while those below are injured. Even the Yakuts along the Lena, and on the numerous large islands which divide that fine stream, have taken seriously to agriculture; so that, in spite of the little encouragement received from the local Government, the natives having now found their account in the labours of the field, there is every reason to conclude these will spread over the province.

. . . . .

"I was not a little astonished to see, in 1827, the amazing progress population and agriculture had made, during an absence of ten years, between Katchuk and Irkutsk. From a hill, after passing a station called Judofsky, one has a fine prospect of the surrounding country, laid out in corn fields, and interspersed with villages, farms, &c. One of those villages, which we passed through, called Oiyuk, had then a couple of churches, and upwards of two hundred houses, but is now quite a town."

Upon departing from Irkutsk, our traveller passes rapidly through Tomsk and Tobolsk—the former containing about 10,000, the latter 30,000 inhabitants—and having reached the frontier of Russia in Europe, closes this part of his narrative with some general reflections on the greatness of the empire of the Autocrat.

The *Residence in China* is a narrative founded on the author's personal observation at three distinct periods. His first visit to the land of tea was in 1798—his second in 1803—and his last in 1820. On the second occasion he resided in Canton for seven years. He never got admission to the interior of the country beyond the confines of Canton; but, with such opportunities as he did enjoy, he is enabled to supply us with many interesting particulars.

On entering Macao roads, the ship which carried Mr. Dobell, on his first visit, was boarded by a *comprador* and his party. This is a sort of higher order of *commissionaire* or factor.

"He, and several servants who accompanied him, wishing to hire themselves, were dressed in long gowns of silk, and white and blue Nankin; but their appearance was so effeminate I could not help imagining myself surrounded by women. The construction of their boats, after the manner of the country, roused

* In Siberia there are certainly instances where convicts have again committed crimes, and some of them murder; these are confined to the mines for life. There are, however, but few examples of this sort; the majority of the convicts acquiring habits of industry and good conduct superior to the same class of people in Russia.

Pinnock's Catechisms of "The Geography of the British Empire. Parts 1, 2, *and* 3. *England, Scotland, and Ireland."*—Whittaker, Treacher and Co.

As the compiler of these very admirably got up little books, has done us the rank injustice of placing us third instead of second in his nine-penny parts, we shall heap coals of fire upon his head, by assuring our public that more comprehensive or useful little publications of their kind, can no where be found; and that besides containing a fund of valuable information, they are embellished in a manner surpassing any of their well-known predecessors, and quite surprising at the price. Each part has a map, an engraved vignette, and numerous woodcuts of remarkable places.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Blackwood has put forth a better number this month, than any of the three which have preceded it this year, but still we find it far short of what we were once accustomed to meet with in the "first of the Magazines." There was a time, when Wilson, and Lockhart, and Maginn, were regular contributors to this periodical, and when all the young spirits of the land were proud to contribute their choicest efforts to swell the tide of reckless and headlong genius that foamed and flashed along in its pages, but all things come to an end, and so has this. Blackwood is still the "first of the Magazines," but it only keeps a-head by the strenuous exertion of whip and spur, in the dull heavy road, dragging along elaborate imitations of its former self, and no longer bounding away far a-head, rejoicing in its youthful vigour and its conscious pride of superiority, and laughing at his competitors as they lagged behind, ridiculous in their backward distance:

Tempora mutantur, Blackwood mutatur in illis.

We know not how it is, but all people fancy themselves much wiser than they used to be, it has become harder to live, and folks have grown more serious, so that there is no one to write the bright jocund banter that used to be written, and the public would, perhaps, not so much relish it, even if it were written. Certainly the bright blaze of genius seems to be rather on the wane in the periodical literature of this country, and no where is the change more evident, than in the pages presided over by the far renowned Christopher North, who, with all his faults, and at all times they were many, did undoubtedly give a tone of vigour, and a hue of genius, to all the Magazines in the day of his strength, as well as to his own, beyond what had been known in the old time before him.

In the present number there is too much politics and too much poetry. The politics are vigorous enough, but rather heavy, and tedious; and the poetry is not much above common-place. The lines by Mr. Thomas Haines Bayly are among the worst we have seen from that gentleman's pen, though we do not plead ignorance of "I'd be a butterfly."

We were considerably disappointed in the Noctes. Whenever Blackwood advertises a Noctes, one rushes at it, chucking open the leaves with finger and thumb, and disdaining the delay of a paper cutter, because one expects a sensation; but the present Noctes is not a happy specimen. It rather reminds one of indifferent claret, a pert wine, somewhat sourish, and deficient in body: the spirit of North grows peevish, and the wit and poetry do not seem to come at his call, as they were wont. But there is a Noctes, and every one of course will buy the Magazine and read it.

We must not forget the article entitled "The Port of Venesque, a Scene in the Pyrenees." It is a most eloquent piece of description, and worthy of the best days of this Magazine.

The British Magazine.

This periodical, without the lofty pretensions to political and literary distinction put forth by some of its contemporaries, is one of the neatest of the London Magazines; it is also the cheapest, and as a useful family magazine, which is the character to which it aspires, we know of none more deserving of encouragement.

It blends papers of a religious and serious cast, with lighter essays, and sketches, for elegant amusement, and great attention seems to be paid to its arrangement; so that in a short space, a view of the scientific novelties of the day, and of the current literature, is given along with the original essays.

The present number is, perhaps, of rather a graver cast than usual, but what is grave may be read with much advantage, and it is not undiversified with amusement. Mrs. S. C. Hall's little story, entitled "Rose-coloured Curtains," is full of the lively playfulness, and spirit of goodness, which so uniformly distinguish the productions of its amiable author; and the account of the Gypsies, by the author of "Stories of a Bride," is a very interesting sketch. Mr. Pringle's continuation of his South African Sketches, is also a very interesting paper, and both for the spirit in which it is written, and the ability of the descriptions, deserves much praise. We extract a Sonnet with which it concludes:

THE HOTTENTOT.

Mild, melancholy, and sedate he stands,
Tending another's flocks, upon the fields,
His fathers' once, where now the white man builds
His home; and issues forth his proud commands.
His dark eye flashes not; his listless hands
Support the boor's huge firelock—but the shields
And quivers of his race are gone: he yields,
Submissively, his freedom and his lands.
Has he no courage? Once he had—but lo!
The felon's chain hath worn him to the bone.
No enterprise? Alas! the brand—the blow—
Have humbled him to dust—his HOPE is gone!
"He's a base-hearted hound, not worth his food,"
His master cries—"he has no *gratitude!*"

London University Magazine, for April. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

This periodical, we are happy to find, proceeds as it began; with the same talent and consistency. Conscious as we are of the great emulation with which "the pupils" contribute to its pages, we should be very delicate in selecting any particular article in the present number for our special approval; we merely notice the work to show that we are attentive to its progress, and that its merits, when particularly excellent, shall not escape us. *En passant*, we would pray the editor to keep a steady rein upon his merrymen; his clowns, who laugh themselves "in order to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too." The life and soul of wit, with some people, is exaggeration—deliberate orientalism; strip them of this essential attribute, and their virtue is extinct. The possibility of such an exposure should be cautiously guarded against. The "secret history" of the L. U. M. would form a most interesting article, we have no doubt, if compiled by the *humorous* correspondent who subscribes himself N.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LADY'S LETTER.

London, April 14, 1830.

What an immensity of pains you take, Mr. Editor, to convince those who have the advantage of perusing your delightful Gazette, that you are *not* answerable for the feelings, habits, manners, and opinions of your *valuable* correspondents. Mercy me! who ever fancied you were? From the extreme *caution* of your disposition, (did not your affectionate enthusiasm for all that is Irish tell plainly the contrary,) you would have been set down as a Scot. But poor fellow! during the first year *we* look upon you as only in your noviciate; and in consideration of the extraordinary taste and judgment you have displayed in your editorial capacity, we pardon and pity your nervous sensibility.

London has been as full and as bustling as it can possibly be; but now Easter is come, and almost gone, it will be more *recherché*. The opera and promenades will next week display unrivalled beauty and fashion; and the leaders of ton, and it is fervently to be hoped the leaders of politics, will acquire fresh vigour from the long recess. Of course you have heard of the disgraceful squabbles in the Literary Union—but have you heard of the L. U. button? Bless you, gentle Sir, the design of the L. U. button, and the life of Sir Thomas Lawrence, have occupied the entire attention of the worthy president of the porcupine tribe—the literati of this literary metropolis!

There has been also a gathering of the *clan* of the *Campbells* in *Scotland* yard, and a glorious gathering it was—rank, talent, and beauty! The host did the honours à merveille; and the lions, amongst whom we recognized Lytton Bulmer, Leicester Stanhope, Washington Irvine, Allan Cunningham, Fanny Kemble, the dons of the Royal Academy, and a host of others, were quite approachable, and as gentle as lambs. The editor of "the London Literary Gazette" had also a brilliant party at his house at Brompton the other night; it is needless to add, that much talent was congregated there, and that his lovely daughters were, as usual, the stars which "mortals gaze on, and adore."

Martin, the artist, a man as much beloved by a numerous and respectable circle of friends, as he is admired by all who value powerful and original genius, assembles at his house once a month, all that is distinguished in art and literature: his parties are truly delightful, and it is no little treat to see a man so known to fame, so favoured by fortune, perfectly unspoiled, surrounded by the most beautiful children, to whom he is tenderly attached, and performing all the duties of life with honourable and kindly exactness.

Thomas Moore, your own bard, who has devoted the energies of his richly-stored mind to the service of his beloved country, seemed much gratified there the other evening. His Byron has made him more popular than ever. You have, however, heard of the war between him and the bard of hope. You see that the literary world *here* do not pass all their time in poring over musty folios, or in soiling bath post with their lucubrations. No such thing; they dance and sing; and it is gratifying to observe, that the rust with which that tribe was

supposed to be so deeply encrusted, is fast wearing off.

Miss Jewsbury, the extraordinary strength and power of whose mind has excited considerable interest, is expected in town, to superintend the publishing of her "Three Histories."

Miss Mitford's new tragedy is not forthcoming until next season. Many reasons are assigned for this; perhaps it may be owing to the change of management at Drury-lane: it is a sad disappointment to the play goers, who are tired of translations and adaptations—and no wonder. But I promised ages ago to tell you of 'the Mitford.' Mary Russell Mitford then, resides at the little hamlet of "Three Mile Cross," near Reading; and it is pleasing to know, that all her scenes are taken from real life, and the aspect of the cultivated and well wooded country of "sunny Berkshire." I was not a little astonished to find her attended on her last visit to London, by the identical "Olive Hathaway," the lame village sempstress, who forms the subject of one of her sweetest sketches. Miss Mitford is much addicted to country pastimes, and often takes the field at dawn of day, accompanying her father in his coursing excursions. "May flower, pretty May," is not a dog of the imagination, but a beautiful hound, whose two sons share with her the caresses of their kind mistress.

The Mitford cottage, is a pretty, but fairy spot. You might place it as a hand-box on a shelf; or hang it, like a bird-cage, in a tree—however, it suffices for the wants and wishes of a descendant of the noble house of Russell—of one, who may, with truth, be also termed, "a noble of nature," the antiquity of whose title cannot be impeached, as her patent has been made out by an unerring hand. There she lives—the idol and blessing of her surviving parent, (who, by the way, is one of the most gentlemanly and handsome old men in England, somewhat violent on what *we* consider the *wrong* side in politics—but this is no affair of ours,)—and the beloved and respected of a large circle, of all, who, invariably, from being acquaintances, become devoted friends; there is a certain number of persons, of a particular class—(who "do not like to be put in print")—that are a little bit afraid of the fair lady's wit, and would rather keep out of her way—who get at the wrong side of the hedge if she is coming up the lane—and never venture to open their lips if they meet her at a tea-party, lest "the authoress" should take down their words; nevertheless, these very people, entertain the highest respect for her; and it is only the weakness of their own intellect, or, to speak more gently, an overwrought timidity, that stimulates them to such silly conduct. As it is now some sixteen or eighteen years since Miss Mitford's first poems were published, we cannot sin against politeness in saying that the lady is considerably over thirty. In person, she is short, and *very* stout; but retains a light, graceful step; and notwithstanding her *en bon point*, and her rustication in "our village."—The moment she enters the room, you feel convinced that she is a person not only of high intellect, but high breeding—"a true born gentlewoman." Her manners are frank and simple; and there is a heart-winning kindliness in her address, which, united to the most musical and sweet-toned voice you can imagine, makes her extremely interesting. Her brow is the very glory of phrenology—high—broad and full:—all the noble faculties well developed; her smile is the perfection of sweetness—and yet I have seen nestling in the little dimples round her beautiful mouth, as much arrant mischief and mirth as ever hovered over Thalia's lip;—her nose is strait and well formed; but the light lashes of her eyes do not improve their expression. She would certainly, even by critics, be pronounced handsome—were it not that her face is too large for her features.—It is quite impossible to think of this, however, after you have conversed with her for five minutes—her acute observation, her playful wit, her strong good sense—all happily blended, and coming forth, without any attempt at display—without any affectation, as the subjects touched upon require, render her the most delightful companion of all the literate: but I do not mean to pen comparisons, where there is so much general excellence. And now, having fulfilled my old promise, and chattered in merry mood to you, most grave and worthy President, of and concerning the fair author of Rienzi, I take my leave for the present—promising next time to enlighten you on the subject of Allan Cunningham, or Crofton Croker, or Mrs. Hofland, or Miss Jewsbury, or.....but, perhaps, you do not know* that Crofton Croker, the Biographer of Cluricauns—the King—or, at all events, the Regent of Fairy-land, has deserted Titania, and married—a woman!—clad in a suit of Lincoln green, and tripping to the music of silver bells!—he sacrificed at the altar of hymen, and is now wearing the silken chains in the fair Island of Wight. I could also have told you what pictures the R. A.'s are preparing for Somerset-House—having been permitted to visit some of their studios; and I could have said a great deal about your admirable countryman, Doctor Walshe's invaluable work on Brazil, and the extraordinary sensation it has created in certain quarters—but, by this time you are tired of me, and I am——but I must "behave"—and not say rude things, even if I am tired.

Sir, your's, with profound respect,
Puss in the Corner.

* Not know indeed! That's a good joke, and we at the throwing of the stocking.—Ed.

Paris, April 12.

I have very little of interest to communicate to you, either in the way of literature, science, or amusement. To begin, however, with the theatres; there have been no new pieces worth notice—but the theatres have, on the whole, been well attended, as you will see by the following account of the receipts during the month of March—(those of the Theatre Français are not included, there being no returns:)

	f.	c.
Royal Academy of Music, -	43,769	30
Theatre Royel de l'Opera Comique,	66,944	85
Theatre Royel de l'Odean, -	37,687	20
Theatre Royel Italien -	46,877	20
Theatre de Madame, -	58,795	60
Theatre de Vaudeville, -	33,213	50
Theatre des Nouveautes, -	71,639	05
Theatre des Varietes, -	28,161	35
Theatre de la Gaiete, -	47,094	93
Theatre de l'Ambigu, -	39,029	10
Theatre de la Parle St. Martin	52,365	93
Cirque Olympique, -	20,613	
	546,187	08

Great exertions are making here to induce the Government to increase the sum allowed for elementary education (instruction primaire.) You will hardly credit that, whilst 667,524 f. are appropriated in the Netherlands annually to this object, the amount in France is only 50,000 f. According to the extent of the population, it would require 3,400,000 francs to place France on a level, in this respect, with the Netherlands.

A project is on foot here, the object of which is a regular communication between this capital and St. Petersburgh, in ten days, and with Moscow itself in thirteen. The route is thus laid down:—

	Days.
From Paris to Amsterdam, by land, -	2½
Amsterdam to Hamburgh, by steam boat,	1½
Hamburgh to Lubeck, by land, - -	1
Lubeck to Petersburgh, by steam, -	4
Allowance for casual delays, - -	1
	10
From Petersburgh to Moscow, - -	3
	13

The advantage, in a commercial point of view, by this mode of transmitting merchandize, over that now in use, whereby two months are occupied in sending a box of Lyons' silks, for instance, to St. Petersburgh by sea, is calculated to be full four per cent. upon the value of the merchandize, independent of the great saving in point of time, and the regularity of the arrivals. The accommodation to bankers, merchants, and travellers of all descriptions, is also obvious. A regular communication by steam, between Marseilles and the principal ports of the Mediterranean, is also in contemplation; and thus a direct intercourse will be established both with the north and south of Europe, with Petersburgh, Amsterdam, London, Naples, Corfu, Athens, Constantinople, Smyrna, Alexandria, Barcelona, Valencia, and Cadiz.

The subject fixed upon by the Paris Geographical Society at their last sitting, for their gold prize medal, is the *Origin of the race of Negroes in Asia.* According to the Chinese historians, a black population inhabits the mountainous region of Kuenlun, to the north of Thibet. Remains of a similar race exist in the mountains which separate the An-Nam from Kambodje. The Sameng nation in the mountains of the Peninsula of Malacca, is also a remnant of a negro population, and speaks the same language as is found among the blacks of Oceana. It is generally acknowledged that an affinity exists between these people and the Malay race, which, as is well known, extends itself from the island of Formosa, as far as Madagascar, as also from New Holland to the Sandwich Islands. A critical inquiry, and some certain conclusions on the question respecting the origin of these black populations is required. It is desired that the author will ascertain and compare all the Negro races which inhabit, or may have inhabited, the different countries of eastern Asia, and lay open the relations which may have existed between them and the Malay race. It is also desired, that the author will found his researches on the writings of the Chinese. The medal (of 1000 fr. value) will be decreed at the first general meeting in 1832. The Essays are to be sent in to the office of the central committee of the Society, before the 31st December, 1831.

London, April 13, 1830.

There is much talk here of an intended new literary political speculation, in the shape of a daily morning paper. According to the *on dit*, it is to be on the tory side; and several memmers of parliament are stated to have subscribed large sums towards it. It does not seem probable that this new plan, supposing it to be really in contemplation, can prove successful; but there is no saying positively, what capital, and talent, and spirit may, or may not, achieve in this way.

The exclusive topic of conversation in literary circles here, is "Mr. Campbell and Mr. Moore," "Campbell and Moore," "Moore and Campbell." From all that I can collect at the Literary Union, and in other places, where Mr. Campbell's attack upon Moore is discussed, the general opinion is against the editor of the New Monthly, whose attack is considered something like a literary quackery. It is thought that Moore will not answer him, as most of his friends say he is not required to do so. There are a few, however, who urge him to reply in the next volume of his Byron. The best of the joke is, that Mr. Campbell, with all his knight-errantry for Lady Byron, has given reason to justify a suspicion, that he acts from pure gallantry, and not at all from conviction. Indeed, some quote observations of his own on the subject, which I will not repeat, and assert, that Moore could, if he pleased, lay him prostrate.

It is pleasant to find that the monthly periodicals, which have started during the last six months, have stood their ground. Considering the enormous expense attending them, and the difficulty of pleasing the public, this is highly creditable to the conductors. Frazer's Magazine seems to be gaining ground rapidly; it is really a clever publication, and so is the British Magazine. These may be considered established. Whether the London University Magazine may be fairly so considered, I cannot say. Two new London Sunday papers have, as you know, appeared within the last two months. The Paul Pry, which had a large sale at first, has declined considerably. A portion of it has lately been purchased by some persons connected with the Duke of Cumberland, and it is now almost exclusively devoted to the vindication of that prince, from the charges which have been brought against him. The Intelligence, which was started immediately under the auspices of the Treasury, is steadily holding its way. This, although a strong political paper, devotes several columns to literature; and it is said, that two of the favourite poets of the day have shares in it.—Hitherto, however, there has been only one poetical effusion.

Messrs. Colburn and Bentley continue to publish with great spirit; within the last fortnight, not less than seven sets of new works have issued from their house. The other publishers, however, are very dull; and, generally speaking, there is little sale for books, unless it is forced by great expenditure in the way of advertisements.

In theatricals, there is little to notice. The ex-lessee of a large theatre is enjoying the breezes on the Surrey side of the water, with £20 per week, allowed to him by the committee, for the remainder of the season, as the condition of his giving up possession. There are several bidders for the concern, but, at present, Charles Wright, of Champagne notoriety, is the highest.

COCKNEY CRITICAL ACUMEN.

Our attention has been directed to the following paragraph in the Atlas newspaper of Sunday last:—

An Irish Literary Journal concludes its exhortation to a young poet in these words:—

"Let him not wax faint in his exertions after fame; if, disdaining vulgar resources and extravagant peculiarities, he rest on the strength of his genius alone, he may feel assured that his "final hope" will be far from "flat despair."

To know that his hopes will not partake of the nature of despair, must be in the highest degree, consolatory to the poet. The *Irish* critic, no doubt, would not have troubled himself with inditing this cheering common-place, unless he were afraid that the young gentleman might commit the blunder of mistaking the one for the other.

We beg to inform our readers that this is intended as a dead hit at the Dublin Literary Gazette, a fact which, but for this intimation of ours, might easily have escaped them, as the force and point of the observation are somewhat difficult to be discovered. The Atlas is, in our opinion, at least the second best Sunday paper in London, and as such, we have a civil condescending sort of regard for it, besides that we are nowise ambitious to lay the knout upon a mere writer of news; but it may not be unamusing to our readers to learn that the critique in question, upon the ultra-hibernianism of which the man in the Atlas is so witty and severe, was wholly written by an ENGLISH gentleman, a friend of ours, residing near London, and justly celebrated in the literary world, for the correctness of his judgment and the purity of his taste.

HIBERNIANA, No. 2.

[We have been favoured by a kind friend with a number of most curious original letters, some of which throw considerable light upon that interesting period of Irish history when William III. was engaged in reducing this kingdom to subjection. We shall select one from time to time for publication. The present specimen shall be followed by a singularly interesting letter from Colonel Felix O'Neill to the Countess of Antrim, on the taking of Athlone by the English army. It was found in O'Neill's pocket on the battle-field of Aughrim, where he was killed.]

Copy of a Letter from Mr. D. Campbell, to Sir Arthur Rawdon, Bart. at his House at Moyra, to be sent by the Postmaster of Lismagary, from the King's Camp at Carrick-on-suir, near Waterford, July 24th, 1690.

HONORED SIR—I received your letter of the 19th, and as the former letter gave me the greatest disquiet, so this has done me the kindness to ease me in a great measure, for I here protest once more, I never had so much as a thought that was guilty in reflecting of you, and because, by your letter, you say you were told by one that I should say I had done more for you, than ever you would thank or pay me for, and that I was afraid I never should be paid what money I had laid out for you, I dare swear I never was guilty of any such thing; for if I had, it had been the readiest way that I should never have it, because it would render me incapable of getting it, if there be any suit by disobliging you, and I think I am not so great a tatler, and makes every one my confidant, that if I had any occasion to fear, I should myself open so. But I protest, I cannot remember in the least, any thing that looks like it, only this I have said, discoursing of the miserable condition of the country, and of your estate amongst the rest, I have said that I was afraid there would hardly be got so much for some time, as would pay for the receiving of rents, and if this be it, that they have willingly or ignorantly wrested to do me a diskindness, I would leave any man of sense to judge whether I deserve it; but since I have your good opinion again, I slight all the rest, and value not one pin what they say: I have some design when the campaign is over, to part with my employment, for I confess it is *a life of honour* (as Prince Rupert said of it) *but a dog would not lead it*; but that is not all, for since you were so pleased to put that trust in me, I was resolved to waive any thing that should have hindered me of serving you.

As for news here, the account you have had of the Boyne action already, from Mr. Shaw and others, will excuse me, since we have had nothing offered upon the road, but hanging of some people, a soldier I mean, for robbing, and every day some one or other are so used, the king is very strict, and will suffer none to plunder, so that this part of the army will be very poor, because we are forced to be very honest; yesterday my Lord Granard came here, and was introduced by my Lord of Ormond, after an hour's attendance; he is very weak in his limbs, I don't hear the reception was extraordinary: Jackman, Dick Eustace, and young Keating, surrendered themselves, and has got a protection, and every one that asks (as I think) have the same, which the king's declaration does the same for all, some few excepted, till the first of August; it is believed it is well done, because it may be a means to take off a great many hands from the enemy, and shorten the work, which I believe we would be glad were made an end of. From Athlone came in an express from Lieutenant General Douglass, gives the following account, that the Lieutenant General having sent a trumpeter to summon the castle and town, they fired at the trumpeter, they have burned the part of the town that lies on one side of the river, and broken down the bridge, they have turned out all the protestants stark naked, men and women, they have raised some works about the town, and have lined the castle wall within, eighteen feet thick of earth, so that our guns will be rendered ineffectual, only our bombs must do the work, and that my Lord Granard says we can do no good of this side of the water; the Lieutenant General has sent 3000 horse, foot, and dragoons, to get over the water, to secure some pass for fear of some relief from Limerick or Galway, the garrison are but 800 men, the Lieutenant General broke ground, and lost but about fourteen men, the enemy raised a battery, and poor unfortunate Hugh M'Gill would needs go to see it, though dissuaded from it by every one, his arm and shoulder was shot from him by a cannon shot, of which he immediately fell dead, and not so much lamented, because every one condemned his going thither; we yesterday summoned Waterford, the answer sent the king was, that allowing them to march out

with all their baggage, three cannon, colours flying, safely to Mallow; securing them in their lives and properties, exercise of religion, fifteen days time for absentees to claim the like benefits, major and sheriffs of their own chusing, they upon these terms will surrender, and be good boys: the king laughed at it, saying he believed they were drawn by some furious lawyer, and has sent his articles away, and five regiments of foot, and 300 horse and dragoons, and we have orders to march immediately, what the issue will be, you shall have an account, because since you have given me leave to write to you, and laid your commands on me to let you know what passes, I shall never neglect, but upon all occasions let every one say what they please, shew how much I am

Your most faithful servant,

D. CAMPBELL.

To the summons sent by Douglass, the Governor Grace, a brave old officer, returned a passionate defiance—*these are my terms, said he, firing a pistol at the messenger.*

BOTANY.

We are happy to learn that a very fine collection of Cacti has lately been sent by Doctor Coulter, who was educated in the Dublin University, from Mexico to the College Botanic Garden.

The Genus Cactus is now separated into the the following classes, viz. Cactus, Mamillaria, Cereus, Opuntia, Epyphyllum, Rhipsalis and Periskia. The collection from Mexico consists chiefly of the first four of these, containing altogether about seventy species, mostly new to the collections in Britain and Ireland.

The Cactus, or Epiphyllum speciosissimus, Cactus speciosus, and Cactus truncatus, lately introduced from Brazil, are now familiar to most admirers of plants, and are, when in flower, among the greatest ornaments of our stoves.

The Cereus grandiflorus or night blowing Cereus of Jamaica, and Cereus Flagelliformis or creeping Cereus, are also well known species of the tribe, and deserve a place in every collection.

In a tour which Mr. Mackay made through England and Scotland last autumn, he added above a thousand plants to the College collection. Several of them were procured from the splendid new conservatories at Sion House, by the order of His Grace the Duke of Northumberland; some of the most interesting were from the London Horticultural Society's Garden at Chiswick, lately introduced by their collector Mr. Douglass, from the Rocky mountains on the north west coast of America. The Genera Lupinus and Penstemon, of which there are numerous species, are particularly interesting; and will form a valuable addition to our hardy collections.

More than half of the plants introduced, however, were from the magnificent collections in the Edinburgh and Glasgow Botanic Gardens.

M.

MUSIC.

Nothing new has issued from the Musical press during the past week, we have not had time to visit the "Rayner Family," but expect to have a notice of their Concerts in our next Number.

THE DRAMA.

The performances at our Theatre during the past week, having been for the benefit of individual members of the Company, we are precluded from pursuing our usual *critique*, we regret that the speculation has not proved as productive to some of the persons concerned, as their talents entitled them to expect: as resident performers, they have a right to look for at least a share of those substantial marks of patronage which are so profusely lavished on the stars which occasionally shoot athwart our hemisphere, for unless fostered by public support, we cannot expect good performers to remain amongst us when they can find a more profitable field elsewhere.

In London "*Spectacles*" have been produced at almost every Theatre, major and minor, for the amusement of the holiday folk.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET.

THE RETURN OF WELLINGTON FROM WATERLOO.

The deed is done—the storm of battle o'er,
And now the victor comes, amid the cries
Of gratulation on his native shore.
Thronging the hills, rank upon rank arise,
A theatre of men—while to the skies,
For aye the stunning shouts of victory soar;
And women, with their fond admiring eyes,
Cling round his path, and scatter flowers before.
Thus a great people feel, though inly torn
By griefs, in privacy less proudly borne;
What though the widow's heart be bleeding still!
Tho' sire and orphan still in darkness mourn!
The patriot mind survives all human ill,
And feels, in times like these, heroic pulses thrill.

A. de V——. 1816.

TO THE OCEAN.

WRITTEN AT DUNMORE EAST.

Thou glorious ocean! sure I feel
In adoration I could kneel
And worship thee!
Only such homage may not be
To other save the Deity.

Say rides He not upon thy waves,
With tempests for His chariot slaves,
Sweeping o'er thee;
And when His forked lightenings gore thee,
Sink not all human things before thee?

Does not thy ceaseless rolling tide
Loud speak, as if with heaven allied—
Eternity!
Is there, could silent gaze on thee,
Nor feel thine awful Majesty!

An emblem too, thy waves upcurled,
Of the friendship of the hollow world,
Which, though twining
Round us in fortune's bright beams shining,
Proves cold and dark when in sorrow pining.

Methinks thy calm and gentle billow,
Might for the weary form a pillow
Of peace and rest:
Where, nor by care nor grief opprest,
They might sweetly dream of worlds more blest.

H. C.

PROJET.

Si jamais de quelque puissance,
Je suis le maitre dans les cieux—
Je rends au monde son enfance,
Et quant au dieu d'amour, je veux
Qu'il immortalise les belles—
Qu'il eternise le printems,
Et qu'il brûle en coupant les ailes,
Celles du temps.

TO ———.

How beautiful is music when it falls
Softly and sweet, upon the lonely ear,
What thoughts of other days its tone recalls,
Claiming from pensive memory a tear.
How beautiful is music, in the halls
Where mirth, and joy, and jocund dance appear;
And lights, and banners streaming from the walls:
And revelry, that even grief might cheer.
But sweeter far to me doth music seem,
When nor alone, nor mingling in the throng,
I listen with delight, while many a dream
Of wand'ring fancy mingles with the song,
And mark, the while, what pleasure and surprise,
Beam in thy soft and sweetly-speaking eyes,

I.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, &c.

We understand the author of "the Confessions of an English Opium Eater," has nearly ready a tale of uncommon interest. Blackwood is to be the publisher. A young German Artist, Mr. E. Neurentner, has recently completed some charming designs in illustration of the Ballads of Goethe, which, it is said, deserve to stand in competition with the Sketches made by Retzsch for the Faust; if so, they must be indeed beautiful.

General Count Philip de Ségur, has been elected to the place in the French Académie, vacant by the death of the Duke de Lévis, by thirty-one votes out of thirty-two.

From the last published statement of the number of Students at the English Universities, it appears that Cambridge has now a majority over Oxford, having increased by 118 Students in the last year. The present total of the Members of Cambridge is 5263, while that of Oxford is 5200.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

M'Kenzie's Notes on Haiti, 2 vols. post 8vo. £1s. 1s. boards—Howison's Tales of the Colonies, 2 vols. post 8vo. £1. 1s. boards—Coventry's Coke upon Lyttleton, royal 8vo. £1. 1s. boards—Sturgeon's Bankrupt Act, 12mo. 6s. boards—Riland on Church Reform, 12mo. 6s. boards—Letters of a Recluse, 12mo. 3s. 6d. boards—Coddington on the Eye and Optical Instruments, 8vo. 5s. boards—Slade's Principles of Dissent, 12mo. 2s. 6d. boards—Sims' Memorial of Oberlin and De Stael, 12mo. 4s. boards—Irvine's Sermons, 8vo. 8s. 6d. boards—Bailey's Algebra, 8vo. 8s. boards—Bucke's Julia Romano, a Drama, 8vo. 6s. boards—Muir's Sermons on the Seven Churches, 12mo. 4s. 6d. boards—Mather's Elements of Drawing, 12mo. 3s. boards—The Young Cook's Assistant 12mo. 1s. 6d. boards—Turner's Hertford, 8vo. 18s. royal 8vo. India proofs, £1. 10s. boards—Appleyard's Sermons, 12mo. 4s. boards—Grant on Liberality, 12mo. 5s. boards—Webster's Dramatic Works, 4 vols. crown 8vo. £2. 2s. boards—Holbein's Bible Cuts, 8vo. £1. 1s. boards, India £2. 2s. silk—Derwentwater, a Tale of 1715, 2 vols. post 8vo. £1. 1s. boards—Seager's Ros Ellipses, 8vo. 18s. boards—Counter's Island Bridge, a Poem, 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

We have to acknowledge the favour of a very obliging letter from 'the author of the Collegians,' enclosing an unpublished poem of Dean Swift's. The letter and poem shall appear in our next

Such of our readers as are given to the study of the German tongue, would, no doubt, be astonished at being introduced in our last Number to a celebrated Roman Catholic divine, named Tahu. This was, of course, a misprint for Jahn; we corrected it in the revises over and over again; but our demons were resolved to mar our German theology.

A Sunday at Kingstown, in our next.

To calm the perturbed spirit of all the beautiful belles, with whose countless billets our table is covered, exhibiting innumerable specimens of the most exquisite crow-quill calligraphy, on tinted satin-paper, "with delicate fingers traced," we beg to give one general assurance that the strikingly interesting female figure depicted in page 237 of our last Number, is NOT a portrait of our ladye-love, folding our editorial heart to her bosom. To the young lady who signs herself '*Sympathina*,' and assures us she is dying of apprehension and an inverted eye-lash, but who, like the sighing swan, sends forth "such sweet sorrow," in the complimentary lines entitled '*Turfalinda, or the Nymph of the Bog*,' we owe our most grateful acknowledgements. We must sigh over the melancholy remembrance, that at our time of life—old as we are, for ladye's love unfit—we can only join in the chorus with our ancient friend Dan Horace, and sing—Vixi puellis nuper idoneus.

As to the very singular lady who has given birth to all these speculations, we rather opine that what she holds in her left hand is a terrestrial globe; and as she is a sensible looking woman, of a certain age, we suspect that she was filipping the said physical representative of the world with the fore-finger of her dexter hand, and exclaiming, like the zany in the frontispiece to Philip Quarle, "tinnit, inane est," it ringeth, it is empty.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature, the Arts, Education, &c.

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No. VII. of the same Journal, for April, 1830.

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"Most potent, grave, and Reverend Signior,"

directing all the magic of its influence, and by its agency careering through every town of the Pale; surmounting the barriers that were hitherto considered the terminators of light and darkness, and walking abroad in your peculiar majesty through districts, where (with great respect,) the king's writ never ran, and even newspapers came

"Like angel visits, few and far between."

When, Sire! I became conscious of all these moral miracles, I could not but look upon you as something superhuman; and notwithstanding the evidences that so proclaimed you "a spirit of health," I yet own, as I ventured a closer inspection of the "green eyed" sanctuary in which you are said to be enshrined, I was strangely minded to conjure you in the less favourable epithets of Hamlet's alternative.

Please, however, most graciously to concede, that it was in one of the foggiest days in March, when issuing from the Dublin Library, with the intent to make Fleet-street in the direction of what is commonly called an hypothenuse, I was so powerfully diverged, or rather refracted, by the density of the atmosphere, that I actually found myself for the first time in the vestibule of your temple, even in the porch of the forbidden chamber.

Never can I forget my sensations at that moment. On the one side appeared a range of ponderous folios, which I concluded contained the arcana of your necromancy; on the other, extended a redoubt close set with the artillery of your warfare; but, Oh! more formidable far,—before me was the door, the screen—the ominous portal, over which appeared to flit a legion of orphan Cupids, and other bare-backed divinities, while through its central pannel peered the Polyphemus eye, that like Campbell's Andes

"Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world."

My glance was sudden and tremulous. I inhaled a fearful estimate of your powers. I imagined you a child of the mist—a veiled Proph——but pardon me, as Mrs. Malaprop says, *caparisons* are *odorous*, and I am determined to trespass no farther on your patience, lest in your most immitigable rage

"You rend an oak
And peg me in its knotty entrails, till
I have howled away twelve winters."

Enough to know I hurried from the presence with a precipitance that made me wholly unmindful of my original destination, I ascended the HIGHWAYS of the city, my spirits returned, and at length on the summit level I acknowledged the genial salubrity of St. George's parish.

Some tourist of sixty years since has remarked, or if not I remark it now, that Summer Hill is the Clifton of Dublin, and certes if the salubrity of its air falls any thing short in the comparison, the enchantment of its southern prospect more than averages the advantages. When I reached it on the day in question, it was most selfishly grateful to look back upon the mist that enveloped the "basse ville," but would not extend beyond the jurisdiction of the Recorder. I hurried to my apartment, which being on the house-top, I have suitably fitted up with *Attic* elegance. I looked abroad, and, Oh! what a prospect met my eager eyes! I have glanced over it a hundred times, but never did it seem so glorious as on that day. The fog that hung only over the city, rather gave a witchery to the effect, as domes and spires, steeples and masts, shot in strange contiguity from its bosom. Nelson himself—the naval stylite, as you have somewhere facetiously *styled* him—seemed rising from the sea,

Like Neptune—Venus—
Or Nicodemus!

And in the pride of his honours overlooking the seeming element that waved and rolled innocuous at his feet. For some time I amused myself identifying every prominent structure, and marshalling around it such associations as my memory could supply. It was an architectural anatomy that to me had some interest, but to others, might be dull in the detail. I therefore willingly withdraw your attention to the pure unclouded scenery which environed that interesting nucleus.

A range of mountains in the back ground, progressively elevated the eye and thoughts to the enchantments of Wicklow. The remarkable eminence aptly termed Sugar-loaf—the serrated back of Bray-head—the three topped promontory of Killiney—were distinctly mapped before me; while farther to the left, as it appeared from my station, shone the spangling villas of Kingstown, enclosing its fair harbour, and beyond all, the bay, basking in the clear sunshine, and animated with sail-ships and steamers. For the privilege of this scenic enjoyment, which the opposite line of houses cannot claim, the south side of Summer-hill is subjected to city taxation. I know not whether the new valuators have been as romantically inclined in the items of their appraisement.

There was but one irremediable barrier to the perfection of the Panorama, and that was, a range of houses by which some avaricious builder, in a spirit of truly *Gothic* architecture, has extended Buckingham-street, and so excluded me from even a view of Clontarf and Howth, and all that classic country. I was not, however, to be thus repulsed. I flew like a sparrow to the house-top, and at the risk of being hereafter *slated* as an intruder on the mysteries of the plumber, or the builder, or mayhap the sweep, to which castes such exalted situations are in this country exclusively assigned, I did, like a true orientalist, but with not such good accommodation, seat myself on the tiles, and despite the aforesaid builder, at once, as by a paramount title, command that glorious tract of country (which was before shut out) redolent as it is with classic recollections and indescribable emotions.

It was then that I thought of you once more, and you will perceive with kindlier feelings. I wished you could become the medium of illustrating the events of my long neglected country, of telling us in the harmony of the heart, what she was, and might be; of pointing out the footsteps of history over her vallies, her mountains, and her plains; of investing her ruins with the moral charm of ever-green traditions; and of projecting her ancient families in all those lights of historic glory, that should be the only boast of long traceable descent. Then, indeed, might the Irishman find in his own land those deeply interesting scenes, that would more intellectually attach him to his country; then might he look to the revolutions of her destinies for the most extraordinary natural vicissitudes, and boldest individual achievements that the annals of any country can supply; then might he stand amid the self-darkened remains of antiquity, and catch inspiration as from the living stone!

I am resolved, I cried—I will be the pioneer of the enterprise—I will be the first interpreter of antiquity to the seven millions, I will——I am ashamed to write all I thought I would accomplish; my anticipations were as rapid and as flattering as those of the Persian glass-man. I was not satisfied at the elevated station I had attained, looking down over a subject city: I felt nothing in my specific gravity to prevent my soaring even higher. I rose in the empyrean, I mingled with the stars, (I had however some good and sufficient reasons for avoiding the moon:) I did in verity spring from my position, and that first motion had well nigh been my last. In the impulse of my patriotism, or self-conceit, call it ad libitum, I was nearly precipitated over the terrace, and most indubitably left prostrate in the gutter, "fallen from my high estate!" I raised myself, however, with a sense of my gravitation from this ignoble position, and with more chastened notions resolved in that very hour to commence my PROGRESSES.

To use an Irish phrase, I began *at the face* of the ancient district yclept Fingal—and is there not in that very sound something that

knocks at your heart, associated as it is with all these beautiful impositions of Macpherson? I could also, with the spirit of an antiquary look back into its olden history. I *distinctly remembered* that it was once the demesne of the Danes of Dublin, and that even at this day, its inhabitants are thought to be distinguishable by a peculiarity of dialect, derived perhaps from that connexion. I repeated to myself, or rather to my hobby, (for here I mounted) that in 972 this tract was devastated by the most illustrious of the O'Melaghlins, and that in 1013 it was again subjected to the visitation of the same warlike chieftain, till Sitric and his "Royal Danes" sorely avenged the invasion. I enumerated to myself the "divers robberies and combustions" which in the feeble reign of the Second Richard, the noted Mac Geddy perpetrated in this territory. I recalled the singular circumstances which led to his detection, and, as if I had lineally transmigrated from his period without the interposition of a Lethe, I still thought I beheld him hanging in death from the walls of king John's castle, within the historic ambit of Trim.

My reminiscences accompanied me to Clarke bridge, a point of view that cannot be uninteresting to those who have not the liberty of my roof. The intervening space between this and Ballybough-bridge, is known by the homely epithet of "Mud Island." I am aware that many antiquaries of high respectability, whom I shall not here name, dissent widely from me as to the derivation of this epithet; doubtless the subject was well worthy of their deepest lore, and in their grovelling theories they will have it that the cognomen is deduceable from the marshy fields and slimy rivulets of this "holy land." Relying, however, on the venerable M. S. whose authority is upheld by immemorial tradition, and which commences with the golden precept in richly illuminated capitals,

In *Mudeelis*,
In Claynonels,

I give it as my settled dictum, and I trust that will set the question at rest for ever, that Mud Island was so called, because the principal structures that graced its surface, were of the class designated in some Irish Melody as the "cotter's mud edifice." I am the more anxious to put this opinion upon record, as these hovels are now fast disappearing, while the name is likely "to cling round it verdantly still."

BALLYBOUGH.

The tourist will find a manufactory of vitriol at Ballybough;—the historian will remember that its chapel originally belonged to the regular Canons of Glendaloch, whose prior had its advowson;—while the churchman will not fail to discover that its tithes were "part and parcel of the possessions of the monastery of the Virgin by Dublin." The Jew approaches its village with feelings of a more sombre character—for in its centre is, perhaps, the only Irish cemetery of his nation. I here bethought me of the devotion with which the Jews are represented in the sacred writings, as regarding their burial places; and the last wish of that affection expressed with such pathetic simplicity, in the entreaty of Jacob, particularly occurred to me: "Bury me not, I pray thee, in Egypt; but I will lie with my fathers, and thou shalt carry me out of Egypt, and bury me in their burying place." And afterwards he charges his sons: "bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Machpelah, which is before Mamre, in the land of Canaan, which Abraham bought with the field of Ephron the Hittite, for a possession of a burying place. There they buried Abraham, and Sarah, his wife; there they buried Isaac, and Rebecca, his wife; and there I buried Leah." The tomb-stones of this grave yard, at Ballybough, however, not being hallowed by any christian respect, have been, as I understand, frequently carried away, to supply hearths and chimney slabs to the neighbourhood: and in Cromwell's (not Oliver's) "Excursions through Ireland," a humorous anecdote is related of a Jew, who, visiting a christian friend in the BYEWAYS of Ballybough, found him in the act of repairing his house, when, on examining the improvements, he perceived at the fire-place a stone, which intimated to the astonished Israelite that the body of his father was buried in the chimney!! The ground has been since enclosed with a high wall, and is, I am informed, planted with trees and shrubs, among which are a few tombstones with Hebrew inscriptions. I could not, however, obtain admission then, nor since, although I actually bought two pounds of chocolate from one, and a gross of pencils from the only other Jewish patriarch that our metropolis can boast, in the hope of bending to my purpose that stiff-necked generation.

Though Ballybough sounds not quite so tuneable as lark to shepherd's ear, yet are there some records associated with it which would, perhaps, be worthy of rescuing from oblivion. One particularly is referred to—A.D. 1510, when John Netterville and John Penqueyt having perpetrated a murder, and stolen from William Dardis, the Vicar of Ardeath, a sheep, '*of the value of eight pence*, and committed other enormities, that shewed they were not born in times

"When Erin's sons were so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold,"

sought sanctuary in St. Mary's Abbey; whereupon the Coroner appointed the *Officers of Ballybough* to take charge of the said felons, till delivered by due course of law. The Abbot Richard Begg, and his monks, sturdily resisted this interference with their privileges; and on the other hand, the officers of Ballybough, deeming their opponents 'priests while they prayed, but foemen when they fought,' belabboured the ecclesiastics, till overpowered, as it were, *de jure divino*, they appealed to the common law, indicted the churchmen, and were again more peaceably discomfited by a verdict of acquittal.

In subsequent times the ancient, but long since extinct, family of the Bathes of Drumcondra, were seised in fee of Ballybough, but, under the Act of Settlement, the greater part thereof was granted to James, Duke of York, of which Alderman John Eccles, of Dublin, afterwards obtained a conveyance from the Trustees of the forfeited estates.

I will not trouble you with other matters touching this little village, which might savour too much of the "veritable antique," and feeling that I have already occupied more than enough of your valuable columns, I shall, for the present, conclude with the following

NOTICE

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

The writer of this article proposes, in the course of the ensuing weeks, to visit, by easy stages, Marino, Clontarf Town, Castle and Sheds; Kilbarrack, Sutton, and so to Howth—returning by way of Beldoyle, Raheny, and Killester. En passant he will furnish some family histories, particularly of the Caulfields, Vernons, and St. Lawrences.

I offer this notice, Sir, as well that all other *hobbylers* may avoid my track, as that any person having any documents or traditions touching the same, may communicate them to me, through the intervention of your office; and I do further hereby require that the respective noblemen and gentlemen, whose territories I encounter in my course, may be prepared to exhibit all their *lions* to advantage, and most especially to unrol their individual pedigrees and achievements to my inquiring eyes. To my Lord of Howth, *par excellence*, you will, I trust, forward a copy of this your Number, that he may thenceforth receive, through your successive publications, due intimation of my approach.

To each and all I would give the poet's warning—

"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
An' faith he'll prent it."

D.

Summer-Hill.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Gertrude; a Tale of the Sixteenth Century. 2 vols. post 8vo.—London: Colburn and Bentley.

These volumes, which are evidently the production of a lady, are written in a light, sparkling, agreeable style, which carries one on unwearied to the end. They are intended to depict some of the youthful follies and darker shades in the character of the somewhat overpraised *Henri Quatre*, and to present a vivid picture of the then state of manners at the Court of France. The narrative commences with a minute description of the wedding of Henry, then king of Navarre, and a Protestant, with the beautiful Marguerite de Valois, daughter of Catherine de Medicis. Though Charles the Ninth was nominally the reigning monarch, Catherine, the bigoted queen-mother, who had been declared Regent of France during the minority of her son, still possessed no inconsiderable authority, which indeed she continued to exercise in a yet more sovereign manner, during the reign of Henry III. Four days after the splendid nuptial ceremony, described in the opening of the first volume of Gertrude, the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day was perpetrated, namely, on the 24th of August, 1572. The heroine of the story, was the youngest daughter of Guy, Count of Frontenaye, who having embraced the reformed doctrines, had kept aloof from court, and brought up his family in solitude, at some distance from Paris. His elder daughters were already married to Hungarian noblemen of the Huguenot persuasion. Gertrude, the only one remaining, was but in her fourteenth year: we shall introduce her, however, in the words of the author:—

"Brightly arose the sun on the twenty-fourth of August, and almost as brightly sparkled the eyes which its beams awoke that day. The morning breezes played amongst the leaves of the forest trees. Rosy clouds, tinged with gold, spread themselves over the eastern horizon; the birds, in thrilling chorus, assembled to salute the god of day; the tops of the distant hills were bathed with radiant light; hundreds of peasants, with happy faces and holiday garbs, were assembled by day-break on the spacious

lawn which bounded the castle on every side but that which was bathed by the bright waters of the capricious river, now flowing gently in soft blue waves, and now sparkling over the pebbles and moss-grown stones that lay in its glittering bed. All were early in movement within the castle. It was a *jour de fête* among the peasantry, and the family of Frontenaye had assembled early to see the peasants carry flowers and fruit in procession to the church of their patron saint. It was also the birth-day of Gertrude, whose beauty drew forth a murmur of admiration, when she appeared with her mother and sisters among the crowd. She seemed indeed a personification of youthful happiness and beauty. Her figure was slight, her step like that of the bounding deer when first he treads the forest glades in all the pride of youthful majesty, brushing the dew from the flowery grass, and breathing the fresh morning air when alone it sighs in all its purity. Her clear blue eye was like the vault of heaven when you have seen the angry clouds disperse and the blue sky smile out as if in joy that its beauty was no longer hidden. Her hair resembled dark and burnished gold, and was so long, that when she stood, its waving tresses touched the ground. According to the fashion of the age, those who were married gathered up their locks under the velvet coif generally worn by matrons; Gertrude wore her hair uncovered, and hanging down, ornamented only by a coronal of large white roses."

The same night when the family were all assembled on this festal occasion, the castle was broken into by a band of assassins shouting, *Fué! Fué! massacrez les Huguenots*, who murdered all save Gertrude and an infant son of one of her sisters; *they* accidentally escaped by being absent at the moment from the scene of slaughter. She slowly recovers the shock, and the violent fever that succeeded it, and forms a close and intimate friendship with an aged and venerable abbot in her neighbourhood, who, in common with all the monks of his convent, uniformly expresses a degree of abhorrence of the St. Bartholomew massacre, somewhat inconsistent with the well-known fact, that Gregory XIII. who then occupied the papal chair, not content with celebrating high mass, and chaunting a solemn *Te Deum* in honour of the glorious act, resolved to perpetuate his approbation of it to posterity, by causing a medal to be struck with his own profile on one side, and on the reverse, the destroying angel exterminating the Protestants, with the legend, *Huguenotorum strages*.

After several years of solitude and sorrow, Gertrude is at length tempted, by a variety of circumstances, to accept the invitation of her cousin the Duchess de Montbazon to repair to court, and become maid of honour to Madame Catherine, sister of the king of Navarre. Her first introduction at the Court of France, is thus described:—

"Amid the blaze of a hundred lamps, among statues of marble, and vases of alabaster, in suites of illuminated apartments filled with the rich perfume of the most fragrant flowers, and breathing with all the enchantments of beauty and music. Gertrude was now presented to the royal family of France, and in a more particular manner to the Princess of Navarre, of whose household she was in future to form a part. Murmurs of admiration and whispers of envy flew round the room as she entered leaning on the arm of Madame de Montbazon.

"'Heavens!' said the Duchess, "what fields of waving white feathers there are to-night!'

"'It seems almost a uniform,' said Gertrude.

"'And are you aware of the reason?' asked her companion. 'It is entirely out of compliment to the King of Navarre, who on all occasions is distinguished by his snow-white plume. He will believe you have come hither to insult him: but no, there are other heads to be seen without his favourite ornament,—the rallying point on all occasions whether in the gay assembly, or in the bloody field of battle.'

"Madame de Montbazon was enchanted with the admiration which her cousin excited. It was the first time Gertrude had worn any dress but a black one; and when her toilette was completed, she almost started at her own loveliness, and perhaps she had a secret pleasure in thinking that she would thus appear in the eyes of De Beaumont. Contrary extremes sometimes produce the same effect, and complete seclusion may preserve a native elegance of air and manner as much as a constant residence in refined society. At Frontenaye, Gertrude was a queen, in the habit of receiving universal homage and respect; the contrary would rather have surprised her. Knowing herself to be beautiful, she was totally indifferent about it, and had no idea of its being considered so great an advantage. The unaffected and simple dignity of her manners therefore was even more surprising to the new society in which she found herself, than her personal beauty; and many a young lady who, alarmed at the report of her wonderful beauty, had consoled herself with the reflection that her manners must be those of a country rustic, was mortified to find that she was as distinguished for elegance as for her personal charms.

"'Holy Virgin!' sighed a youthful worshipper of the Muses, Le Vicomte de Mercure, who was lounging in the antichamber as she passed through it, 'she looks like the personification of a poet's dream! Thus must Innocence have appeared, if under the form of a mortal she ever deigned to hold communion with men.'

"'The higher we are,' said D'Aubigné with a sneer, 'the farther we have to fall.'

"'Oh, you merciless monster!' said the beautiful Madame de Sauves, with an affected air of anger, 'I am astonished how the King of Navarre can endure such a cynic as you are. Methinks you and Monsieur de Rosny must embitter his existence.'

"Gertrude was delighted with the novelty and brilliancy of the scene. To her unexperienced eye, every body appeared equally beautiful. She had not yet learned to distinguish bought complexions, false teeth, and borrowed locks, from the natural beauty and freshness of youth; and to her also, every one appeared happy. The false and fitful gleam of gaiety that plays over the features when the heart is breaking, in what does it differ to a casual observer from the steady light of cheerfulness, emanating from a contented heart? The eye of the sorrowful is as bright, and the glow on their cheek, it may be, brighter than that which illumines the countenance of the happy. Gertrude was received by the Queen with graceful affability; by the Queen-dowager, whose aim it was at the present juncture to conciliate the Navarre party, with a well-acted appearance of extreme cordiality; and by Madame Catherine, with the delight of a child obtaining possession of a long coveted toy. The Queen-mother was not handsome; her features were irregular, and her figure bad. But there was an expression of keen intelligence in her eyes, and of queen-like dignity in her whole appearance, which, added to the splendour of her dress, rendered her a distinguished and majestic-looking personage. Unaccustomed to conceal her feelings, Gertrude shuddered almost visibly as she was obliged to touch with her lips the hand of the Queen-dowager. She looked with horror at the fiend who, in woman's guise, had in cold blood planned the murder of tens of thousands.

"'Lady de Frontenaye,' whispered the Duchess, in a warning tone; 'speaking eyes are dangerous. I read your feelings, and, believe me, so may others. Do not look as if you gazed upon a basilisk.'

"The King had not yet made his appearance, but his absence appeared to cause little regret, while that of the King of Navarre, who had been absent for two days at a hunting party, was loudly deplored. The Queen, whose beautiful eyes were turned with anxiety towards the folding doors, at length rose, and, taking Gertrude's arm, offered to introduce her to his Majesty in his private cabinet; hoping, perhaps, that she might prove a sufficient attraction to induce his Majesty to bestow a little of his time upon the company. This Prince, the favourite son of the Queen-dowager, and who, when Duke of Anjou, had given so fair a promise of future excellence, had, since his accession to the throne, totally changed his character. Sunk in the lowest excesses, weak, wavering, and superstitious, the few glimpses of his former character, which he still displayed, only served, like light shooting athwart the gloom of a dungeon, to render his present vices more conspicuous. He received Gertrude, however, with a degree of affability and dignified majesty, which contrasted in the most ludicrous manner with his external habiliments. He wore upon his head a little red toque, such as would have suited a Parisian grisette; a mantle of blue taffety was thrown over his shoulders, a long sword hung by his side, a basket filled with little dogs, was suspended from his neck by a long black ribbon: various pictures of saints, martyrs, and beauties of low rank and doubtful character, ornamented the walls of his cabinet; a book of low ballads and licentious songs, and a splendidly bound *livre d'heurs*, were both open on the table before him; a small lute-harp lay on one couch; on another, a silver crucifix. Half extended upon a velvet ottoman, lay the handsome but effeminate Levi-Quélus, one of the *mignons*. His long fair hair hung in curls, arranged with as much care as that of any of the court-ladies; he also wore long diamond ear-rings, a present from his royal master; and even on the Queen's entry, he had the insolence to remain in the same posture, affecting to be asleep. Not long after, this person died of the wounds he received in a quarrel with one of the Duke of Alençon's favourites, and was mourned for by the King with the most passionate and unruly grief. He assisted in bleeding him, served him with his own hands, promised a hundred-thousand crowns to the surgeon if his life were saved; and, after his death, he cut off his fair hair, and kept it as a relic; took out his ear-rings, and wore them himself, and, shutting himself up in the Louvre, passed several days

without seeing any one, even of his own family.

"Gertrude expressed her gratitude to his Majesty for the title of Countess which he had been pleased to bestow upon her; and the Queen begged of him to join the society. The King, however, who was engaged in feeding his little dogs with the thinnest possible slices of bread and butter, each mouthful bestowed with an exclamation, such as '*Tiens, ma mignonne! manges donc, mon petit toutou! Ah! mon pauvre petit cheri, tu as trop mangé!*' seemed indisposed to relinquish his intellectual occupation; but upon a second glance at Gertrude, he promised to look in in the course of the evening, and the ladies took their leave of his Majesty, and returned to the party."

Soon after this the king of Navarre returns from his hunting party, and Gertrude discovers to her astonishment and dismay, that he is the man who, under the name of the Duke of Beaumont, had visited her solitary castle, and won her heart. The story of Preciosa, a Spanish lady, whom also Henry had jilted, is then related at considerable length: this lady forms an intimate friendship with Gertrude, and on leaving court to retire to a convent, writes her the following letter:

"'Forgive me, dearest Gertrude, if, by departing without bidding you adieu, I adopt the only method by which I can avoid taking advantage of your generous offer. I go with a breaking heart, and thoughts yet unweaned from this wretched world. I leave but two behind me in whose fate I am interested, Henry of Navarre and yourself. For him I fear not: first, because he is a man; and secondly, because he is of a happy disposition, and one in whom sorrow passes lightly over, leaving but a gentle and easily-effaced impression. I leave him in the midst of pleasures; and if dangers lurk beneath them, he is a man, he can defend himself. Men are subject to die violent deaths; but they almost have it in their power to shape the destiny of their lives. My last prayer to Heaven shall be for him. Though he has disenchanted my existence, and made my life but a dreary journey to the grave; though but for him I might have lived honoured and beloved, and died respected, and in peace, yet I forgive him. Alas! does he think, do men think, that the hearts of women are but toys to trifle with? or haply, do they believe them formed of such hard material that they will not break? They know not—care not. It is not then of men I speak; it is not for Henry of Navarre I tremble. Gertrude, it is for you. You are a woman,—therefore destined from your cradle to misery. You have a heart, therefore you will feel that misery.—Yes—from the cradle to the grave, woman's life is but a chain of sorrow; and if some bright flowers embellish her early days—if some vivid joys are thrown around her path in the morning of life, how bitterly do they contrast with her future years! How often do the sorrows of her whole existence arise from those very hours of pleasure! brief—fleeting—dangerous. Oh! who would grieve for the death of an infant daughter! Who would not rather rejoice that she did not grow up to be a woman; an unprotected, deserted, unpitied woman? Methinks, if any of our sex are happy, it can only arise from two causes; from a hardened heart, or an insensible one. Why are we not taught this by our instructors? Why are we not told that we are victims, and given time to prepare for our fate? Why are we led into the world as godesses, decked with flowers, radiant with the smiles of anticipated joys, surrounded by flattering words? It is a cruel deception: we are forced to marry those we hate, and thus we are chained to sorrow through life; or worse than this, we marry those we love, and in a short period we are repaid by ingratitude and neglect. We lead a life of resignation, and try to appear contented, and pass our lives like statues, with hearts of stone, or of brass; or we catch at a passing pleasure, and try to deaden our grief, and we are defamed, insulted, vilified; or we sin, and our portion is—remorse, desertion, and despair.

"'As I write, my grief, which I thought at its height, increases. I know not why I write; but that sorrow, like a river, long pent up, overflows its banks, and gushes forth in torrents. I enter the cloister—I take the veil: but what a heart will beat beneath the habit of the nun! How can I pronounce my vows, till my mind is weaned from the things of time? Yet the society of the holy-minded may produce holy thoughts.

"'Lost as I am, I venture to advise you: for the present, remain where you are; see the King of Navarre as usual. When you look on him, gay and contented, think of me. Endeavour to accustom yourself to his presence. Among those who have offered you their hearts and fortunes, there are many worthy of you. But fate will have its way; and if you are destined to be happy, you can but try to meet the blow as nobly as you can; and endeavour at least to retain the consolation of reflecting that you are not the cause of your own misfortunes. Adieu! the streets are beginning to give signs of life. A happy artizan passes by, singing to his morning work. A little ragged boy gazes on the Louvre with envying eyes, thinking perchance that sorrow may not enter those walls. For the last time, I see the sun shining upon Paris. Scenes of short-lived pleasure, and of ever-during woe, adieu!—All are at rest within the palace. When they waken, there is but one who will enquire for me. Oh! that there were some short yet sinless method of freeing oneself from the burden of life! But, for a guilty soul to venture, unbidden, into his presence, whose eyes are too pure to behold iniquity!—No! fear not, Gertrude. I trust to Heaven's mercy alone for a speedy deliverance. Adieu, adieu."'

The end is, that Gertrude dies on witnessing the ceremony of Preciosa taking the veil. There is little, as may easily be seen, in the plot of the story, but the interest is well kept up by liveliness of narrative and variety of incident. The historical portraits are pretty accurately given. Sometimes indeed, as in the description of the reception of the king of Poland on his journey to his dominions, by the elector Palatine, we could have wished our fair author had adhered to the simplicity of Brantome and De Thou, instead of following the gratuitous amplifications of Mongez and Browning, but this, perhaps, were too much to expect from a novelist. As the character of the Queen-mother (Catharine de Medicis) forms so prominent a feature in this work, we are tempted to transcribe the following brief summary of it, which we remember struck us forcibly in reading over DAVILA, as a singular proof of truth and honesty in a writer who, from his position, was naturally and necessarily very reluctant to give any testimony that could militate against her memory and reputation. *Fu tenuta di fede fallacissima, avida, o più tosto sprezzante del sangue humano più assai de quello che alla tenerezza del sesso feminile si convenga: et apparve in molte occasioni, che nel conseguire i suoi fini, quantunque buoni, stimasse honesti quei mezzi, che gli parevano utili al suo disegno, ancorchè per se medesimi fossero veramente iniqui o perfidiosi.*

Eldred of Erin; a Poem. By Charles Doyne Sillery, Author of Vallery, or the Citadel of the Lake.—Edinburgh, Constable and Co.; and Hurst and Chance, London.

THE first two books of Eldred, the only ones contained in this little volnme, the author informs us are merely experimental. The reception of these, he says, will determine whether he is to proceed further with the poem, or leave his hero where he found him, wrapt in his own solitary contemplations, amid the wild sublimities of the Emerald Isle. Mr. Sillery, we should apprise our readers, is himself an Irishman; and though he has visited foreign parts, and stored his fancy with a copious store of eastern imagery, he is still abundantly youthful and Irish in his taste and judgment. But as our readers doubtless would feel gratified to be introduced to so desirable an acquaintance, they will permit us to do them that delicate honour through the medium of a bit of newspaper eloquence, which we take the liberty of transcribing from the Edinburgh Observer:—"A more enthusiastic child of song than Charles Doyne Sillery, has rarely appeared on this terraqueous globe.—Like Anacreon Moore, his wit flashes in incessant coruscations. Like the same illustrious bard, he sings his own songs, and dashes even his prose with poetical ornature. He possesses, moreover, the astronomical enthusiasm of a Newton, the philosophic vein of a Brown, and the mechanical skill of a Watt. About the ordinary size, and exceedingly slender in figure; we never look upon his eye, gleaming with intellectual fire, but we think of the

'—— mighty soul, that, working out its way,
Fretteth the puny body to decay.'

Mr. Sillery is still very, very young; yet he has visited, not only mentally, but bodily, the uttermost parts of the earth. He has been rocked by the tropic billows—has seen the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte—doubled the cape of storms—gazed on the palmy headlands of Hindostan, and learnt to eat with chopsticks in China."

Throughout the preface to Eldred, there is a somewhat suspicious anxiety observable to anticipate and repel the charge of plagiarism; and especially any insinuation of having followed or imitated Lord Byron. Our readers will perhaps be better able to guess at the motives of this violent disclaimer, when they have read the three following stanzas, taken from different parts of the work:—

XV.

"'Tis sweet to walk by the deep ocean's roar,
When foam and sunshine crisp the emerald billows:
'Tis sweet to wander through the forest hoar,
Embowered, with singing birds, mid clustering willows:—
Sweet 'tis to rove when autumn's gold-leaf yellows
Lawns, cornfields, groves; all Nature's wide dominions
When Flora laughs, and rich Pomona mellows.—
But sweeter far than all those earthly minions,
To lift the soul to Heaven on Contemplation's pinions.

. . . . . .

XX.

"To stand alone upon the midnight deck:
To gaze around upon the cold, calm sea;
Where not a rock, nor bark, nor spar, nor speck,
Of aught save Ocean blue, is seen to be:—
Forgotten—friendless—fatherless—and free
As the poor fettered Indian slave—all good,
All learning, all religion scorned to see—
As the bark's prow spurns back the foaming flood—
Thus—thus to stand alone——Oh! this is Solitude!

. . . . . .

XXXIX.

"I love to see the Sun in glory rise,
When heaven's all bright and beautiful and blue:
I love to see the pale Moon walk the skies,
When all the lamps of night are shining through:
I love the laughing landscape's verdant view:
The song of birds; the rush of streams and air:
And Womankind! I dearly love thee too:—
But sweeter far than thou, than all that's fair,
To stand apart and gaze on Innocence at prayer!

If we be asked is all, or any of this, in our opinion like Lord Byron, we answer no, not in the least; but it is mighty like a bad imitation of him for all that.

On the whole, there is a good deal to praise in Mr. Sillery's Eldred; but there is also not a little to condemn. Sometimes we find ourselves lost in "a great wood of words on this side and on that," and metaphors and images the most strained and incongruous, are scattered with no unsparing hand; nathless, in a more sober vein, and following the Horatian precept of keeping his verses over, (we are afraid to say how many years, but Mr. Sillery knows the number of the muses,) and submitting them to judicious pruning and revision, we have no doubt that he is capable of producing a poem really worthy of this "Beautiful isle of poetry and tears."

Let our readers judge from the following specimens:—

LI.

"So deemed the Solitary, as the shades
Of Evening stole along the mountains blue;
And all the laughing flowers and bright green blades,
Of every fairy-form, of every hue,
Closed their pure buds, and dreamt in diamond dew:
Slowly, and lone, he bent his homeward way,
Round yon dark mountain, wildly towering through
The billowy fogs belting its bosom gray:
And as he disappeared, mild Echo heard him say,——

LII.

"I love the night! the deep and dark blue night!
When countless worlds are sprinkled o'er the skies;
When lovely Luna sits enthroned in light,
And heaven looks on me with ten thousand eyes:
To hear the waters murmuring, and the sighs
Of love-lorn Zephyrus wandering through the woods:
To walk surrounded by a Paradise
Of glory, issuing in prismatic floods
From all the ethereal heavens, to all earth's solitudes!

LIII.

"Peace to the Bard! he slumbers with the world
All silently—the curtains of the west
Their gorgeous folds of pink and gold have furl'd:
The Babe, forgetful of her tears, doth rest;
Rocked, by the beating of her mother's breast,
Into Oblivion's Paradise.—On high
The pale-worn Moon displays her burnished crest,
Wandering in silence through the starry sky;
While, wan with shadowy light, the slumbering vallies lie.

LIV.

"Here have I paused, and pondered deeply; till
I had forgot'n the world, and all its jars;
And my soul—like the music of the rill,
That sweetly rises from the mountain spars—
Soared, and was lost amid the maze of stars!
That labyrinth of philosophy above—
But bounds are set, beyond whose adamant bars
No mortal thought hath ris'n, nor e'er shall rove,
Till freed from darkling dust it springs through light and love!

LV.

"To pause——to ponder—to be wrapt and lost
In thought intense; in meditation deep.—
This none can rob me of—'tis mine! and most
In the still midnight, when the heavens do sweep
O'er the hush'd nations, bless'd with balmy sleep:
Then the wide soul expands within her cell,
(Writhing and rising till the heart doth leap,
And the brow burns;)—like some huge swinging bell,
Vibrating, mid the clouds, between high Heaven and Hell.

LVI.

"Man doth not know, nor can I tell mankind,
The tides of thrilling rapture that now roll,
Ev'n like a boundless ocean, through my mind;
As if Heaven's inspiration fired my soul—
The soul! my God, how infinite! the whole
Of those bright orbs my dazzled eyes behold:—
Yon moon, yon stars thick sown from pole to pole:
Globes above globes, are through its regions roll'd;
And still there's room for worlds which numbers never told!

LVII.

"Room too for thought!—There Poesy, divine,
Hath an unutterable Heaven of bliss;
Imagination, her rich golden mine!
And meditation, her sublime abyss
Of boundless beauty, light and loveliness!
Then let me meditate! while all around
Is slumber—'Tis in such a night as this
That I love most to ponder, and to sound
The ocean of my soul, unfathomably profound.

LVIII.

"Tell me, ye midnight voices, where are they;
They who began life's pilgrimage with me?
Some toil in foreign lands far, far away,
Beyond the billows of the boundless sea:
Others, alas! are in eternity!
But all are severed—long forgotten—fled
Like wintry leaves wind-scattered o'er the lea—
Time walked between with swift and silent tread,
Making alike unknown the living and the dead.

LIX.

"And yet mid them there smiled my earliest friends,
The sharers of my innocence and joy:—
Ah! how the rush of years to manhood, tends
Our purer, perfect pleasures to destroy!
Who would not wish again to be a boy?
To tread the fields with light and bounding heart;
When no rough blasts, no hardships could annoy:
Our home, our Heaven—simplicity our art;
When every various scene new rapture could impart.

LX.

"Ah me! and those bright sunny days are gone;
Their very memory warms my weary soul:
Yet can they charm, though age apace comes on,
To cut "the thread," and "break the golden bowl."
Yes, years must change, and fleeting seasons roll;
And I fall off, as I had never been;
Hurried along to lingering life's last goal:
Yet shall I ne'er forget those days serene,
The lovely long lost hours mine infancy hath seen."

The succession of the seasons is thus described:—

XXXV.

"First comes sweet Spring in all her balmy mildness,
Adorned with leafy sprigs and fairy flowers:—
Shoots the young vivid verdure in its wildness;
Flush the fresh fields, and bud the blooming bowers,
Gemm'd with soft dews, impearl'd with tender showers.—
Up mounts the lark to meet the merry morning:
While silvery music leads the gentle hours;
And the bright bow, a soft shower's sunny warning,
Laughs mid the fleeting clouds yon glittering vale adorning!

XXXVI.

"Then comes bright Summer, beautiful and blue;
All sunshine, roses, vegetable blooms:
The chrystal rills their warbling ways pursue;
Bleat the white flocks among the golden brooms.
A dazzling deluge all the world illumes;
Droop the parch'd flowers on Nature's panting breast;
Till the black tempest spreads his pitchy plumes,
Then ragged lightnings tear the mountain's crest,
And the dread thunder rolls sublime along the west!

XXXVII.

"Follows rich Autumn, crowned with golden corn;
Sweet scents the withered grass along the way:
The yellow fields laugh in the saffron morn;
And merry reapers, ranged in fair array,
Ply the sharp sickle all the sultry day—
Pomona reddens on the bending boughs—
Myriads of wing'd gems in the sunbeams play—
From clustering vines the empurpled torrent flows,
And through the falling leaves the whistling south-wind blows.

XXXVIII.

"Last comes stern Winter robed in fleecy snow—
Through the calm air the whitening flakes descend:
Broad beams red Phœbus mid the vapours low;
While, from the leafless forest boughs depend
Cold glassy icicles, and far extend
The sparkling fields—the lake's a crystal plain!
Thick sown with stars the heavens of midnight bend:
When lo! the white hills melt with genial rain;
Laughs the ascending sun, and Spring returns again!"

We have a grave quiet Jonathan Oldbuck like sort of regard for womankind ourselves, but Mr. Sillery, like all your poetry talkee talkee sort of people, runs away with the joke; only listen to the foolish young man:—

XLIX.

"Who hath not loved fair woman?—Is there one,
Whose heart is formed of tender, breathing mould,
Between the poles, beneath the blessed sun,
Could look on her all callously and cold?
No! no!—Nor power, nor genius, rank, nor gold,
Can purchase her sweet love: it stands alone,
A heaven on earth!—free—fearless—uncontroll'd!
How bless'd is he, who all to guile unknown,
Can call her gentle heart of innocence—his own.

L.

"Oh! ecstacy of admiration!—Earth!
With womankind how beautiful thou art!
In wo or weal, in mourning or in mirth;
In every climate and in every part:
Ye gentle charmers of Man's ruder heart!
What were the world without you?—what this life?
All dark—all drear—all desolate—a mart
Of helpless, hopeless agony and strife:
Now all so beautiful, with Mother!—Sister!—Wife!

LI.

"Yes; womankind! I love thee, with a soul
Deeply devoted—with a pleasing, pure,
And perfect passion that hath all control
O'er this frail heart—a love that will endure,
As firm, as fixed, as faithful, fervent, sure,
As ever fancy formed, or minstrel sung!
What, though earth's clouds of sorrow may obscure
The bright blue skies, that innocence had hung
O'er thy heart's early life, so passionate, pure and young?

LII.

Its beauty beams through all!—go ask the man
Who lay before thee on the couch of death,
When life's slow current through his hot veins ran,
And his sunk soul seemed fleeting with each breath:
Hear what the female-tended captive saith;
The stranger in a foreign land—the foe—
The very outcast, who hath proved her faith:—
And they will tell thee wheresoe'er you go,
That gentle Womankind is all our Heaven below!

LIII.

"Then, Eldred loved!—the lady of his love
Was all to him—her golden flowing hair;
Her deep, blue eyes, like dewy orbs above;
Her lineaments, so exquisitely fair!
Her brow serene—the heaven of sweetness there!
Her form so slender, delicate and light!
Her mild deportment, and her gentle air;
Were all so lovely in young Eldred's sight,
That she alone seemed good, and beautiful and bright!

LIV.

"Oh! they would look into each other's eyes,
And read each other's souls; as ye, above,
Will trace the stars that gem the clear blue skies:
And they would breathe each others breath—and love
To hear their hearts in rapturous fondness move!
Such hours were not for eloquence—a sigh—
A look—a breath itself, would deeply prove
Their souls' pure passion—thus the hours did fly:
All earth was lovely then—all Nature ecstasy!

LV.

"Look on the desert flower!—how beauteous, there,
It buds and blooms, and flourishes and dies!
Pencilled by Flora, delicately fair—
Like evening's soft beams scattered o'er the skies—
Behold!—admire!—consider—ponder—prize—
Poor fool!—then see it wither, fall and rot!
So fades the flower from Eldred's Paradise;
So did his loved one perish!—mark the spot
Where that fair being sleeps, by the cold world forgot!"

There is no story, but that may come hereafter; meanwhile we have the pleasure to inform the reader, on the authority of the author, that these two books consist of a series of contemplations, in which the chief object is "to blend religion with reflection—piety with pleasure." Certainly if calling Lord, Lord, would carry a man to heaven, Mr. Sillery would be very secure of a place; but we confess we think the too frequent and familiar use of the name of the Most High, no inconsiderable blemish in the poem; and though it is not *meant* profanely, any more than in the prayers of methodists, and other enthusiasts of coarse minds and heated imaginations, the effect is yet painful and offensive in no slight degree, to minds of more delicate structure and purer taste.

Walter Colyton; a Tale of 1688. By the Author of Brambletye House, &c. 3 vols. 8vo. London; Colburn and Bentley.

Assuredly the time is gone by when it might be deemed a taste of paradise to lie on a couch and read new novels. When the aphorism was uttered—by Gray, as we remember—the incomparable novels of Fielding and Smollet were in the speaker's mind. The productions of "the wizard of the north," may, indeed, occasionally excite these ecstatic feelings in us still; but what are we to say of the herd of his imitators? The state of the critic, who peruses their works for professional purposes, we can answer for it from sad experience, is far from being that of one who enjoys the luxury of a bed of roses, much less a paradisaical state of bliss. That interminable spinning out "beyond the staple of the argument," one of those imitations of the worst kind in which the *servum pecus* are sure to follow their master, is a cruel infliction upon the reader. We are almost tempted to say of them on the whole, as Dr. Johnson did of the novels of Richardson: "if you read them for the story, your impatience will be so much fretted, that you will hang yourself."

The author of 'Brambletye House,' a professed imitator of the Scottish school, is, perhaps, one of the best of his tribe. He has just given us a fashionable novel of the usual dimensions, which is, we think, entitled to a fair share of patronage. It stirs up our historical recollections very abundantly, by the many real characters which figure in its pages: we have here James the second, and the prince of Orange; Lord Sunderland and his lady; Sir Charles Sedley and his daughter, with a number of other celebrated names—not forgetting a glimpse of "glorious John." And, perhaps, with the single exception of this latter glimpse, the introduction of the historical characters in 'Walter Colyton,' is managed with more cleverness than in any of the author's preceding novels: there is more of art and less of extravagance in their grouping, their exits, and their entrances.

We must endeavour to find room for an extract or two. Catherine Sedley, Countess of Dorchester, is a prominent character in the novel; her influence on one occasion, saves the life of 'Walter Colyton.' He is first introduced to her notice, under no very flattering circumstances, as an accused party, in the justice room of the Mayor of Westbury. Two ladies sit at the table with the mayor: "one of them, a respectable looking elderly personage, presented nothing very remarkable in her exterior; but her younger companion, although she had but slender pretensions to beauty, except in the brightness of her eyes, was calculated to strike the most unobservant spectator, by the voluptuous symmetry of her figure—the stylishness of her appearance—the fashionable confidence, not to say boldness, of her deportment—but, above all, by the arch, merry, and piquant expression of her countenance. While chatting and whispering to her friend, she occasionally laughed aloud, either for the purpose of displaying a brilliant set of teeth, or from genuine enjoyment of her novel situation, which, however, to a female of a less vivacious temperament, might have proved rather embarrassing than productive of pleasureable sensations." The scene in the justice-room, is entertaining, but too long for an extract; we shall, however, give some of the subsequent narrative.—

"'*Par tous les amours!*' exclaimed Catherine to her friend as they returned to their inn—'This young Somersetshire Captain is the prettiest fellow I have seen since I left St. James's. Tell me, Morlay, you who never admire any male creature except him whim whom you have sworn exclusively to love, honour, and obey, (what a horrible oath!) tell me, is not this youngster *un homme fait à peindre*, as Portsmouth said of Churchill? True, he wants the finishing polish which our courtiers exhibit, but then he has none of their impudence or affectation; and notwithstanding that little touch of rusticity about him, which in my opinion is a charm, it is quite impossible to doubt that he is a gallant and accomplished gentleman."

"'Truly, Catherine, the man is not amiss for a young squire, and by the time he has been six months in Lord Dover's regiment, he may pass muster with the best of our gallants, but for the present I can see nothing so bewitching about him. The fact is, that your fascinations inspired him for the moment; you have evidently won the poor fellow's heart:—Heaven grant that he may not have robbed you of yours in return, This, you know, would be *Leze Majesté*, so prythee be upon your guard.'

"'Deuce take you, Morlay, you are always reminding me of my splendid slavery.'

"'A strange sort of slavery that consists in having royalty at your feet, a Countess's coronet upon your head, and the whole court at your disposal.'

"'Hush, hush! you forget that I am no Countess while we are travelling *incog*: heigho! I sometimes wish that I could forget it altogether.'

"'A sigh from you, Catherine! A symptom of lassitude, I presume, produced by your own exuberant and irrepressible spirits.'

"'May not these high flown spirits, which you and others have so often envied me, be nothing more than a vehement effort to drive away dejection and melancholy? *N'importe—vive la bagatelle!* let me sing and be merry while I can, for when I get into my gilded cage, I shall have little heart for piping—I often think of the French chansonette that I heard Cifaccio sing to the late King a week before his death—

'Un jour Iris mit dans sa cage,
Un Rossignol qu'elle avoit pris;
Mais sitot que l'oiseau se vit dans l' esclavage,
Il perdit son tendre ramage.
Quel chagrin—quel chagrin
Pour la jeune Iris!'—

"'I forget the second verse, but I recollect the poor bird promised to sing as cheerfully as ever, if he might fly from his fine cage and be restored to liberty. *Basta, mia cara!* here we are at our inn, and we must now keep our tongues within our teeth, if we wish to remain *incog*. I won't say—be silent!—for that were a useless command to a female; but let us at all events talk so as not to betray ourselves.'

"Walter in the mean time had returned to his humble public-house, for it deserved no better name, where the landlord finding that his inmate was not only an honest man, but that he had preserved from the highwayman a tolerably well-filled purse, became as importunate in his attentions and apologies to his guest as he had previously been forward in procuring his apprehension. Recoiling from his impertinent civilities, and requesting that he would not intrude into his apartment unless the bell rang, Walter immediately set himself to work in endeavouring to elucidate the mystery of his not having wounded the highwayman, though his pistols had been held within a yard of his body. As it was not unlikely that the state of his groom's weapons might throw some light upon this subject, he ordered them to be brought to him, when it appeared upon inspection that the bullets had been carefully withdrawn. That so honest and simple-hearted a lad should be in collusion with the robber he did not for a moment suspect, but upon being closely cross-questioned, Joe confessed that the pretended Quaker, on his quitting the parlour, had joined him in the stable, and had treated him with a pint of ale, sending him to the tap to procure it, during which temporary absence he had doubtless employed himself in drawing the bullets from the four pistols. Upon strictly charging his own memory too, Walter now recollected that he had deposited his sword upon the parlour table while he leaned out of the window to chat with the pretty landlady, who was bargaining with a market-woman in the road; an interval of which the highwayman must have adroitly availed himself to secure his sword to the scabbard, and had afterwards hurried him away to prevent any discovery of the manœuvre. As he considered himself to have been quite as culpable as his servant, he dismissed the latter with a gentle reprimand for his disobedience of orders in quitting the horses, resolving for his own part to convert his present experience into a lesson, and never thenceforward to chat too earnestly with pretty landladies, but above all not to give his confidence to strangers and fellow travellers, lest he should be again deceived and plundered by a wolf in sheep's clothing.

"It was much easier, however, to form sage resolutions for the future, than to settle how he should relieve himself from the embarrassment which his past indiscretion had entailed upon him. Of recovering his horse and money he had abandoned all hope, for the sharp-witted robber, when deprived of his own steed, would not neglect the means of escape offered by Walter's, which had probably been recovered and secured for that purpose, either by the pseudo Quaker himself, or by one of his colleagues. 'How then shall I act, how pursue my journey?' soliloquised our bewildered traveller as he walked up and down the room. 'As I have not sufficient money in my purse to buy another horse, shall I take possession of Joe's, send the lad back, and pursue my way unattended, which I may do with the less apprehension as I have now but little to lose? Shall I return at once to Orchard Place to petition for a fresh equipment?—or shall I write home with an account of my misadventure, and remain here until I receive fresh instructions? I hate delays—I should not like to present myself at home *in forma pauperis*, and with such a self-condemning story in my mouth—there will be little use in proceeding to London without the means of procuring my outfit when I arrive, and it will be intolerably tedious and annoying to remain at this unlucky town. I cannot therefore devise any satisfactory course of proceeding, or anticipate aught but vexation from this most inauspicious commencement of my career. Heaven defend me from all Quakers! The founder of their sect could not have been

so sly a fox as he whom I yesterday encountered. Shame upon me, in thus blaming the innocent for the guilty! There has been but one fool—only one culpable person in the whole transaction, and his name is Walter Colyton.'

"This self-examination was interrupted by the re-appearance of the landlord, whom he was about to order out of the room in no very complacent mood, when the man stated that there were two ladies below, who desired to have speech of him.—'To speak with me!' exclaimed Walter in no small surprise—'who are they—I know not a soul in this neighbourhood—what are their names?'

"'They declined giving them,' replied the landlord.'

"'Very extraordinary! but let them be introduced.' This was done accordingly, when he recognized the two females who had been present during his examination before the Mayor. 'I know not whether we are deviating from etiquette and established usages,' said Catherine, throwing herself into a chair so as to assume an attitude at once graceful and voluptuous—'but considering the awkward predicament in which our mutual friend, the worthy Quaker has placed you, I thought we might stand excused in disregarding all form and ceremony, for which, to tell you the truth, I have never any very profound respect. It occurred to us that you might be seriously embarrassed by the loss of your horse, and the golden freightage which was to purchase your outfit, and as you have been the means of recovering for us the whole of our property, which luckily exceeds our present and probable need, we have thought it our duty, to call and offer you *tout franchement* whatever portion you may deem necessary to carry you comfortably to London.'

"'Don't say *we*, my dear Catherine!' exclaimed her companion—'it is all your own kind and considerate proposition—nay, don't blush, though really it does make you look quite handsome, but this is ever the case with you. You are always more ashamed of your good actions than others are of their misdeeds. Oh! Captain Colyton! if you did but know half the noble and generous things that this dear creature is in the constant habit of performing.'

"'I can easily believe it,' said Walter—'not only from the cheerful benignity of the lady's countenance, but from the munificence of the proposal with which I am now honoured. I will frankly confess to you Madam,' he continued, addressing Catherine—'that at the very moment of your arrival I was pondering upon my difficulties in a somewhat disconsolate mood, but they are only of a temporary nature, they cannot extend beyond the period when I may expect to hear from my father, to whom I shall immediately write, and grateful as I am for your kindness, I should be hardly willing to accept a loan without knowing to whom I was indebted, and where I might call to discharge the obligation.'

"'We are on our return from the Bath,' said Catherine,—'I have made a little *detour* with my friend for the purpose of calling on one of her relations who lives at Luggershall, and I have particular reasons for wishing to remain unknown, until we arrive in London, where I reside. You look as if you would confer a favour frankly and willingly; why should you not accept one in the same spirit? Come, come, I will take no denial. You are young, and must therefore submit to be taught, especially when a lady is your instructress, how you should comfort yourself in this affair. Here is my purse—the purse which you recovered for me. Take from it at least as many Jacobuses as may suffice to purchase another horse, and if you are too proud to remain under what you may conceive to be an obligation, call, whenever it suits your convenience, at the first house in St. James's Square, next to the Mall; enquire for Catherine, and I will, in my own name, allow you to cancel your debt.'

"'All objections are vain,' said the companion—'when my noble minded friend has once set her heart upon any liberal or beneficent action her obstinacy is inconceivable. This is her besetting sin; she is sadly stubborn and intractable—so I often tell her, for frankness is my motto—I am quite a plain spoken lady, and never scruple to remind her of her faults. Not that I object to her conduct in the present instance—quite the reverse, and I have only mentioned her failing that you may cease any fruitless opposition to her wishes.'

"Walter would still have hesitated, but finding himself unable to resist the cordial and urgent manner in which the proffered accommodation was pressed upon his acceptance; and feeling assured that his father would quickly enable him to repay it, he at length took from the purse a sufficient sum to purchase another horse, making at the same time the most fervent acknowledgments for the favour, and declaring that he should never forget the kindness evinced by a stranger who had first become acquainted with him under circumstances so little calculated to entitle him to her kindness.

"'And whenever you hear a long-eared animal braying by the road-side, I hope you won't forget the Worshipful Balaam Hickman, Mayor of Westbury,' cried Catherine. 'Tush! tush! no more of acknowledgements!—I hate them!' She pursued the conversation for some little time in the same bantering and jocose strain, which she maintained with unabated smartness and vivacity, occasionally interrupted by her friend's exclamations of amazement at her high spirits and prodigious conversational powers, when she suddenly started up, declaring that she must immediately renew her journey. Walter bade both the ladies adieu, pledged himself to call upon them as soon as he should arrive in London, and after having mused for some time upon the strange nature of his adventure, the generosity of the lively Catherine, and the probable motives that could impel a being apparently so volatile to such a strict concealment of her name and quality, he walked to a dealer's in the town to purchase a horse, in order that he might follow his fair friends, and clear up the mystery with as little delay as possible."'

The following remarkable scene is too striking to be overlooked, and appears to be well worthy of the space it occupies:—

"Her conjectures were here cut short, for the door was thrown open, and the Groom of the Chambers announced Sir Charles Sedley, to the utter amazement of the Countess, who had never received a visit from him since she had obtained her title, and occupied her present mansion. 'Sir Charles Sedley! my Father!' she exclaimed, as the colour rushed over her face—'Morlay, you may withdraw!'

"This order was immediately obeyed; the door was closed; Sir Charles, bowing with the consummate courtesy that never deserted him, drew a chair, adjusted his cravat, and there was an embarrassed silence of a few seconds, which the lady was the first to break by resuming—'This is an unexpected honour, but indeed, indeed Sir, I am most happy to see you.'

"'I wish I could truly say as much!' replied Sir Charles. 'As my daughter,—as Catherine Sedley, I shall ever be glad to see you; but as the Countess of Dorchester, as the King's mistress, tricked out in these meretricious ornaments, and inhabiting this gorgeous mansion, I can have little pleasure and less honour in beholding you.'

"'And is it for the purpose of this flattering communication that I have been favoured with a visit?" inquired the Countess, nettled at the epithet he had applied to her jewels.

"'No, Madam; my opinion of your past conduct, my sense of your present degradation, are too well known to need repetition; the stain you have brought upon the name of Sedley cannot be altogether expunged, but the tears of repentance may wash out the blackness of its dye, and leave it of a fainter hue. If you cannot retrace your steps, you may at least halt in your disgraceful career; if you cannot affirm that you never strayed from the paths of virtue, you may claim the merit of not persevering to the last in the ways of vice.'

"'Perfectly true, Sir, though not quite original; for, if I mistake not, I remember to have read as much in my horn-book. Nor may my career be altogether an useless, though you are pleased to designate it as a disgraceful one, since I flatter myself that I am actuated by motives which, if they cannot redeem, may in some degree extenuate it. My influence with the King has never been unworthily exerted, and in my anxiety to save him from error, I have often hazarded the loss of his favour. Despising as much as you do the pernicious monks who hoodwink and misguide him, I have importunately admonished him against their machinations, often and earnestly warning him that his blind tyrannical zeal for Popery is more likely to make his subjects rebels than converts. If to have discharged this public duty openly, fearlessly, and incessantly, be any atonement for my private misconduct, it is an expiatory merit that I may honestly claim; nor can the failure of my counsels detract from the courage and sincerity,—nay, I will say from the patriotism, that prompted them.

"'An Esther, yea, verily, a second Esther, who becomes a royal concubine that she may save the Protestants, as her predecessor delivered the Jews! Nay, Madam, if you wanted a heroine to imitate, I could have recommended to you a Christian prototype of our own days; I could have brought to your notice the example of Madame de la Valiére, the late mistress of the French King, who renouncing her splendid infamy, retired into a Convent of Carmelites, assumed the name of the Sister Louisa of Mercy, wore hair cloth, walked bare foot, and sung whole nights long in the choir, a life of austerity which she still continues to practise as some atonement for her past misconduct. Our habits and our religion alike reject this severity of discipline; but you might break off your disreputable commerce with the King; you might abandon this stately mansion that gives you shame rather than distinction; in the retirement of private life, or beneath your father's roof, whose house in

that event would be gladly opened to you, you might by your future propriety and decorum recover some portion of the good opinion which you have forfeited; and though you can never make your odious title an honour, you might henceforth so conduct yourself as to be an honour to your title."

"When, like Madame de la Valiére, I have lost the affections of my royal lover, I may perhaps follow her example, and boast that I have abandoned my sins because *they* have deserted *me*. It is an old stratagem, and may succeed when the devil can be cheated, but not before.'

"'If you are not to be influenced by moral considerations, and a sense of your dishonour, you might at least evince some regard for your own interests. You cannot but be aware, for you were never deficient in penetration, that a crisis, a convulsion is approaching, in which it is by no means improbable that your royal lover, as you unblushingly call him, may lose the crown he has so unequivocally shown that he knows not how to wear. Your lease of his favour cannot be of long duration; wait not to be repudiated, discarded, thrown aside as a plaything of which he is tired, or a part of his private establishment which he can no longer afford to maintain, but quit him while there is yet grace in doing so; assume a virtue, if you have it not, and while none but the purest motives can be attributed to your conduct, it will at the same time be consistent with every consideration of policy and prudence.'

"'Never, Sir, never!' exclaimed the Countess indignantly.—'What! desert my benefactor at his approaching hour of need! Reform and purify my past life by present ingratitude, treachery and dissimulation! Become a hypocrite, and pretend compunctious visitings of conscience, because my career of error may soon cease to be a profitable one! Recover my fair fame and integrity, by adding to the number of my misdeeds! Your dirty shoes, Sir, may be cleaned by blacking; but your sullied daughter, if such she be, cannot be purified by soiling herself with this additional foulness.'

"'O Madam! I cry your mercy,' said Sir Charles, in a taunting sarcastic tone—'I came not to bandy tropes and illustrations with the witty Catherine Sedley, but to reclaim, if possible, the licentious and impenitent Countess of Dorchester. I stand rebuked: I should not have taken such a liberty; for even if I forgot the reverence and submission due from a father to his child, I should have remembered my inferior rank—that I am but an honest Baronet in the presence of a dishonest Peeress. Those flaunting jewels, this sumptuous mansion, your train of gorgeous lackeys, all should have reminded me that I had the honour of being in the house of Dalilah, and of addressing a royal concubine, who must naturally consider it an insult, when I presume to recommend to her notice the sacred obligations of morality, religion, and filial obedience.'

"Sir Charles should have known his daughter better. Had he interested her feelings, or convinced her reason; had he appealed dispassionately to her head or heart, he might perhaps have gained his point; he would have been sure, at least, of a respectful hearing, and an affectionate desire to meet his wishes; for she was sincerely attached to her father, whose estrangement had occasioned her much secret unhappiness. But these scoffing reproaches, this galling irony, were only calculated to inflame a temper naturally petulant and haughty, and rendered still more ungovernable by the world's flattery and fortune's favour. She coloured suddenly and deeply, her eyes flashed, her bosom panted, and she forcibly bit her nether lip in the endeavour to suppress her passion, that she might answer him in his own gibing tone. A second or two elapsed before she could trust her voice, and she could hardly maintain her accent of assumed calmness, as she exclaimed—'Morality and Religion! I have heard that when debauchees, becoming too old for farther sin, offer up to Heaven the Devil's leavings, they are apt to inculcate the most strenuously those virtues in which themselves have been most deficient. A blind man may hold a lantern, and enable others to find the way, though he cannot see it himself; a preacher, like a finger-post, may point out the right path, although his own steps do not pursue it; but what shall be said of him who both directs and leads his flock astray, and then upbraids them with the error of their ways? Morality and Religion! O monstrous! that the daughter of Sir Charles Sedley should be wanting in those virtues, when they have been so carefully instilled into her both by precept and example! How unpardonable to forget the chaste maxims of his plays and poems! What abomination not to recollect the holy life of the professed libertine and man of gallantry, who wasted his estate in such laudable profligacy as might best please his decorous friends, Lords Rochester and Buckhurst, Killigrew and Etherege, and who, in pursuit of this worthy object, was indicted for a riot, and fined £500 for an insult against public decency!'

"'Enough, Madam, enough,' said Sir Charles, starting up in an agitation of anger and remorse; 'for both our sakes, I will spare you any more of an exposure, which none but a Tullia would have presumed to make. I confess that you have succeeded in lacerating my feelings, and I leave you that consolation, in addition to all the infamy of your greatness. But listen, Madam, listen; you have yourself a daughter, and even in that you possess an honour which I cannot boast, for mine is not illegitimate. That daughter may occasion you to feel as I do now, 'how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child.' But there will be a still bitterer pang in reserve for you, as there has been for me, when, although you may be wrung by the heartlessness of the charge, you cannot deny its truth, should that daughter ever upbraid you to your face with the disgraceful licentiousness of your younger days, and attempt to excuse her own abandoned life by pleading the example of her parent!' So saying, Sir Charles bowed with his unalterable grace and courtesy, and quitted the apartment.

"Stung by the sarcastic reproaches of her father, and wound up to a paroxysm of ungovernable passion, the Countess had been hurried into recriminations, which, however they might be just, were scarcely justifiable as coming from a daughter. Her triumph, like every other victory of angry and improper excitement, entailed its own instant punishment; her better feelings quickly regained their ascendancy; a pang of remorse shot to her heart, and as soon as she recovered from the momentary stupor in which she had been plunged, she clasped her hands together, looked wildly around her, and ejaculated in a voice, rendered hoarse by her emotions—'Sir Charles! Sir Charles Sedley! Oh, stop him! stop him! Impious, unnatural wretch that I am, he is my father! Oh, return, return my dear father, to your penitent daughter, who thus, thus humbly implores and supplicates forgiveness!'

"As she sank down upon the carpet it was an affecting spectacle to behold the Countess arrayed in all her gorgeousness, kneeling in the midst of her own splendid saloon, clasping her jewelled hands together, and with humiliated and contrite looks fixing her distended eyes upon the door, as if she expected that her father might return to bestow the pardon for which she so submissively sued. In this suppliant attitude she had hardly remained a minute before she heard the hall-door shut, when starting upon her feet, she ejaculated, 'It is too late—he is gone—he is gone!' and flying to her own room, she threw herself upon the bed in an uncontrollable outbursting of passionate tears and sobs."'

Walter Colyton, although the novel is called by his name, is not the hero—at least not the personage to whom the chief interest of the story attaches. Stanly Forrester is the man. He is deeply and most actively engaged in the Revolution on the Protestant side, condemned to death at Exeter, and about to be executed, when he is saved by the landing and the immediate interference of king William. Above all, Forrester is beloved by the two principal female characters, Edith Colyton and Agatha Shelton, to *both* of whom he has the happiness to be married in the end; one of them dying most opportunely to make room for the other. This part of the plot is very curiously managed; but we must have done, and allow the curious reader to inquire further into the particulars for himself, if it so please him.

Notices of Brazil in 1828 *and* 1829. By the Rev. R. Walsh, L.L.D. M. R. I. A. author of a journey from Constantinople, &c. 2 vols. large 8vo.—London, Westley and Davis.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

We have given some extracts from Doctor Walsh's work in a former number, but it is not a book to be passed over so slightly, and we shall be disappointed if our readers do not concur with us in this opinion, when they have perused the observations we are now about to make upon it.

Brazil is very singularly circumstanced among the nations of the American continent. It is the only state which has not adopted the republican form of government; and it appears to us that in not adopting it, the people have been benefited. In making this assertion, we have have not been influenced by any consideration of the relative advantages of a democracy or a monarchy; but the perusal of the volumes now before us, has fully satisfied our mind, that by this circumstance mainly, the country has been saved from many of the evil consequences to be apprehended from a sudden and violent change in the character of its institutions. All the other trans-atlantic states, commencing with the Anglo-American, had to maintain a bloody and a lengthened struggle for their independence, some of them have not yet passed through the ordeal, while the internal tranquillity of Brazil has been but little disturbed, by an event, which, from the sudden

and unexpected manner of its occurrence, and the magnitude of its consequences, involved a greater concussion of interests, and might, therefore, have been expected to produce a greater exasperation of the public spirit, than in any other of the surrounding states.

The history of Brazil, previously to the revolution in 1808, caused by the removal of the royal court from Portugal to America, is almost nothing. This country, the most extensive in South America, and comprehending the richest portion of that peninsula, while it was held by the mother country, was governed according to such a rigid and narrow system of colonial policy, that even in Portugal itself, little was known as to its internal wealth or management. It is a curious fact, as stated by Dr. Walsh, that the Brazilian writers who lately published a history of their country, were chiefly indebted to our countryman Southey's History of Brazil, for their materials. So narrow and short-sighted was the policy of the government, that an intelligent stranger was enabled to glean more information relative to it, than a native was permitted to gather from the legitimate sources of inquiry. Hence it was, that a nation so extensive that a year is required for corresponding between its remotest province and the capital, remained for centuries scarcely examined, scarcely cultivated, scarcely peopled—a blank in geography, and a blot upon its parent country.

Early in January, 1808, an account was received at Rio Janeiro, that the combined French and Spanish armies were entering Portugal, and that, in consequence, the Prince Regent, afterwards king, had embarked, with all the royal family, for Brazil. "This news excited an extraordinary mixture of sorrow and joy; sorrow that such calamities should overwhelm the mother country, to which the good people of Brazil were still fondly attached, and joy that an august monarch, of whom they entertained the most exalted and extravagant notions, should condescend to visit their humble country, and take up his residence there.'

The first acts of the sovereign on his arrival, confirmed the sanguine anticipations of his subjects. A royal charter was issued, abolishing the old exclusive system, and granting to the people of Brazil, the freedom of commerce with all friendly nations. This edict, a Brazilian writer justly says, ought to be written in letters of gold.

Among the other benefits conferred on the country by the arrival of the court, was the influx of Portuguese of intelligence and rank; and the establishment of foreign mercantile houses, of which the English were the earliest. Next to opening the ports to foreign enterprize, was the encouragement of it among the natives of all classes, who, by a royal decree, were, for the first time, permitted the free exercise of every kind of industry.

At the same time was introduced that mighty engine of knowledge and power—a printing press. For three centuries this simple apparatus had been inhibited in Brazil, and it was not till the year 1808, that this great country was permitted to print even the leaf of a book. The estimation in which this royal gift was held by those for whose benefit it was intended, may be estimated from the fact, that in the city of Rio Janeiro alone, there are now thirteen periodicals published, and universally circulated and read.

Other improvements followed in rapid succession. A national bank was opened; a school of anatomy and medicine was founded, vaccination was introduced; roads were cut into the interior, attempts made to settle the native Indians, and several regulations promulgated for bettering the condition of the negro slaves.

The natural effect of all these measures was the singularly rapid improvement of the people, united with a strong feeling of personal attachment to the person of the sovereign, from whose voluntary impulses they emanated. In the year 1815, the Prince Regent assumed the title of King of Brazil. The effect of this change upon the Brazilians, though but that of a name, was electric. It was felt and expressed by a spontaneous illumination all over the country; to use the inflated expression of one of their own writers, "from the Amazon to the River of Plata was one continued blaze."

But the king of the new formed sovereignty did not possess the qualities necessary to secure the sentiments of attachment and respect which these acts had justly acquired for him. No nation was ever more indebted to a sovereign than the Brazilians to him, for the wise, beneficent and liberal decrees which marked the first years of his transatlantic residence. He gradually laid the foundation of that independence which they now enjoy, and fitted them for it by a succession of acts tending to improve and enrich the country, and to enlighten the people. But he was altogether unfitted, from the timidity of his character, and the irresolution of his measures, to direct the spirit of independence, when once excited. Controlled or influenced by those about him, who thought only of making the new arrangements subservient to their own selfish interests, the execution of those salutary measures was thwarted or impeded by the functionaries to whom the execution of the details were necessarily entrusted: negligence, corruption, and venality gradually crept into all the departments of government, and more particularly into the administration of justice, a department, the purity of which is, above all, essential to the well-being and prosperity of the people.

While the feelings of veneration to the sovereign, first excited by his arrival, and subsequently heightened by the enlightened policy of his measures, were gradually wearing away in consequence of his own personal weakness of character, and the vices of his dependants, those of attachment to the new constitution, which secured to the people a share in the legislature was proportionably augmented. It was generally, and not illogically, argued, that the advantages derived from the revolution were due to the new regulations, which admitted the intellectual portion of the nation to a due share of that influence from which it had hitherto been excluded with so much jealousy, and that the practical defects under which every department laboured, were attributable to the undue or overpowering influence of ill-directed regal authority. The natural result was an increased attachment to the democratical institutions, influenced also in no small degree, by the example of the pure republics which were springing up on every side around them. The conflict of opinion broke out in some instances in insurrection; but those insurrections were formidable neither for the numbers engaged, nor for the length of their existence; they were easily and quickly suppressed, with little loss of life in the field, and still less on the scaffold. The country has been tranquillized—foreign capital and foreign intellect is rapidly pouring in; its amazing natural resources are developing; the national institutions are consolidating; experience is producing its influence; and the more zealous partizans of each system of government seem to have acquiesced, by a kind of tacit convention, in the expediency of supporting an order of things, in which, while each sees much to correct, both feel that it has been productive of much actual good, and is sufficient, if steadily adhered to, for the promotion of the progress of national prosperity, without hazarding it by changes, the results of which, however beautiful in contemplation, must be uncertain. Thus Brazil has been, and is likely to continue, a limited monarchy among the surrounding republics. The title of the government has lately been changed from that of a kingdom to an empire, but the change is merely nominal, and in no manner affects the mutual relations by which sovereign and subject were previously connected.

The history of Government is one of the most instructive that can be presented to the human mind—that of a new system or modification of it, springing up under our own eyes, and brought to a full, yet not precocious maturity, within the scope of our own observations, is peculiarly pleasing: it involves in it something of romance. The analogies of this history, as affecting Brazil, is minutely, and we have reason to suppose, correctly detailed, by Dr. Walsh, and constitutes no small part of the interest which such a work is calculated to excite.

These volumes afford the means of contemplating another subject of equal, if not greater interest, but of a very different character—that of negro slavery. The first source of reflection that presents itself to the traveller, on landing in the beautiful and romantic city of Rio Janeiro, is that of the condition of the slaves employed about the custom-house. The whole labour of carrying burdens is imposed on them; and the state in which they appear is revolting to humanity. They were (we use Dr. Walsh's description) naked, with the exception of a dirty rag tied round the waist: their skins were hard, crusty, and seamed like the coarse covering of a wild beast; their persons resembled those of beings of a degree below the rank of man; long projecting heels, and no calves to their legs; the mouth and chin protruding; the nose flat; the forehead retiring; the head and legs exactly those of the monkey tribe. Some were yoked to drays; some chained by the necks and legs; some followed each other in files, with heavy weights on their heads—chattering an inarticulate and dismal cadence as they moved along: some were mouncching young sugar-canes, like beasts of burden eating green provender, and some were seen lying on the bare ground among filth and offal, coiled up like dogs, and seeming to expect or require no other comfort or accommodation.

Such was the first exhibition of the human being in the state of slavery, leaving a deep and natural impression on the mind, that they suffered no wrong or hardship from such treatment, but were in the state assigned by God and nature to beings in the lowest grade of human existence, and, as it were, the link by which it was connected with the brute creation. A few hours served to correct this impression. A

regiment of native militia passed by. They were of all different shades of black, but the majority were negroes: their equipments were excellent; their dress, arms, and accoutrements in the best order. Their band produced sweet and agreeable music, of the leader's own composition; and the men performed their evolutions with precision and regularity. On proceeding to the market-place, the negro presented himself in another point of view. Men and women were here to be seen carrying about a variety of articles for sale. Some were in a state of bondage, but the larger proportion were free, and exercised their little callings on their own account. All, however, whether free or slaves, were neat and clean—their articles were good in their kind, and neatly kept; and their dealings were carried on in the spirit of simplicity and confidence, as if they neither wished to take advantage of others, nor apprehended unfair dealing towards themselves. On entering a church, to which attention was attracted by a funeral, another subject for contemplation presented itself. The funeral service was chaunted by a choir of priests, one of whom was a negro—a large comely man, whose jet black visage formed a strong and striking contrast to his white vestments. He seemed to perform his part with a decorum and sense of solemnity which was not observable in his brethren. Dr. Walsh, after a recital (of which we have given the summary) of the several appearances under which he had observed the negro character, during the first day of his entrance into the country, follows it up by the following observations:

"I had been but a few hours on shore, and I saw an African negro under four aspects of society; and it appeared to me, that in every one his character depended on the state in which he was placed, and the estimation in which he was held. As a despised slave, he was far lower than the other animals of burden that surrounded him; more miserable in his look, more revolting in his nakedness, more distorted in his person, and apparently more deficient in intellect than the horses and mules that passed him by. Advanced to the grade of a soldier, he was clean and neat in his person, amenable to discipline, expert at his exercises, and shewed the port and being of a white man similarly placed. As a citizen, he was remarkable for the respectability of his appearance, and the decorum of his manners, in the rank assigned him; and, as a priest, standing in the house of God—appointed to instruct society on their most important interests, he seemed even more devout in his impressions, and more correct in his manners, than his white associates. I came, therefore, to the irresistible conclusion in my mind, that colour was an accident affecting the surface of a man, and having no more to do with his qualities than his clothes; that God had equally created an African in the image of his person, and equally given him an immortal soul; and that an European had no pretext but his own cupidity, for impiously thrusting his fellow man from that rank in the creation which the Almighty had assigned him, and degrading him below the lot of the brute beasts that perish."

But, if we agree with the writer in his inference as to the injustice of slavery, what expressions have we of strength sufficient to give vent to our feelings at the manner in which this usurpation is exercised. The Brazilians are described as a mild and gentle people, not naturally sanguinary or cruel; and yet instances are detailed in these volumes, of oppression, and hard-hearted, cold-blooded cruelty, at which humanity shudders.

"I never walked," says Dr. Walsh, "through the streets of Rio, that some house did not present to me the semblance of a Bridewell, where the moans and cries of the sufferers, and the sound of whips and scourges within, announced to me that corporal punishment was being inflicted. Immediately adjoining our house was one occupied by a mechanic, from which the most dismal cries and moans constantly proceeded. I entered the shop one day, and found it was occupied by a sadler, who had two negro boys working at his business. He was a tawny cadaverous-looking man, with a dark aspect; and had cut from leather a scourge, like a Russian knout, which he held in his hand, and was in the act of exercising on one of the naked children in an inner room, and this was the cause of all the moans and cries we heard every day, and all day long."

We refrain from transcribing any more of these descriptions of horrors; we would abstain from them altogether, but the recital is necessary; they must be known to be believed; they must be related and vouched for by men of character above any suspicion of unworthy motives.

Among the other debasing defects of the slavery system, is that of producing a total abandonment, a bare-faced, hardened denial of truth, regarding the actual state of this unhappy portion of our fellow-creatures. The existence of slavery is acknowledged, because it cannot be denied: but the infliction of wanton cruelty, is so positively and so frequently denied, and the comfort, and content, and happiness, yes, happiness, of the negro, is so loudly, so repeatedly asserted, that many would be led to discredit the truth of mere general assertions, unless corroborated by details such as we have just quoted. When, or how the evil is to be eradicated, we know not; but this we know, that if the abettors of the system continue, as they most assuredly will, to be loud in its defence; and if the friends of abolition are silent or feeble in their remonstrances, on the latter must fall all the odium and all the blame consequent on the maintenance of a practice equally abhorrent from the lessons of Christianity, and the feelings of human nature.

We have said that Dr. Walsh's book contains much matter of deep interest, as regarding both the political and moral relations that bind man to his fellows. We think we have made good our assertion. We might go further; we might add, and a similar reference to the work would bear us out also in this, that it contains much other valuable information of what may be called a miscellaneous description, calculated to correct the prejudices of ignorance, and to extend the sphere of useful knowledge. To give but a single instance, for our limits press closely upon us. Those residing in the moist cool climate of the north-west of Europe, where venomous reptiles are almost unknown, are apt to think that serpents are the great curse of Brazil, that every underwood swarms with them. How would they be surprised, on referring to this author, to learn that danger is little feared from snakes though poisonous, while the great object of apprehension is an insect, a kind of tick, little larger than the house bug, with which unfortunately we are but too well acquainted. The fact is, that it is extremely uncommon for any one to be bitten by a serpent, while the carapatoo or tick, bites every body. Listen to Dr. Walsh himself, on what may be fairly considered as an approximation to one of the plagues of Egypt.

"Opposite the venda was an open copse, covered with brushwood. Here I entered to collect insects, which abounded in it; but I was called back and warned of danger. *I thought of serpents*, and made a precipitate retreat; but I found the danger was from a smaller, though nearly as serious a cause.—Among the insects of the country is a kind of tick called carapatoo. This is exceedingly venomous; it has six hooked and sharp claws, with which it readily clings to any passing object, and it is furnished with a proboscis of a singular structure. It consists of a pencil of bristles, serrated inwards, forming a terebro or piercer, with which it instantly penetrates the flesh of any animal, to which it has adhered by its claws, and burrows its head in the wound. When entering, the bristles expand, forming a triangle, of which the base is inside, so that it opposes a resistance to extraction, which it is sometimes quite impossible to overcome. If it is suffered to remain, it gorges itself with blood, till it becomes bloated to an enormous size; if it be extracted forcibly, so as to separate the head, it remains festering in the wound, and as it is exceedingly irritating and acrid in its quality, it causes violent inflammation, which degenerates into a foul and dangerous ulcer; the late king suffered severely from a carapatoo.

"These horrid insects, which are the plague of the country, are sometimes so abundant, that herds of cattle perish by their attacks.—They are so tough that they cannot be bruised, so vivacious that they cannot be drowned, and so adhesive that they cannot be separated; so that it was in vain to place the cattle in water, or use any other expedient. When I came out of the wood, one was found on my neck, in the act of perforating the flesh with its proboscis, but it had not time, so it was easily extracted. It was about the size of a large bug, with a grey mottled skin, which was so coriaceous and leathery, that no bruising would kill it, and it escaped." In another place, the writer describes a singular method, by which he was freed from those plagues. When his negro attendant could not eradicate them by force, she cut the body in two with a pair of scissors, and then applied snuff to the adhering part; in a little time, the insect, feeling uneasy after such an operation, began to move, gradually retracted his fangs, and dropped off.

We can only afford room for two passages more which may serve to inform our readers still further of the sort of information with which the book abounds. The first contains a description of the Agave Americana, or American Aloe, of which an accurate drawing is given, we remember, in Ward's Mexico, and our readers may recollect we gave a particular account some time ago of one which flowered in Lord Carbery's gardens at Castle Freke, a drawing of which was presented by the bishop of Cloyne to the Royal Irish Academy.

"I now for the first time travelled with muleteers; and even if I were disposed to sadness, their light and merry dispositions would disperse it. The morning was beautiful, brightening every feature of the lovely coun-

try through which we passed; and my mind was filled with the recollections of the kindness and good-will I had experienced, and a reciprocal feeling of them for all about me.—Our way continued along the pretty banks of the Piabunda, which we were now ascending to its source in the Organ mountains; and at the end of two leagues we arrived at the fazenda of Padre Correa, long celebrated for its coffee plantations. The house is a large, low edifice, standing on one side of a spacious green; and on the opposite ran the river, with a broad clear stream over a bed of pebbles.—In the centre was an immense figueira, or Brazilian fig-tree, shadowing all around with its dark foliage. Under this I sat sheltered from the heat of the sun, and took the refreshment of some fine peaches, with which the senhor had directed the muleteers to supply me. In the windows of the house stood a lady with some children; I made them a low obeisance which they courteously returned. I was informed it was the family of the emperor, whose daughter, the Princess Paula, had been sent here for the recovery of her health. She had been affect l with a chronic inflammation of her liver; and after remaining a few months in this delightful and salubrious place, she returned to Rio perfectly restored. The emperor was hourly expected to visit his family.

"We now came within sight of sundry granite pikes, that pierced the sky with their sharp points. We were approaching behind the Organ mountains, and began to see on the horizon the back of that ridge, whose front presents to Rio so curious an aspect. Fazendas were abundant on all sides, and the hedges were generally the American aloe. This magnificent plant, which I found in every part of the country, forms a circle of lanceolate leaves, sometimes eighteen feet in circumference; the leaves themselves being eight feet long, exceedingly strong and sharp. The flower-stem is two and a half feet in circumference at the base, and shoots up to the height of thirty feet; from this project innumerable horizontal footstalks, from whence hang myriads of campanulate blossoms, so that the form of this grand flower is that of a pine-tree, for which it might be mistaken. I saw in some places when I set out, this stem beginning to protrude itself from the midst of the leaves, and on my return it had attained the magnitude of a pine-tree of twenty-years' growth. What an idea does this give of the vigour of vegetation in this country, where such a vast mass of beautifully organized vegetable matter could be formed in so short a time from one root! Its existence, however, is as short-lived as its growth is rapid: already had the succulent stem begun to decay at its base; and a strong wind had prostrated many of them across the road, the dimensions of which I measured.—The stems lay rotting and useless, but the leaves yield a strong fibre, which is twisted into cordage."

The following final extract we choose for the sake of introducing our readers to the private life of the Emperor of Brazil.

"I found the emperor standing in the middle of a room inside. When I had seen him before on the steps of the throne, with his little boy beside him, he looked to me a tall and portly man; but when I now approached, and we stood close together, I perceived his person was below the middle size, and remarkably thick and sturdy. His face was full, and appeared deeply pitted or blotched. His hair was black and thick about his forehead, with large whiskers, and his countenance rather coarse and forbidding. His manner, however, though dry, was affable and courteous. When I approached him, he said to me in French, "I am much obliged to you for the books you sent me by the Marquez d'Aracaty." "Your Majesty does me too much honour. I trust you found in them something to approve of?" "Oh! as to that, I have not had time to read them; besides, I do not understand English well." "I have been informed your Majesty speaks it fluently?" "No! I was learning it from father Tilbury, but he is ill, poor man. How did you find the interior of the country through which you travelled?" "Oh! the country is very superb, it only wants inhabitants." "What do you think of our botanic garden; we hope to make something of it?" "It will be highly useful, when the indigenous plants are scientifically arranged." After a few more similar observations, I made my bow, and was conducted out by the marquez; and I have transcribed for you, verbatim, what passed; as, perhaps, you would wish to know in what manner the emperor converses.

"As there were some interesting things in the palace, I wished to see the interior; and before we separated, asked the marquez if I might go over it; but he gave me to understand it was not in order; and in fact it is not showed to strangers, from a feeling that it is not fit to be seen. Besides the cabinet of the late empress, there are also specimens of the handy workmanship of the emperor; he, like his great namesake, of Russia, is a good mechanic; and these memorials will hereafter be preserved and exhibited in a national museum to posterity, as the remains of this second Peter, and founder of a great empire in the new, as the other was in the old world. While yet a child, an ivory ship was presented to him by Colonel Cunningham, a gift from Sir Sidney Smith. It had been broken in the carriage, and required some ingenuity to put it again together. He called for his box of tools, and soon repaired it in all its parts, with the skill of a shipwright, and the dexterity of a carpenter. His apartment is a workshop, in which is a lathe and a bench, and here he has constructed sundry articles. Over the lathe is a tablet on the ceiling, I believe of his own device and execution. It represents a telescope, an ear trumpet, and a padlock, implying by these emblems that all who enter the palace, should see, hear, and say nothing. Had I been shown this device, I should perhaps have held myself bound, not to transgress it, even by the foregoing communication.

"The emperor's habits are very active and very temperate. He rises every morning before day, and, not sleeping himself, is not disposed to let others sleep. He usually begins, therefore, with discharging his fowling-piece, about the palace, till all the family are up. He breakfasts at seven o'clock, and continues engaged in business, or amusement, till twelve, when he again goes to bed and remains till half-past one; he then rises and dresses for dinner. The Brazilians, as far as I have observed, are neat and cleanly in their persons; and the emperor is eminently so. He is never seen in soiled linen or dirty clothes. He dines with his family at two, makes a temperate meal, and seldom exceeds a glass of wine, and then amuses himself with his children, of whose society he is very fond. He is a strict and severe, but an affectionate father, and they at once love and fear him. I heard Baron Marechal, the Austrian minister, say, he one day paid him a visit: he met no person at the door to introduce him; so availing himself of his intimacy, he entered without being announced. He found the emperor in an inner room, playing with his children with his coat off, entering with great interest into all their amusements, and like another Henry IV. was not ashamed to be found by a foreign ambassador so employed. At nine he retires to bed.

"His education was early neglected, and he has never redeemed the lost time. He still, however, retains some classical recollections, and occasionally takes up a Latin Book, particularly the breviary, which he reads generally in that language. He wished to acquire a knowledge of English, and to that end he commenced, along with his children, a course of reading with the Rev. Mr. Tilbury, an Englishman, who has taken orders in the Catholic church, and to whose courtesy and information on several subjects, I am very much indebted. After having made some progress, he laid it aside and begun to learn French, in which he sometimes converses. He has an English groom, from whom also he unfortunately learned some English. This fellow, I am informed, is greatly addicted to swearing and indecent language, and the emperor and even the late empress, adopted some of his phraseology, without being aware of its import.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Death-bed Scenes, and Pastoral Conversations. 3 vols. 12mo. Fourth Edition.—London, Murray.

This is a new edition of Dr. Warton's well-known and valuable work, which possesses peculiar claims upon public patronage. The society for promoting Christian Knowledge having recently placed it upon their catalogue, as a book which appears to them well calculated to advance the religion and morals of the community, the editors, (Dr. Warton's sons,) and the publisher, have resolved to put it out in a new form, as much compressed and as little expensive as possible. Accordingly, this edition is printed in a size and type similar to those of the Family Library, and sold at a still lower rate than the volumes of that popular work; so that the whole book can now be procured in a very beautiful and convenient form, for the same price that any one of the volumes, separately, used to cost.

A comprehensive Grammar of the English Language, with Exercises; written in a familiar style, accompanied with Questions for examination, and notes, &c.—By W. Pinnock.—London, Poole and Edwards.—pp. 318.

This is a detailed and comprehensive work on English Grammar, very judiciously compiled by the author of Pinnock's Catechisms, &c. It contains a great deal of useful information, in addition to that usually to be met with in Grammars of the English tongue; the best authorities are constantly referred to, and the latest and most authentic sources examined and compared; on the whole, we do not hesitate to recommend it as one of the best works on the subject with which we are acquainted.

The Family Classical Library; Nos. 3 and 4. Xenophon; Vol. 1. The Anabasis, translated by Edward Spelman, Esq. Vol. 2. The Cyropædia, translated by the Hon. Maurice Ashly Cooper.—London, Colburn and Bentley.

GIBBON has said, and said truly, that Spelman's Anabasis is one of the most accurate and elegant translations that any language has produced. It may justly rank beside Leland's Demosthenes, which forms the first volume of the Family Classical Library, and of which we have already spoken in terms of the highest praise. The subject, too, the expedition of Cyrus, and the retreat of the ten thousand after his death, is, in our opinion, the most interesting part of Xenophon's works. We cannot say quite so much for the Cyropædia, which always appeared to us rather dry reading, except such passages as the description of the grief of Abradatas' wife, queen of the Susians, in the beginning of the fifth book.—We speak of the original, and not of the Hon. Maurice Ashley Cooper's translation, which somewhat too much resembles 'Xenophon done into English by a person of honour.'—The first of these two numbers is embellished with a very beautiful bust of Xenophon, in the soft French style of engraving, by Dean.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

Cambrian Quarterly Magazine.

We cannot let the month slip over us without paying our passing respects to the Cambrian, the spirited periodical of Wales. Its attention to those national topics—the express end and object of its establishment—is worthy of special praise. Yet we are glad to find that it is not so desperately Welch as to forget its neighbours of the sister isle. The present number contains a very excellent and graphic sketch of an eminent countryman of ours—long an ornament of the Irish bar—Peter Burrowes. Who would expect to have found *him* here? We have also to acknowledge the very handsome and complimentary terms in which our own deserts are mentioned in this number.

Bolster's Quarterly Magazine, No. XI. Published in April, 1830.

So saith the cover of the Cork Magazine, and the month is, we believe, correct enough—the publishers only mistook the year, when they called their Periodical a Quarterly. It is, if we mistake not, just about fifteen months since No. X. appeared. We cannot say that the excellence of the present Number is so transcendant as to redeem this long delay: the most interesting article appeared to us a 'Memoir of the late J. J. Callanan,' whose posthumous Poems were reviewed in the Dublin Literary Gazette some time ago. He appears to have been a very fickle and unwise young man.

Frazer's Magazine for Town and Country, April.

Frazer is undoubtedly a very clever production. The few numbers which have hitherto appeared have been very successful in attracting public notice—a commensurate quantity of public approbation, however, it has still to gain. Frazer has the *materiel* in him, we have no hesitation in saying; but we deprecate the mode in which he applies it. He is obviously and glaringly the imitator—the would-be rival of Blackwood; but the points of resemblance between them are rather too broad and in the worst taste. Take, for example, in the present number, the article on the East India Company, in which Mr. Buckingham is "shown up." Remarking on a passage of that gentleman's, in which he states that he was marched barefoot as a prisoner some hundred miles through Spain and Portugal, the writer of the article in question, observes:—"That Mr. Buckingham, with the rest of the officers, (what rank was he?) might have been taken prisoner is very possible, and in no way attaches blame to him; but that he walked 'barefoot' is not to be commended, when we recollect that, like his old enemy Gifford of the Quarterly Review, Bloomfield, the Shepherd's Boy, and many other eminent men, he was bred a cobbler." This is in Blackwood's worst style; and we could cite not a few more instances like it. Altogether, we must decidedly protest against the strain of low, vulgar, personal abuse which pollutes the pages of this magazine; it must tend to disgust, not to gratify the reader of discernment. If persevered in, it will assuredly lower periodical literature extremely in public estimation.

In a paper, entitled "Scene in Trinity College, Dublin," being a personal account of the Archbishop of Dublin and the Bishop of Ferns, which the Editor of the Magazine is pleased to inform us is, in his opinion, a "very *clever* and *graphic* sketch of these two eminent prelates," we are favoured with the following portrait of the Bishop of Ferns:—"Doctor Elrington is, in person, a grotesque contrast to Doctor Magee. He is large and coarse in form. His feet, as he walks, alternately pummel the pavement, like a paviour's Herculean club. His countenance is harsh and heavy, with an unhappy curve downwards in the angles of the mouth. His voice is hoarse and gruff, in curious unison with his form. His looks, as he goes, are ever downcast, as if searching for a kennel or a puddle to put his foot, or both his feet, into." In this tiny little paragraph there are no fewer than ten statements, which we shall not hazard our reputation for politeness by characterising with their proper epithet. The Bishop of Ferns' person must be familiarly known to almost every one of our Dublin readers, as he has dwelt so long among us, and has always been an object of attention and respect; but to those in London, and other places afar, where Fraser's Magazine may be better known than truth and the excellent and exemplary bishop, we beg to inform them a little more correctly, even in this slight matter of personal appearance. Doctor Elrington, then, as the writer in Fraser somewhat ignorantly and uncourteously styles the Lord Bishop of Ferns, in person may be compared with his Grace of Dublin. He is small, and compactly formed. He is a man remarkable for his light, active, and elastic tread. His countenance is mild, yet animated; with a particularly bland and benevolent expression about the mouth. His voice is soft, impressive and melodious—in perfect unison with his face and form. His looks, as he goes, are ever cast upwards, as if "commercing with the skies," or darted around him with a quick searching glance, so as to catch your eye every where. Now, reader, look here upon this picture and on this. We have not the pleasure of the Bishop of Ferns' acquaintance, nor is it at all probable that we ever shall; but we have met him in the street, and heard him preach, scores of times, and thus much we think due to truth and candour in this simple matter. The rest of the abuse levelled against his literary and intellectual attainments may be judged of from this brief exposé. The most disgusting part of the whole is, perhaps, the nauseous familiarity which the writer affects with Doctor Magee, as he calls our archbishop. He would have us believe that he is quite on hand and glove terms with his Grace, and advises him, confidentially, how to behave himself in company. Were we to adopt for a moment the style of this writer himself, we should probably say, that however he may have had the honour of approaching the archbishop in the exalted character of horseboy or running footman, he certainly never ventured to penetrate beyond the purlieus of the palace kitchen, for had he dared to intrude by "thrusting his ugly mug" into the parlour, his Grace of Dublin is just the person to ring for a servant to put that man out and bring in a gentleman.

FINE ARTS.

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels, from Drawings by Barret, Brockedon, W. Daniell R.A., P. Dewint, C. Fielding, J. D. Harding, S. Prout, R. R. Reinagle R.A., Robson, J. Stothard R.A., Stanfield, W. Westall A.R.A.—Engraved by William and Edward Finden.—London; Charles Tilt. Part I.

The names of the artists and engravers employed on this work, as given in the title, are a sufficient guarantee to the public for its general beauty and excellence. A landscape work, embracing such high and at the same time varied talent, has not been hitherto attempted. The subjects contained in the first part just published, are 1. Arran, by W. Daniell, R.A. 2. Doune Castle, by J. D. Harding; 3. Penrith, by P. Dewint, and 4. Windermere, by W. Westall, A.R.A. Of these, we like the first (Arran) best, the subject is exceedingly striking, and treated with great breadth and simplicity of effect. Doune Castle is very beautiful, as is every thing that Harding does; but if the sky had been somewhat quieter, and the foreground had a little more force, the effect, we think, would have been better: Turner has been imitated but not quite happily. No. 3. Penrith, by Peter Dewint, has a fine breadth of effect, but there is little beauty in the forms. Dewint's forte is colour; his lines are rarely sufficiently graceful to engrave well. Windermere, by Westall, is a favourable specimen of that artist, but we confess he is no very great favourite of ours, though he unquestionably has a great deal of truth. On the whole, the first part is extremely good, and we warmly recommend it to public attention and support, while we anticipate that the succeeding numbers will even exceed it in excellence.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, April 12.

In my last letter I informed you that the Paris Geographical Society had offered a gold medal, value 1000 francs, to the author of the best paper on the origin of the Asiatic Negroes. They have since announced their intention of giving a gold medal, value 2400

francs, for the most complete and faithful description of the ruins of Sante Domingo Palenqué, near the river Micol, in the ancient kingdom of Guatemala. The author of this paper, is expected to give the most complete account possible of these ruins, with drawings, &c.; and observations relative to the ancient people who constructed them, as to their customs, habits, and language. He is expected also, to give information concerning the Votan or Wodan, of the Chiapanese, a personage who has been compared to Odin or Boudda. The medal will be awarded in 1832. It is desired that the account may be written in Latin; but it is nevertheless permitted to write in English, Italian, Spanish or Portuguese.

It is pleasant to find that the arts and sciences are well managed even in the most petty states. The Grand Duke of Tuscany has just made a magnificent present, and granted an annual pension to Stephen Ricci, of Florence, for his splendid mausoleum of Dante, in the church of the Holy Cross, at Florence.

The use of suspension bridges, is now becoming very general in France, and great improvements have been made in the mode of construction. A bridge of this kind, which has recently been finished at Fourques, on the Rhone, is spoken of as a chef d'œuvre. Until within the last six months, the quality of the iron of which the chain cables of suspension bridges were manufactured in France, was of a quality not to be relied on; but the adoption of an improved process, has enabled the iron founders to turn out chains of equal strength to those of Great Britain.

The French are a nation of inventors and discoverers, if not a people of improvement and perfection. It is now announced that a tanner, in the neighbourhood of Paris, has discovered a means of tanning hare and rabbit skins, so as to render the leather superior to calf or kid, for shoes, gloves, and other articles, for which calf and kid skins are used. Of course this mode of preparation is attended with great economy to the consumer.

I have just met with the following curious paragraph in a French paper, there is always something wonderful about even the most ordinary occurrence, when related by a Frenchman. "What was very remarkable," says the writer, "in the death of the grand Duke of Hesse, which took place on the 6th of April, was, that he had long before announced the day of his decease, 'I shall die, said he, certainly on the same day as my father did,' and his prediction was fulfilled, his father died on the 6th of April, 1790. But what is further remarkable, is, that the late grand Duke had celebrated in 1827, the 50th year of his marriage, and that his two sisters have each enjoyed the same blessing."

The Lycée, a Paris paper, contains some interesting details relative to the Polytechnic School, (Ecole Polytechnique) of Copenhagen: according to this account, the establishment is on the most extensive and flourishing scale, under the superintendence of the celebrated Ærsted, and five professors; and the students, who are all compelled to have a thorough knowledge of German and French, are said to get on surprisingly.

I shall conclude my letter with a very curious extract from the Voleur. The article is given there under the head of *Trois Repas de Princes*, with the following introductory observations, to which I shall add nothing:—"A man of letters has pretended that we might judge of the manners of a nation by the luxury or frugality of the great. If this opinion is well founded, the following document is precious for the history of our old monarchy, of the republic, and of the restoration. We merely guarantee the facts, and leave it to moralists to appreciate the consequences."

TROIS REPAS DE PRINCES.

SOUPER DU ROI A TRIANON, LE 1er DECEMBRE, 1754.

Deux grandes entrées: Quartier de veau de Rouen; aloyau filets mincés à la chicorée.

Deux œilles: Aux croûtons à l'espagnole; à la Crécy.

Deux potages: De santé; aux choux à la bourgeoise.

Vingt entrées et hors-d'œuvre: Petits pâtés à l'espagnole; bouillans de perdreaux; petits poulets à l'anglaise; dindon en porc-épic; filets de perdreaux sautés aux truffes; petits pigeons aux truffes entières; foie gras en matelotte; noix de veau glacées; sauce au persil; filets de mouton à la bonne femme, avec oignons d'Espagne; cervelle à la Turin; becassines au gratin: filets de poularde à l'extrême; semelles de faisan, sauce à l'espagnole: escaloppes de lapereaux: filets d'oiseaux de rivière à la rocambolle: ailerons de poulardes en beignets: mincé à la lyonnaise: pain à la royale: mauviettes en atlas: sarcelles: sauce piquante.

Quatre relevés: Quartier de faon de daine: deux poules de Caux à la crême: jambon à la portugaise: pâté chaud de viandes mêlées:

Deux grands entremets: Pâté de jambon: gâteau de lièvre.

Quatre moyens: Tallemouze: gâteau au riz: poularde à la gelée: bondioles.

Dix plats de rôt.

Vingt entremets: Ragoût mêlé à la hollandaise: riz d'agneau à la dauphine: truffes au beurre: épinards à la crême: artichauds en feuillage: cardes au jus: amourettes: truffes en croustade: pates de dindons à l'espagnole: choux-fleurs: petites bouchées: tartelettes à la Chantilly: crême à la genest: crême de chocolat: petits haricots verts: œufs brouillés: foies gras: rôties à l'anglaise: crêtes en pyramides: beignets à la bavaroise.

DINER DU PREMIER CONSUL EN PRAIRIAL.

Deux potages: Au riz: aux laitues.

Deux relèves: Pièce de bœuf: pâté à la financière.

Entrées: Noix de veau à l'esturgeon, sauce poivrade: côtelettes de mouton en papillottes: langues de mouton au gratin: poulets à l'ivoire, sauce verte: petit vol-au-vent à la Mazarine: riz de veau en grenadin, purée d'oseille: datelet de palais de bœuf à l'anglaise: rissoles: bouillant, croquettes: vol-au-vent de morue: blanquette: capilotade: timballe de macaroni: petits pâtés montés de

Deux plats de rôt: Pigeons: poulets.

Entremets: Asperges, laitues, œufs pochés, crême, gâteau à la Madeleine, feuilletage, épinards, petits pois, œufs à la polonaise, crême à la dauphine: gâteau de Vincenne: fondu.

DINER DU ROI, LE LUNDI 31 JUILLET, 1826.

Croûtons aux racines.

Pâté de cailles.

Ailes de cannetons aux navets, marinade de poulets aux épinards, côtelette de mouton panée, filet de poularde aux olives.

Brioche.

Haricots blancs, poule de Caux, œufs brouillés, artichauds en feuillage, culs blancs, faisans, tourte d'abricots.

London, April 21.

The exhibition at Somerset-House will this year be a very crowded one. There is not room to hang half the pictures that have been sent in. Young Rothwell, who acquired so high and deserved a character in Dublin, has sent four pictures, which will, I trust, maintain his reputation. There is something singular and romantic about the history of this young artist. In the early part of his career in Ireland, not finding his success keep pace with his ambition, and I may add with his merits, he at one time contemplated the abandonment of his profession, and actually went into the country to join a company of strolling players. Fortunately for him, the manager of the company advised him not to pursue the intended course, and the young aspirant for Thespian distinction returned again to the easel, and laid the foundation of future fame and fortune. On his arrival in England, his Irish fame did him rather harm than good, for the English have a foolish idea that the Irish admire with precipitancy and without taste, and it too frequently happens, that a reputation acquired in Dublin, must be forgotten in London, before the object of it can hope for success. For some time Rothwell had little to do, and even when honoured with the patronage of the Duke of Wellington, he painted portraits at thirty guineas each. Talent and genius such as his, however, could not remain for ever concealed. Sir Thomas Lawrence saw one of his pictures, and was delighted with it. Indeed he went so far as to say, that he was worthy to succeed him. Petit à petit—as the French say—Rothwell rose in public opinion. His price rose from thirty to eighty guineas, with more portraits to paint than he can find time to execute, and he is now justly regarded as worthy to stand in the niche of fame which was occupied by the late president. He is still young, and according to some, he has still something to learn; but in genius he is complete—and it is genius that makes the painter. Mr. Shee, the president of the Royal Academy, has been very kind to him, and has, to a considerable extent, promoted the success which he has experienced.

In the literary world the only new speculation worth notice is Colburn and Bentley's Universal Library, on the same plan as the Family Library of Mr. Murray. It was not to be expected that Mr. Murray could long keep entirely to himself the profits to be derived from this kind of periodical literature.—Whether Colburn and Bentley, however, will be able to do him a material injury, or themselves a material good, remains to be seen.—Up to the present hour, Mr. Murray's speculation has been a very successful one indeed.—The twelve numbers of the Family Library now published, cannot have produced him less than from twelve to fifteen thousand pounds of clear profit. The Life of Napoleon alone must have netted two to three thousands; and the Life of Nelson, of which he has already sold twelve thousand, out of the fifteen thousand printed, will produce, I imagine, £1,500 profit, even if it be not reprinted.—The reprints of back numbers, during the last two months, have been 80,000 copies.

A French annual, on the plan of the Keep-

sake, is at length announced. The letter-press part will be by the most eminent French authors; but the plates will be all engraved in this country, the art of engraving in this style not being sufficiently advanced in France, to enable the projectors to avail themselves of native talent. Whittaker is to be the London publisher. This bookseller has within the last two or three days, published a new work, in two volumes, called, "The Picture of India." The work itself generally is a very useful one, as it conveys to the general reader a correct idea of the extent and character of our East India possessions; but it is particularly entitled to notice from the style in which it is boarded. For some time past, the expense of binding has, in most cases, been avoided, by the substitution of boards covered with coloured cotton, giving to the books, an appearance of neatness and even richness, which admitted of their being placed in book-cases and libraries, among the best bound books. Mr. Whittaker has adopted this plan with his Picture of India, but for his purpose, he has had his cotton dyed and prepared in such a way, that the books have really a splendid appearance.—The bookbinder's trade has, of course, been materially injured by this mode of publication.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF IRELAND.

At the spring exhibition of flowers, held at the Rotunda, on Monday last, there were shown some plants particularly rare, and some which have never before been exhibited in this country. The specimen of the Berberis pinnata (Mahonia fascicularis) D. C., was in fine bloom; this is the only one in Ireland, and it was shown on Monday, for the first time.—The Berberis pin. belonging to the class and order Hexandria Monogynia, is a beautifully ornamental, and nearly hardy shrub, a native of California; the leaves are pinnated in four or five pairs, leaflets ovate lanceolate, spreading toothed, racemes erect and much clustered.

Linnæus observed, that when bees, in search of honey, touched the filaments, the anthers approximate to the stigma and explode the pollen; the same effect is produced by touching the inside of the filaments with a small bit of stick. This plant was shown by Mr. Keeffe of this city. The specimen of Azalea Indica (var. alba,) was particularly fine, and attracted universal admiration; this is an evergreen shrub, from China, and thrives best in the green-house. By intercrossing with Azalea and Rhododendron, some new and curious varieties, or hybrid species, have been produced. We observed a fine plant of the Azalea purpura hybrida, which was shown for the first time.

The Camelia Imperialis, a very rare plant, appeared in fine bloom; this is the first time it has ever been observed (as far as we are aware,) to flower either here or any where else. This is also one of Mr. Keefe's collection, who shewed, besides, a fine specimen of Camelia Splendens. There were some remarkably fine specimens exhibited of Magnolia Soulangiana, Fushia Macrophylla, Verbena Melindris, Boronia Pinnata, and Boronia Cenulata; the last was never seen to bloom in this country before. We noticed, too, a particularly well grown Cerrea Speciosa, to which we may add, a beautiful Zephyranthes Carinata. Of these interesting plants we hope to give a more detailed account in our next Number. E. J.

MODERN CRITICISM.

We are happy to observe in the last number of the London Literary Gazette, a full exposure of a disgraceful practice which it appears has lately prevailed in what is called the publishing world. We gladly lend our aid to the spread of this information, as it may have some small influence in promoting a return to honesty and fair dealing, or at least solve the mystery of the prodigiously literary character which certain journals, not heretofore celebrated for the volume of brain developed in their lucubrations, have recently assumed. For ourselves, we have to thank the manufacturers of ready-made criticisms for their delicate discrimination in concluding us "too high-born to be propertied," and refraining from any attempt to palm their trash upon our notice. We subjoin a brief account of the *modus operandi* indicated by our cotemporary:—

"Almost every book that is now published being an excellent book, in the opinion of its author, compiler, or publisher, one or other of them kindly takes the trouble to pick out some score or two of its best and most striking passages, which are forthwith printed on a loose, separate sheet of paper, duly labelled, as being extracted from such or such an able, or admirable, or extremely popular, or widely circulated, or piquant, or exquisite, or highly poetical, or (which is rather the favourite phrase,) talented work. With every volume sent to Review, Magazine, or Newspaper for notice, one of these cut-and-dry helps (as the Americans call their servants,) is forwarded; so that the critic, or editor, relieved from the need of labour, or the fatigue of reading the book, has only to re-echo, that such or such a work has appeared, and that to show the public how good it is, he has to quote the following able, or admirable, or piquant, or exquisite, or highly poetical, or talented paragraphs, anecdotes, &c.; from a production which is already extremely popular and widely circulated! And all this passes current, for the genuine opinion of the reviewer or newspaper writer; whereas, he has had no occasion to open the book, or to look into it; but finding a parcel of tit-bits sought out for him, just has the politeness to retail them as the fruits of his own taste, judgment, and sagacity. . . . . The connection formed between the periodical journals and publishers in this way, is another curious part of the business. Newspapers devoted to political news, do not generally hold themselves to be authorities on literary subjects, though almost every newspaper now, dabbles a little in the trade of criticism; they, therefore, care no great deal for what their columns contain in the mere ordinary routine of inserting what is paid for: the booksellers' paragraphs and advertisements come together, and the latter ensures the companionship of the former; and this has grown to so vast an extent, that the entire press of the country, with hardly an exception, is subservient to it. We cannot take up a paper without recognising, page after page, of the materials already familiar to us, from the circular cut-and-dry sheets, which we, like others, have received, to guide us as it were, in the path we are wished to go, but which we are determined never to follow. . . . . We will now take our leave of the cut-and-dry system, which may very readily be detected, wherever it is visible, after this exposure:—when readers see quotation after quotation, multiplied in the newspapers, the sign is unequivocal, and these are the misrepresentations of the parties concerned, not the dicta of literary independence and justice."

MUSIC.

We have visited the "Rayner Family," and regret that we cannot concur in the praises so lavishly bestowed upon them by certain *soi disant* critics. We know they do not pretend to musical knowledge, and it is therefore but as *natural* Melodists, we can speak of them: as such, they certainly possess powerful voices, and execute their "*jodeln*" with much facility and excellent effect, in a style of harmony at once novel and surprising, when we consider that they are not musicians; but in this respect the Rayners are not peculiar, for every one who has travelled in Germany or the Tyrol, will agree with Mr. Stafford's remark, which we noticed in our last Number, that there the commonest people all sing in parts. It is therefore as a curiosity only, we can recommend a visit to these persons to our readers, for the amateur or professor will receive but little gratification from their performances.

THE DRAMA.

Mr. Macready re-appeared in Werner on Saturday evening last, and well sustained the reputation he had previously acquired in that character, we however imagined that in some scenes he wanted somewhat of his wonted energy, whether this was owing to indisposition, or the result of more mature study, which induced him to deviate from his usual style of playing the character, we have not discovered, but if it proceeded from the latter cause, we would advise him rather to adhere to his original conception, which has already gained for him so much reputation, and in our mind cannot be departed from without detriment. Our attention has hitherto been so much absorbed in the contemplation of this gentleman's efforts, when speaking of this play, that we have omitted to notice the manner in which the other characters in the piece, have been represented. Among these, however, we would distinguish the Gabor of Mr. Calcraft, and Mr. King's Ulric, as reflecting much credit on the performers. The former gentleman pourtrayed the Hungarian adventurer with vigour and animation, displaying throughout a reckless and chivalrous spirit, the parent of noble daring, his dress was highly characteristic, and his mode of entrance in the first act most natural and well conceived. Mr. King looked Ulric to the life, (which theatrical folk will admit is an all redeeming attribute) and infused a fire and spirit into his performance that surprised us, his scene with Werner, after the murder of Stralenheim, and that in the last act, were particularly good, and speak highly for so young an actor; if we have reserved our remarks on Miss Huddart's performance for the last, we trust our readers will not impute it to want of gallantry or insensibility to the histrionic powers of this lady, but we have done so, merely because as the wife of Werner there was nothing to call forth a display of her talent, the character being one of minor interest in the play.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

UNPUBLISHED POEM, BY DEAN SWIFT.

To the Editor of the Dublin Literary Gazette.

Limerick, April, 1830.

SIR—I send you an extract from an unpublished poem, by Dean Swift, now in my possession. It was placed in my hands by a lady who resides in the County of Clare; and had been discovered amongst the papers of the late Bishop Bernard, of this city, whose intimacy with the great satirist is well known. It bears the Dean's own signature, and from the date (September 7th, 1728) which he has prefixed, (as he was in the habit of doing to many of his light pieces,) I conclude that it was written when Swift was residing at Market Hill, (the seat of Sir Arthur Acheson.) His letters, and the journal to Stella, contain several allusions corroboratory of the genuineness of the poem, as will appear from a perusal of the few notes I have subjoined to the extract. The little piece may not be thought in his best vein, yet it bears the stamp of his spirit in a sufficient degree to make what is called the *internal evidence* of its paternity abundantly conclusive, and the irony in part is exquisitely subdued. It appears to have been written with the view of dissuading his friend Lindsay from embracing the legal profession; and the extract which I give presents a sketch which is graphic at least; although the portrait is viewed through a mischief-making medium. He is banteringly defending the cause of the profession against those who say that the lawyer's money is easily earned, and lends his satire (like Mrs. Candour's scandal) the veil of charity. I preserve exactly the spelling and punctuation as they are in the original:—

THE LAWYER.

I own the curses of mankind
Sit light upon a Lawyer's mind
The Clamours of Ten Thousand Tongues
Break not his rest, nor hurt his lungs,
I own his conscience allways free
(Provided he has got his fee)
Secure of constant peace within,
He knows no Guilt who knows no sin.

Yet, well they merit to be pity'd
By Clients always overwitted:
And tho' the gospel seems to say
What heavy burdens Lawyers lay
Upon the Shoulders of their Neighbour,
Nor lend a finger to the Labour,
Always for saving their own Bacon;
No doubt the text is here mistaken
The Copy's false, or sense is rackt;
To prove it, I appeal to fact,
And thus by demonstration shew
What burdens Lawyers undergo.

With early Clients at his Door
Tho' he was drunk the night before,
And crop-sick with unclub'd for wine
The Wretch must be at Court by nine,
Half sunk beneath his Briefs and Bag
As ridden by a midnight Hag:
Then from the Bar harangues the Bench
In English vile, and viler French,
And Latin vilest of the Three
And all for poor Ten Moydore's fee—
Of Paper how is he profuse?
With periods long in terms abstruse,
What pains he takes to be prolix?
A thousand lines to stand for six;
Of Common Sense without a word in:
And, is not this a grievous burden?

The Lawyer is a Common Drudge
To fight our Cause before the Judge;
And what is yet a greater Curse
Condemn'd to bear his Client's Purse,
While he at ease Secure and light
Walks boldly home at dead of night;
When Term is ended leaves the Town
Trots to his Country Mansion down,
And disencumbered of his Load,
No danger dreads upon the road,
Despises Rapparees and rides,
Safe through the Newry mountains' sides.
Lindsay 'tis you have set me on
To state this Question pro and Con
My Satyr may offend tis true,
However it concerns, not you,
I own there may in every Clan
Perhaps be found one honest man;
Yet link them close, in this they Jump,
To be but Rascals in the lump.

In the conclusion of the poem, (which, even in the sketch just given, presents some touches of that shade of sober irony which has immortalized the Academy of Lagoda,) the Dean grows personal; and concludes with a joke at his old acquaintances, Carter (the Master of the Rolls,) Richard Tighe, and Connolly, to whom Lord Wharton was charged with having sold the place of a Privy Councillor, and Commissioner of the Revenue, and who was afterwards Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and a Lord Justice. Robert Lindsay, to whom the poem is addressed, (and whose name it bears in the title,) is often mentioned with affectionate regard in the Dean's works; and is, I believe, the same to whom, in the will of Esther Vanhomrigh, we find the sum of £25 bequeathed, to buy a ring.

I will add, Sir, that I feel a great satisfaction in being able to forward so valuable a contribution to the Dublin Literary Gazette—being the first attempt made for a long time to revive what that brilliant writer immortalized—the local literature of Ireland.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR OF THE COLLEGIANS.

SONETTO.

O sonno, o della queta, umida, ombrosa
Notte placido figlio; o de 'mortali
Egri conforto, obblio dolce de' mali
Si gravi ond' è la vita aspra e nojosa;
Soccorri al core omai, che langue e posa
Non ave; e queste membra stanche e frali
Solleva: a me ten vola, o sonno, e l'ali
Tue brune sovra me distendi e posa.
Ov 'è 'l silenzio che 'l dì fugge, e l' lume?
E i lievi sogni, che con non secure
Vestigia di seguirti han per costume?
Lasso! che 'nvan te chiamo, e queste oscure,
E gelide ombre invan lusingo: o piume
D'aspressa colme! o notti acerbe e dure!

DELLA CASA.

TRANSLATION.

O sleep! O gentle offspring of the calm
The humid, shady night; O kind resource
Of mortals tired! Oblivion's welcome balm,
When woes oppress—o'erburden life's sad course.
Aid now the heart that languishes, and rest
Hath none; let these faint limbs thy succour lure;
Fly to me, sleep! and o'er my couch unblest,
Thy murky wings expanded poise—secure.
Where 's now the stillness which this gloom profound,
These hours invite? and the light dreams—the train
(With fleeting trace,) which follow—sleep! thy round?
Invoked alas! in vain—I toil in vain,
Coaxing the darksome shadows which abound;
O rugged down!—Nights of unrest and pain!

H. Y.

THE SYLPH'S MISTAKE.

A drop shines on Matilda's cheek,
Tell me from whence it fell,
From heaven, as if it came to seek
Some rose's blushing cell?
Or from those eyes whose azure hue,
'Mid liquid lustre gleams,
As if the deepest sapphire's blue,
Sparkled through chrystal streams?
A sylph replied, "this trembling tear
Tells not of selfish woe;
Nor pain, nor enmity, nor fear,
Have tempted it to flow;
Such tears bedim an angel's eye,
When man has turned to crime,
Ah! this much claims its native sky,
And not an earthly clime."
"Tis true," Matilda cried, "those eyes
Fill not from pain or dread;
But mustard, when too strong, supplies
Such tears as angels shed."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Sir Walter Scott has undertaken an interesting new work for Mr. Murray, being a History of the Rise, Progress, and Decline of Witchcraft and Demonology in Scotland.—Lockhart's beautiful ballad from the Spanish, "Arise, arise, Xerifa," has been dramatised for the private theatricals at Bridgewater House, in which Lord and Lady Normanby, Lady Francis Leveson Gower, and many other ladies and gentlemen of distinction, perform.—Newton the artist, has recently completed three fine new works, a Contemplative Abbot—Shylock's Parting Charge to Jessica, and the Grissette, at Calais, measuring her gloves across the hand of Sterne—Halleck, one of the most popular of the American poets, is about to publish a new volume.—Translations of several French novels, have lately been published in the United States.—A plan is in agitation at New York, for establishing in that city, a University on the plan of the London University.—His Majesty has declined the offer contained in the will of the late President, Sir Thomas Lawrence, of his most valuable collection of drawings, by the great masters of Italy and the Netherlands.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Aphorisms of Hippocrates; with a free Version and Notes.—Gregory's Conspectus Medicinæ Theoreticæ, to be published in Numbers.—A second volume of the British Naturalist.—A new edition of the Stories of popular Travels in South America.—Oxford English Prize Essays, now first collected.—A Disquisition on the Geography of Herodotus, with a Map, and Researches on the History of the Scythians, Getæ and Sarmatians, from the German of Niebuhr.—A Manual of the History of Philosophy, translated from the German of Tennemann.—Reflections on the Politics, Intercourse and Commerce of the principal Nations of Antiquity, translated from the German of A. H. L. Heeren, and also Professor Heeren's Manual of the History of the European States-System and their Colonies.—The Arrow and the Rose, and other Poems, by William Kennedy, whose preceding productions displayed so much poetical genius.—The author of Pelham, has in the press a new novel to be called Paul Clifford.—Colonel Bory de St. Vincent has been appointed by the French Minister of the Interior to edite a work on Greece, and having directed the first Expedition in the Morea, he will probably be able to furnish many particulars relative to that country. The book is expected shortly.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Warner's Literary Recollections, 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 6s. boards—Britton's Bristol Cathedral, 4to. £1. 4s. imperial 4to. £2. 2s. boards—Brady's Instructions to Executors, third edition, 8vo. 8s. boards—Auldjo's Mont Blanc, second edition, 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards—Monk's Life of Bentley, with portrait, 4to. £3. 3s. boards—Cuvier's Animal Kingdom, Fossil Remains, 8vo. £1. 16s. royal 8vo. £2. 14s. demy 4to. £3. 12s. boards—Burrowes' Hours of Devotion, translated from the German, 8vo. 14s. boards—Dean Graves' Sermons, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—De Morgan's Arithmetic, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cloth—Fenwick's Parisian Grammar, 12mo. 3s. 6d. half-bd.—Eanthe, a Tale of the Druids, and other Poems, 18mo. 5s. bds.—Darwall's plain Instructions for Management of Infants, 12mo. 6s. 6d. boards—French and English Dialogues on the Literal System, 12mo. 4s. boards.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

We are reluctantly obliged to defer the Sunday at Kingstown, for another week. Rosenkranz is quite right in his *demon*iacal conjectures; Blue-devils the first dull week. We are heartily ashamed of the length of time we have been obliged to put off some of our kind poetical friends; but let them have patience, and we shall pay them all. We have received Mr. Kelly's pamphlet and letter; but we cannot make our Journal an arena for discussions in polemical divinity.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature, the Arts, Education, &c.

WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.

This day is published, price 2s.

EXPLANATORY and PRACTICAL COMMENTS on ROMANS and CORINTHIANS. Being Part VI. of Comments on the New Testament, by a Clergyman of the Established Church. A new edition of St. Matthew, and of the first Volume complete, will be ready in a few days.

Dublin: Printed for WILLIAM CURRY, Jun. and Co; Hurst, Chance and Co. London, and all other Booksellers.

This day is published, splendidly illustrated with Engravings from Designs of Martin, and with numerous Wood-cuts by the first Artists. Demy 8vo. £1. 1s. or in royal 8vo. (proof-plates,) £2. 2s.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, with a Life of John Bunyan. By Robert Southey, Esq. L.L.D. &c. &c. &c.

John Murray, Albemarle-street, and John Major, Fleet-street.

Jenning's Paris.

On the 1st of April was published, No. 30, containing Four Views, price 1s. India proofs, 2s.

PARIS and its ENVIRONS; displayed in a Series of Picturesque Views, from original Drawings, taken expressly for this work, under the direction of A. Pugin, Esq. The Engravings executed under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath.

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The publishers, accordingly, announce, that the Irish (and Welsh) Articles in the future Number of the Topographical Dictionary will be written expressly for this work, by G. N. Wright, M.A. Professor of Antiquities to the Royal Hibernian Academy, and author of several Tours in Ireland.

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No. 18. SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1830. PRICE 9*d*.

A DAY AT "LE COLLÉGE BOURBON."

I have witnessed few scenes which I found productive of more varied, more pleasurable, or more exciting sensations, than the distribution of prizes which I viewed at "Le Collége Bourbon" in August 1828. The youthful aspirants to early fame, were pupils of the several schools in Paris that are under the direction of this College, to which they are conducted by their masters and tutors every day, for a certain number of hours, to receive instruction from professors appointed by government, and to be examined as to the progress they have made during school hours.

Once each year the young student's labours are rewarded by the distribution of prizes, consisting of books and crowns of ivy; adjudged most impartially, according to the merit of each boy. This takes place before a very large assembly, consisting principally of the relations and friends of the youths, and as I was acquainted with some of Monsieur B——'s pupils, I was presented with a ticket of admission. I had an opportunity also of observing with what intense anxiety the important day was expected by my young friends, who were interested in its events. At last it arrived, a bright sunny morning, and at ten o'clock my party and I found ourselves in the rue Sanmartin, amidst a crowd of anxious eager countenances, all hurrying to the College Bourbon: we entered a very spacious courtyard, which had been covered with an awning, and laid out with benches for the spectators.

Opposite the door by which we entered, was a platform considerably elevated, covered with crimson cloth, it contained seats for the professors, who awarded the prizes; on one side was placed a large pile of handsomely bound books, of different sizes, on the other a quantity of ivy wreaths. The different schools were placed round the enclosure, a little elevated, and separated from the mass of spectators. Every thing was arranged with that quiet order and regularity, so remarkable in every public place in France, although on this occasion there seemed to be candidates for more places than could conveniently be found. At last, when all was tranquil, when plumes flowers and chapeaux had settled into their places, the buzz of female voices subsided, as a flourish of trumpets announced the entrance of the professors; they were three in number, and took their places with much dignity, the principal was a tall noble-looking old man, with white hair, and a gentle almost pensive expression of countenance, the other two were middle-aged men, the one possessing what is generally considered a completely French physiognomy, thin, sallow, and spirituel, with dark eyes in perpetual motion, that seemed to pry even to the farthest recesses of the large enclosure in which we sat. The only thing which struck me in the appearance of the other, was a pair of very white hands, which he seemed to take no inconsiderable pleasure in displaying, whenever opportunity offered. The three presidents were dressed in crimson robes, with high conical caps on their heads; the elder addressed the assembly, and particularly the pupils, in a very energetic and affecting speech, in which he said, the honors they now received would perhaps confer as much pleasure as any they might win in after life, and that when they (the professors) should hear in future years, well known names ranked among the great and honoured of the land, they would proudly say, "Ils furent nos élevès."

The name of each boy to whom a prize was assigned, and the study for which he deserved it, was called aloud from a long roll of paper, held by a person appointed for that purpose, he who was named, had then to walk through the midst of the assembly to the platform, a narrow space having been left between the benches to admit him, he then knelt to the chief president, who placed a crown of ivy on his head, which was handed by his assistants, saluted him on each cheek, and presenting the happy boy with the volumes awarded, dismissed him, upon which he descended the steps of the platform, amidst a flourish of trumpets, and the cheers of his school-fellows. Notwithstanding the easy and enviable self-possession and confidence which the French possess, even from their infancy, it was not conspicuous on this occasion; I saw many a young cheek grow pale, or flush into crimson beneath the gaze of so many hundreds, as they hurried precipitately to claim their reward, two or three even stumbled as they ascended the steps.

The city where each was born was also named; and though the greater number were French, several Spanish, English, Dutch, German, and Italian names met my ear, with the respective birth places of those who bore them. "Alphonse Gonsalve de Torres, né à Madrid," exclaimed the little man who called forth the names, "you are adjudged the first prize in Latin and Greek composition;" and a tall, graceful youth of fifteen, rushed forward; his large dark eyes sparkling with delight, and the "eloquent blood" speaking even through his olive-coloured cheek: from the loud cheers and reiterated bravos! of his school-fellows, it was evident the young Spaniard was a favourite: not far from me, sat a lady dressed in black, whom I had remarked at first, from the symmetry of her shape and her graceful walk; she was closely veiled, but on hearing the young Spaniard named, had uncovered her face, and risen from her seat to gaze on him with an expression of intense interest and tenderness: although she seemed not more than thirty, I afterwards learned she was his mother—that her husband, a nobleman of high rank, had lost his life during some political dissensions, and his widow and son, forced to fly, had taken refuge in France, where they lived in very humble circumstances. Henri Servier, né à Paris, was named as a mathematician; he made his appearance, a little, pale-faced, quiet-looking boy of 12 years old, who walked very composedly to receive his meed; on his return to his seat, he caught the eye of an old animated-looking lady fixed on him with delight. His countenance instantly lighted up, and he returned with a bounding step, while the old lady (his grand-mother,) exclaimed, as her eyes filled with tears, "Ah! ma pauvre fille, que n'est tu pas en vie!"

I heard with peculiar interest the names of four or five young Britons, who, when they advanced to be crowned, presented to the touch of the old president's lip, cheeks where their British blood glowed with a brightness that would have shamed the peach. At the name of Charles O'Donnell, né à *Dublin*, I looked eagerly round to see how the young 'Irlandois' would advance; he was a stout, joyous-looking little fellow of ten or eleven years old, with something in his aspect, and quick intelligent eye, that would have led me to fancy him of French extraction, were it not for a fine clear colour, rarely seen on the surface of a Gallic youth's countenance. He advanced, not in the least abashed, to receive a prize for elocution, (he must have been some time in France,) and as the crown intended to adorn his brows, happened to be very large, and fell round his neck collar-wise, the rogue could not smother a laugh. His coronation was hailed with loud and repeated cheers by his fellow students.

The boys can guess pretty nearly whether they will obtain prizes or not; but till the time of distribution arrives, they cannot be certain of it. I sat between two ladies, one an English friend of mine, the other, a French acquaintance; each had a son for whose name they listened with maternal anxiety. Poor Mrs. T——, naturally nervous, became painfully so, when Madame de B——'s son, Alphonse, who was in the class with her little James, was awarded a prize, whilst his gratified mother smiled triumphantly, as she said to Mrs. T——, "J'espere qu'on n'oubliera pas mon pètit ami James." James T—— was at last, however, made the happy possessor of two prizes, to the inexpressible delight of his mother and two pretty sisters, who seemed to consider his honour as their own.

When the distribution was over, those who had gained prizes rushed to join their happy and admiring friends; and many were the praises and embraces they received: certainly the French are to all appearance, the best and most devoted parents in the world. Many youths had half a dozen wreaths hanging on one arm, and more books than they could carry beneath the other, as they had been named several times. Amongst these was Gonsalve de Torres.

The distribution lasted nearly six hours, but I felt no ennui, the scene was so exciting and

animated; yet who could look on all those young, ardent, smiling boys, flushed with these their first triumphs, and who, whilst their hearts beat high with success, deemed it but the beginning of a joyous and triumphant career, nor sigh to think how soon, how easily, those bright hopes might be clouded, and with many of them too certainly and for ever; for the prizes of life are not, alas! so impartially bestowed; talent and industry must struggle with envy, injustice, ignorance, and a host of other foes, and but too often fail in the contest; or, like the noble animal that strains every nerve to attain the goal he reaches but to die, they may win at last their just reward, yet feel—oh how mournfully!—that it has come too late, when the hearts and eyes that would have throbbed and brightened at the tidings of their victory, are cold and dim in the silent grave, and success or miscarriage are but a mockery of empty sounds.

Mtta.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Chronicles of a School-Room. By Mrs. S. C. Hall.—Westley and Davis, London.

There is no female writer of the present day, whose manner of composition is more calculated to please, than that of the lady whose name stands at the head of this review. There is a frankness and good nature in her style—a simplicity and feminine familiarity, which, while it seems to put her immediately upon good terms with her readers, is elevated by good sense, and rendered impressive by the excellence of the principles and feelings which it ever seems her aim to inculcate. After this character of Mrs. Hall's writings, generally, we need scarcely add, that in the "nice little book" from her pen, which has just been published, our public, and particularly the masters and misses, for whose juvenile entertainment it was more especially intended, will find much to instruct and to delight them.

For ourselves, stern critics as we are, *wedded* to nothing but our studies, and destitute, unhappily, of any domestic companions, save our cat, our kettle, and our books, we look, perhaps, with less of interest upon this new work of Mrs. Hall's, than others may be supposed to do, who have a more intimate *family* concern in the interests of the rising generation. We are of those too who cleave to aught of original genius, or graphic power, which a new book displays; and in this respect we must confess that, in our opinion, other of our authoress's works surpass this one—but this is rather an objection to the subject which has been chosen, than to the manner in which it has been treated. What Mrs. Hall has done, she has done well; but had she chosen to do something else, for which her powers (which are of a much higher order than those generally deemed necessary for writing children's books,) would have been more particularly fitted, she would have done yet better.

It would, however, be rank injustice not to say, that this little book must form an admirable present for the young, to whom parents and friends wish to afford some elegant entertainment, blended with lessons which shew the advantages of good feeling and good temper, and the odiousness of what is spiteful, or mean, or ill natured.

We are introduced to the "Chronicler," old Mrs. Ashburton, in the pleasant village of "Little Hampton," where our authoress is supposed to have sojourned some years ago, and to have made the acquaintance of this old lady, who had formerly been the mistress of a school, where a few young ladies were brought up, as in a family. The old lady is represented as good, and garrulous; and she proposes to relate the "Chronicles of her School-Room—recollections of those beloved children, who, for so many years, were unto her, even as her own."

In this way seven stories are given to us—related at different meetings with the venerable schoolmistress; and between each, some remarks and reflections are introduced, in which we recognise the usual graceful kindliness, and good humour, of our authoress's manner;—but still, as she is here obliged to abandon narrative and description, she is not, to our fastidious taste, quite so happy as we have elsewhere found her.

But our dear young friends, who will, we hope, all read the book, would say, if they heard us talking thus, that we were "a nasty cross old man;" and opening the volume, triumphantly, would ask us if we could help loving and praising "sweet May Douglas?" Indeed, we cannot. May Douglas must be a favourite with every one; let her portrait come forth, and speak for her.

"I cannot describe May to you, nor can I chronicle her as she deserves. Her companions never called her solely by her sweet and simple name, there was always some accompaniment to it. It was either "Merry May," or "Pretty May," or "Gentle May," or "Highland May," but more frequently than all, "Sweet May Douglas!" And in truth, she united in her fairy form, all the feminine virtues—a duodecimo of loves and graces. She was merry, and pretty, and gentle; of noble Scottish descent; the soul of mirth and innocence—like a sunbeam that rests upon the earth without being contaminated by its baseness. Sweet May Douglas! She was born in May, baptised in May, came to Howard Cottage in May, and left it in May, after a brief sojourn of two years. How we all loved her! If she had a fault, it was a *little* petulence, or rather impatience of temper, an over eagerness to do all things—the evil attendant upon activity and genius; and it was provokingly difficult to correct it. Often have I called her, intending to reprove some hasty gesture, or still more hasty word, and she would come and raise her speaking violet eyes, swimming in tears, to my face, while the reproof still hung upon my lips. Nothing but the powerful knowledge of the responsibility of my situation would ever have forced me to visit with displeasure this lovely child of the mountain land. When I first saw her, she was about fourteen, but not larger than most children of ten, the only daughter of a long-widowed father, and had never until then quitted his castle in the Highlands, where he shielded his loveflower with that deep and almost engrossing anxiety, that a man of feeling and cultivated mind can alone conceive. He was a scholar and a gentleman—much sorrow had estranged him from the world. "But I must one day, for HER sake, return to it, and guard her there as well as in solitude," he said to me, "and as I would not have my child deficient in what are called accomplishments, let her be well tutored in music, drawing, and dancing; investigate her progress in French and Italian, as well as in general information, and my young recluse will not be found wanting." To all but May, the Douglas was a cold, stern man, but I never felt more keenly for the sorrow of another, than when he parted from his daughter in my little parlour, which the pupils called the "reception room." The full tears burst, and ran down his iron countenance; as, at last, he placed the sweet girl in my arms, and rushed to his carriage."

From this extract, our readers may collect what is the prevailing style of this little work. The air of a teacher is completely abandoned, and while instruction is conveyed, the feelings are sought to be interested, and a love of imitation of an amiable character, induced by an appeal to these sources of action, which are frequently even more influential, than the conviction of reason.

The story in this volume which has affected us most, and which seems to appeal to feelings of a loftier, and more deeply interesting nature than the rest, is that of "ZILLAH PENROSE," the young Quakeress. The abiding meekness, and serious goodness, combined with calm strength of character, exhibited in this portrait, cannot fail, we think, strongly to impress the minds of all readers of any sensibility, and since the natural tendency of youth is to a too great exuberance of every feeling and passion that for the moment actuates them, we know of no lesson more calculated to serve them, than a well told story, which shall engage their mind in admiration of meekness and gentle forbearance, and clear, calm, unobtrusive good sense. The sketch too of the father of Zillah, which is given in the beginning of the narrative, is full of truth, and chaste description. He is represented to have been the companion of Mrs. Ashburton (the chronicler,) in his youth, and to have gone to America, from whence he returns to place his only daughter at her school, when about to depart, he addresses thus, his old friend, the mistress of the school:—

"I wish Zillah to mix as little as possible in the plays of her companions; I wish her to avoid all vain shew, and to be sober minded; to be as much as is convenient with thyself; thou knowest that friends avoid all unnecessary waste of time, all temptations to what is called pleasure; nevertheless, as she has a desire to study drawing, I permit her to cultivate that art, but would rather wish her to be skilled in languages, particularly French and Italian; music and dancing of course she must not learn. I will tell thee why, if thou wishest, another time. One thing I must request, that every morning in the solitude of thine own chamber, thou wilt read with her a portion of the Holy Scriptures; other things will I mention in her absence, for thou knowest, he continued, turning to his daughter, that the elders must of necessity say much that is not meet for ears so young as thine. Thou Lucy Ashburton, wilt bear with these peculiarities for the sake of thine old friend, and I need not add, wilt be unto her as a mother, when she is far removed from home and kindred." I promised this, and firmly adhered to it. The further directions which he gave me, were concerning the manner he wished her to pursue her studies, and the accomplishments (he considered them evils) which he desired her to avoid. One thing I particularly remember—Zillah seemed so deeply

affected at the idea of his departure, that I suggested to Mr. Penrose the propriety of his sparing her the pain of a formal leave-taking, and that he should, as it were, steal away from his daughter. "Thou hast forgotten us Lucy," he replied, with a melancholy smile, "wouldst thou have *me* practice deception towards my child, when I tell *her* to be honest in all things? Besides, an unrelaxing curb on passion and temper can alone ensure the happiness, and strengthen the character of women. I should wish Zillah to possess meekness, patience, and enduring gentleness, united to *mental firmness*; I desire for her qualities that have more worth than splendor, and which bear resemblance to those of him who did not say, learn of me, for I am great, and magnificent, and powerful, but "learn of me, for I am meek and lowly," whose life was truth, and whose followers must not deceive."

These "Chronicles" are written, as we have said, for the young, but what age is there, which might not reap advantage from the perusal of a passage such as this? The honest Quaker, here speaks forth the words of truth and soberness, and happy should we be, if all the exertions which are made in these times, for the diffusion of useful knowledge, were imbued with such a spirit as our authoress has put into the mouth of this father, in providing for the instruction of his child. There is a charming story too of an Irish girl, Millicent O'Brien, that will remind our readers of the same fair writer's admirable 'Sketches of Irish character.' Once more do we cordially recommend the diligent perusal of so excellent a book, and in an especial manner to all our fair young readers.

The Doom of Devorgoil; a Melo-Drama.—*Auchindrane, or, the Ayrshire Tragedy.*—By Sir Walter Scott, Bart.—Edinburgh, Cadell and Company; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

Upon dipping into the first of these pieces with that avidity, which the possession of "Sir Walter's newest" is always sure to excite, we speedily found ourselves stranded; we were not quite prepared for so shallow a plunge; and our nerves encountered a shock reactive in proportion, and from which, sooth to say, we have scarcely yet recovered. The immediate consequence was, that our ideas took a new turn; from the anticipated admiration of the dramatic talent of the author of Marmion, for which we were most liberally prepared, we dropped into a train of reflection by no means complimentary to the writer of Devorgoil. In plain parlance, we do not like the Doom of Devorgoil; nor can we persuade ourselves that Sir Walter could possibly have any motive, save one, for the publication of so unworthy a production. But even the candid avowal of his intention to continue "to strike the iron while hot," which we remember he made in one of his prefaces not a hundred years ago, will hardly justify the putting off such paltry manufacture upon the public: the sweepings of his study, the rummaging and refuse of his portfolio.—Immediately behind the title-page, when the reader has possessed himself of the book, he will see that Sir Walter deigns to cry him mercy. But it is superfluous to inform us that Devorgoil was written "long since,"—that it is misnamed a Melo-drama, that "an Extravaganza" were its more fitting title. The author confesses indeed freely to the mismanagement of the mimic goblins, mixed with the supernatural machinery of a real ghost, togeth with "other faults;" but where was the necessity of sending forth to the world a production so confessedly faulty? It was not for fame, for barren reputation, surely.

But such as it is, it becomes our duty to give some account of it to our readers, and we shall endeavour to acquit ourselves with a becoming brevity.

Oswald of Devorgoil, a proud and poor baron of Galloway, is labouring under the pressure of decayed circumstances, which is supposed to be owing to the doom which impends over his house. His daughter Flora is courted by two suitors, both without the baron's privacy; one of them, Leonard Dacre, the lady's favorite, turns out in the end to be the heir of the house of Aglionby, the ruin of which, by the grandsire of Oswald, had brought down *the doom;* the other suitor is a conceited silly ass, a learned clerk and preacher "under favour,"—one Master Melchisedek Gullcrammer, who thus soliloquiseth on his first appearance on the scene:—

Gullcrammer—Right comely is thy garb, Melchisedek;
As well beseemeth one, whom good Saint Mungo,
The patron of our land and university,
Hath graced with licence both to teach and preach—
Who dare opine thou hither plod'st on foot?
Trim sits thy cloak, unruffled is thy band,
And not a speck upon thine outward man,
Bewrays the labours of thy weary sole.
[*Touches his shoe, and smiles complacently.*
Quaint was that jest and pleasant!—Now will I
Approach and hail the dwellers of this fort;
But specially sweet Flora Devorgoil,
Ere her proud sire return. He loves me not,
Mocketh my lineage, flouts at mine advancement—
Sour as the fruit the crab-tree furnishes,
And hard as is the cudgel it supplies;
But Flora—she's a lily on the lake,
And I must reach her though I risk a ducking.

This blockhead with his quaintness and affectation, is thrust upon us beyond all reasonable endurance, the author, no doubt, intending him to be the vehicle of much goodly humour, —*par exemple*:—

Gullcrammer———She respects me.
Durward—But not so doth her father, haughty Oswald.
Bethink thee he's a baron—
Gullcrammer.—And a bare one;
Construe me that, old man!—The crofts of Mucklewhame—
Destined for mine so soon as heaven and earth
Have shared my uncle's soul and bones between them—
The crofts of Mucklewhame, old man, which nourish
Three scores of sheep, three cows, with each her follower,
A female palfrey eke—I will be candid,
She is of that meek tribe whom, in derision,
Our wealthy southern neighbours nickname donkeys—
Durward—She hath her follower too,—when thou art there.
Gullcrammer—I say to thee, these crofts of Mucklewhame,
In the mere tithing of their stock and produce,
Outvie whatever patch of land remains
To this old rugged castle and its owner.
Well, therefore, may Melchisedek Gullcrammer,
Younger of Mucklewhame—for such I write me—
Master of Arts, by grace of good Saint Andrew,
Preacher, in brief expectance of a kirk,
Endow'd with ten score Scottish pounds per annum,
Being eight pounds seventeen eight in sterling coin—
Well then, I say, may this Melchisedek,
Thus highly graced by fortune—and by nature
E'en gifted as thou seest—aspire to woo
The daughter of the beggar'd Devorgoil.

The reader may think he has had quite enough of this vein; but in extent it is rich to luxuriance—to satiety, and we feel ourselves beginning to grow sick of it. Right pleased are we, therefore, to hear at length from Kathleen, a gay giddy girl, a poor cousin of Flora's, that she has

"—— a plan to scare poor paltry Gullcrammer
Out of his paltry wits."

Great promise is made, and special manœuvring is practised to bring this rare plan about; but unfortunately it turns out to be as poor, and abortive a game of mummery as we ever remember to have been treated withal. Gullcrammer gets a lodging in the haunted chamber, and Kathleen and her lover, Blackthorn, come in as maskers—Cockledemoy and Owlspiegle—to scare the poor wight "out of his wits." We give the passage at some length as a precious specimen of pure nonsense, of which that Sir Walter should be guilty at any period, however juvenile, of his literary life, must give us marvel; but still more must we express our surprise at its present publication; in good truth we grudge it the space it occupies:—

Duet without, between Owlspiegle and Cockledemoy.

Owlspiegle—Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy——
Cockledemoy—Here, father, here.
Owlspiegle—Now the pole-star's red and burning,
And the witch's spindle turning,
Appear, appear.
Gullcrammer (who has again raised himself, and listened with great terror to the Duet)
I have heard of the devil's dam before,
But never of his child. Now, Heaven deliver me!
The Papists have the better of us there,—
They have their Latin prayers, cut and dried,
And pat for such occasion—I can think
On nought but the vernacular.
Owlspiegle—Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy,
We'll sport us here—
Cockledemoy—Our gambols play,
Like elve and fay;
Owlspiegle—And domineer,
Both—Laugh, frolic, and frisk, till the morning appear.
Cockledemoy—Lift latch—open clasp—
Shoot bolt—and burst hasp!
[*The door opens with violence. Enter Blackthorn, as Owlspeigle, fantastically dressed as a Spanish Barber, tall, thin, emaciated, and ghostly; Flora, as Cockledemoy, attends as his Page. All their manners, tones, and motions, are fantastic, as those of goblins. They make two or three times the circuit of the room, without seeming to see Gullcrammer. They then resume their Chant, or Recitative.*
Owlspiegle—Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy,
What wilt thou do that will give thee joy?
Wilt thou ride on the midnight owl?
Cockledemoy—No; for the weather is stormy and foul.
Owlspiegle—Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy,
What wilt thou do that can give thee joy?
With a needle for a sword, and a thimble for a hat,
Wilt thou fight a traverse with a castle cat?
Cockledemoy—Oh, no! she has claws, and I like not that.
Gullcrammer—I see the devil is a doating father,
And spoils his children—'tis the surest way
To make cursed imps of them. They see me not—
What will they think on next? It must be own'd,
They have a dainty choice of occupations.
Owlspiegle—Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy,
What shall we do that can give thee joy?
Shall we go seek for a cuckoo's nest?
Cockledemoy—That's best, that's best!
Both—About, about,
Like an elvish scout.
The Cuckoo's a gull, and we'll soon find him out.
[*They search the room with mops and mows. At length Cockledemoy jumps upon the bed. Gullcrammer raises himself half up, supporting himself by his hands. Cockledemoy does the same, and grins at him, then skips from the bed, and runs to Owlspiegle.*
Cockledemoy—I've found the nest,
And in it a guest,
With a sable cloak and a taffeta vest;
He must be wash'd, and trimm'd and drest,
To please the eyes he loves the best.
Owlspiegle—That's best, that's best.
Both—He must be shaved, and trimm'd and dress'd
To please the eyes he loves the best.
[*They arrange shaving things on the table, and sing as they prepare them.*
Both—Know that all of the humbug, the bite, and the bus,
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.
Owlspiegle (sharpening his razor.)
The sword this is made of was lost in a fray
By a fop, who first bullied and then ran away;
And the strap from the hide of a lame racer, sold
By Lord Match, to his friend, for some hundreds in gold.
Both—For all of the humbug, the bite and the bus,
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.
Cockledemoy (placing the napkin.)
And this cambric napkin, so white and so fair,
At an usurer's funeral I stole from the heir.

[*Drops something from a vial, as going to make suds.*
This dewdrop I caught from one eye of his mother,
Which wept while she ogled the parson with t'other.
Both—For all of the humbug, the bite, and the buz,
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.
Owlspiegle (arranging the lather and basin.)
My soap-ball is of the mild alkali made,
Which the soft dedicator employs in his trade.
And it froths with the pith of a promise, that's sworn
By a lover at night, and forgot on the morn.
Both—For all of the humbug, the bite and the buz,
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.
Halloo, halloo,
The blackcock crew,
Thrice shriek'd hath the owl, thrice croak'd hath the raven,
Here, ho! Master Gullcrammer, rise and be shaven!

Positively we will go no farther with this foolery—though possibly the author might say the best was yet to come—the actual shaving, and the trimming—with recitative and chorus, to the great encouragement and delight of Master Gullcrammer. The worst of it is, that this shaving affair is purely an episode, without any pretension to forward the catastrophe. This latter occurrence, our readers must be informed, is entirely owing to the interference of a ghost, who discovers to the poor baron a heap of treasure, and after tantalising and tempting him in vain for a considerable period, at last vanishes in a clap of thunder!

Few passages of any value for selection, occur to us even after an attentive perusal; perhaps the following, though destitute of any originality of conception, may be among the best in the piece:—

Eleanor—A misplaced match hath that deep curse in't,
That can embitter e'en the purest streams
Of true affection. Thou hast seen me seek,
With the strict caution early habits taught me,
To match our wants and means—hast seen thy father,
With aristocracy's high brow of scorn,
Spurn at economy, the cottage virtue,
As best befitting her whose sires were peasants:
Nor can I, when I see my lineage scorn'd,
Always conceal in what contempt I hold
The fancied claims of rank he clings to fondly.

And this:

Oswald—So all men beg—
Durward—Yes—I can make it good by proof. Your soldier
Begs for a leaf of laurel, and a line
In the gazette.* He brandishes his sword
To back his suit, and is a sturdy beggar—
The courtier begs a ribband or a star,
And, like our gentler mumpers, is provided
With false certificates of health and fortune
Lost in the public service. For your lover,
Who begs a sigh, a smile, a lock of hair,
A buskin-point, he maunds upon the pad,
With the true cant of pure mendicity,
"The smallest trifle to relieve a Christian,
And if it like your ladyship!"—
[*In a begging tone.*
Katleen (apart.)
This is a cunning knave, and feeds the humour
Of my aunt's husband, for I must not say
Mine honour'd uncle. I will try a question.
Your man of merit though, who serves the commonwealth,
Nor asks for a requital?—
[*To Durward.*
Durward. Is a dumb beggar,
And let's his actions speak like signs for him,
Challenging double guerdon.* Now, I'll show
How your true beggar has the fair advantage
O'er all the tribes of cloak'd mendicity.
I have told over to you—The soldier's laurel,
The statesman's ribband, and the lady's favour,
Once won and gain'd, are not held worth a farthing
By such as longest, loudest, canted for them;
Whereas, your charitable halfpenny,
Which is the scope of a true beggar's suit,
Is worth *two* farthings, and, in times of plenty,
Will buy a crust of bread.

Of Auchindrane we entertain a much higher opinion; and indeed were it not for the bad company in which we find it, in juxta-position with such an abortive effort as Devorgoil, we might, perhaps, be tempted to pronounce it a very beautiful dramatic poem, and worthy of the talent of Sir Walter Scott. Had we read it first, we should have discovered in it, most probably, redeeming beauties enough to buoy up its unfortunate brother; but as it is, it amply reconciles us to the whole volume; it not only establishes in our mind its own merits, but wipes out much of its neighbour's imperfections. So much for the general impression.

The facts upon which the "Ayrshire Tragedy" is founded, are preserved in the Scottish Criminal Record; they are to be published in full detail in the next *fasciculus* of Pitcairn's work; but we have them meantime here, in the preface to Auchindrane, related in that elegant style of narrative for which the author of Waverley is so justly celebrated. The plot of the tragedy turns upon the conscious guilt, and murderous cruelty of John Mure, of Auchindrane. He, his son, and Quentin Blane, are the principal characters. Quentin is the only existing witness who has it in his power to convict Auchindrane of being chief accessary to the murder of the Earl of Cassilis; and the unhappy youth seems to be the destined child of misfortune. He is thrown by his unlucky fate into the hands of Auchindrane, and falls a victim to the demon of guilty suspicion. The description of Quentin Blane is thus briefly given by the author. "He is a mild, gentle, and rather feeble character, liable to be influenced by any person of stronger mind, who will take the trouble to direct him. He is somewhat of a nervous temperament, varying from sadness to gaiety, according to the impulse of the moment; an amiable hypochondriac." Hildebrand, his companion, is a stout old Englishman—an ex-sergeant major. The events of the tragedy are supposed to occur in the early part of the reign of James the First of England; in fact, Auchindrane and his son were executed in the year 1611. With these few short preliminary and essential notices, we are prepared to read the following passages, taken from the piece without much selection.

Quentin—My thoughts are wellnigh desperate. But I purpose
Return to my stern patron—there to tell him
That wars, and winds, and waves, have cross'd his pleasure,
And cast me on the shore from whence he banish'd me.
Then let him do his will, and destine for me
A dungeon or a grave.
Sergeant—Now, by the rood, thou art a simple fool!
I can do better for thee. Mark me, Quentin.
I took my license from the noble regiment,
Partly that I was worn with age and warfare,
Partly that an estate of yeomanry,
Of no great purchase, but enough to live on,
Has called me owner since a kinsman's death.
It lies in merry Yorkshire, where the wealth
Of fold and furrow, proper to Old England,
Stretches by streams which walk no sluggish pace,
But dance as light as yours. Now, good friend Quentin,
This copyhold can keep two quiet inmates,
And I am childless. Wilt thou be my son?
Quentin—Nay, you can only jest, my worthy friend!
What claim have I to be a burden to you?
Sergeant—The claim of him that wants, and is in danger,
On him that has, and can afford protection:
Thou wouldst not fear a foeman in my cottage,
Where a stout mastiff slumber'd on the hearth,
And this good halbert hung above the chimney?
But come—I have it—thou shalt earn thy bread
Duly, and honourably and usefully.
Our village schoolmaster hath left the parish,
Forsook the ancient schoolhouse, with its yew-trees,
That lurk'd beside a church two centuries older,
So long devotion took the lead of knowledge;
And since his little flock are shepherdless,
'Tis thou shalt be promoted in his room;
And rather than thou wantest scholars, man,
Myself will enter pupil. Better late.
Our proverb says, than never to do well.
And look you, on the holidays, I'd tell
To all the wondering boors and gaping children,
Strange tales of what the regiment did in Flanders,
And thou shouldst say amen, and be my warrant,
That I speak truth to them.
Quentin—Would I might take thy offer! But, alas!
Thou art the hermit who compell'd a pilgrim,
In name of Heaven and heavenly charity,
To share his roof and meal, but found too late
That he had drawn a curse on him and his,
By sheltering a wretch foredoom'd of Heaven!
Sergeant—Thou talk'st in riddles to me.
Quentin. If I do,
'Tis that I am a riddle to myself.
Thou know'st I am by nature born a friend
To glee and merriment; can make wild verses;
The jest or laugh has never stopped with me,
When once 'twas set a rolling.
Sergeant. I have known thee
A blithe companion still, and wonder now
Thou should'st become thus crest-fallen.
Quentin—Does the lark sing her descant when the falcon
Scales the blue vault with bolder wing than hers,
And meditates a stoop? The mirth thou'st noted
Was all deception, fraud—Hated enough
For other causes, I did veil my feelings
Beneath the mask of mirth;* laugh'd, sung, and caroll'd
To gain some interest in my comrades' bosoms,
Although mine own was bursting.
Sergeant. Thour't a hypocrite
Of a new order.
Quentin—But harmless as the innoxious snake,
Which bears the adder's form, lurks in his haunts,
Yet neither hath his fang-teeth nor his poison.
Look you, kind Hildebrand, I would seem merry,
Lest other men should, tiring of my sadness,
Expel me from them, as the hunted wether
Is driven from the flock.
Sergeant—Faith, thou hast borne it bravely out.
Had I been asked to name the merriest fellow
Of all our muster-roll—that man wert thou.
Quentin—Seest thou, my friend, yon brook dance down the valley,
And sing blithe carols over broken rock
And tiny waterfall, kissing each shrub
And each gay flower it nurses in its passage;
Where think'st thou is its source, the bonny brook?
It flows from forth a cavern, black and gloomy,
Sullen and sunless, like this heart of mine,
Which others see in a false glare of gaiety,
Which I have laid before you in its sadness.

We note *en passant*, the following splendid simile spoken by old Auchindrane:—

Auchindrane—What can man speak that I would shrink to hear,
And where the danger I would deign to shun?
[*He rises.*
What should appal a man inured to perils,
Like the bold climber on the crags of Ailsa?
Winds whistle past him, billows rage below,
The sea-fowl sweep around, with shriek and clang,
One single slip, one unadvised pace,
One qualm of giddiness—and peace be with him!
But he whose grasp is sure, whose step is firm,
Whose brain is constant—he makes one proud rock
The means to scale another, till he stand
Triumphant on the peak.

And here another:—

Gifford—I saw your gauntlet lie before the Kennedys,
Who look'd on it as men do on an adder.
Longing to crush, and yet afraid to grasp it.
Not an eye sparkled; not a foot advanced;
No arm was stretch'd to lift the fatal symbol.

In the interview (in act the second,) of Auchindrane with his wicked son, the latter says:—

Philip—Father, what we call great, is often ruin'd
By means so ludicrously disproportion'd,
They make me think upon the gunner's linstock,
Which, yielding forth a light about the size
And semblance of the glowworm, yet applied
To powder, blew a palace into atoms,
Sent a young King—a young Queen's mate at least—
Into the air, as high as e'er flew night-hawk,
And made such wild work in the realm of Scotland,
As they can tell who heard,—and you were one
Who saw, perhaps, the night-flight which began it.
Auchindrane—If thou hast nought to speak but drunken folly.
I cannot listen longer.
Philip—I will speak brief and sudden.—There is one
Whose tongue to us has the same perilous force
Which Bothwell's powder had to Kirk of Field;
One whose least tones, and those but peasant accents,

* We may be permitted to observe here, for the special information of one of our learned cotemporaries, that there is surely no anachronism in the mention of a Gazette in this place. The action of Devorgoil passes in the early part of the 18th century—full thirty years after the sanguinary career of Claverse. This our learned friend might have gleaned from one of his own extracts.

* Who is not immediately reminded of Johnson's pathetic account of the miserable state of his feelings at an early period of his life: "Ah, Sir, I was mad, and violent; it was bitterness which they mistook for frolic," &c. Sir Walter Scott has quoted this very passage from Boswell, as descriptive of Swift's feelings at a similar period.—See his Life of Swift.

Could rend the roof from off our fathers' castle,
Level its tallest turret with its base;
And he that doth possess this wondrous power
Sleeps this same night not five miles distant from us.

In the third act the unfortunate Quentin Blane is confronted on the sea shore, at dead of night, by Auchindrane and his son, who are intent on murdering him.

Auchindrane—Thou wert my vassal, born upon my land,
Bread by my bounty—It concern'd me highly,
Thou know'st it did—and yet against my charge
Again I find thy worthlessness in Scotland.
Quentin—Alas, the wealthy and the powerful know not
How very dear to those who have least share in't,
Is that sweet word of country! The poor exile
Feels, in each action of the varied day,
His doom of banishment. The very air
Cools not his brow as in his native land;
The scene is strange, the food is loathly to him:
The language, nay, the music jars his ear,
Why should I, guiltless of the slightest crime,
Suffer a punishment which, sparing life,
Deprives that life of all which men hold dear?
Auchindrane—Hear ye the serf I bred, begin to reckon
Upon his rights and pleasures! Who am I—
Thou abject who am I, whose will thou thwartest?
Philip—Well spoke my pious sire. There goes remorse?
Let once thy precious pride take fire, and then,
MacLellan, you and I may have small trouble.
Quentin—Your words are deadly, and your power resistless;
I'm in your hands—but, surely, less than life
May give you the security you seek,
Without commission of a mortal crime.
Auchindrane—Who is't would deign to think upon thy life?
I but require of thee to speed to Ireland,
Where thou may'st sojourn for some little space,
Having due means of living dealt out to thee,
And, when it suits the changes of the times,
Permission to return.
Quentin—Noble my Lord,
I am too weak to combat with your pleasure;
Yet, O, for mercy's sake, and for the sake
Of that dear land which is our common mother,
Let me not part in darkness from my country!
Pass but an hour or two, and every cape,
Headland, and bay, shall gleam with new-born light,
And I'll take boat as gaily as the bird
That soars to meet the morning.
Grant me but this—to show no darker thoughts
Are on your heart than those your speech expresses!
Philip—A modest favour, friend, is this you ask!
Are we to pace the beach like waterman,
Waiting your worship's pleasure to take boat?
No, by my faith! you go upon the instant.
The boat lies ready, and the ship receives you
Near to the point of Turnberry.—Come, we wait you;
Bestir you!
Quentin—I obey.—Then farewell, Scotland,
And Heaven forgive my sins, and grant that mercy,
Which mortal man deserves not!
Auchindrane (speaks aside to his son)—What signal
Shall let me know 'tis done?
Philip—When the light is quench'd,
Your fears for Quentin Blane are at an end.—
(To Quentin)—Come, comrade, come, we must begin our voyage.
Quentin—But when, O when to end it!
[*He goes off reluctantly with Philip and MacLelland. Auchindrane stands looking after them. The Moon becomes overclouded, and the Stage dark. Auchindrane, who has gazed fixedly and eagerly after those who have left the Stage, becomes animated, and speaks.*]
Auchindrane—It is no fallacy!—The night is dark,
The moon has sunk before the deepening clouds;
I cannot on the murky beach distinguish
The shallop from the rocks which lie beside it;
I cannot see tall Philip's floating plume,
Nor trace the sullen brow of Niel MacLellan;
Yet still that caitiff's visage is before me,
With chattering teeth, mazed look, and bristling hair,
As he stood here this moment!—Have I changed
My human eyes for those of some night prowler,
The wolf's, the tiger-cat's, or the hoarse bird's
That spies its prey at midnight? I can see him—
Yes, I can see him, seeing no one else,—
And well it is I do so. In his absence,
Strange thoughts of pity mingled with my purpose,
And moved remorse within me—But they vanish'd
Whene'er he stood a living man before me;
Then my antipathy awaked within me,
Seeing its object close within my reach,
Till I could scarce forbear him.—How they linger!
The boat's not yet to sea!—I ask myself,
What has the poor wretch done to wake my hatred—
Docile, obedient, and in sufference patient?—
As well demand what evil has the hare
Done to the hound that courses her in sport.
Instinct infallible supplies the reason—
And that must plead my cause.—The vision's gone!
Their boat now walks the waves; a single gleam,
Now seen now lost, is all that marks her course;
That soon shall vanish too—then all is over!
Would it were o'er, for in this moment lies
The agony of ages!—Now, 'tis gone—
And all is acted!—no—she breasts again
The opposing wave, and bears the tiny sparkle
Upon her crest—*(A faint cry heard as from seaward.)*
Ha! there was fatal evidence,
All's over now, indeed!—The light is quench'd—
And Quentin, source of all my fear, exists not.—
The morning tide shall sweep his corse to sea,
And hide all memory of this stern night's work.

Our last extract deals in the supernatural, and will be read, we doubt not, with intense interest.

Auchindrane—Thy words
Are full of comfort, but thine eye and look
Have in this palid gloom a ghastliness,
Which contradicts the tidings of thy tongue.
Philip—Hear me, old man—There *is* a heaven above us,
As you have heard old Knox and Wishart preach.
Though little to your boot. The dreaded witness
Is slain, and silent. But his misused body
Comes right ashore, as if to cry for vengeance;
It rides the waters like a living thing,
Erect, as if he trode the waves which bare him.
Auchindrane—Thou speakest frenzy, when sense is most required.
Philip—Hear me yet more!—I say I did the deed
With all the coolness of a practised hunter
When dealing with a stag. I struck him overboard,
And with MacLellan's aid I held his head
Under the waters, while the ranger tied
The weights we had provided to his feet.
We cast him loose when life and body parted,
And bid him speed for Ireland. But even then,
As in defiance of the words we spoke,
The body rose upright behind our stern,
One half in ocean, and one half in air,
And tided after as in chase of us.
Auchindrane—It was enchantment! Did you strike at it?
Philip—Once and again. But blows avail'd no more
Than on a wreath of smoke, where they may break
The column for a moment, which unites
And is entire again. Thus the dead body
Sunk down before my oar, but rose unharm'd,
And dogg'd us closer still, as in defiance.
Auchindrane—'Twas Hell's own work!—
Philip—MacLellan then grew restive
And desperate in his fear, blasphemed aloud,
Cursing us both as authors of his ruin.
Myself was wellnigh frantic while pursued
By this dead shape, upon whose ghastly features
The changeful moonbeam spread a grisly light;
And, baited thus, I took the nearest way
To insure his silence, and to quell his noise;
I used my dagger, and I flung him overboard,
And half expected his dead carcass also
Would join the chase, but he sunk down at once.
Auchindrane—He had enough of mortal sin about him,
To sink an argosy.

Pleased as we are with the merits of Auchindrane, we should feel a superior gratification, we fancy, in seeing it actually brought before us on the stage. We can see no objection to its being performed,—not indeed as "a tragedy" in the legitimate and orthodox application of that term, for as it stands at present arranged in three long acts, it would require certain manipulations and divisions—but as a higher order of melo-drama. Of its eventual success under judicious management, we should feel inclined to augur most favourably. In conclusion, we shall express a hope that Sir Walter will not stop here; he has now amply proved that, in conjunction with his other splendid endowments, he possesses the *materiel* of a great and successful dramatic writer; and we gladly hail the period when he may add yet another wreath to his numerous laurels.

Derwentwater; a Tale of 1715. In 2 vols. London, William Kidd.

THE field of historical romance, though it has been, in a great measure, engrossed by the splendid productions of one gifted Scotsman, still contains so many valuable treasures, that we witness with delight the appearance in it of any new and worthy labourers. Here we have one before us, of great talent and infinite good sense, who, to a clear view and mastery over his world of fancy and romance, adds the rare merit of understanding the history of the period of which he writes. His work possesses interest, too, of another sort: it illustrates the state of manners and character in a distant and most interesting district of England, which, though affording many lively pictures of the varieties of human conduct, temper, and principles, seems hitherto, strangely enough, to have wanted a chronicler.

A better spot than Northumberland could not have been chosen, to illustrate the disinterested gallantry and devotion which the old and real Jacobites of England, shewed to the infatuated Stuarts, in the rising of 1715.—The family of the Ratcliffes, whose name subsequently changed to the more princely title—"Derwentwater,"—continues to this day endeared to the men of Northumberland by many fresh remembrances of familiar kindness—were conspicuous for their personal attachment to that race, and for their rash contempt of danger in *the* cause. Every one at all acquainted with the circumstances of the first rebellion, will know the game which the last unfortunate Earl played so rashly, and accounted for so fearfully. His fate affords abundant elements for a good novel, though there were few obtrusive or prominent features in his own gentle and amiable character.

We do not like to analyse two volumes in a single paragraph; and therefore shall not attempt a sketch of the busy plot, but refer to the book itself, in which our readers will find many stirring details of individual adventure, mingled and identified with a striking sketch of the great public occurrences to which we have alluded. And by the way, on this same historical sketch we would say a few words.—Of late years it has been much the fashion in writing of the great controversy of this period, to decry what may well be called the cause of popular principles, to vilify and abuse the Whigs, as the Hanoverian or Constitutional party were then called; and with extraordinary zeal for a vanquished cause, to trumpet forth the devotion of the Jacobites, their personal gallantry, disinterested valour, unspeakable constancy, faith, and honour.—Now we could never much approve this. We could never appreciate the feeling that would raise to the stars men remarkable only for misguided, albeit disinterested, devotion to an arbitrary government, and would visit with ridicule and opprobrium, the memory of those to whose "devotion" for a rational government, we owe all the blessings of a free constitution. The manliness with which this historical question is treated in these pages, demands our unqualified praise. The author does not tax his faith and dexterity to make the worse appear the better cause; yet he excites zeal and active sympathy for the untimely fate of his hero, and other adherents of that *bad* cause, by speaking always with fairness and indulgence, and neither calling in the aid of seducing pathos, or diseased sentiment.—In an honest and truly moral strain of feeling, he deplores their miserable destiny, whilst he censures their misjudged zeal.

What follows will bear us out, to the full, in what we have said: it is penned with "a learned spirit of observation," and follows the account of Derwentwater's execution, which we think also worthy of an extract; it is most affecting, but its chief praiseworthiness consists in a close and scrupulous adherence to historical accuracy; this, in a work of fiction, where exaggeration is but too prevalent, cannot be sufficiently commended:

"It was on a stern and biting morning, towards the end of February, that a sable erection, of ominous form and character, saluting the newly awoken eye of day, informed the inhabitants of Tower Hill, that another catastrophe was about to be added to the long list of those their vicinage had witnessed in time past. When the sun had gained the utmost height the sullen season would allow, the area of that gentle elevation began to give still more active signs of the approaching tragedy. Large parties of guards, both horse and foot, then encircled the sickening structure just mentioned, which the prescient reader need not be told was the scaffold; and a dense, serried crowd, filling up the vacant space around, appeared to await what was to come, in silent and serious intimidation.

"A covered passage communicated between the stage of immolation and a large building, known as the Transport Office, within which was an apartment invested in funeral black, and appropriated to the last preparations of the sad sufferers. Here they received the blessings and adieus of their tearful friends, and here Frederick Silburne took his earthly farewell of the Lord of Dilstow.

"Thence this nobleman was the first conducted forth—selected to enjoy an unenviable priority of fate. His bearing, at the trying moment when quitting the shielded gallery, he stepped upon the elevated platform, and stood exposed to the eager gaze of the undulating multitude, was manly and composed—to a degree scarcely expected in one so young. It was the more noted, as exhibited by a character not hitherto supposed to be strong. The quiet collectedness with which he examined the block, and desired the executioner to chip off a projection thereon, that might have offended his neck, was an additional proof of the steady resignation with which he looked upon the appalling paraphernalia of the occasion.

"Having obtained permission of the sheriffs, who were, of course, in attendance, the earl advanced to the rails of the scaffold, and read, from a paper, a short speech. Therein he apologised to his party for having condescended to plead 'guilty,' in another place; avowed an attachment to King James—cherished even from infancy; declared his strong faith in the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church; and concluded by saying, that, "if it had pleased him who now reigned, to have spared his life, he would have thought it his duty never more to have taken arms against him." This done, nothing remained to delay the final consummation. Before laying his head upon the block, he spoke a few words of instruction to the horrid functionary by his side. The third time I cry 'Sweet Jesus!' said he to him, 'then strike, and do what is most convenient for you.' He then betook himself to earnest prayer.—'Sweet Jesus!' he cried, in a low inward voice, 'receive my spirit! Sweet Jesus! be merciful unto me! Sweet Jesus!'——he spoke no more; the axe at that moment fell, and a single blow severed the head from its quivering trunk. We draw a veil over what followed.

"Thus perished the ill-fated Earl of Derwentwater, a victim to an overwrought and misjudging notion of loyalty to an expatriated master. If the matured convictions of the present day should lead any to sneer at the enthusiastic folly that led to such a deplorable result, let them bear in mind, that he lived in an age when the obsolete prejudices of an older time still clung to thousands, and that he was connected, in some sort, by the ties of consanguinity to those for whose sake he died. They cannot, at the same time, refuse to admire the generous spirit of devotion which could peril life, hopes, and princely fortune, in a cause which, even if triumphant, had, in a wordly sense, no reward for him. There might indeed, be the empty applause of his party; or the more valuable consciousness of having realized his own ideas of duty; but neither of those can furnish that interested motive so creditably absent.

"Never, during so short a career, did any man attach to himself, more friends. Never did a magistrate of the land better sustain, in his own deportment, a title to the adventitious rank he inherited from others, and more worthily dispense the goods which fortune had stored in his garner. If the untainted testimony of all those whom a stern fortune had condemned to a life of dependance, and redeemingly directed to brook it under such a Lord, can avouch this, that confirmation can be abundantly traced. Long had the men of Tynedale occasion bitterly to deplore the sad expulsion, which, depriving them of him, robbed them of their chief ornament and support."

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"In characterizing the generous impulse which inspired so many manly hearts to risk privations of the most incalculable extent, little place has been given to a spring of action much dwelt on by the vulgar—religious zeal. Such, in fact, had no general influence. A full moiety of the gentlemen in arms were Protestants; and even beneficed clergymen of the English church were to be found amidst their ranks. During the whole time they were banded together, the utmost harmony prevailed between the persuasions, it seeming as if the idea of distinctions of that kind had not entered into the heads of any. No—it was to a reverence for old associations; pity for a fallen sovereign, and the reciprocally anticipated example of friends and neighbours, that this rising is mainly to be attributed. Perhaps too, a dash of English feeling, galled to see a foreign prince claim allegiance in the land, might have mingled with those above enumerted, and, so far, have helped on the crisis.

"The thinking part of the nation were certainly, at this time, inimical to the recal of the Stuarts; and if, as has been said, knowledge is power, they were the more powerful party. But, numerically speaking, the well-wishers of that house preponderated. Nor is it difficult to understand wherefore. The influence of names; the prejudices of usage; the deference, then entertained towards antiquity, furnish a few broad ideas which take prompt hold of the minds of the million, whilst, to vague or uncultivated intellect, the real nature of the compact betwixt governor and governed, is of less easy comprehension. In other words, the Stuart claims, stood in a kind of rude relief, and were to be caught up at a glance by every shallow or fervid brain that could not fathom the substantial and prospective policy which brought in the house of Brunswick. When, therefore, we consider, that the mass of the softer sex, and the inexperienced youth of the other, belong to this class, we will find a tolerably pertinent explanation of the matter.

"If the country was thus well inclined towards their ancient rulers, it may be asked, why was this overture in their favour so easily quashed? The prepared and watchful position of the party in power, and the absence of means and combination in that of their enemies, are reasons which lay on the surface.—We must, however, go a little deeper fairly to discover why the Jacobits, avowedly so numerous, did not make a better head, even at the first; or why they failed to flock around that which was made. Some explanation may be found in the undefined dread of popery industriously diffused, but more, in the settled state of society. Men had grown calculating; they were not now disposed to involve even their personal comfort, much less to risk, as of old, life itself, for an opinion. To be well affected towards those whom they believed to have an hereditary and indefeasible right to rule, was one thing; to arm in their behalf, against those actually ruling, was another. They saw around them an established order of things, which they had no notion of pulling about their ears, as a step to obtain a restitution of supposed rights. Moreover, the want of any germ and connection between those rights and the common interest; the absence of any real grievance, coming home to their own "business and bosoms," caused myriads to confine themselves to quiet good wishes. To these causes, especially aggravated by the non-appearance of foreign aid, may be, in a great measure, attributed the absence of very different results."

This is clear and spirited writing; and the reasoning is substantially true.—The illustration of the manners and dialect of the Northumbrian peasantry is admirably vivid and peculiar:—we take upon ourselves to vouch for this—having travelled, at various times, through that romantic and coal-heaving district. Of the few faults of the book we have scarce time to speak. We dislike certain quaintnesses of expression, which smack of conceit—certain smatterings of "foreign lingo"—certain arcadian names; and other matters, on which it were needless to dwell—assured that the author's excellent judgment wants but a short experience to correct them. There is one matter which is, perhaps, worth censuring:—Derwentwater himself is kept too much in the background; the interest centers more in Errington and his associates: here is the only palpable deficiency in plot, and *that* we are willing to ascribe mainly to the earl's peculiarly unobtrusive character.

A few words, in conclusion:—The author of "Derwentwater" models himself too closely on the style of Sir Walter Scott. We should not be inclined to censure this—nay, we would rather have regarded it as favourable to his judgment and taste, did we not fancy that we have discovered, throughout his book, a certain somewhat, denotive of a shrewd originality, that we should like to see more fully developed and indulged in. We request him, therefore, to follow the bent of his own humour. Satire sits better on his pen than sentiment: he hates all German sentimentalism—so do we.

Notes on Haiti; made during a residence in that Republic. By C. Mackenzie, Esq. F.R.S. F.L.S. &c.—2 vols. post 8vo.—London, Colburn and Bentley.

When Columbus on his first voyage had visited the Bahama islands and Cuba, he accidentally discovered the island of Haiti, on the 5th December, 1492. He gave it the name of Hispaniola, or little Spain; it was subse-

quently better known under that of St. Domingo, but since the establishment of its independence in 1803, the original designation of Haiti has been resumed. The island is, next after Cuba, the largest in the Columbian Archipelago, and is designated by the French, *La Reine des Antilles*. Its length from East to West is, according to *Malte-Brun*, about 390 miles, its breadth from North to South, 140. Mr. Mackenzie, however, states its length to be 160 leagues, and its breadth under forty. It is divided by the Cibao, a lofty range of mountains, running through the middle of the island in an eastern direction, and three smaller chains of hills run out from this central group. Most of these mountains are healthy and cultivable, and their various elevations often afford the natural productions of different climates in the same district. But the low grounds, though exceedingly fertile and well watered, are very unhealthy to Europeans; and the diseases which prevail, either prove fatal in the first instance, or usually impair the constitution for life.

The French formerly possessed a portion of territory on the western coast, which, though small in extent, at least of arable land, was so fertile and productive, that the quantity of sugar, coffee, indigo, and cocoa raised in that district alone, was estimated in Europe at upwards of seven millions and a half sterling.—This was forty years ago. In the reign of the emperor Charles Fifth, Hispaniola was a wealthy, flourishing, and populous settlement; and here it was that the conquerors of Mexico, Chili, and Peru, formed their vast designs, and found the means of carrying them into execution.

At the time of its original discovery, the island is described to have been divided into five independent kingdoms, each under the government of a cacique, to whom the Indians yielded implicit obedience. Columbus's first establishment was the city of Isabella, but not long after his brother Diego founded the city of San Domingo, which, on the abandonment of Isabella, became the capital. It was originally on the left, but has since been transferred to the right bank of the river Ozama.

"Various towns were successively built by the Spanish governors, notwithstanding the almost constant internal dissensions that prevailed, even from the period of its first discovery; but with the exception of some ravages by the buccaniers, by Drake and others, no systematic or successful permanent inroad appears to have been made before 1625, when a formidable body of their previously transient enemies, the buccaniers, commenced a series of attacks, and in 1630 took forcible possession of the island of Tortuga, from which they expelled the resident Spaniards. This island, which lies about two leagues to the north of Port de Paix, was a most advantageous post for the freebooters, who continued their unsanctioned depredations until 1665, when a formal settlement with the authority of the French government was effected by the same description of men, under the command of a French gentleman named Dogeron. From that time to the end of the seventeenth century, the warfare between the two neighbours was incessant; in the course of which, however, the original aggressors gradually extended their possessions to the larger island; and as the rights of coast were undefined, the collisions were so frequent, that it became necessary for the courts of Versailles and Madrid to determine the boundary of the two colonies. This was done in 1776, by the "Traité des Limites." By this treaty it was decided that the boundary point to the south should be at "Anse à Pitres," and to the north in the bay of Mancenille, between which two points an undulating line passed by Vallier, San Raphael, the Black Mountain, and the Salt Lake; so that, with the exception of a small portion, the French colony no where extended more than ten leagues from some part of the coast, while the sea line was not less than two hundred and thirty leagues in extent. The facilities of access to the coast were considerably less in the Spanish portion of the island.

"The Spaniards possessed nearly two-thirds of the surface, while their neighbours boasted of a population nearly six times greater than that of the more extensive region.

"Besides these differences, there were others fully as remarkable in the constitution of the society, and in the objects of pursuit. The Spanish court had, at a very early period, abandoned this its first American colony to its own resources; the French government and nation, on the other hand, regarded their portion as their most valuable colony: and while depression and languor pervaded the one, activity and riches distinguished the other; yet both were slave colonies, differing, however, very essentially in the relative proportions of the different classes of the community, as well as in other circumstances. The free Spaniards, of all complexions, much exceeded the number of slaves; while the French slave population very largely predominated; and there seems to have existed as marked a difference in the treatment of the subordinate castes by the dominant one, on the two sides of the boundary.

"The Spanish slave laws are well known to be singularly mild; and there does not appear to have existed any desire on the part of the proprietors to contravene them.

"The French, on the other hand, are said not to have borne their faculties with much meekness to their slaves.

"The political changes which had begun to develop themselves in France, in the course of 1788, had excited an almost feverish state in the colony; and that was carried to its height by the resolution of the States-General, on the 27th of December of that year, to admit into that body a number of the "Tiers Etat," equal to that of the other two orders. The colonists claimed a right to participate in the representation; and in spite of the exertions of the governor-general Duchilleau to moderate the popular ebullitions, and to prevent the formation of parochial assemblies, they were organised in all parts; and they unanimously voted that the colony had the right of sending deputies to the States-General: accordingly eighteen were elected; and without being summoned by the government at home, or authorised by that of the island, they embarked for France. They arrived about a month after the formation of the National Assembly; but only six of them were allowed to verify their powers and to take their seats."

The progress of excitement till it ripened into insurrection, as the various events of the French revolution continued to agitate the public mind, are matter of well known general history, and need not be repeated here. We prefer giving our author's sketch of Toussaint, the child and champion, as he has been termed, of the trans-atlantic revolution.

"This extraordinary person was born a slave at Breda, a plantation very near to Cape François, belonging to Count Noe. From the occupation of a carter, he arrived at that of a postillion. On this estate he lived until he was above fifty years of age, when the insurrection called him to perform a more elevated character. While in his humble station, he had been taught to read and write, some say by a Capuchin—he himself alleged by a non-commissioned officer of the regiment of the Cape. On joining the insurrectionary bands of Jean François, he bore the ludicrous title of "physician to the armies of the king," while in fact he held a military command. He was afterwards aid-de-camp both to Biassou and to Jean François, and eventually obtained the rank of Colonel in the Spanish service, in which he acquired great respect for the regularity with which he discharged his religious duties. The Marquess D'Hermona, the Spanish General, in speaking of him, declared, "that God, in this terrestial globe, could not commune with a purer spirit." Through the medium of the Abbé de la Haye, he was seduced by General Laveaux, to betray his Spanish associates; and at the time when Hermona's confidence was most unbounded, he deserted to the republican party, taking with him a considerable body of his fellows. And to mark his zeal, taking a select party, he traversed with rapidity, and established the republican banner, on all the points in the North where that of Spain had previously floated.

"His subsequent history is that of the island; and he was endowed with many indisputable qualifications for the part he had determined to play. Possessed of an iron constitution, he was enabled to bear any fatigue: he was capable of great and continued mental exertion; while his dissimulation, perfidy, and cruelty, are described as knowing no bounds, though always veiled under the mask of religion, charity, and meekness. Using his profound knowledge of the negro character, without ever betraying himself, he acquired an almost superhuman influence. General Lacroix says, and I have never heard it contradicted even by his contemporaries in Haiti, that 'the soldiers regarded him as a superior being, and the cultivators prostrated themselves before him as before a divinity. All his generals trembled before him, (Dessalines did not dare to look in his face,) and all the world trembled before his generals'—a short but intelligent description of the mode of government then in vogue.

"Toussaint has been accused of licentiousness in his morals in after-life, though abstemious in his food; and it is asserted that, while he used all the terrors of Catholic superstition to augment his authority, he secretly communicated to the directory that his measures were only dictated by policy.

"Notwithstanding these statements, there can be but little doubt that he would have been a distinguished man in any country in which a field for his exertions had existed: the facts of his elevation attest this; but the confirmation is to be found in the measures he pursued to maintain order and industry, by which only he could ensure the independence of his country."

We subjoin some account of Christophe the negro, who was proclaimed king of Haiti, under the title of Henry the First; and of Petion, the mulatto, who was acknowledged president or chief, by the council which governed

the republican cantons in the southern parts of the island.

"Henry Christophe was born, according to an official account sanctioned by himself, in the island of Grenada, in the year 1769, and came at an early age to St. Domingo. He was not a pure black, but a sambo or griffe, as it is called. He was the slave of a French gentleman, whose daughter resided there when I was at the Cape, to whom the former domestic was kind and attentive in his posterity. He afterwards became a waiter at an hotel, then privateer's-man, and then returned to an hotel and gaming-house. It does not appear when he entered the army; but in 1801 he was general of brigade and governor of the Cape. He distinguished himself on the arrival of the French expedition, first in his negotiations with Le Clerc, and second, by filling his house, richly furnished, with combustibles, and setting fire to it, as a signal for the conflagration of the whole city. Before Toussaint submitted, Christophe had yielded to French ascendancy, and served for some time, but afterwards joined the bands that were roused to revolt by the unsparing atrocities of Rochambeau, whose memory has an unenviable celebrity in every part of Haiti. On the expulsion of the relics of that corps in 1803, Christophe was one of the officers that signed the act of independence; and although he served under Dessalines, he is reported to have entered into a confederacy which led to the assassination of the Emperor Jacques I. at Pont Rouge. That, however, is resolutely denied by his partisans.

"The death of Dessalines was the signal for intrigue; and Christophe, having failed in obtaining the wished-for ascendancy over the whole, retired to the cape in the beginning of 1807, and was proclaimed president and generalissimo of Haiti. On the 28th of March, 1811, he was elected king, under the title of Henry I.

"During his presidency, and the early part of his reign, he was mild, forbearing, and humane; but afterwards his nature seemed to have been completely changed, and he indulged in whatever his uncontrolled passions suggested—and they suggested almost every act that can violate the charities of life; and as he proceeded in his career, he became suspicious and wantonly cruel.

"He was destitute of even the elements of education, and scrawled a signature mechanically, without knowing a single letter. He however understood English as well as French, and possessed a rare memory as well as acuteness. Yet he never would speak the former when engaged in discussions with the British, by which means he had leisure to consider the topic which his interpreter was translating, and had at the same time an opportunity of determining the fidelity of that officer. A ludicrous story is told of an American captain, who had been brought before him for some violation of law, and who, indignant at the rating he received, and ignorant of his Majesty's accomplishments, muttered to himself a wish that he had the sable king at Charleston. Henry quietly asked him, 'How much do you think I should fetch?' The offender was dismissed, nor do I believe that any further notice was taken of his irreverent remark.

"All his acts were not equally marked by the kingly virtue of mercy, his want of which began to be felt after he assumed the monarchy; for although he had all the semblance of a constitution, he was practically a thorough despot, dictating to the puppets, who appeared to those at a distance to act independently. On his return from his last unsuccessful attempt on Port-au-Prince in 1812, some busy meddler told him, that the women of colour had gone to the cathedral to implore Heaven to prevent his return. This was sufficient: bands of sanguinary ruffians proceeded from house to house of those destined for slaughter, in the dead of the night, and massacred, without remorse, an immense number of these hapless beings. Indeed it is reported that, on an order for the indiscriminate murder of all the people of colour, even the sanctities of domestic life were violated: and I have sat at the same table with a black general, who I believe to have put to death, with his own hands, his coloured wife and children, in order to satiate his master's thirst for blood. But even that did not secure him from outrage, for in a fit of passion, he did him the favour to knock out one of his eyes.

"He also assassinated some German officers, who had been allured by his promises to erect fortifications, under some vague pretence of treason; but the real motive was to prevent the exposure of his defences.

"Whatever may have been the motives of his early career, those of his latter life, if we can judge from his conduct, were to obtain uncontrolled power, and the most perfect indulgence of all his inclinations, however improper and licentious. I was told by a person who witnessed the transaction, that having detected one of his servants at Sans Souci stealing a very small quantity of salt fish, he ordered him to be laid down in his presence, in the kitchen, and the man was literally scourged tu death, and all entreaty sternly rejected. His majesty then went to breakfast with as much composure as if he had been performing a very ordinary act.

"I had in my possession a copy of the sentence of a court on a man who had been convicted of robbery, with the mandate of the king to carry it into effect within twenty-four hours. This gentle punishment was to scourge the convict to death with rods.

"An English resident, named Davidson, fell under the suspicion as a spy: he was arrested, confined, and was even tortured. At the instance of all the foreigners he was released, but compelled to quit the country at considerable loss. A part of the correspondence between Christophe and Dupuy, which will also be found in a note, will give the best history of a transaction which has rarely been equalled in the annals of cruelty and duplicity.

"His indulgences are described to have been of the most abandoned description. He addicted himself to brandy, which added fuel to his naturally ungovernable passions; and though, to gratify his European friends he insisted on marriage, and set the example in his own person, yet he habitualy broke its ties; and the palace acquired a title to a very degrading designation.

"Towards the close of his reign his cruelty became dreadful. He buffetted his generals—beat the governor of the Cape, Richard, with a huge stick whenever he displeased him—degraded generals to the rank of private soldiers—sent his ministers to labour on the fortifications; and, above all, kept his soldiers in arrear of their pay from extraordinary avarice. A fit of apoplexy gave confidence to the dissatisfied, and revolt broke out, and terminated, as is well known, in the destruction of the monarchy."

Alexander Petion was styled founder of the republic, and chosen president of the constituent assembly when Christophe retired from the siege of Port-au-Prince, in 1807.

"This chief's real name was Sabez, the son of a French jeweller at Port-au-Prince. At the commencement of the revolution he had rendered himself conspicuous by his talents, as well as by an insatiable love of intrigue. On the English invasion he devoted himself with zeal and fidelity to the service of the French republic, in which he attained the rank of chef-de-brigade. In that capacity he served in the contests between Rigaud and Toussaint; and on the defeat of the former he accompanied him to France, whence he returned to Haiti with the expeditionary army under Le Clerc. He directed the artillery at Crête à Pierrot, and was eventually placed in the command of twelve hundred men, with whom he gallantly served France, until a short time before the death of the governor-general, when he abandoned the post assigned for him, and joined the insurgents with the whole of his party. The French allege concert with the rebels as the cause of his defection: his friends declare that the discovery of a secret plan to cut him off, with the whole of his men, alone actuated him. It is probable that the mutual distrust of both parties may have given rise to acts on both sides that may countenance both assertions. The effect on Petion was decided: from the moment of his secession, he became the determined enemy of France, being as devoted in his hatred of, as he had previously been in his zeal for, that country. He was one who signed the Act of Independence in 1804, and who also signed Dessalines' Constitution of 1805, by which that chief became emperor."

But it is high time to come to our author himself, of whom we had nearly lost sight in the scuffle.

Mr. Mackenzie then was appointed in 1826, English consul at Haiti; in addition to mere consular duties, however, others of a higher order were assigned to him by Mr. Canning, who required him to report on the state of Society and the actual condition of the new republic in all its relations. This was a task somewhat invidious and difficult, but it seems to have been performed with ability and zeal, so as to meet the approbation of the minister. Some of the consul's dispatches and reports on the subject of the compulsory manumission of slaves were printed by order of the House of Commons, and as some unfounded animadversions are alleged to have been made against these by the counsel employed in favour of the measure and by a writer in the Anti-slavery Reporter, Mr. Mackenzie publishes the present volumes, as offering the best vindication in his power, by presenting a connected and circumstantial relation of all the various information he was enabled to collect respecting the island, and the manner in which he acquired it from personal observation, during his residence there. In treating of the Anti-slavery writer, Mr. Mackenzie waxeth warm and foul-mouthed, and inditeth as follows:

"When I first read the paper in question, pity and contempt were alternately called forth; for the coarseness of the *manner*, and the dishonesty of the *matter*, led me to ascribe it

to some ignorant but unprincipled man, reckless of character from being unacquainted with its value, who had been hired to *make out a case* against me, because my reports were considered to militate against the dogmas of his principles: but my feeling has been one of unmitigated contempt, since I find it universally attributed to one individual—an individual so identified with sordid mendacity, as to render either victory or defeat in any contest with him, equally discreditable. But were this consideration not all-powerful, in my humble opinion no advantage can accrue from the most perfect exposure that can be made; since it is hopeless to expect to convince those who give credence to *such an oracle*, and it is no less hopeless to look for the conversion of a skulking libeller, whose self-gratulations, amid profound contempt, prove his superiority to all sense of shame.

——— Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo
Ipse domi.

Refutation on refutation would be perfectly unavailing, for

You break his web of sophistry in vain:
The creature's at his *dirty work* again.

"To those who take any interest in the truth, a careful reading of my reports and of these volumes, will furnish my best vindication from the charge of interested misrepresentation. My statements may be faulty; but I give them as the best I could command. My inferences may be wrong; but until their logical inaccuracy be made evident, I must consider them valid, for they were not hastily nor rashly deduced."

'Coarse,' 'dishonest,' 'skulking libeller,' are ugly epithets: they are intended, we understand, for Mr. Zachary Macauley; but we wash our hands of this dirty business, and shall proceed to tell our readers what Mr. Mackenzie said and heard, and thought in Haiti during his abode there, the first time we can find space and opportunity.

The Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. 5, Mechanics. By Captain H. Kater, V. P. R. S. and Dr. Lardner.—London, Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown and Green.

THE present volume contains a complete system of an important and popular branch of natural philosophy, divested, as much as possible, of those scientific technicalities which can be understood only by the regular student. Though the name of Captain Kater is put foremost in the title page, he contributes one chapter only to the work, and that the last: it is, however, a very valuable one, and comprises nearly one fifth of the volume; it treats of balances and pendulums, the instruments on which the measurement of weight and time depends. The whole of the preceding chapters are written by Dr. Lardner, and reflect great credit on his skill in conveying scientific knowledge in what is called popular language, that is to say, not in mathematical language; though still there are too many A. B's and C. D's in it, and too many references to plates and figures, to allow the book to be considered light summer reading by the ladies. We select a brief passage from the chapter on the properties of matter, as a specimen of the manner in which important information is conveyed:

"Newton succeeded in determining the thickness of very thin laminæ of transparent substances by observing the colours which they reflect. A soap bubble is a thin shell of water and is observed to reflect different colours from different parts of its surface. Immediately before the bubble bursts, a black spot may be observed near the top. At this part the thickness has been proved not to exceed the 2,500,000th of an inch."

. . . .

"The organised world offers still more remarkable examples of the inconceivable subtilty of matter.

"The blood which flows in the veins of animals is not, as it seems, an uniformly red liquid. It consists of small red globules, floating in a transparent fluid called *serum*. In different species these globules differ both in figure and in magnitude. In man and all animals which suckle their young, they are perfectly round or spherical. In birds and fishes they are of an oblong spheroidal form. In the human species, the diameter of the globules is about the 4000th of an inch. Hence it follows, that in a drop of blood which would remain suspended from the point of a fine needle, there must be about a million of globules.

"Small as these globules are, the animal kingdom presents beings whose whole bodies are still more minute. Animalcules have been discovered, whose magnitude is such, that a million of them does not exceed the bulk of a grain of sand; and yet each of these creatures is composed of members as curiously organised as those of the largest species; they have life and spontaneous motion, and are endued with sense and instinct. In the liquids in which they live, they are observed to move with astonishing speed and activity; nor are their motions blind and fortuitous, but evidently governed by choice, and directed to an end. They use food and drink, from which they derive nutrition, and are therefore furnished with a digestive apparatus. They have great muscular power, and are furnished with limbs and muscles of strength and flexibility. They are susceptible of the same appetites, and obnoxious to the same passions, the gratification of which is attended with the same results as in our own species. Spallanzani observes, that certain animalcules devour others so voraciously, that they fatten and become indolent and sluggish by over-feeding. After a meal of this kind, if they be confined in distilled water, so as to be deprived of all food, their condition becomes reduced; they regain their spirit and activity, and amuse themselves in the pursuit of the more minute animals, which are supplied to them; they swallow these without depriving them of life, for, by the aid of the microscope, the one has been observed moving within the body of the other. These singular appearances are not matters of idle and curious observation. They lead us to enquire what parts are necessary to produce such results. Must we not conclude that these creatures have heart, arteries, veins, muscles, sinews, tendons, nerves, circulating fluids, and all the concomitant apparatus of a living organised body? And if so, how inconceivably minute must those parts be! If a globule of their blood bears the same proportion to their whole bulk as a globule of our blood bears to our magnitude, what powers of calculation can give an adequate notion of its minuteness.

"These and many other phenomena observed in the immediate productions of nature, or developed by mechanical and chemical processes, prove that the materials of which bodies are formed are susceptible of minuteness which infinitely exceeds the powers of sensible observation, even when those powers have been extended by all the aids of science."

We remember a striking passage somewhere in Dr. Chalmer's Astronomical discourses, in which he adverts to the invention of the microscope almost immediately after that of the telescope, as if it had been intended by Providence to preserve mankind from the danger of deeming that an individual human being might possibly be lost in the immensity of creation, discovered to them by the former instrument, by shewing with the latter, the exquisite organization, and therefore the fostering care of the Deity, even in inconceivably minute portions of matter. Of the force and truth of this remark we think the foregoing extract a striking illustration.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

An Account of the Varieties in the Arterial System of the Human Body. By P. H. Green, A.B., M.B. Trinity College, Dublin; illustrated by Plates. 8vo. pp. 48.—Dublin, Leckie.

CONSIDERED, with reference to the Wolfian definition of beauty—"unity and variety"—what can be more beautiful than the human frame, in the structure of which nature seems to work in her wildest and most varied mood—yet with perfect uniformity of purpose? Dr. Green's manual of the varieties of arteries is a very interesting and valuable contribution to the advancement of Operative Surgery. The plates are supplementary to those of Ticdernan, as published by Dr. Knox; but the book itself is, we think, the best book of reference for the illustration of the whole series. It is in works of this description—works which can only be accomplished by industry and perseverance—that the Germans surpass us, as they do all other European nations; but we trust that the present publication gives sufficient earnest of what may yet be done in our own school. We should add, that Dr. Green, in drawing up his book, enjoyed the privilege of the free use of Dr. Macartney's Cabinet; this alone were a high recommendation.

A New and Comprehensive Topographical Dictionary. By John Gorton. Forty-eight 4to. Maps.—London, Chapman and Hall.

THIS work is publishing in monthly Parts, under the conduct of the well-known Editor of the 'Biographical Dictionary'—the best abridgment of the kind we are acquainted with. It is to be completed in 42 Nos. four of which have already appeared, and do great credit to the industry and care of the compiler. Not merely the general features of every town and parish are described, but its situation, population, distance from next post town, from the metropolis; and many other interesting particulars are given, with great minuteness and accuracy.

The maps are well and clearly engraved, by Sidney Hall; and altogether the work is very neatly and creditably, as well as cheaply, executed. We should mention that the topographical description extends only to Great Britain and Ireland.

Jones's Classical Family Library.—London, Jones.

This is a very handsome and cheap Edition, in large 8vo. size, of the standard translations of the Greek and Roman Classics. It is printed in double columns, and each volume contains a great deal. The selection of translations, hitherto, has been very judicious, and we can recommend the book to any one who wishes for a uniform series of elegant translations. Murphy's Tacitus, Beloe's Herodotus, and Baker's Livy, have already appeared.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The Ulster Magazine.

Four numbers of this periodical have now reached us, and we are, on the whole, satisfied with its progressive improvement. We would exult in the establishment of a magazine in every town in Ireland, because we are convinced that not only must literature be encouraged, and the arts improved by such means, but the tone of the public mind elevated and refined. There are men, we are reluctantly compelled to believe, many unhappy men, even in this city, who denounce magazines and their readers; we wish to employ no harsh terms, we cannot feel indignant, but must unfeignedly pity them, and ascribe their fanaticism to their ignorance. Could they accomplish the dearest wish of their hearts, polite literature, with all its charms, would be banished from our island, and in its stead, the genius of dulness would be set up and worshipped. Gloomy in their minds, and unsocial in their habits, they would destroy all the innocent recreations and enjoyments of life—in which their own cold uncongenial dispositions will not allow them to participate. We trust, however, with confidence, to the spread of information, and the correcting influence of a better taste, to counteract the mischievous designs of those who labour under this delusion. The province of Ulster possesses certainly an excellent newspaper press, politics, of course, fill many of their columns, but still the interests of literature are not forgotten, and we are not insensible to the zealous and flattering support we have ourselves received from the conductors of the Northern papers. In such a quarter a magazine, conducted with even moderate ability, ought to be certain of success. The one in question has this great recommendation, that it is uncommonly cheap, and also well printed. The editor, we think, indulges too much in selections from other periodicals, he should supply his readers with more original matter, and extract, sparingly, good articles from such works as are very expensive and difficult of access to his subscribers. We observe, too, in the first No. an unfinished sketch of a Mr. Russel which was to have been continued in the next—but which continuation has, unfortunately, been forgotten, in the three succeeding numbers; this, we think, disrespectful to the public. The poetry is not exactly to our taste, the editor should be more cautious in publishing all the silly trash that may be dropped in his box. The sketches from the Russian and other histories are good; we remembered to have read with horror, in the history of Russia, by Castera, of the massacre of the innocent Ivan, of all the crimes of the Orloffs, and all the enormities of Catherine; we closed the book hastily, having conceived an almost insurmountable antipathy to the very name of Russia. The article on "the past and the future of Ireland, in reference to the national literature" is written with much vigor, and contains many undeniable truths; on the political sentiments propounded in it, and other articles of this magazine, we pronounce no opinion, only hoping that while the editor maintains his creed with resolution, he will keep within the bounds prescribed by good taste and decorum. We wish the Ulster every success.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Among the numerous memoirs constantly issuing from the French press, we may notice as a curious occurrence, the *Mémoires de Levasseur*, more commonly known by those versed in the history of the French revolution as *Levasseur de la Sarthe*, which department he represented in the *Convention Nationale:* he belonged to the *Montagne*, that is, he was a Jacobin; he was involved in the disgrace of Robespierre and his party, and has now written a justification of that party while they were in power, his arguments we do not repeat, as we imagine few would relish them any more than we.

M. Barthélemy, the poetical agitator, has treated the French public to a little poem, (1830) not a panegyric of government; from what, little we have seen, we think not much of it—there are many lame and flat verses in it to disgust the lovers of poetry, and far too much against the powers that be, to meet the approbation of moderate politicians, and friends of order, but such is the agitation of men's minds in France, that any thing is welcome that is directed against Government.

Some tales have been found of Benvenuto Cellini's, which are stated to be written in the same amusing style as his memoirs: GÖTHE, who translated his life thirty years ago, is translating some of them into German.

To any of our readers who make anatomy their study, the intelligence will be gratifying, that Dr. Jules Cloquet's great work is now complete. The *Anatomie de l'homme* appeared in fifty Livraisons, Atlas folio, making in all 288 lithographic plates of anatomical subjects; it was commenced in 1823, and sells complete for 450 francs, (£18. 15s.) it is, we believe, the cheapest and most extensive work ever published on this subject; this is owing to the cheapness of the process of lithography, which the French seem to have carried farther than any other people. To *medical men* we need not hint at the utility of this work, but the uninitiated we beg to inform, that the study of anatomy is undoubtedly of primary importance among those sciences which gratify a laudable curiosity, but from a natural disgust and sometimes prejudice, causes of which we feel the full power, it is almost entirely left to men of the profession; such a work, however, as this, will go a great way towards explaining what no man can learn from reading alone. It is said that Aristotle knew the importance of explanatory plates, and added some to his descriptions; among the middle age men, Pierre de Pérouse, Eustachi, Fialetti, Casserio, Berstini—and among the more modern Ehrard, Mascagni and others have borne testimony to the importance of this object, which is further evinced in the quantity of recent plates on the same subjects by Britons.

Among other beneficial effects resulting from Baron Humboldt's visit to the Oural mountains, we are informed, is the discovery of diamonds, which promise to turn out a beneficial branch of commerce. It was Engelhardt who first discovered a resemblance to the land in which they are found in Brazil, at Koushra on the estate of Countess Polier, and Humboldt has, by his almost infallible testimony, confirmed the conjecture; several diamonds of a large size have been already found, by washing the sand.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, April 26.

At the sitting of the Academy of Sciences, on the 19th instant, M. Blumenbach was elected a member, in the room of Dr. Young, by a large majority. M. Aldini, already known as the inventor of the apparatus for firemen, presented a paper by M. Watson, on the means of preventing vessels from sinking,—he proposes to exhibit M. Watson's experiments before the Academy. M. Coquedert Montbret made a report on M. Caillié's journey to Timbuctoo, in which he combated the suspicions started by you English writers; answered the objection of his not having brought any specimens either mineral or vegetable from Timbuctoo, or made any accurate geographical observation, on the ground of his situation compelling him to support the character of an indigent Mussulman trader; and offered various other arguments in support of the authenticity of the work.

The Moniteur contains the following curious and interesting remarks upon an article in the Quarterly Review, relative to the voyage of M. Caillié to Timbuctoo:—

"An English publication (the Quarterly Review, No. 84,) throws a doubt upon the voyage of M. Caillié to Timbuctoo. Among other reasons, it founds its arguments upon the fact, that the aspect of the heavens was not such as is stated by the traveller on the 7th of May, at eleven o'clock in the evening, near Timbuctoo. The fact is, that it could not have been the constellation, Orion, which M. Caillié saw on the 7th of May, at eleven o'clock in the evening, towards the East.—This constellation had then set for the parallel of Timbuctoo. Aquila was straight to the East, a little above the horizon, and it was, perhaps, this constellation which he saw, or perhaps the Swan or Lyra, to the E.N.E. It is astonishing, certainly, that M. Caillié should have taken one constellation for another; but the error proves nothing. According to the critic the two wains were not near the horizon, as M. Caillié asserts, but were then above the pole. But in order to be beyond the pole, the little bear was not necessarily very far from the horizon, since the extremity of the tail was at 18 degrees only; and the height of the little wain at 13 degrees of elevation.

The other objections taken by the critic have still less foundation, and many of them are completely frivolous.

1. M. Caillié speaks of a canal between Cabra and its port. The journal in question makes an outcry about the novelty of this fact, and seems to be amused with the idea of an *artificial canal* dug in Central Africa. But nothing is more easy to conceive than the existence of a small branch, called in Senegal a

marigot, between Cabra and the river, a branch of which all the African travellers were ignorant, and which has been lately formed. That Cabra should be upon the very bank of the river is possible, and may be conceived, if the canal borders upon a different point.

The statement also that the *streets* are clean, does not contradict the account of M. Caillié, which only says, that the *port* is very dirty.

2. The circumstances attending the death of Laing, according to the critic, are very incorrectly stated; and yet M. Caillié obtained them from the host of the English traveller. 'Let him mention the name of this host,' says the journal, 'and we can judge of his veracity.' This is a serious challenge certainly; but how long has it been considered necessary for individuals to recollect the names of all the persons they met with in their travels?

3. Osman, the chief or governor of Timbuctoo cannot be a negro of dark complexion, with frizzy hair, because he is the lieutenant of the Sultan of the Fellatahs or Foulahs. But is there no instance of a conqueror making a native governor of one of the conquered provinces? The conduct of this individual towards Major Laing, would be a proof of a contested fact. This man had given him a cordial reception on his arrival, and if obliged to cede to the orders of Bello or of Ahmed Labo he forced him to leave Timbuctoo, he at all events, would not allow him to fall a victim within the walls of the city.

4. The king or governor was a *fellatah*, a *white*, says the English journal. It was not therefore a woman, who governed, as the servant of Mr. Tyrwhit asserts. We have two contradictory accounts. How shall we at the same time contrast them with the account of our countryman? Why, let us begin by making them accord.

5. There were no Touariks in 1828, says the English journal, in the vicinity of Timbuctoo; their power was destroyed. But is the account of Major Laing upon this subject, given sufficiently in detail, to enable us to conclude the fact in a general manner? But who can we induce to believe that the authority of the Fellahs extends to the Sahara, and can prevent the incursions of a colony so powerful as the Touariks?

6. Laing perished, according to the statement of M. Caillie, on the fifth day of his departure from Timbuctoo; whilst the account from Tripoli, given by the African servant, makes the period of his death the third day.—What conclusion can we draw from the variance of so many accounts? All the statements are from the mouths of the natives, and five different ones are known; two made at Tripoli, three at Saint Louis, and one statement was made to M. Caillié in the desert of Timbuctoo itself. They all differ in the details, but they agree in the principal circumstances.

7. The English Journalist does not understand how from the summit of ruins, it is possible to perceive the interior of squares, and the streets of the city. In answer to this, we would refer him to the lofty ruins which surround the city of Cairo, and we may observe, that possibly the perspective view of the English traveller was incorrect.

The rest of the criticism is composed of jests, to which it is not necessary to reply, and we may observe, that any one who reads the lengthy article, will be tempted to believe that the affected incredulity of the foreign Journalist is not real.

We shall close our observations by citing the testimony of a veracious traveller, M. Cochelet, whose suffrage is of considerable weight. The following is a letter written by him on the fifth of last month, immediately subsequent to the appearance of M. Caillié's book.

Chateauroux, March 5, 1830.

Sir,—You may suppose that I have been one of the first readers of M. Caillié's travels. The general interest which the work excites, is increased in my case by many recollections. It was with no little eagerness, that I turned my attention to the principal point of his journey, to that city which in future will cease to be enveloped in the veil of mystery which so many brave men have vainly endeavoured to draw aside, but I confess that it is when the intrepid traveller gains the northern part of the desert of Sahara, that my curiosity is heightened. The description so exact of the territory of El-Harib, bordering upon that in which I had myself sojourned, and to which it is not without strong traits of similarity—the justice of the ethnographic remarks which describe so accurately the Nomades of this country, have given me a very strong impression of the veracity of the rest of the narrative. I could have wished to encounter Mr. Caillié in the very places which I had visited on this coast from Noun to Onâd Noun, where so many caravans pass towards Timbuctoo. There, without doubt, I should have found his truth still more apparent, and I should have recognized even the persons who embittered the cup of my captivity. But in the north of the Sahara desert, it is easy to judge of the manners of one tribe, by those of a neighbouring one. These Nomades acquire the same habits from the frequency of their communication with each other.

(*Signed*) COCHELET.

Such is the man whom an English publication accuses of imposture. Perhaps these unjust suspicions will be deemed the more misplaced after the honorable testimony rendered by the French Society, to the memory of Major Laing.*

The French Statistical Society, held its sixth monthly meeting on the 20th inst. which was brilliantly attended. Count Alexander de Laborde took the chair, supported by the Dukes of Montmorenci and De Guiche, &c. &c. Letters excusing their absence were read from the Dukes of Orleans and Chartres, Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg, and other distinguished individuals. Numerous presents of works, and documents, both printed and in MSS. connected with statistics were announced, and thanks voted to the donors. The Vicomte Hericart de Thury, and M. Cesar Moreau the original founder of the society, were elected grand officers. The society now ranks among its members, three princes of the blood royal of France, Princes Leopold of Saxe Cobourg, and Paul of Wirtemberg, five of the cabinet ministers, four Marshals of France, and ten Ambassadors from foreign states.

* To such of our readers as do us the honor of remembering the sentiments we have expressed respecting Caillié and his book, we need scarcely observe that there is not a word to alter our opinion in all this special pleading of the *Moniteur*. ED.

To the Redacteur of the Dublin Literary Gazette.

Mons.—The letter which appeared in a late *feuille* of yours on Frenchified English, is truly very *à propos*. It points out *clairement* the *folie* of that class of society who wish to pass gibberish for *bel esprit*, and proves that the English tongue is growing old, and, therefore, no longer *à la mode*; even the title of a book must be *boudoir*, and not closet. *Certainement* this jargon gives no *ton de grandeur* to their person, nor a *finesse* to their conversation, which is, however, not always very *recherchée*. *Sans doute*, it only proves this: that they have been *à Paris*, and to convince you, they will, *de temps-en-temps*, favour you with a half broken Frenchified sentence, to give themselves an *air distingué*, but, when a *voyageur* thinks to have met with a *savant*, and delighted of *entâmer* a conversation *suivie* with his new linguist, he not very much *versé* in *la langue Française*, most respectfully makes *une inclination de tête* to his dialogist followed by the usual apology—"I forget most of my French."

The *Hibernoises* are, *en vérité*, far from showing the same *goût* which the *Parisiennes* entertain for *délicieuses* perambulations. *Au lieu* of enjoying a pure air, a serene atmosphere, a *belle vue*, or a *rangée* of fine houses, and *surtout*, a place *aérée*, where beauty could be displayed without *gêne* in all its forms *attrayantes*—such as Merrion-square, they *vont s'entasser* in some very old streets, under a *ciel nébuleux*, where all *flaneurs*, when meeting a lady, arrogate to themselves the *droit* of gazing her in the very *dents*; *ainsi*, that it is *tout-à-fait* impossible to conjecture whether she is a lady *de qualité* or a mere *modiste*.

Ah! M. Editor, what *drole* politeness I observe in this city. When it happens that two *gentelman* of *grande* appearance meet with *une dame* in the streets, and that the one *Monsieur* being *seulement* acquainted with the *belle*, the other must stand *à l'écart*, and is not entitled to be *poli*: he dare not take off his *chapeau*, for *certainement* he would insult the lady. *Hé bien, M. le Redacteur*, this is *à la vérité*, very odd *politesse*. What is *civilité* in one country is *insulte* in another, *enfin, n'importe*, the English wish it *comme ça*. *Il n'y a rien à dire*.

I am, *M. le Redacteur*, with *grand respect*, yours,

VOYAGEUR.

[The following very curious and interesting document was found among the papers of an eminent literary character some time deceased, and communicated to us by our excellent friend the Historian of Galway, who has contributed as much, perhaps, as any man living to throw light upon the past history and literature of Ireland. The paper appears to have been drawn up solely for the information of the person in whose possession it remained, and never to have been intended for publication: its internal marks of genuineness and authenticity will carry conviction to the mind of every reader.]

ANECDOTES OF THE FOURTH REGIMENT OF HORSE.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

His Majesty's Fourth Regiment of horse, commanded by Sir John Ligonier, continued upon the Irish establishment from the conclusion of Queen Anne's wars to the year 1742.

This long period of thirty years, naturally brought the corps to be composed almost entirely of Irish, as I do not recollect at any time more than two or three private men in it of any other country. A Regiment eminently distinguished at the revolution, and in the Queen's wars under Marlborough, found no difficulty in recruiting. It was in general, composed of the younger branches of ancient and respectable families, nor was it uncommon, to give from twenty to thirty guineas for a trooper's place. In the summer of 1742, the Regiment was ordered for foreign service, and so very unexpectedly, that the troop horses were taken up from grass, and the clothing of the men was in the last month of the period for which it was to be worn; under these disadvantageous circumstances was the regiment embarked for England, and upon their march for embarkation for Flanders, was reviewed, without respite or preparation, at Hounslow, by the king, in the centre between the Oxford blues and Pembroke's horse, of nine troops each, newly and completely appointed, and which had only marched from the neighbouring cantonments for that purpose. No wonder that there was a manifest disparity in the appearance of the corps, the meagre horses of the *blacks*, being scarcely able to crawl under the raw boned half naked Hibernians who rode them. The old king, however, had judgment to discern the cause, and generosity to make the proper allowances, and wishing to afford their dejected Colonel (who no doubt experienced not a little uneasiness on the occasion,) some consolation, he good-humouredly said, Ligonier! your men have the air of soldiers, despite of their clothes, their horses indeed look poorly, how is it? "Sire!" replied he, "the men are Irish and gentlemen, the horses are English." The Regiment shortly afterwards embarked for Germany, and in the ensuing campaign, in June 1743, were of the brigade of English cavalry at the battle of Dettingen. The army being surprised into action, and not having an opportunity of calling in their outposts, the regiment was but 180 strong in the field, after having sustained a very heavy cannonade from three batteries for an hour and forty minutes, they charged the French gendarmerie, drawn up six deep to sustain the weight of British horse. From a failure in one of the flank regiments of the brigade, of which the enemy promptly took advantage, the regiment was surrounded and overpowered, and forced to fight their way back through the enemy, as the only means of preventing their total annihilation. In this charge the regiment had fifty-six men, and six officers, killed and wounded,* making nearly one third of the whole. For the remainder of the campaign the regiment did duty but as one squadron. Many had hitherto been the taunts and *snouches* which the two English regiments had thrown upon the VIRGIN MARY'S GUARDS, (for so the blacks were termed, being all Roman Catholics,) but from this period the tables were turned, and St. Patrick protected the honour of his countrymen. Having served in that engagement in the 33rd Regiment of foot, (JOHNSTON'S) I had fortunately an opportunity of preserving the life of a French nobleman, and having occasion to fall into the rere of the line, to protect my prisoner, I came immediately behind the blacks, and I then saw an old veteran corporal, and half a dozen comrades, who had fought through the enemy, and were literally covered with wounds; he addressed his companions with observing their present wretched condition, that they had begun the day well, and hoped they would end it so, and collecting this small squadron of heroes, they re-charged the thickest of the enemy, and in a second of time not a man of the little band survived. Cornet Richardson, who carried a standard, received seven and thirty cuts and shots upon his body, and through his clothes, besides many on the shaft of the standard, and being questioned how he contrived to save the colours, he observed (like a true Hibernian,) that if the wood of the standard had not been made of iron, it would have been cut off. The regiment being provided with new standards the ensuing winter, each Cornet was presented with the particular standard he had himself carried, as an honourable testimony of his good behaviour. In 1745, the Regiment was at the battle of Fontenoy, and upon that field there was not a man or horse wanting of their full complement. One man indeed had been left behind at Brussels, wounded in a duel, but there having been brought up to the Regiment, in a number of recruits, one man more than was wanting, the General had ordered him to be kept at his own expense till a vacancy should happen, so that in reality the Regiment was by one man more than complete in its number. In this action there was a trooper in the regiment, named Stevenson, whose horse had been shot early in the morning. The regiment saw no more of him till next evening, that he joined them at Ath. The men of his troop insisted that he should give an account of himself; that he was unworthy of being a *Ligonier*, and that he should not attempt to stay in the lines. Stevenson demanded a court-martial next day: it sat, and the man being questioned what he had to say in his justification, he produced Lieutenant Izard of the Welsh Fusileers, who declared that on the morning of the action, the prisoner addressed him, told him that his horse being killed, he requested to have the honour of carrying a firelock under his command in the grenadiers, which was complied with; that through the whole of that day's action he kept close by him, and behaved with uncommon intrepidity and conduct, and was one of nine grenadiers that he brought off the field. Stevenson was restored to his troop with honour, and next day the Duke presented him to a lieutenantcy in the regiment in which he had behaved so well.

Quarter-master Jackson was the son of a Quarter-master in the regiment. His father not having the means of providing for him, the young fellow went on board a man-of-war, in a fleet going to the Mediterranean. A party of the crew made a descent on the coast of Spain: this was in 1734. The party was surprised, and Jackson made prisoner by the Spaniards. In order to obtain his liberty from a gaol, after twelve months captivity, he enlisted in the Spanish army, and the year following, being in command on the coast of Spain, his party was surprised by the Moors; he was made prisoner, carried to Oran in Barbary, and exhibited as a slave for sale: the English Consul seeing something in his appearance that made him suspect he was his countryman, spoke to him, and finding him a British subject, purchased him, brought him home to his house, and made him superintendant of his family. After some years, he obtained his discharge, returned to Ireland, and found his father still living. Lord Ligonier permitted the old man to resign his warrant to his son.

Some time after this, the regiment being upon Dublin duty, Jackson, in passing through the Castle-yard, observed a soldier standing sentinel at the gate, and perceived that as he walked by, the soldier turned his face from him, as if to conceal himself. Jackson returning to the barrack, found himself unusually distressed. He could not banish the idea of this same sentinel out of his mind; he had an anxiety that he could not account for or suppress, to know who he was; and going next morning to the Castle, he waited the relief of the guard, and found the man that he wanted. Jackson addressed him, told him that his face was familiar to him, and begged to know where he had seen him before: in short, in this soldier, he found his protector the Consul of Oran, who had redeemed him from slavery. The account that he gave of this extraordinary reverse of fortune, was, that shortly after they had parted, his affairs ran into confusion; he had out-run his allowance; had overdrawn, was recalled, and obliged to return to England, where, upon his arrival, he enlisted with the first recruiting party that he met, and now was a soldier, with his fortune in his knapsack. Jackson made every return in his power to his benefactor: obtained his discharge from the infantry, had him appointed a trooper in the Blacks, and shared his pay with him. But in the course of six months the unfortunate Consul died of brandy and a broken heart.

I returned with the regiment to Ireland, in March 1747. From the time of their leaving Ireland, there never was an instance of a man's having deserted—there never was a man or horse belonging to it taken by the enemy, nor a man tried by a general Court-Martial.—There were but six men who died a natural death; and there were thirty-seven private men promoted to commissions.

* Colonel Ligonier, Captains Stewart and Robinson, Lieutenant Cholmly, Cornet Richardson, and Quarter Master Jackson; Robinson and Jackson died.

A SUNDAY AT KINGSTOWN.

SOME sayer of sayings has given out that "the character of a nation is more easily detected in its lightest amusements, than in its gravest occupations." If this aphorism be true, we have only to regard the manner in which our citizens dispose of what they consider their disposeable day, the Sabbath, to be enabled to define every trait of disposition in the people of a city that is proverbially "the most say-bathingest and car-dhrivingest place in the world." A few years ago, it was no easy matter to ascertain what the ruling passion of the Dublinites might be on a Sunday; and amidst the variety of allurements which invited the town into the country, it was difficult to point out the path of pleasure which could boast of the greatest number of followers. Then you might have beheld 200,000 metropolitans escaping from their streets by as many vomitories as Thebes could boast of, and spreading like locusts over the green face of nature, for the purposes of inhaling a healthy atmosphere, and dining with a rural appetite. The straw-berry beds were then swarmed over, and the wilds of the salmon-leap peopled by hebdomadal misopolists; the hill of Howth was climbed, the Dargle explored, and the Waterfall commented upon,

each, sunday after sunday, by its respective votaries, so that the eye that would survey at a glance the several groups of felicity-hunting bipeds, should look down on the motley scene from a balloon sufficiently elevated to allow an entire county to be pictured at once on its retina. But now, (thanks to those demesne-owners who close their gates on the only day that they have a citizen to exclude,) there remains no choice for the seekers of amusement, but all tend to the same goal, with a perseverance that compels the superficies of the rock road to take the air for the spaces of five miles and fifteen hours respectively. In former days the car-drivers were wont to enquire to what outlet you chose to be jolted; but at present you take your seat in solemn silence: there is but one way to go, and of course no questions need be asked; you are instantly rattled through Baggot-street, with five other practical optimists, and follow in the wake of a string of vehicles that extends to Kingstown, and continues eternally, going full and returning empty, with a regularity that can only be equalled by that delectable barge, the Liffey mud-lark, whose buckets fill and disgorge themselves with the most indefatigable and odoriferous industry.

When you are once fairly on the high-way, your visible horizon approaches to within three yards of your optic nerve; you travel, like the children of Israel, with a pillar of a cloud before you, or, like Eneas, wrapt in a volume of mist for your garment, wearing, with every one else, the white livery of the road, and carrying dust and delight in either eye, until the cloud-compelling wheels have landed you at Burton's threshold, and then you are suddenly flung upon your feet and your own resources, to find or make amusement for yourself until dinner time.

The lions of Kingstown are of course very numerous, and each can always boast of a respectable number of spectators. In one department you may see a cluster of personages, who for the last six days have been chained to counters, gazing at the grim exterior of the prison-ship, led and kept there by the operation of heaven knows wh: t sympathy, and shaking their heads pensively, on finding how few chances of escape it seems to afford. Literary characters are found in learned groups, studying the inscriptions on the four faces of that gem of a monument, which stands with true Irish politeness, sacred to the memory of a *departed* sovereign. The lovers of works of art may be seen toiling and stumbling along the new pier, and accumulating at its extremity into a crowd of gayly-attired and happy-visaged mortals, disposed to find pleasure in every thing, and looking with amateur eyes on sky, earth, and ocean; occasionally projecting their visual ray into dim distance, and exclaiming that the outline of the Welsh coast is distinctly visible.—While lovers of the works of nature, clamber over rocks, slippery with sea-weeds, and as they clamber, find incontestible proof of the truth of their own theory of their formation, whether they be Wernerians or Huttonians, drinkers of water, or eaters of fire. Gentlemen with check shirts and skirtless coats may occasionally be met with, who unceasingly sport the single nautical phrase which they had somehow or other picked up in their passage on board the twelve-penny steamer from Dublin to Kingstown, and seem extremely anxious to be considered as naval heroes; while demonstrators are often to be heard, puzzling themselves inextricably, in explaining to the fair damsels on either arm, the manner in which news is telegraphed by the Martello towers. But as one does not leave Dublin for the purpose of meeting its inhabitants, it would be well to disentangle yourself from the town and its expanding suburbs altogether, and endeavour to be alone with nature, amid the cliffs with which she has quayed the coast all round the promontory. But you will find yourself never less alone than in those solitudes; you may scramble up a rock that is all but inaccessible, crawl along its summit, and cautiously approaching its verge, you may peep down the chasm that time and tide have made, when directly under you is descried, not as you expected "a fathomless abyss," but a feeding family, father, mother, "et qui nascuntur ab illis," adding the report of their ale-bottles and city brogue to the roar of the breakers, and discussing, ham, fowl, "and all that," with as much indifference to their situation, as if papered walls and not naked rocks surrounded them: well you may exclaim:

"The things themselves are neither strange nor rare,
We wonder how the devil they got there."

If you still refuse to be gregarious, your only remaining resource is to set yourself resolutely to climbing the interminable steep of Killiney hill, whose summit avoids you like the visible horizon, and after an hour's labour with aching knees and noisy lungs, still appears to preserve the same distance; if, however, you have perseverance almost superhuman, you may at length begin to gain on the actual apex of the mountain; but there you are sure to discover the gay flutter of some aerial piece of female drapery, which assures you that you are once again anticipated by "a party of pleasure." However you need not regret the pains your elevation has cost you—they are amply repaid by the splendid Diorama stretched out beneath, beautiful enough to compel the flintiest breast to fall in love with nature at first sight. The prospect when, "Heaven is free from clouds," and when the smooth surface of old ocean rejoices in reflecting its "clear azure," is particularly propitious to meditation or to slumber, according as you happen to be organised. The pleasure-boats that seem to sleep as they quietly steal on their even course, are doubled by the mirror which they move on, and are met keel to keel by their intangible similitudes. Even the stern and strongly marked features of Bray-head, seem to be rounded off, by the universal tranquillity, into a reposing and flowing outline; and behind it appear clusters of mountain tops, all apparently anxious to view themselves in the looking-glass expanded beneath them. But it cannot now be far from your dinner hour, and you must think of descending and getting once more into "the cheerful haunts of men." A day has been spent at Kingstown, and sufficient material, of observation laid in, to make a description of Dublin character withal: To a quick and a keen relish for the beauties of nature, our townsmen add the most heroic self-devotion in the pursuit of recreation; and if to their love of Gresham's and geology, fossils and fun, at Kingstown, we add the amusement of the other six evenings at home, we find incontestible proofs of a general taste for literature, in the fact that nine-tenths of our population are either reading our national boast, the D. L. G. writing articles for its columns, or its Balaam boxes, or preparing paper, mending pens, and biting nails, all mortal symptoms of the effort that always precedes an "original communication."

S. R.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

At the fourth general meeting of the Academy on Monday evening last, (Dr. Sadlier, S.F. T.C.D. in the chair,) the Transactions of the Royal Academy of Turin, vols. 32 and 33 were presented, as were the Madras Observatory Papers, and Experiments for Preserving human life from destruction by Fire, By Chev. Aldini. The thanks of the Academy were voted to the Donors.

A paper on Functions was read by Professor Hamilton, and referred to Council for publication.

A letter was read by Mr. D'Alton from the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, stating that they had prepared a copy of the Transactions of their Society for the R.I.A. which was intended to have been forwarded through Colonel Birch, of the Artillery, and requesting to know whether such a pacquet had reached the Academy. The Secretary was directed to reply in the negative. The meeting then adjourned.

FINE ARTS.

The fifth annual exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy will open, we understand, next week. It is expected to be a creditable display, though several distinguished members of the body have from illness, or other causes, been prevented from contributing much to the collection. Others, however, have made considerable exertion, and have surpassed even the best of their former efforts. The celebrated whole length portrait of His Majesty, painted by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, will, on this occasion, be for the first time exhibited to the public, who will also have the gratification of seeing two noble works of Sir Thomas's successor, our talented countryman, Martin Archer Shee. One of these is a portrait of the celebrated Chief Justice Avonmore. The academicians speak with enthusiastic admiration of an extraordinary work of precocious native genius, which they have procured for the exhibition, the production of Ford, a young self-taught painter, of Cork, who died at the early age of twenty. The subject—the expulsion of Satan from Heaven—is one with which a great mind only could dare to grapple with any rational hope of success; and we are assured that he has conceived it in a spirit of sublimity that would not have dishonoured the greatest painter of antiquity.

On this occasion too, the splendid gallery for the reception of the ancient as well as modern sculpture, recently built for the artists of Ireland, by Mrs. Johnston, at the desire of the late munificent and inestimable Founder and President of the Academy, will be thrown open. It is a magnificent and beautiful apartment.

In a country like ours, in which, unfortunately, the fine arts meet with so little encouragement or regard, and in which so few able artists can yet meet with sufficient inducements to remain among us, it is really wonderful that the academy should be able to produce so respectable an annual exhibition, as no picture is

ever permitted to be exhibited a second season. Were the display even less imposing than it is, the severity of criticism should be disarmed by a recollection of the untoward circumstances with which the academy has still to contend; but we trust, ere long, to claim for it the attention of the connoisseur, on other and higher grounds than those of kindness and forbearance.

MUSIC.

On Wednesday evening the Phil-harmonic Society had a delightful meeting; the last, we believe, for this season. Lutzov's Wild Chase, the overture to William Tell, and very many other beautiful pieces, were brilliantly performed: some of them were, we believe, considered as a sort of rehearsal for Barton's approaching concert, which promises a rich treat indeed to all who delight in 'the concord of sweet sounds.' By the bye, the lovers of "sweet song," are anticipating a glorious feast, in the concert which has been announced by the Misses Ashe for the 7th: the reputation of these celebrated vocalists is so well established, and they are such great and deserved favourites with the public, that we can do no more than add our tribute of applause to the general voice. The Misses Ashe have ensured the co-operation of all the principal musical talent now in town, and the attendance will, we know, be crowded and fashionable.—Considerable interest is excited by the expected debût of another member of this gifted family; we have heard that Miss Cecilia Ashe is a very accomplished musician, possessing a voice of great sweetness and power, and we are told that her personal attractions are equal to her musical talents. We have had a peep behind the curtain, and find that Miss Ashe is to favor us with 'a noveltie,' which few of our musical friends have yet heard.—We delight in her simple ballads: the grace and sweetness with which she invests the most apparently insignificant compositions, are quite peculiar to herself; and much as we admire her in her more scientific recitativos and cavatinas, we must confess that the bewitching pathos and expression with which she gives us the sweet "plaintive ditties" of our own tongue, touches 'in the right place,' and goes *droit au coeur*. We beg our friend Spurzheim's pardon, we should have said *droit à la cervelle*. We bow to the excellent Doctor's system, and warmly recommend all who would have 'their marrow tingle with delight,' to repair to the Rotunda next Friday.

THE DRAMA.

We are gravelled for lack of matter in dramatic intelligence this week; our occupation as critics, though not absolutely gone like Othello's, being temporarily suspended according to the usage in such matters, so long as the performances at our theatre are appropriated for the benefit of members of the company. This has been the case during the past week, and we are sorry to say, the word *Benefit* has proved a solecism to many of the persons concerned. On Saturday evening, the comedy of *Paul Pry*, with the musical farce of *Brother* and *Sister*, were performed by command.

Mr. Yates and the Siamese elephant are expected to appear in Dublin on the 10th inst. and Miss Fanny Kemble immediately follows. This lady played Isabella, for her father's benefit on Wednesday last, at Covent-Garden theatre.

JOHN ROLLESTON, ESQ. K. C.

The death of this respected individual, on circuit, and while engaged in the discharge of his professional duties, was as sudden as it was universally lamented. We do not mean to write a funeral panegyric, nor would we wish to flatter even the dead; yet still are we desirous to record the name and talents of a distinguished countryman. Mr. Rolleston, although one of the oldest members of the bar, never acquired the highest practice: this resulted not from any deficiency in ability or information, but rather from an easiness of disposition, which induced him to rest satisfied with what he had without exerting himself to procure more—his relish for the enjoyments of life was, perhaps, too keen for the dull study of the law, which requires unrelaxed attention and unceasing mental labour. Lord Eldon's was, probably, the best reason—he did not come to the bar *without a shilling*. Nevertheless he has left a blank in his profession which we fear will not be readily filled up; he had the happiest turn for harmless ridicule of any man we ever listened to, a rich vein of humour which never failed him at the proper moment, and though not gifted with dazzling eloquence, he had ever at command a flow of language correctly expressed and perfectly suitable to his purpose. But what endeared him to us was his good old Irish humour, which invariably delighted the jury, and set the court in a roar. We remember to have heard him in reply to certain brilliant speeches of Messrs. North and Sheil, when by his admirable tact and wit he totally destroyed the effect of speeches of a description which he himself could never make; in the cross-examination of a comical or a roguish witness he was unrivalled. Be the witness ever so great a rogue or a humourist, the counsellor was a match for him. We liked him, and we regret him because he always made us merry, and because his speech was ever an antidote to dullness; we are of opinion that it is sometimes good to laugh: a philosopher has shrewdly remarked "that man is the only animal gifted with the power of laughter," and as nature has not given us this faculty in vain, reason as well as temperament sanction the practice, however vulgar it may be deemed by those solemn fops who, mistake gravity for wisdom, and whom we would remind, in the words of a celebrated writer, "that gravity is often a mystery of the body, assumed to conceal the defects of the mind, that the most solemn bird is the owl, and the most solemn beast the ass."

We remember many of our college companions gay and cheerful, and have been astonished at the sudden change which the wig has wrought, even in their physiognomy. They seem to consider it would be derogatory to the dignity of Barristers-at-law, ever to relax the muscles of their faces into a smile. We wish for their instruction, Mr. Rolleston were still living: he would teach them by his own excellent example, that it is possible to combine wit and humour with eloquence and argument; and that a man may venture to be a little pleasant, without losing all character for talent and discretion. In private life, Mr. Rolleston was playful in his manners, social and hospitable in his habits, cheerful in conversation, kind and benevolent in his disposition, and polite in his deportment.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET.

THE SHANNON.

River of billows! to whose mighty heart
The tide-wave rushes of the Atlantic sea—
River of quiet depths! by cultured lea,
Romantic wood, or city's crowded mart—
River of old poetic founts! that start
From their lone mountain-cradles, wild and free
Nursed with the fawns, lulled by the wood lark's glee,
And cushat's hymeneal song apart—
River of chieftains! whose baronial halls,
Like veteran warders, watch each wave-worn steep,
Portumna's towers, Bunratty's regal walls,
Carrick's stern rock, the Geraldine's grey keep—
River of dark mementos!—must I close
My lips with Limerick's wrongs—with Aughrim's woes?

A. de V.——.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ROSSI.

SILENT LOVE.

From his eyes one morn in play
Cupid tore the veil away,
Which on his rosy lips he bound—
But what a fatal change he found!
Vainly he sought his power to prove,
When silent was the voice of love.

M. de V.

MADRIGAL.

Sur les levres de mon Elise,
L'Amour heureux repose;
Et n'en soyez pas surprise—
Il aime un lit de roses.

Mtta. S.

LINES.

Oh! have you ne'er felt, in those gayest of hours,
When Pleasure crowns Time with a chaplet of flowers,
When laughter and wit on your ear gaily fall,
And music's dear sounds, that are sweetest of all,
The heart that with rapture beat high in your breast,
Grow cold with a feeling that *can't* be express'd?
And the smile on your cheek, that was glowing so bright,
Beam faintly as twilight when fading to night?
Whilst the sound of gay voices passed over your ear,
Like the knell of some hope that your bosom held dear,
Tho' vainly your spirit has spurn'd the chain
That entwining your heart, turn'd its pleasure to pain.
How often, alas! o'er my shuddering soul,
(Like the snake under flowers) that feeling has stole;
For it ever has chosen the happiest hour,
To banish my joy with its withering power;
And well, ah! too well, when my soul felt its chill,
I've known 'twas an omen that boded me ill—
For it comes like the moanings that oft will arise
Amid green leaves that tremble, when feeling the sighs
Of a spirit, whose voice sadly murmuring, speaks
Of the storm's approach, ere in thunder it breaks.

Mtta. S.

THE DEATH OF OUR WISHES.

Oh! talk not of the hopes gone out like day,
In night's black darkness; talk not of the joys
Faded to gloom, or dropped with time away;
The all we cling to, but that death destroys:
Where are our very wishes, thoughts, beliefs?
All that made up the spirit of our mind—
The features of our heart, with its young griefs,
And glee, whose freshness was as mountain winds:
Where are our former selves? Once di. we think
Ever to live till some deep-graven hours
Should be like weed-choked spots from which we shrink?
Caring not to recall how full of flowers,
Their memory *was* . . . . .
. . . . . .
They! they are gone—at rest, mere ashes cold
The wishes now and dreams of long ago;
We give a faint smile to the days of old—
"'Tis past, we would not that it had been so:"
. . . . . .
Aye they are dead, how many a wish that *grew*
Within our bosom's altered soil; is dead!
Rooted from thence for others of a hue
As brilliant now, and with a breath unfled
And rich as theirs was then: but these, oh! heart
Latest to learn of all created things:
These thou believest never can depart!
What then! and are they chained (at last) thy bleeding wings?
No: 'tis a mournfully pleasant thought;
These too shall flee away and be at rest.
Dead as the leaves that buried summers brought,
Melted and vanished as from earth's gay breast,
The deepest snows, in feathery softness showered
By winters gone, where naked boughs embowered
The moonlight of past years—*they* yet shall be:
The traceless Babylons of thought! and ye,
Feelings which dream that death is not for you—
Be still! life's waves may sweep you out of view,
As though ye ne'er had been; and should they not—
Is not heaven's calmness near? there ye shall be *forgot*.

E. Y.

TO A ZEPHYR.

Zephyr, where hast thou been straying,
Now in Spring-time's joyous hour?—
By what limpid fountain playing,
Whispering through what new-leaf'd bower?—
Hast thou kissed the violet fair,—
Hast thou fanned the daffodil,—
Has thy light step wantoned where
The sun-streak gilds the grassy hill?—
Hast thou sought the garden-bed,
Where the crocus stealing forth,
Raises soft its painted head,
Shrinking from the blighting North?—
From the copse, and tangled dell,
From the bras, and budding thorn,—
From yellow furze, and heather-bell,
Thy dewy wing has fragrance borne.
Thou hast crossed the deep blue sea
Lightly heaving 'neath thy tread,—
Thou hast passed full-joyously
O'er the rugged mountain-head.
Fount, and flow'r, and field, and all
Smile thy lov'd approach to greet,
And the song-bird's thrilling call
Wooes thee from his woodland seat.
Hie thee!—joyous wanton, hie!—
Spring is on thy pinion borne,—
Welcome Spring-tide's sunny sky,—
Welcome Spring-tide's dewy morn!—
Welcome walk by vale and hill
Smooth o'erspread with carpet sheen,—
By rustling grove and gliding rill,
Skirting soft its margin green!

T. C. D. Mc.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, &c.

We are very happy to learn that a Translation of Laplace's *Système du Monde*, from the pen of the Rev. H. H. Harte, of our University, is in the press, and will be published in a few weeks. The title of the work is, "An Exposition of the System of the World, by P. S. Laplace, translated from the French, and elucidated with Explanatory Notes, by the Rev. H. H. Harte, F.T.C.D.

We know of no book more in want of elucidation, by able and satisfactory notes, than the *Système du Monde*, which, with all the appearance of a *popular* work, so far at least as is indicated by the absence of mathematical and algebraic symbols, is exceedingly tough reading to moderate men of small capacities, like ourselves; because either no part at all of the requisite proofs is given, or only just so much as to convince us thoroughly of our ignorance of the rest. No man is more capable of doing justice to such a work, than our learned and much esteemed friend Mr. Harte; but glancing at some of the notes to his very able translation of the *Mécanique Celeste* of the same author, we should beg of him just to keep in mind, that when we come to read Laplace, we are not mere tyros in mathematics, and that we require no explanation in elementary matters, but only where the text is really deep and difficult.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A Disquisition on the Geography of Herodotus, with a Map; and Researches on the History of the Scythians, Getæ, and Sarmatians, from the German of Niebuhr, and a second Voyage round the world, translated from the German of Otto Von Kotzebue, are in the press.—A History of the Western Highlands and Hebrides, during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, by Donald Gregory, Esq. Assistant Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, is preparing for publication.—The Denounced, by the author of the O'Hara Tales, and consisting of two Stories, entitled, the Last Baron of Cranagh, and the Conformists.—Mr. J. H. Wiffen is about to publish a new edition of his Translation of Tasso, with the wood engravings of the former edition.—Wedded Life in the Upper Ranks, a novel, said to be founded on a recent event.—Travels through the Crimea, Turkey, and Egypt, by the late James Webster, Esq. of the Inner Temple.—The English at Home, by the author of the English in Italy.—The third and fourth Volumes of D'Israeli's Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I.—The Anthology; an Annual Reward-Book for Midsummer and Christmas 1830; consisting of Selections, &c. by the Rev. J. D. Parry, M.A.—A new edition, nearly re-written, of Dr. Ure's Dictionary of Chemistry.

The following is a literal translation of an article in the *Gazette d'Augsburgh*, on the 13th inst:—"The prose translation of the Poems, by the King of Bavaria, which has been published in Paris at Dareuils, by Mr. William Duckett, contains at page 192, Vol. II. an Appendix of thirty-nine pieces which are not in the original German. The Appendix concludes in these words: 'End of the Poems of the King of Bavaria:' these additional Poems are not the compositions of the King of Bavaria."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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If it be true with respect to mankind generally, as we believe it is, that in the acquisition of real knowledge, there is commonly more trouble and difficulty in putting away from our minds that which is false, than in storing up that which is true, this maxim will particularly apply to our countrymen, who if they do not, like Sheridan's parliamentary opponent, "trust to their memory for their wit," too often "trust to their imagination for their facts." We well remember of what a singularly fanciful and erroneous character were all the notions, (notions which we mistook for knowledge,) that we entertained of London, before the fatiguing reality of the mighty city was known to us. The House of Lords, the House of Commons, Westminster-hall—our imagination had clothed with dignity and honor, and furnished with all appliances of grandeur and importance. Downing-street, the very name of Downing-street, brought with it recollections of treaties and despatches, and battles, wars and rumors of wars, and we know not what of "pride, pomp, and circumstance," insomuch that the *res ipsa*, the passage bounded by certain edifices of brick and mortar, scarcely ever occurred to our thoughts.

The air-drawn dagger of Macbeth, was not more unsubstantial and delusive than the pictures with which we had suffered our mind to be filled. We looked on the reality, and with a sigh, came to Macbeth's conclusion, "there's no such thing."

Most of our readers who have been in London, and who recollect their sensations after a few days residence there, (if they were not immediately absorbed in the anxieties of business, or the whirl of dissipation,) will we think agree with us, that the general feeling is that of weariness and disappointment. The stranger thinks that *he has seen London*, and says to himself, "and is this all?" but London is not a place to be known in a week, or a month, or in a year; and indeed the greater part of those who have been residents there all their lives, neither know, nor think it at all surprising that they should not know, a part of the metropolis different from that in which they live, more than they know of Petersburgh or Pekin.

London is indeed a place of almost overwhelming vastness, but that is a matter to be found out by gradual and fatiguing examination; it is full of mighty affairs, and the uttermost ends of the earth feel the operation of its every-day business, but this is to be discovered by reflection, rather than by any external circumstance palpable to the senses. We often hear of the "deadness and dullness" of Dublin, and the din and turmoil of London are held up to us, to heighten the sense of stillness by contrast, until we almost think we hear the hum and shock of its vast multitude.

——— "Like the sound
Of some far-distant waterfall."

But the fact is, that in our miniature way, we are much more busy and bustling here, than they of the great metropolis of the empire. London is the elephant of cities, enormous but calm, and performing its mighty efforts with such habits of regular and unostentatious strength, that we only become conscious of what is doing, by reflection upon what has been and must be done. It is true, that in the great thoroughfare from Charing Cross to Whitechapel, there is a rushing sound of men, and horses, and carriages, travelling to and fro, but this is emphatically *the* great thoroughfare, and what are four or five miles of street, compared with the huge mass of London. Bond-street and Regent-street too, have at this season, much gay and lightsome bustle, and so has the broad street of Whitehall, at four o'clock, when Lords and Commons are hurrying down to their respective houses of assembly, but the wonder is, that the bustle should be so little, considering the occasion. There is probably as much money laid out in the retail shops of Bond-street and Regent-street, in one day, as in all the retail shops of Dublin in six months.

But in "the city," the calmness and utter absence of outside show, where we know there is such prodigious business, and prodigious wealth, seems very extraordinary to an Irish stranger. If he be a mercantile man, and diverges right or left from Cheapside, into the narrow streets and lanes where the sons of traffic dwell, he will hardly believe his eyes, as he reads the names which he knows to be good on change for half a million, written upon such plain dingy doors, belonging to such dull dark houses, where even the light of day seems almost to get half black, before it approaches them: and here there is no bustle. If our mercantile friend were a reader of Wordsworth, he might exclaim with him

"Dear God! the very houses seem asleep."

A clerk now and then going in, or coming out, or a stout hale porter, with his thick, laced boots, and coarse, clean, grey apron, are the only signs of life; and within doors, every office, crowded as it is with clerks, gives forth little sound, save of the opening and closing of day-book, and journal, and ledger, while the work of book-keeping goes on. The Banks too, infinitely astonish a Dublinite; he sees some dozen of them, within a street or two, the names of each of them familiar for their wealth, over all the world; he goes in, and finds a common shop—no parade of wood and wire-cages, and mysterious men of notes, within the same, occasionally revealing their countenances to the expectant public. There is a plain counter, like in a grocer's shop: not such grocers'-shops as we have now-a-days, to astonish us with huge space, and polished mahogany, and brass, so that we may buy our pound of tea, and get dazzled with magnificence into the bargain; but like such a grocer's-shop, as we remember the Messrs. Kinahan had long ago in Trinity-street, before they shone forth in the modern glory of the Carlisle Building. Upon the banker's plain black counter, you will see an iron scoop for shovelling out sovereigns, and a plain personage behind the counter, ready to make use of the said scoop, or shovel, for your proper behoof, if you shew good and sufficient cause, in the shape of a check, or a bank-note, and here is all the grandeur of a great London Bank.

If our stranger be a literary man, he hies him to Paternoster-Row, filled with vast ideas of the magnificence of the greatest publishers in the world—he finds a long, narrow, dark, silent row, with tall, plain houses, and particularly gloomy, tranquil looking shops, with the doors all shut; inside also, there is thick darkness, and an overcoming smell of paper—huge cellars below—huge warerooms above, all plain, rough, and unadorned, stuffed with thousands upon thousands of pounds worth of printed paper, and all the living creatures within, masters and men, as chary of their speech, as if they held their shillings in their mouths, and feared that some of them would tumble out into your pocket, at every effort of utterance; business can be done with few words, and is so best done, and that, and nothing but that, will they, or can they attend to—even courtesy has in it a certain tediousness of process for which they have not at all times leisure.

If our visitor be professional, he will probably leave "the city," and with some enthusiasm, (if an Irishman,) speed towards Westminster-Hall—his mind will be filled with the idea of the crowd and bustle of his own Four Courts, and by an imaginative "rule of three," process, he will endeavour to estimate the tossing of the waves of the legal ocean of Westminster. How will he be struck aghast when he enters that great Hall! The vastness, the silence, the chilly air of that noble apartment, noble in its extent, and the recollections associated with it, almost appal the stranger, as if he entered some enormous sepulchre.—Plain flags are beneath his feet—bare walls, with the plaster broken off, and laying bare, in some places, the rude stone of which they are built, environ him on either side; save where the wall is hidden from the view by a long apartment of unpainted deal boards built up against it, to hold certain parchment records. And this is the room where kings and nobles have been sat in judgment upon, and adjudged their doom; and where, but a few years since, the gorgeous magnificence of the coronation presented such a scene of imposing grandeur as imagination could hardly fancy, and eloquence could not adequately

describe. If it is term time, there may chance some one barrister walking up and down, in legal costume, but for the most part, there is not; if it be not term time, all is stillness, save the shuffling of some solitary passenger's feet along the flags, or, perhaps, a child or two running about for sport.

But we must try to compare it with our own dear temple to litigation. Whenever a Dublin lawyer wishes to silence all opposition to his opinion, he concludes his argument by the pompous announcement, "it has been so decided in Westminster-hall," which magical words at once settle the dispute. This little fact made an impression on us, in days of yore, when we used to stroll down to the Four Courts frequently, to pick up news, or enjoy half an hour's chat in the hall, with some good humoured disengaged barrister,—in Ireland a very numerous and respectable class of persons,—or if it chanced to be Nisi Prius day, to be regaled by speeches replete with feeling, spirit and animation. Often have we thought when "in town," upon the delights of *the Hall*, and every day's experience has served to confirm our opinion, that the dull tribes who haunt Westminster are eclipsed by their Irish brethren in eloquence, in wit, and we had almost said intelligence, as much as the public building for their peculiar place of bustle and resort, is surpassed by ours in architectural beauty.—There are indubitably some brilliant exceptions—a glorious few—who by the splendour of their talents, the depth of their learning, and their indefatigable exertions in the cause of science and freedom, have not merely raised the character of the profession to which they belong, but exalted the dignity of human nature; these, however, are exceptions only,—it is of the mass of the profession I speak, and unquestionably as a body of quick, sagacious, and educated gentlemen, the members of the Irish bar are superior to the lawyers of London, who, doubtless, will be seriously offended at the comparison. But we are comparing the men instead of the buildings: every man in Dublin knows what a delightful place the hall of the Four Courts is—so diversified and apparently confused—exhibiting a motley group of barristers, bailiffs, attornies, men and women, collected from all parts, divided into smaller circles, the component members of which are severally engaged in disputing, asseverating, and denying,—in fighting over again in the hall, that which has been decided in court, or in making fresh preparations for a renewal of legal strife. Besides all these who may be called the actors in the scene, there is a vast crowd of spectators who have nothing to do, but look in and chat, and drink coffee; and whose tranquil countenances, and composed deportment, are strikingly contrasted with the vexed appearance, and hurried manner of the "plaintiffs and defendants in the cause." Now at Westminster-hall every thing is directly the reverse of this,—the exterior of the building is dark, gloomy and shabby;—the entrance mean, and narrow, so much so that one would not be in the least disappointed were he to read over it "Stabling for horses kept here." When you advance a little from the door, you would be inclined to suppose that you had got into a riding school;—the hall can be briefly described,—imagine one side of Stephen's-green covered in and flagged, with wooden boards to the height of ten feet on one side, and four large doors in the wall on the other,—a paltry stunted wooden paling stuck out from the door leading to the King's Bench at one end, and a mean flight of stairs leading to the House of Commons, at the other;—the whole enveloped in "darkness most beautiful," and you have Westminster-hall. We are convinced were a stranger led through it without being acquainted with the character of the building, he would suppose it to be a warehouse from which the boxes of oranges had been hastily removed; but very different are the sensations of one who knows what the place really is—the solemnity and sombre aspect of the hall impress him with veneration and awe,—he remembers that here, for centuries, the laws of a great people have been administered—the rights of man boldly asserted and solemnly secured; that here Romilly and Erskine, Mackintosh and Brougham, have spoken and have gained their fame. But if that stranger be, as we have said, an Irishman, he recollects with honourable pride the memorable crisis, when Sheridan and Burke here terrified the guilty, by the thunder of their denunciations, and dazzled and delighted an assembled people and the world, by the intense splendour of their glorious eloquence.

When, for the first time, we visited Westminster, we asked in surprise, where are the lawyers? We were not gratified with the sight of a single wig. Neither was there any bustle or animation—all was motionless and still. This is easily accounted for; in London few lawyers go to Westminster unless they have business to do; while in Dublin every lawyer goes to court as regularly as he eats his breakfast, those who have business—forming the minority—to do it, and all the rest to seek for it. Again in London—besides those who practice in the courts, there are numerous classes of special pleaders and conveyancers, who never set foot within Westminster, while there is in Dublin no division of labour in the profession of the law analogous to this. And lastly, other people never dream of visiting Westminster-hall, unless on some urgent and remarkable occasion, much less would they think of frequenting it daily, as a place of recreation and amusement. We are convinced, therefore, that nothing would surprise a Londoner more than being suddenly introduced into the middle of the hall of the Four Courts, Dublin; the uproar would startle him, the strangeness of the scene would discompose even *his* gravity; and we do verily believe his curiosity *might* be so far excited, as to provoke him to ask "what was the matter." The interior of the English court of King's Bench, is, in some respects, inconvenient; the accommodation for the public is scanty—there are no side galleries; the jury box, which during term the law students are permitted to occupy, is low, and but a few feet distant from the seat allotted to the king's counsel. The barristers sit in straight rows of seats, rising gradually, but not semicircular, as in our courts. The king's counsel occupy the front row, and are shut in at each side; to the attornies, clerks, and tipstaffs, is assigned the very limited space, which intervenes between the register's desk and the king's counsel; the attornies sit upon a low form placed beneath and outside the front row; the consequence of which awkward arrangement is, that whenever a king's counsel wishes to speak with his attorney, he must stand up and bend over the desk, while the attorney is expected at the same time, to elevate himself a little from his crouching position, and meet his lawyer half way. Indeed the poor attorney never stands upright at all; for if he has occasion to move, it would seem that he is allowed to do so only under the condition of creeping forward with bended head, which unpleasant manœuvre can be familiarly illustrated by the case of a goose sailing under a bridge. In this little area, also, the tipstaffs exercise their authority in preserving order; for there is no snug box in which a crier or court keeper can sit, and shout the noisy into subjection. Nor is there any thing like calling out for a barrister by the crier. Another novelty is, that there is a library in the court, and the chief employment of the tipstaff consists in handing the books backwards and forwards; this is convenient enough for the barristers. The Common Pleas is a much better constructed court, and more convenient for students and attornies. Here, many a time and oft, have we enjoyed the luxury of a *row* between Chief Justice Best and brother Wilde; but the former is now gone, and Tindal is as tranquil as Best was testy.—We should feel ourselves under many obligations to any well-disposed person, who would undertake to explain the plan of the interior of the Exchequer court,—it baffles our efforts. The architect must have been an ingenious fellow, for he has constructed a number of wooden partitions so admirably, that no one can see over or under or between them. There sits Chief Baron Alexander, who was once so near being our chancellor, a good judge, and an ugly man. We intend presenting our dear readers with personal sketches of Denman, Wilde, and Wetherell, and divers other illustrious brethren of that guild, in good time; but for the present we must content ourselves with hurrying through Westminster-hall.

It was but last Wednesday that we walked into the Hall, (for we still run over occasionally to see what o'clock it is at St. Paul's,) and the silence of the vast area was unbroken, save by the striking of the battledore against the shuttlecock of a child, as the urchin strove, with ridiculous effort, to make the plaything ascend towards the lofty roof, while his utmost strength was insufficient to send it a sixth part of the distance.

We pushed forward into the House of Lords, which was sitting to decide appeals. Who is there (at a distance,) that hears of an appeal to the Lords, without attaching to it, in his imagination, some external circumstance of grandeur and importance? Who is there that has paid the expense of an appeal, who does not *feel* that there is nothing *trifling* in the solemn settlement of his cause? But we, who looked upon the matter, could see nothing in it grand, nor important, nor solemn. The Lord Chancellor sat upon a crimson cushion at the head of the table in the centre of the apartment, with one leg resting on the knee of the other, while two noble Lords sat on the benches to his right, one of them studying the Times newspaper, the other, diligently occupied with the Morning Herald. Sir Edward Sugden was stating, in a calm conversational tone, the points of his case at the bar, while Mr. Horne sat, waiting till his turn for reply—two attornies were in attendance with bags of papers, and there were besides, three listeners, who appeared to be country strangers, come in to look at the House. Such was the imposing appearance of an appeal to the House of Lords.

We mention these things, not that they are at all important in themselves, but we think they will serve to dispossess many persons here, of extravagant notions respecting the outward show of London. Where the business of the place is show, the Londoners, no doubt, far exceed us in the production of things gorgeous and magnificent, which take the senses captive, but then, they are very expensive, and he who has not much money to spare, rather sighs at the knowledge of that which is so near him, and which he cannot enjoy, than partakes in greater pleasures on account of his situation. Morever, there is frequently about their amusements a something methodical, and elaborate, and troublesome, which we of lighter spirits contrive to dispense with—for the English much more frequently give an air of business to their pleasure, than of pleasure to their business.

Upon the whole, we would have the dwellers in our own Dublin believe, that so far as situation goes, they need make no lamentation that they are not Londoners. They have, for its extent, a more beautiful city, and they are as a people, more social and joyous than the people of London.

We wish them to feel this, and to be proud of their city, and to endeavour to make it in all respects worthy of even yet more estimation. We would have them to defer less to the name of London, as if every thing to which it was attached, were on that account alone, particularly worthy of consideration—let them strive to imitate and rival London in every thing which makes a city respectable; and while they acknowledge the supremacy of the British metropolis as the seat of government, seek to make their own city its equal in every other respect, of which circumstances will permit.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

The Animal Kingdom, arranged in conformity with its organization. By the Baron Cuvier, Supplementary Volume on the Fossils, large 8vo. pp. 544. London: Whittaker, Treacher and Co.

When we consider how little is known of the internal structure of the globe, how shallow in proportion to its diameter is the greatest depth to which men have yet penetrated, and in how few instances has the arrangement of the strata been determined with accuracy, we may well be surprised at the hardihood of those who have ventured to propound "theories of the earth," and have asserted that the science of geology is a surer guide than revelation.—A wasp that has driven his sting into an elephant's back, has made as close an approach to a perfect investigation of the animal's anatomy, as man has yet made to the knowledge of the earth's structure. The volcano sends up its volumes of smoke and columns of flame, but we know not the fuel that feeds its ceaseless fires. Earthquakes change a smiling garden into a wilderness, but we cannot discover what cause has waked their energies, nor by what laws they are regulated. Still less can we pretend to ascertain the history of the many revolutions to which the earth has been subjected,—revolutions which certainly have taken place, since we find in successive strata organic remains of lost generations of animals, which, like medals and coins in the history of nations, afford some slight glimpses of the history of the world. The study of Fossil Osteology, though comparatively of recent date, has already overthrown the dreamy speculations of those system-makers who pretended to explain all the mysteries of creation, and to untie the Gordian knot, "familiar as their garter."—As a science, however, it is yet in its infancy; Baron Cuvier was the first who reduced the researches into the subject, to any thing like a system; his example has roused others to a glorious emulation, but still the difficulties that impede the pursuit, are so numerous and so great, that ages must pass by before Fossil Osteology can be ranked as a science. The volume now before us, is one in the series of that great undertaking, "The Animal Kingdom;" it comprises all the information which we have yet been able to obtain respecting those fossils which have been rather affectedly denominated the organic remains of a former world; but as extracts would not convey to our readers any correct notion of a volume so varied, and yet so condensed, we shall endeavour to supply them with a brief sketch of what may be considered as established on this important subject.

The globe, as far as it has been examined, appears to consist of several *strata*, one above the other, like the coats of an onion; in these the remains of various animals have been discovered; beneath them all lies granite, in which no organic forms can be traced. Here then, we have a strong proof of the first great truth of religion—the fact of a creation—for the absence of all animal remains from the primitive rocks clearly shews that there was a period when living things had no existence. In the successive strata,—transition, secondary, and tertiary,—are discovered those fossil bones, which form the subject of our enquiries; they belong, in many instances, to races of animals totally extinct, in many others to animals which no longer inhabit the countries where these remains are found; and they prove, beyond a possibility of dispute, that this earth has been subjected to several successive revolutions, of whose age, duration, and extent, we know absolutely nothing. Some persons have foolishly enough imagined, that such a belief is inconsistent with the Mosaic account of the creation; but a very little consideration will shew, that the Mosaic narrative so far from being weakened, derives additional strength from such a hypothesis. Moses, it must be remembered, wrote not as a philosopher. Revelation was intended for a higher purpose than to teach men natural history: he merely states, that this universe was called into existence by an All-powerful Being, and that it was furnished with inhabitants by several successive acts of creation. The intervals of time are indeed called days; but there are many passages in scripture, which fully prove, that by the word day is meant not merely twenty-four hours, but any definite cycle. If this be borne in mind, we shall soon find that the facts which have been lately discovered, are in beautiful accordance with the account given in Genesis. Transition rocks lie above the granite, in these are found the *debris* of marine animals, belonging for the most part to extinct species, and indicating that the earth was once totally covered by an ocean, supporting races of animals, which ceased to exist when an ocean of a different nature was substituted in its place. Now, we find in Genesis, that the formation of dry land was the third operation of creative energy; consequently before that epoch, the earth must have been covered with water.

We find also that the nature of this watery surface underwent a great change at the second stage of creation, for the gaseous fluids of the atmosphere, which had been formerly mingled with the ocean, were then separated from it by what our translators call the firmament. The division between transition and secondary strata, is marked by the co-ordinate formations of porphyry and pit-coal; in these, for the first time in our ascent, we meet traces of vegetable life; and in accordance with this, we find in the sacred writings, that after the change had been effectuated in the great ocean which covered the face of the globe, dry land and vegetation succeeded. In these formations, and in all the strata beneath them, we find no traces of quadrupeds, not even of the more imperfect kinds. The first traces are found a step higher in the secondary formations, where specimens of the lizard family have been discovered, mingled with innumerable bones of fishes, chiefly analogous to those at present found in fresh water. As we still ascend, we meet with remains of reptiles, which surpass in dimensions the fabled monsters of antiquity; they seem for the most part to belong either to the inhabitants of the deep, or to amphibious animals, and they are usually surrounded by the *debris* of fish. There is one of these animals particularly remarkable, it is called the ptero-dactyl, or flying lizard, and seems to have been one of the most formidable of created beings. It appears that it could sustain itself in the air, and it was armed with monstrous jaws, pointed teeth, and formidable talons. Another of these reptiles, the megalosaurus, must have been, according to Buckland's calculation, nearly seventy feet in length. These animal remains, we may observe, occur in the order in which the book of Genesis places the creation of the reptile and fishy tribes; and the extraordinary size of the skeletons, is in direct accordance with the description there given.

Chalk separates the secondary and tertiary formations; before this we do not meet with fossil mammalia, except in a few suspicious instances; the first we meet with are marine species, morses, dolphins and lamantins, but soon after we find terrestrial animals in tolerable abundance. Of these, Cuvier has discovered no less than forty species, all of which are now extinct.

With the animals found above the chalk, the history of *our* earth seems to commence, they have been destroyed by a great catastrophe in which water was the principal agent, and the memory of that catastrophe has been preserved in the traditions of all nations. Whatever may be thought of our attempt to illustrate the history of the creation, by a reference to Fossil Osteology, no body can doubt for a moment, that the researches into this subject establish the certainty of an universal deluge. Marine deposits are invariably found over the fossil remains of terrestrial animals, and consequently we cannot doubt that they were at some time whelmed beneath the waters. Thus do we find, that all the scientific researches of modern times contribute to strengthen the authority of the Holy Scriptures, and that those sciences which, partially known, seemed contradictory to the statements in the bible, have been found to furnish the strongest evidence in their favour, on a closer examination.

This is the ninth volume of the "Animal Kingdom," and fully maintains the high character of that work; it contains, in a condensed form, all that is known on the subject of fossil osteology, and has collected into one volume a body of information scattered over so many expensive quartos, that it was hitherto unattainable by the general reader. In this, as in the preceding volumes, every opportunity is taken to connect the contemplation of nature, with admiration and reverence for its great Author, and the works of the Deity are shewn to be, separately and collectively, proofs of infinite power, infinite wisdom, and infinite mercy.

The Three Histories. By Maria Jane Jewsbury. Westley and Davis, London.

This is a book of an order much higher, and altogether different from that of the mass of works of fiction, which spring forth at this season, thick as the leaves that strew the brooks in Vallambrosa, but almost destitute of any other resemblance to natural productions, save their abundance. We have in the "Three Histories," a rare union of high philosophy, and deep poetical feeling—a quantity of true knowledge embodied in the forms of imagination, and enriched with a thousand lights of beautiful associations, which previously we could hardly have supposed to be capable of so close an union with the severe and searching spirit of investigation, which the author of this book undoubtedly possesses. We know not how better to describe our opinion of her genius than by borrowing a striking and very characteristic passage from the first "History," in which the heroine is stated to have had "that within her which clothes the dry bones of fact, with the flesh and raiment of thought and fancy." We know not that it will be considered any compliment to a female author—but we think it a true and remarkable fact relating to this work, that it bears no appearance whatever of female authorship. The charm which we find in it is not at all associated with that tenderness of feeling, which comes over the mind, on finding good, and gentle, and beautiful sentiments in a book which we know a woman has written. There is no bending, no condescending of the mind, to the feelings of satisfaction with which we hail the production of a book such as this; but we feel the energy of a high mind pressing conviction upon us. We perceive that the fruits of a *masculine* understanding lie before us, and that we have to do with a writer who has not only *felt*, but deeply and vigorously considered, and compared, and deduced; and who has the power of communicating the thoughts of her mind, in language which is not to be resisted, either by those who reason, or by those who feel.

The first history is that of an "Enthusiast," of a woman of genius, who suffered the fervor and impetuosity of that genius, and the love of fame ("that last infirmity of noble mind," but still an infirmity,) to lead her into courses brilliant, but deceitful—to estrange her from friends and home, and the dear delights of domestic intercourse; who permitted that which ought to be the ornament merely, to become the business of her life, and found her bitter reward, in all the unutterable anguish of a mortified and disappointed spirit.

The story of the Enthusiast is admirably traced from her childhood to the time when the history leaves her with a broken heart. We observe, step by step, how the workings of her own mind, and of attendant circumstances, lead to the catastrophe; or rather, we are shewn at intervals the changes which had occurred, and are informed, more with the rapid lightning-like power of poetry, than the slowly-unfolding details of prose, of the causes which had effected these changes. As the story proceeds, we frequently meet with reflections upon human life and manners, connected with, but not belonging to it, and it is in these we trace a vigorous and comprehensive knowledge, a deep, firm grasp of the circumstances of humanity, and the philosophy that belongs to them, which, in a work of this kind fills us with equal pleasure and surprise. They are wells of pure knowledge, springing up out of the living rock, where we expected only purling streams, with flowers of fancy growing by their margin.

There are many passages which occur to us, that, if our space would afford it, we should be glad to extract, as illustrations of the remarks which we have ventured to make, but as our limits prescribe to us, the necessity of a brief selection, we shall present our readers with a part of a letter which the Enthusiast writes to an early friend, after her dream of eclat and distinction has passed away, and which appears to us to be a striking specimen of that union of power and beauty in composition, which distinguishes the story.

"I have told you the various changes that have passed over me in reference to the outward world, and the world of man, but I have not yet told you the worst, that which arises from what the world calls my genius and my fame. Ah, what is genius to woman, but a splendid misfortune! What is fame to woman, but a dazzling degradation! She is exposed to the pitiless gaze of admiration; but little respect, and no love, blends with it. In society she is regarded as "a highly curious thing;" and as her delineations of emotion are presumed to emanate from her own experience, a desire is roused to discover her private history in her writings. Her power of self-sacrifice is less doubted than her power of self-command; but the doubt of *that*, is, of the two, more injurious. However much, as an individual, she may have gained in name, and rank, and fortune, she has suffered as a woman; in the history of letters she may be associated with man, but her own sweet life is lost; and though in reality she may flow through the ocean of the world, maintaining an unsullied current, she is nevertheless apparently absorbed, and become one with the elements of tumult and distraction. She is a reed shaken with the wind; a splendid exotic nurtured for display; an ornament to be worn only on birth-nights and festivals; the aloe, whose blossom is deemed fabulous, because few can wait to behold it; she is the Hebrew, whose songs are demanded in 'a strange land;' Ruth, standing 'amid the alien corn;' a flower plunged beneath a petrifying spring:—her affections are the dew that society exhales, but gives not back to her in rain; she is a jewelled captive—bright, and desolate, and sad. This is her fate, these are her feelings, if her character predominantly possess the excellence of her sex. If it be otherwise, if that which should be womanly in her is worldly, if she be not so gentle as vain, at heart a creature of ambition rather than of affection, she will be less unhappy; but, alas, she will also be less worthy of happiness! If she can revel in notoriety, feel it her fittest home and sphere, take pride in its separating influence, and gradually become native to the atmosphere of adulation, she may converse like a Du Deffand, or a L'Epinasse, but so far from winning love, she will not even be deserving of pity. Annette, what is to become of me? To neither class do I belong entirely, yet I partake of the nature of both! I pay most of the penalties of one, without fully sharing in the privileges of the other. As regards the delight, and glory of distinction to a woman, the veil is fallen from my eyes; but I cannot recede, for I am become enthralled by artificial feelings, and habits of a selfish and worldly tendency. To my better taste, praise is dust and ashes; yet I cannot now live without it. Literary enthusiasm is no more; but without literature as a profession, a void would be created in my heart, which, except I were a Frenchwoman, thrown once more amongst Frondeurs and Girondists, I doubt the power of any thing to fill abidingly. I press, as it were, by instinct, towards excellence; I read, I travel, I observe, I reflect, I converse; but the set, specific purpose for which all is done, at once degrades and desolates. There is no *abandon*; no child-like surrender of the soul to fresh and vigorous impulses, whether of thought or feeling; no gathering ideas as if they were primroses; no sporting beside the mighty sea of knowledge; no watching the treasure-laden barks on its bosom in secure and ignorant delight; every thing is a study for effect, therefore every thing is despised."

This extract will suffice to shew our readers that it is with no common mind we hold communion, in perusing the writings of Miss Jewsbury. They will, perhaps, discover in the style, some want of that child-like simplicity, which one so loves in woman,—a manner rather too elaborate and oratorical, and a love of epigrammatic and striking sentences more than sufficient;—nevertheless they will acknowledge, that there are truth and vigour in the thoughts developed, and elegance and force in the language in which they are conveyed. By far the least worthy part of this story, is the verses in the "Beppo" vein, which occur near its close. We are surprised that the good sense of our author did not suggest their rejection from a place where they are so little suitable, to the much more poetical prose, into the midst of which they are introduced. In themselves, however, they possess considerable merit, and a specimen will, at least, amuse our readers,—they are intended to exhibit the reckless surface buoyancy of a heart

All green and wildly gay without,
But worn and grey beneath.:—
And if there be a sorrow in my soul,
Making that soul a lamp-lit sepulchre,
Requiem, or dirge, or sympathetic toll,
I never bid society confer
On me, or on my sorrow; both are hushed,
Shrined amidst marble—quiet because crushed.

And if there be a madness in my love,
It does not kill me now, I died long since;
Nor does it send me walking in a grove,
Or make me in white satin rave and mince,
I talk plain prose, laugh, and sometimes cause laughter—
Torture, and dreams, and tears—these things are after.

After and when alone; it is bad taste
Ever to go a-visiting with grief;
Leave her at home, or else well flounced and laced,
Present her as your friend, Miss Mirth; in brief,
If you do not, you'll soon be left to pine,
No gentleman asks sorrow to take wine.

Smile, though the keenest barb in sorrow's quiver,
Strikes through your heart, until that heart is sick;
Tame down your tumults, though as aspens shiver,
Thoughts you deemed dead are vigilant and quick,

And let the eyes, that to your soul are flame,
Flash upon ice; and if there be a name.

That stirs your spirit like a sorcerer's spell,
Sending a dizzy creeping through your brain,
Pronounce it; and the sword-like word, farewell,
Speak in gay accents; once, and yet again;
That word may cleave your *heart*, but still no doubt,
Society will ask you to her rout.

. . . . . .

And it is time that I should say farewell!
I thought I could have done so, without sighing:
Have left even a home of song and spell,
Without the ignominious sin of crying;
But nature triumphs, triumphs over art,
And mournful feelings prove it sad to part.

I have been happy here—that says too much;
I have been tranquil then—nay, that says more;
Well then. I've known a habit, call it such,
Of sadness, with excitement gilded o'er,
That every sense proud soul would just call frightful,
But I, a child of fancy, deem delightful.

Farewell thou little darling cabinet room;
Thou art a likeness of thy habitants;
An union strange of gaiety and gloom;
Philosophy, I don't allude to Kant's,
Would call this union an hypothesis;
But poetry oft sees how very true it is.

Farewell, dear room, for I shall soon be gone,
And then there'll be an extra empty chair;
And after all the fine things said and done,
I think farewells are chiefly noted there:
Your chair is empty at another's service,
Proser, or wit, king, scholar, saint, or dervise.

We part, and vow for ever to remember,
(There are ten comedies in one for ever)
Our visit in its slightest meanest member
Is shrined within our bosoms, and—no never,
Will we resign that most endeared connexion,
Until there comes a general resurrection.

And then we get into our chaise and pair,
Filled with our luggage, selves, and constancy,
For ten miles (if the scene's not very fair)
We think of what we've left; ten more, and we
Begin to find that fancy yet can frisk it,
And wish we had remembered a dry biscuit.

. . . . . .

I *can* love, *have* loved, *must* love while I breathe;
But I desire in love perpetual June,
Which is not in one friendship, so I wreathe,
And wear, and look on hearts as flowers, that soon
Will have their summer glory overcast;
What then? I love them dearly while they last.

And I would rather lose what I love here,
Be it man, woman, flower, or recollection,
By swift translation to another sphere,
Than have it in the shape of retrospection;
I hate all ghosts, but most, and without measure,
The apparition of departed pleasure.

And memory is mental indigestion;
You are not healthy if it much afflicts you;
Hope, which is hunger, without any question,
By no means in your health so much restricts you;
For never to be dainty is *her* cue,
If turtle is not, blackberries will do.

And blackberries, the proverb saith abound,
Not living in a country place I know not;
But this, living in town, I've ever found,
The Hopers find no bush on which they grow not,
Whilst your Remembrancers seem really made
To have their eyes removed *behind* their head.

What is the past, as it refers to love?
Nothing—there is no sculpture for a sigh,
No portrait for a word, or words above,
A look, a low soft tone;—the rose *must* die;
"But memory may embalm,"—your taste less numb is
Than mine:—I could not make affections—mummies.

Love in sweet nitre, calico, and gum!
(Not looking half so well as old mahogany)
Or pleasure in a puncheon of new rum!
Or friendship "lapped in lead," if you have got any!
I have no right against your taste to rail,
Embalm your friendships—but let mine exhale.

"Is not this shocking?" cries some flaxen Werter,
Warm from a bath of tears o'er tomes of folly;
Be still,—what is exchange of hearts but barter,
As full of cheating and of melancholy,
As any that in Robertson one reads?
The Indian gives his gold—the Spaniard beads.

And now, alas! I tire extremely soon
Of people, both the stupid and the clever;
A book, a bust, a picture, or a tune,
Can keep its charms, and somehow charm for ever;
Where did I learn this sad love of variety?
How did I gain this habit of satiety?

Books, busts, tunes, pictures, seldom give advice,
(In that they're no epitomes of life),
Nor do they know one's foolishness—a vice
With which one's best friends ere exceeding rife;
Nor do they ask one questions, weak or wise,
Or look interrogations with their eyes.

One's quite at ease with them, and burdened hearts
Are bowstrung by attention, if not given
With the fine tact not always joined to parts;
Silence is very often sorrow's heaven,
And sympathising or objurgatory
Words, just as often, sorrow's purgatory.

The greatest portion of the dust that talks,
I've wished enshrined in canvas, or in wood,
Or calf-skin; any thing to stay the walks
Of limb, or eye, or tongue (however good)
That paralysed me with perpetual motion,
And drowned my spirit in a wordy ocean.

Few read the heart, because few pay the price,
Of having theirs first broken, perhaps worse;
We play the game of life with loaded dice,
But in the wealth we win there is a curse;
Sorcery seems with us, and we may not tell
The secret of our strength, the fiend that rules our hell.

The second history is that of a "NONCHALANT," which, like the preceding, seems to flow from a philosophical spirit, at once reasoning and poetical. The *story* possesses more beauty, and more originality of invention than that of the "Enthusiast," to which it is inferior in value, only because the observations and reflections which it contains are of less ordinary application to the affairs of life. We shall not mar the interest of our readers in so affecting a tale, by attempting any outline of it, but content ourselves with extracting a powerful sketch of the character of the "Nonchalant," as it has been formed by the circumstances which he afterwards details:

"I call myself a Nonchalant, because my affections are profoundly, if placidly, indifferent to all objects of earthly desire; and sceptical, because the entire aspect, history, and complexion of my mind is—DOUBT. I think, but I cannot bring any one thought to a satisfactory conclusion, and may be said, with regard to facts, to live in an atmosphere of floating opinions. I consider poetry in the light of a magnificent lie; history ranks with a bundle of old newspapers; and science strikes me as a series of splendid conjectures. I observe that the principles of one party are the prejudices of another; the truth for which this man is willing to die, is to that, falsehood deserving persecution; vice and virtue have an existence independent of doctrinal belief; and the deist and the devotee do not contradict each other, more than each contradicts himself. Observing all this, and having greatly suffered from it, I am come at last to be certain of nothing but the uncertainty of all things, and to consider doubt as the alpha and omega of existence. I am neither a searcher after happiness, nor am I engaged in the pursuit of truth; the former, I *know*, does not exist for me, and though I cannot help fancying that the latter must exist somewhere, yet, like the problem for squaring the circle, I conceive the knowledge of that somewhere to be still wanting. This is a painful condition; for with few hopes, it is possible to be harassed by many fears, and to have a vague, awkward feeling of responsibility, rendering one almost envious of the brutes, since with them belief is not requisite."

There is in this story also, the fault of occasional over-strained, and unnaturally elaborated comparisons. In one place, the Nonchalant tells us that he had a passion for music, and "that listening to it, was like standing beneath a fruit tree in May, and feeling himself suddenly covered with a shower of blossoms." This likeness, however highly finished it may appear to some, is not, we suspect, sufficiently striking for general apprehension. In another place, he says that Saint Peter's "oppressed him with a *night-mare* of splendor." This 'is affectations,' as Parson Evans says; yet we allude to such passages, not in any spirit of severity, but to point out to our authoress, that one who can follow nature, with such simple and affecting energy, should undertake the easy task of weeding from her style those vain attempts at snatching a grace beyond the reach of nature. It is but just to add, as a contrast to this fault, that in the midst of passages of close and serious reasoning, with which this volume abounds, we frequently meet a simple thought, expressed with the sweetest simplicity, and appearing, in its situation, like a wild flower growing from some crevice in a tower of strength.

Of the third history, that of a "REALIST," we shall present our readers with a longer specimen. We at first felt less pleased with it than with either of the other two, but as we went on, we were almost inclined to place it above them in our estimation, on account of the difficulty of the task which the author has undertaken, and the usefulness which belongs to the successful execution, of which she may justly boast. The effect of the story is to excite the imagination, in favor of the exaltation of cool and deliberate reason, above imagination and sentiment. This is like applying the engine which owes its power to fire, to the extinguishing of conflagration. If fiction can thus charm us to the love of severe prudence, and calm investigation of reality, without teaching us to be harsh or arrogant—so to employ it, is to use it to its noblest purpose.

The following description of a run on a bank, consequent upon the defalcation of one of the clerks, is highly, and we think admirably, wrought up:

"Without waiting to hear one syllable of the advice or condolence volunteered by his informant, Richard Winton set off with steady haste in the direction to which the intelligence naturally led him. In going he must of necessity pass the dwelling house of Mr. Sydney; he stopped, ascertained the room where Sophia was, and without delay or announcement walked straight into it. She looked very pale, and her agitation was marked by that rigidity of feature, which, more than tremor, announces in strong minds, great mental distress. She rose, rather tottered than walked forward, and gave her hand to Richard; it was cold and clammy; and she articulated her welcome with apparent difficulty.

"Richard placed his arm around her, and bore her back to a sofa.

"'Only tell me the simple facts, my own Sophia, I am sure you know them, and I can depend on you implicitly—who is gone?—what is gone? May I believe the statements I shall hear at the bank?—may I safely do as I wish—support your father at this crisis?—the money in his hands is not mine, or I would not ask the question.'

"'Richard, this is no time for trifling; don't attribute my agitation to a wrong cause—I am confided in by two parties, how am I to act with integrity to both.'

"'Leave to me the responsibility of acting, Sophia; only answer my plain questions; I cannot, and will not, act on uncertainties.'

"Miss Sydney placed in her friend's hands a hurried note just received from the bank:—'Richard Winton is expected every hour; I beseech you use you your influence with him not to draw out; say it is mere temporary con-

venience we want; assure him there is no ground for fear.'

"'And you do assure me so, Sophia?'

"'Richard, go and be governed by your own judgment—shew no favour to me or mine contrary to it; the rumours are exaggerated grossly, but more than enough is true. William is gone to London to fetch supplies—if he succeeds in getting them, and returns in time for banking hours to-morrow, and if you do not draw out, all is safe—otherwise the doors must close; and my poor father—you know his feelings—he is frantic already at what he conceives the disgrace of having his bank run upon, what *would* he be then?'

"'Will the supplies come, do you think?'

"'We hope—believe—expect so; but no one can tell; go and judge for yourself, yourself only, Richard, don't save us at your own expense."

"Gladly would I, if that were all; farewell, dearest friend; but remember one thing—death only can rob you of my esteem.' The speaker stooped and kissed her forehead with mingled gravity and affection, then hastened from the room to communicate with her father. His entrance into the bank, which was not effected without difficulty, evidently embarrassed Mr. Sydney, who had hitherto endeavoured to conceal his feelings under a disengaged air. But the natural character of the man prevented his being a good masquer; and through his smiles and bows, and his restless motions of hand and eye, a practised observer discerned inquietude amounting to anguish. All was bustle amongst the clerks, and yet a certain grave suppressed manner told that the business which occasioned such bustle was of no ordinary or agreeable kind. Richard observed that a look of intelligence passed, on his entrance, between one or two of the leading ones, which seemed to say, 'Now we are done for.' Whatever his feelings were, Mr. Sydney welcomed his friend with cordiality of manner, and began to make enquiries relative to his journey and his health.

"'Can you step with me into your private room?' said Richard.

"'Willingly, my dear Sir;' and with the most unwilling steps he led the way. 'An annoying business this; but a mere annoyance—no consequence in the world—we could stand it twenty days longer.'

"Richard fixed his eyes upon him, and said quietly, 'I have had a conversation with Sophia—I must be told the truth.'

"There was no further attempt at disguise on the part of Mr. Sydney; his countenance underwent as great a change as if a visor had fallen from it, and revealed the strong working of the natural features.

"'Then it rests with you to ruin or save my credit,' said he, in a faint voice.

"'Mr. Sydney, answer me like a man, can I do the latter safely?'

"'I hope—I think—I *believe* so.'

"'State your reasons; and, my good Sir, do be less violently agitated. Remember you speak to a man who will stand by you to the last, short of losing what he considers other persons' money entrusted to his guardianship. Come, be calm.'

"'Calm—calm, Mr. Winton!—you don't suppose I am made as you are. I tell you, Sir, if this bank is ever closed from inability to meet our payments, I will never enter my own doors alive. My credit is to me what other things have been to you, and I will not—take your hand off my arm, Mr. Winton—I *will* not survive its being even breathed upon!

"'And you forget that it is breathed upon already. Come, Mr. Sydney, be pacified, and if you mean me to serve you, tell me quietly, the exact state of your affairs at this crisis.

"As a child obeys the commands of a kind but resolute parent, Mr. Sydney by degrees gave Richard an account similar to what he had previously heard from Sophia. The sum with which the head cashier had absconded was of startling amount, but his partner had hired a vessel, and was in pursuit of the one in which it was believed he had set sail for America with his booty. The culprit had, however, the start of twelve hours.

"'But, Mr. Sydney, suppose I do not draw out my money now in your hands, I must have it eventually.

"'Certainly, but you would have patience, and give me time to sell property; besides, is there no difference between being in the power of a friend, and that of a mean, dirty, purse-proud fellow, who would delight to show his shabby strength in petty provocations?

"Here a clerk entered, and presented his master with a note. He read it at a glance, and then passionately tore it to pieces.

"'Sir Jonas Wimperley—eh? The greedy shark!—and he must come too. He that I have helped, and helped with hundreds upon hundreds, when his bond was worth no more than his word is now. He—he, forsooth, must have 'particular occasion for his uncle's legacy now in my hands.' It is new to him to have money to claim any where. Mr. Winton make your election, and don't spend reason upon a frantic man; do you demand the whole or any part of your property entrusted to me? Speak, Sir; it lies between you and Sir Jonas. Both demands cannot be met, and if one must be preferred I would rather it were yours. Speak, I say, Sir.

"'And *I* say, speak Sir," replied Richard, in a calmly authoritative voice. 'Answer me two questions rationally, and then I *will* tell you my decision. What reason have you to suppose that your London bankers will send you remittances back by William?

"'My reason for supposing that they will, is from my knowing that it will not endanger them. William carried up with him the title-deeds of his eldest brother's estate, settled on him by his uncle.

"'And can you solemnly assure me, that if he returns as you expect, with a supply of cash from London, you can hold on, even if your partner does not recover your stolen property? I ask you as Sophia's father, well acquainted with the double stake I hazard.

"'Mr. Winton, forgive my violence. I care little about lessening my private property, or even my children's. You shall suffer no *ultimate* loss—on the faith of an honest but most wretched man, you shall not.

"'Then send the proper reply to Sir Jonas, and let me take a chair beside your desk; when some of these good countryfolks see that I trust thousands, perhaps they may be more inclined to trust simple scores. Just send a messenger with one line that I will write to Sophia. And stay, if yonder cupboard holds any thing better than paper and parchment, let my stomach have the benefit of it. Come, drink a glass of your own Madeira.

"'Richard, I have drank a whole bottle since morning, and it has affected me no more than water. Give me some brandy if you will—would, would it were night!

"All that has passed occupied little more than an hour, and three had yet to elapse before the arrival of that at which the bank was wont to close. By Richard's advice the doors were kept open a full hour longer than usual.

"This, the sight of his steady cheerful presence behind the counter, and the knowledge, quickly circulated, of the very solid manner in which he had proved his confidence in Mr. Sydney's stability, tended much to allay the public panic. At last the business of the day closed, and then the current of anxiety set in towards the morrow. After paying a short visit to his mother, Richard repaired again to Mr. Sydney, to await with him, the arrival of the anxiously expected mail, and to receive the grateful thanks of one who knew his full worth. As if, however, there was to be no

"Blessed barrier between day and day."

the arrival of the mail only plunged the watchers into new dilemmas. William was not among the passengers—there was no tidings of him—no parcel or letter from him. His father relapsed into all the agonies of irritation and despair, and it was not till Richard Winton threatened to withdraw his promise of the afternoon, that he was persuaded to retire to rest, and suffer an opiate to be administered to him. Left comparatively at ease, his friend and chief creditor proceeded to take measures for the morrow, and he did so with as much calmness as if he had had no personal interests dependent on the issue. More quickly than the day, the speed of which was desired, the night that many would have protracted, slipped noiselessly and rapidly away. The morning came—Mr. Sydney awoke—the banking hour struck, and still there was no William. The nervous agitation manifested by the poor father through the preceding days, was now exchanged for a gloomy, sullen, impenetrable manner, which occasioned his family infinitely more alarm. Partially it might be considered a state of reaction, and as the effect of the strong opiate he had been forced to swallow; but much, too much, remained attributable to a dangerous state of morbid feeling, from which any desperate act may be expected. Richard Winton never lost sight of him for a single instant; *his* anxieties were indeed trebled, but the strength necessary to combat them seemed trebled too:—he rose to the occasion which the weaker mind associated with him sunk beneath. On this, the fourth day, Mr. Sydney seemed to lose all self-possession; he stood, spoke, listened, and signed his name, more like a moving automaton than a living man. The panic abated—the demands for payment were less, both in number and amount, but still they continued, and this, with the protracted delay of the London messenger, justified grave anxiety. Had a request for temporary assistance, coupled with the offer of securities, been addressed in the first instance to some leading men in his own town, money would have been raised, and much time and uneasiness would have been spared; but Mr. Sydney's pride could not brook making any request that seemed to compromise, even for a few days, his darling credit. 'I have done all I can personally,' said Richard, as noon advanced, and nothing indicated the approach of William, 'I sent an express off last night, but his return may be too late for us; now, you

must make up your mind to one of two things—either consent to a temporary suspension of payment, which, from an examination of your affairs, I am satisfied would literally be but temporary; or you must let me go to some of your friends—old Allan, for instance—once satisfied as to your solvency, I think he would venture to——"

"'Richard Winton, if you mean to insult me, say so; what, make *that* mean, miserly, pitiful fellow, lord and master of my private affairs!—lay them and myself under the feet of any one here!—no, I would rather die a dozen deaths!

"'How much better that you should live a dozen lives, or at least, make the best of the one you have.'" Inwardly indignant at the cowardly selfishness thus manifested, yet carefully suppressing all signs of such indignant feeling, Richard was fain to give in to the current of circumstances, and hope that, as in a few hours one of the alternatives he had proposed must be adopted, necessity might be found a match even for obstinacy.

"Two o'clock struck—two more hours, thought he, and we shall have fifteen to breathe in; all this delay comes of trusting that foolish lad—and if the whole truth must be confessed, Richard completed his mental soliloquy by some hard strictures on poets and poetry. The thread of his reflections was broken by a sudden trampling sound, as of a quantity of persons running at full speed; in a few seconds carriage wheels were heard also, and before he could well reach the street, a chaise and four had drawn up to the bank-door, and the crowd round it set up a hearty shout. Opening the door from the inside, and without waiting for the steps to be let down, the first person who sprung out was William Sydney, looking as if just risen from his coffin. The next, who descended with somewhat less impetuosity, was a stranger; the third, who needed both steps and assistance, for he was ironed, was the delinquent clerk, believed to be on his way to America; the remaining and heaviest part of the carriage-contents were too small, strong, deal chests. These, with the passengers, were quickly deposited in the bank parlour. The father fell on his son's neck, burst into tears, and sobbed aloud. Richard Winton, before he asked a single question, handed the youth a large glass of Madeira—'Drink that, and then tell us all—you are in time.'

"'Thank heaven!—thank heaven!—I have travelled in torture, fearing I might be too late; father, ———'s were satisfied without the deeds, but there was some delay in getting the accommodation ready—no matter why—it is here; then, by the most miraculous chance—

"'Providence, William.

"Yes, Providence, Mr. Winton—I got a clew to the haunt of that wretched man there; the report of his having sailed from this port in the Juno, was all a feint; he set off to take shipping from London, where he had—but no, I am sworn to secrecy as to the *how* I got news of him—however, no matter, he was on shipboard, waiting for a wind. This was all I knew, and the place he was bound for; I procured a search-warrant, and we examined twenty vessels before we found him; so disguised, Sir, painted and stuffed, that but for his agitation—for he shook through straw and yellow ochre like a coward as he is—even I might have been deceived; however, there he is, and most of his booty too; some of it *he* had abstracted—some of it *I* was forced to employ, but I did my best—wrong, perhaps, in not sending a clerk from ———'s with their remittances, only I wanted to bring all, and only found, too late, that I should be at least twelve hours after the mail; we have travelled throughout with four horses, driven like furies, paid like princes, neither eat, drank, slept, scarcely spoken; and now I should like to go to bed for seven days and nights; take care of Mr. Higson (he was a police officer)—that's my story."'

This is excellent: throughout the book, the readers will find much to instruct and elevate the mind, while it is at the same time deeply interested and amused.

Third Report from the Select Committee on the Affairs of the East India Company. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, April, 1830.

Few readers of a literary periodical like ours, are aware of the enormous extent of laborious enquiry necessary to be made, in order to supply the materials for its formation. The work itself can only shew what has been selected; a small portion indeed, when compared with what has been rejected either as unworthy of notice, or as not coming within the scope of the publication. Who would have thought that an Editor should find the perusal of parliamentary papers, as necessary as poetry, history, or romance? Yet, so it is. The two houses of parliament are now the regular publishers of a sessional periodical, and render themselves therefore, (with a due saving of their dignity,) equally amenable to the tribunal of literary criticism, as the ephemeral author of the Devil's Walk; and the sole question to be decided on by an Editor is, whether the subjects on which they treat are such as should be brought by him under the consideration of his readers. With respect to by much the greater part of the contents of these folios, we confess we have very little trouble. Politics, generally so called, not being one of our objects, the process by which we dispose of this class of publications is sufficiently summary, and therefore when the number whose title is above announced was laid with some others before us on our breakfast table, we were preparing, after turning over its leaves with no small degree of nonchalance, to deposit it among a pile of its fellows, in a corner whence it was not likely soon to be disturbed, unless by our grimalkin in a frisky humour, cutting figures on its dusty covers with her tail, when our eye was accidentally caught by a "table exhibiting a brief view of the statistics of China proper, &c." and we found, upon more minute enquiry, that the document contained a large quantity of minute and extended details of that empire, highly interesting, not merely to the sellers and drinkers of tea, though this alone is something, but to all who would wish to make themselves acquainted with the interior of a region so highly lauded, yet so little known.

China and Europe are the two most opposite communities in the world, not merely in geographical position, but in every thing that constitutes nationality: both highly civilized, far above the average of any of the nations surrounding each, yet of a species of civilization singularly different; the opposition of habits, customs, manners, descending into the minutiæ of every day particulars in a manner, and a direction of divergency almost ludicrous. Our relative ideas of each other's importance, are regulated by the same standard of opposition; an ancient Chinese map represents the celestial empire as occupying the whole of the sheet on which it is drawn, with the exception of one corner which is set apart for all the rest of the world; in an ancient european map of the world, on the other side, we look in vain for China, or find it perhaps a solitary name, as a part of Terra Incognita. We live now in better times, our globes or maps are not disgraced with distorted drawings of that great nation, and its neighbouring territories, its geographical positions, are laid down with tolerable precision, but as to the interior, with the exception of the general lines of deviation of some of its larger rivers, and the bearings of some of its more important positions, our knowledge, it must be confessed, is very inadequate, either to the absolute magnitude of that wonderful empire, or to its relative importance as affecting our extended, and still extending commercial and political relations.

The information given in the evidence now before us, fills up several of these chasms. It comes also in an authenticated form, from individuals well acquainted with the particulars they detail, deeply interested in the enquiry, and placed in a situation in which they know that a searching eye is watching over their relation, active to catch, and eager to expose any mis-statement or fallacy. The accounts given by them may therefore be safely relied upon, as to general fidelity and accuracy.

The real amount of the population of China has been long one of the unsolved problems in geography. Though the commonly received statements were usually considered to be overrated, yet it was deemed an indisputable fact that the total, after every reasonable deduction had been made, was far beyond that of any European country, or, indeed, of any, with which we are acquainted. From the statistical table already alluded to, it appears, that the whole population of China proper, exclusive of Tartary and the dependent provinces, amounts to 141,470,000 souls, which when compared with the area or surface of the country, gives an average of 103 souls for every square mile. Let this be compared with the known averages of some other countries.

	Souls.
China, per square mile	103
Hindoostan, ...	104
Austria, ...	110
France, ...	164
England, ...	222

Thus we see that this so much vaunted population does not amount to one-half of that of England, compared with the relative extent of territory of each country.

The cause of the apparently excessive population of China, arises from the provinces being very unequally peopled, and the over-crowded portion of the country being that to which foreigners generally, if not solely, had access. There are, in fact, but four provinces, out of the fifteen into which the empire is divided, that are densely inhabited, these embrace but little more than one-fourth of the entire area, yet contain above two-thirds of the population.

The circumstances connected with emigration have been also ill-understood, and therefore much misrepresented. The following summary of the information given in this

curious document will serve to shew the real state of the case, and in some measure, to develope the grounds of the misconception. The emigrations of the Chinese take place chiefly from the four southern maritime provinces. The emigrants direct their course to every neighbouring country where there is any hope of finding employment and protection. They are excluded, like the European nations, from settling in Japan, on political grounds; the government of Cochin-China affords them no great encouragement, from the same reason, and the Dutch and Spanish governments of Java and the Philippines have always looked on them with much suspicion. Distance, and the existence of a dense and comparatively industrious population, exclude them from the British possessions in Hindoostan, where there are only a few shoemakers and other artizans from that country, and these confined to Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay.

Every emigrant who leaves China, does so with the intention of returning to it, although comparatively few are able to accomplish this object. The expense of emigration to the countries to which the Chinese usually resort, amounts to very little. Yet even the slender sum required, is commonly paid from the fruits of the emigrant's labour on his arrival, and seldom in advance. They are invariably of the labouring classes, and their whole equipment for the voyage consists of little else than the coat on their back, a bundle of old clothes, and a dirty mat and pillow to sleep on. They no sooner land than their condition is wonderfully improved. They meet their countrymen, and find immediate employment in a congenial climate where the wages of labour are, perhaps, three times as high as in China, and the necessaries of life cheaper by half.

The Chinese are not only intellectually, but physically, superior to the nations among whom they settle. A Chinese is, at least, two inches taller than a Siamese, and by three inches taller than a Cochin-Chinese, a Malay, or a Javanese, and his frame is proportionably strong and well built. Their superiority in personal skill, dexterity, and ingenuity, is still greater. The wages of a Chinese labourer at Sincapore, are eight dollars a month, and of a Malay, four; thus proving the work of the former to be of double the value of that of the latter.

The different classes of Chinese settlers not only live apart and keep distinct from those of other nations, but from each other. There is a wide difference between their character, habits, and manners, according to the provinces from which they proceed. The emigrants from the town of Canton, besides being addicted to mercantile pursuits, are the best artizans, and are much disposed to enter into mining speculations. It is they who are chiefly employed in working the silver mines of Tonquin, the gold mines of Borneo, and of the Malay peninsula, and the tin mines of the latter country, and of Banca. The Chinese of Macao, and the other islands, are held in very little repute by the rest of their countrymen, but those of the mountainous districts, who are numerous, are the lowest in rank. Their most frequent employment is that of fishermen and mariners; and it is from their ranks that European shipping, when in want, have occasionally received hands. Of all the Chinese, these are the most noisy and unruly.

The Chinese settlers, of whatever class, engage with much eagerness in agricultural employments, seldom, however, unless through necessity, as day labourers. They conduct, almost exclusively, the cultivation and manufacture of the catechu or terra Japonica in the strait of Malacca, the pepper cultivation of Siam, and the culture of the cane, and the manufacture of sugar in Java, Siam, and the Phillippines. Differing materially from each other in manners, habits, and almost always in language, and dialect, and entertaining towards each other provincial prejudices and antipathies; broils and quarrels, sometimes even attended with bloodshed, frequently break out among them. These are occasionally subjects of embarrassment in the European settlements; but nothing is to be apprehended from their systematic combination or resistance; for of all the Asiatic inhabitants of our eastern dependencies, the Chinese are the most obedient to the laws, and, notwithstanding the superior amount of their property, and even of their numbers, afford the least employment to the courts of justice.

The emigrant population from China is of a peculiar description, consisting, for the most part, of adult males, and of very few women, or children, a circumstance easily explained.—The laws of China, which prohibit emigration in general, are a dead letter, as far as the men are concerned; but it is imperative in respect to women and children, or, perhaps, more strictly, the manners and feelings of the people themselves, prevent the latter from quitting the country. The person who gives this part of the evidence, and who had resided many years in the British dependencies, states that he had never seen or heard of a female among the emigrants, and never saw a Chinese woman, except at Hué, the capital of Cochin China, where two or three were pointed out as objects of curiosity, who had been kidnapped, and brought there when children. The emigrants, however, without scruple, form connexions with the females of the country, and the descendants of these repeatedly intermarrying with Chinese, are in time not to be distinguished from the genuine Chinese, either in features or complexion. But in countries where the settlers have been only recently established, the disproportion of the sexes is immense. Thus, out of the 6,200 Chinese inhabitants of Sincapore, the number of females is but 360, and even of these, the greater part are Chinese only in name. The number of emigrants who return to China, though considerable, is very small in comparison with the arrivals. Even of those, the greater number come back again. There are resident in the British settlements, Chinese emigrants, men of property, who have visited China, and returned with titles.

The evidence details a great number of facts relative to the culture and exportation of tea, highly worthy of notice. The excellency of the herb is attributed chiefly to the attention paid to its culture; hence it is, that though the tree itself is a hardy plant, thriving under a great variety of climate, the marketable commodity produced from it is very inferior in all other countries to that of China. Like the grape, it also differs in flavour from difference of soil and management, and there is as much difference between the choice teas conveyed overland to Russia, and those sent to Europe, as between the claret and Burgundy wines of France. It is also said that the flavour of the plant is much deteriorated by the sea voyage.

As to the prices, which involves a great political and commercial question, now agitated with much energy, we must refer our readers to the document itself, which will, in this and other respects, amply repay the trouble of disentangling the facts, from the tedious and complicated tissue of question and answer in wh ch they are involved.

The Picture of India; Geographical, Historical, and Descriptive. 2 vols. post 8vo.—London, Whittaker, Treacher and Co.

This is a sensible and valuable compilation, on a subject which is not generally well understood; and which derives additional interest at present, from forming a principal topic of legislative inquiry, consequent upon the approaching application for a renewal of the company's charter. The work embraces a vast variety of information on the history, geography, climate, soil, productions, languages, and condition of the native population, as well as on the relative position of their British governors, and the nature and extent of the European power in India. This part of the subject is put prominently forward in the introduction:—

"Not only the chief commerce, but the actual sovereignty of the greatest and most valuable portion of India, is in our hands; and we exercise a controul over the rest, which, judging from the past, must, if the present state of matters continue, soon assume the name of that sovereignty, of which it is even now the reality. From the evidence of all past history, as well as from the issues of all Indian wars since the British power was what we may call consolidated in India, it may be assumed as true, that there is not a prince within the whole natural limits of the country, not a ruler over any portion of the two hundred millions of inhabitants, but really holds his throne, under whatever name it may be held, by sufferance of British power, and must render it up, upon whatever terms may be proposed, the very first time that that power is manifested against him. It avails nothing to say that patriotism, the spirit of the Indian people, would or may rise up; for in the course of more than two thousand years the people of that country have shown no patriotism; and, though we had not a good reason for arriving at the conclusion upon other grounds, that would be about as strong a proof as such cases admit of, that they have none to shew: and why should they?—it would be of no advantage to them. There might be intrigues, as there have been, arising from the ambition of native adventurers: and, as has been the case before, these might be fomented by other enemies of Britain in times of war; but "the sinews of war" are now under her controul, and without these, little could be done with a people who have been passive in their transfers from one conqueror to another, whether foreign or domestic, since the days of Sesostris.

"This is an extent of empire, or rather a *numerical tale* of subjects, of which the annals of the world hardly afford a parallel. Russia, whose territorial extent is probably the greatest, does not number one third of it; and the greatest empire of antiquity, or that of the Moguls at its utmost extent, was probably still more inferior—at least it is certain

that when the Mogul Emperor happened to be a weak man, half his provinces were in a state of revolt.

"The mere controul of such a multitude of human beings by a regular and resident sovereign, through the medium of ministers and officers who were of the nation, and had, as it were, a hereditary knowledge of their customs and dispositions, would be a most momentous matter, and one would be apt *à priori* to look upon it, as a political machine that would fall to pieces by its own weight; and, if it were a colony, in which the natives, or descendants of the governing state, distant little short of a twenty thousand miles' voyage, were not to the native population, who know nothing about the governing country, in a rate so high as one to six thousand; and furthermore, if the said natives had been a great and a civilized people, for ages before the governing country had had a name among independent nations, the continuance of the colonial government would seem little short of a miracle.

"But vast as the one of those modes of sway would appear, and miraculous as the other, they are not by half so vast or so singular as the government of what is called the British Empire in India. There is no sovereign there, and not so much as a viceroy; and the rulers of those two hundred millions have not necessarily, in virtue of the authority by which they rule, so much as a vote in the meanest parish vestry in England. They are twenty-four private gentleman, who require to have no other status, name, or influence, in their own country, than the possession of as much stock in the company, and as much influence among the stockholders, as shall entitle and enable them to hold office as Directors of 'the United Company of Merchants of England trading to the East Indies.'"

The next six chapters are devoted to a geographical and topographical description of India; the eighth to its mineralogy and soil; the ninth, to its climate and seasons; the tenth, to its scenery and vegetation; the eleventh, to its zoology, and having thus discussed the physical character of continental India, the twelfth and last chapter of the first volume is devoted to the out-settlements of British India, consisting of Ceylon, the Prince of Wales' Island, Singapore, the Andamans, and Macao in China. The second volume treats of the history and population of India; but for the present we shall confine ourselves to the former one, and as a specimen of the light agreeable style in which the book is written, we shall select a portion of the author's description of the elephant, and the mode of catching him, taken from the chapter on the Zoology of India:—

"To give a description of the elephant would seem superfluous: man has been familiar with it from the remotest times; it has been the auxiliary of armies, the pride of princes, the servant of merchants, and one of the chief attractions of every menagerie. All sorts of persons, from the sage to the showman, have thus combined to set forth the appearance, the magnitude, and the sagacity, of the elephant, till, if the brute that roams the thick forests of India could it read, it would really not know its own history. From so many and so interested and ignorant sources, it would be vain to expect any thing either very true or very consistent; and probably the most wild and wretched romance in the circulating library is not a more wide caricature of human nature, than the majority of written accounts are of the elephant.

"As the elephant is the largest, and, estimating him as a mass in motion, the most powerful of land animals, there has been a great tendency to endow him with those superior attributes, which fancy, without regard to the facts, is so very apt to associate with mere magnitude. He has been styled the wisest and the most lofty-spirited of brutes, and his reasoning powers have been stated as more than matter of imputation. As to the reasoning, one fact is decisive: the elephants of the present day have no more understanding than they had in the time of Darius. As for the independence, again, it has just as little foundation: the elephant is at first tamed by fear and starvation; and his motions are directed by an iron hook, which his driver thrusts into his forehead to push him on, and into his ear to turn him aside. The story of their not breeding in confinement, from delicacy or haughtiness, or any other intellectual cause, is not true, as they have bred in that state both in ancient and modern times; and the cause of their doing it so seldom is physical—they are not sufficiently fed, and too hard worked.—Even what is told of a sexual paroxysm taking place at a particular season annually, in male elephants, is not true; for in their native forests the elephants breed at all seasons; and it has been ascertained that the period of gestation in the female is about twenty months and a half. The age to which they live has not been fully ascertained; but there is reason to believe that it is not less than two hundred years. According to the observations that have been made, the maternal feelings of the elephant are very blunt.

"The form and covering of the elephant, are well fitted for enabling it to make its way through jungles and forests. Its head forms a battering ram; and in order that the brain may not suffer pain from the concussion, the frontal sinuses are extended to two large cavities.—The projections formed by those cavities, are probably one of the causes of that imaginary wisdom which is imputed to the elephant, as they lead those who are not acquainted with its structure, to suppose that the cerebral mass is anteriorly very much developed. But the "sagacious facial line" has nothing to do with the brain of the elephant, that organ being remarkably small, not more than one twenty-third of that of the human subject, in proportion to the weight of both. And yet the senses of the animal are wonderfully acute.—Of the sense of taste in animals, we know less than of any of the others; but the great partiality of the elephant for sugar canes, for the sake of which it leaves the forest, and ravages the cultivated fields, and its fondness for sweet things, show that it has a power of election in its eating. The sense of sight is very quick, though, from the position of the eyes, and the shortness and stiffness of the neck, it is limited in its range backwards, except near the ground. It sees the rider, or the load upon it, with difficulty, if at all. Its hearing is very acute, and thus it has a very great discrimination of sounds; and there have been instances of one once domesticated escaping, being taken again in the usual manner, and at once obeying its old keeper, though till then it had given no sign of ever having been in human training, or having the least knowledge of the snare in which it had been formerly caught. Indeed the principal sagacity of the elephant seems to depend upon the power of following a certain sound with a certain act. An elephant, which was, some years ago, butchered in London, probably in consequence of ignorance on the part of those about it, listened to the voice of its keeper, even when it had been irritated and mortally wounded.

"The sense of smell is very wonderful, and is no doubt the one by which the course of the animal is chiefly guided in those places where sight would be useless, and hearing of little more avail, on account of the rustling that itself must make. Thick as the hide of the elephant is, it is far from invulnerable. The insects of the jungles give it a great deal of annoyance, and put it to many shifts in order to get rid of them. Indeed, when left to itself, and where it has plenty of food and water, the hide of the elephant is soft; and it is dry and chapped in confinement, only because the animal does not get proper food, or enough of exercise to promote digestion. With the exception of the human hand, and the express organs of feeling in animals that have to grope for their way and their food, there are few organs in nature in which the sense of touch appears to be more acute and delicate than in the trunk of the elephant, especially in that part of it which serves as a hand."

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"Notwithstanding its great strength, and the formidable weapons with which nature has furnished it, the elephant is a harmless, and even a retiring animal; and, unless when alarmed for its own safety, it wages war upon no other living creature. The extensive and thick forests are its chief abode; and the places of India where it is most abundant are the moist forests in the south-east of Bengal, and some parts of the western Ghauts; but more especially the former. The forests on the Tipera hills, on the south of the Silhet district, have long been the place where the principal continental supply of elephants has been obtained; and there they are still numerous, being found in herds of about a hundred in number. They are, like many of the other animals that live entirely upon vegetables, gregarious; and the herd are generally found to follow the oldest pair as leaders, and to go readily wherever they lead the way. In their marches through those forests, tangled as they are with underwood, sight would be of little avail; and therefore their means of communication are scent and sound. Food, friends, and foes, appear to be detected with great certainty, and at a considerable distance by the former; and the latter also admits of considerable variety. An elephant has three cries. The one is rather clear and shrill—a trumpet note, produced wholly by the trunk, and emitted when the animal is in good humour, and all is safe. The second is a growl or groan, issuing from the mouth, and is the cry of hunger, or an intimation to the rest when one has come upon an abundant supply of food; the third sound is loud as the roaring of the lion; and is the war cry by which the animal prefaces his own hostilities, or calls his associates to his aid. They are seldom found far from each other, unless in the case of males that are expatriated, as is the case with deer and some other animals; and those often quit the forest, and are caught by using three or four tame females

as a decoy. Even alone, in these cases, the beasts of prey—even the tiger, notwithstanding his agility and strength—will hardly venture to attack the elephant. The male receives him on his tusks, tosses him into the air, and stands prepared to stamp his fatal foot upon him, the instant that he touches the ground. The female elephant has no tusks upon which to receive an enemy; but she has the art to fall upon him, and crush him by her weight.

"In their native forests, where they are in herds, the elephants are invincible to all enemies, but man. If one gives an alarm, others hasten to the spot, and where they act in concert, the carnivorous animals keep their distance. In those places man is the only inhabitant of the earth by whom they can be subdued; and he owes his superiority chiefly to an element which the lower animals have never been able to engage in their service. Man, even in his most savage and uncultivated state, rubs one piece of wood against another, till one or both be ignited; he applies the match, so lighted, to a bundle of sticks, or to the reeds, brushwood, or grass, and the stoutest and most daring animals own his sway and shrink from this the symbol of his dominion. When we reflect on the power and the security which this single and simple operation of the lighting of a fire gives to man in those parts of the world that are infested by ferocious animals, we cannot help being struck at the vast superiority which the possession, even of the lowest degree of reason, has over the perfection of mere animal courage and strength.

"What means were used by the ancients for the capture of elephants, we are not informed; but the method now practised is not a little curious; and, probably, it is the same that has been employed, upon a great scale, from time immemorial. A *keddah*, or trap, is formed in some place near to the forest which is the haunt of the elephants. This usually consists of three inclosures. the first of them is of considerable dimensions; the second smaller; and the third leads to a passage so narrow as that a large elephant cannot turn round in it; and they are all very strongly formed of stakes and beams; and the large ones, except at the entrances, are fortified by deep ditches. Those ditches are on the inside, and the earth which is dug out of them forms a high bank, upon the top of which are the palisadoes. The principal entrance is so formed that it seems merely an opening through the bushes—a passage by which the huge animals may escape from that annoyance, by which they are driven into captivity.

"To get the elephants into this keddah is a matter of nice management, as well on account of their power as of their timidity, and the acuteness of their hearing and smell. Men who are familiar with the forests, and know their haunts, are employed to find them out; and that being done, the herd is surrounded with a cordon of pickets, who open communications with each other, and keep fires constantly burning. As soon as the herd is surrounded, another inclosure is formed in advance toward the keddah. It is made smaller than the first, and formed only to a semicircle; and when that is done, the former pickets open out to both sides, till the two inclosures are united. The next step is to bring up the rear of the first inclosure, which is done by beating drums, shouting, waving firebrands, and every other means by which animals that are so retiring as the elephant can be annoyed. Care must be taken, however, that the herd is not alarmed; for were that the case, it would dash through the cordon, and not merely escape, but be fatal to the pickets. It is, therefore, urged on so gently as that it merely moves away from the noise, but continues to browse the leaves and twigs as it moves along. In this slow and cautious manner the elephants are brought forward till the entrance of the keddah forms part of the circle. When they are brought there, the noise toward the rear is redoubled, and the motion of the whole accelerated, till the leaders of the herd enter into the opening, which they do with some caution; but the moment that they have done it, they are followed by all the rest, upon which the opening is strongly barricadoed, and fortified on the outside by a line of fire, which is also extended along the greater part of the inclosure, excepting towards the second one, that being the direction in which the herd is intended to be driven.

"In passing them from this inclosure to the next one, it is necessary to use expedition, as they generally presume that there is danger, and sometimes break through every thing and escape. Accordingly, a constant display of noise, fire, and smoke, is kept up, by voices, drums, guns, flaming and crackling branches of green bamboos, and every device that can increase the effect. The animals take several turns round the first inclosure, with a view of escaping; but they are assailed at every point with demonstrations of fire, by which they are at length driven into the second inclosure, and that is shut upon them in the same way, and guarded by the same means. Around that the noise is redoubled, in order to urge them on to the third.

"As that is usually much smaller than the others, and presents no opening by which they may escape, even to another place of confinement, the animals now find that they are completely in the snare, and their indignation knows no bounds. Their roarings drown the clamour by which they are surrounded, and they rush towards the ditch and the palisadoes in all directions, with so much impetus and fury, that hardly any contrivance of man would appear able to resist them. The people are, however, upon the alert, and their assault is stopped by the great enemy, fire. The contest is carried on till the animals are completely fatigued, and have recourse to a tank, or drain of water, which is prepared for the purpose in order to quench their thirst and lave their throbbing sides, which latter operation they perform by squirting the water all over them with their trunks. But, though exhausted, they are not yet subdued; they growl and threaten, and often attempt to escape; but the fire and the clamour meet them whenever they approach the fence, and they subside into a sullen humour.

"Their hunger is now worked upon; and though some food be given them, they may be considered as tantalized rather than fed. When they have been kept in this manner for a greater or less number of days, according to the humour which they evince, the bars that close up the narrow passage are withdrawn; food is thrown in by some men on a scaffold over the opening, and one of the elephants is tempted to enter. The door closes behind him, is instantly barricadoed against him, and there is no return. He cannot advance far, in consequence of bars that are put across a little in front of him, and he cannot turn round. He, therefore, tries the battering-ram—first, backwards, against the gate, in order that he may join his brethren; and then forward against the bars. But as an elephant once brought thus far is reckoned a prize, and as it is known that the efforts which he will make for the regaining of his liberty will be pretty much in proportion to his value, the barriers are made proportionably strong, and he is left to exhaust himself in powerful, but unavailing, attacks upon the bars."

In the chapter on scenery and cultivation, we noticed the following observation on the similarity of a custom of the Cachmereens, and our own dear Irish mountaineers:—

"It is rather a singular coincidence, that the candle of the peasantry on the hills to the south of Cachmere, and that of those of some parts of the high lands of Scotland and of Ireland should be the same—namely, a slip of the central part of a pine; and the only thing wanting to render the coincidence perfect, is, that the candle of the Scots and the Irish is ancient, and dug out of the bog, while that of the Indian is recent. The herbaceous oil plants, such as flax and mustard, as well as those that are raised for the sake of more pungent or aromatic oils, fall more naturally within the description of Hindû industry."

We hope to return to these interesting volumes soon again, and recommend them strongly to the attention of all who wish for popular information on the subject of British India, in an agreeable form and in brief compass. The volumes are beautifully brought out, and embellished with an excellent map, and several engravings and woodcuts. They are also done up in cotton boards after a new fashion, in imitation of vellum, and with the pleasant flavour of Russia leather. At least our own copy is one of the prettiest and most odorous of the mountain of books upon our table.

The Library of Entertaining Knowledge, vol. 5. Part 1. The New Zealanders. London: Knight.

This work forms No. 9. of the Library of entertaining Knowledge, and contains an abstract of the information received on this interesting nation of savages from Tasman, the first discoverer of New Zealand, Cook, De Surville, Marion, down to Captain Dillon, whose narrative we lately reviewed, and chiefly making a text book of the adventures of John Rutherford an English sailor, who lived several years in the country, and only returned to England in the year 1828. The introduction to the work is a sensible well written Essay on the progressive civilization of nations, bearing particularly on New Zealand, and animadverts severely upon the conduct of Colonists in general, both ancient and modern, in blindly oppressing and than vilifying the aborigines of the countries which they visit. Some scandalous instances of such want of principle are given in the course of the book, we choose that of M. De Surville, who is represented as a man of talent and courage, and yet the respect every where due to human nature seems to have ceased with him, as with others, when out of the pale of European laws.

"During the gale, a boat, in which were the invalids of De Surville's crew, in attempting to make from the shore to the ship, was very nearly lost; but contrived at last to get into a small creek, which hence received the name of

Refuge Cove. As soon as they had arrived here, the sick men were sent on shore; and nothing could exceed the kindness with which they were received and treated, during their stay, by Naginoui, the chief or lord of the adjoining village. They remained in his care, having his house for their home, and feeding upon his bounty (for he would accept of no remuneration for the refreshments with which he supplied them,) till the storm was over; and then, on the 29th, they got back in safety to the ship. But this conduct of the humane and generous New Zealander was soon after cruelly requited by the French commander. Having missed one of his small boats during the storm. De Surville was induced from some circumstances to believe that the natives had stolen it; and he determined to be avenged for this supposed injury. Seeing, therefore, one of the chiefs walking on the shore, he made him a signal from the ship, and with many professions of friendship invited him to come on board—which, however, the unsuspecting savage had no sooner done than he found himself a prisoner. Not satisfied with this treachery, De Surville next gave orders that a village which he pointed out should be set on fire; and it was accordingly burned to the ground. It was the very village in which the sick seamen had a few days before been so liberally entertained; and the chief who had been ensnared on board the ship was their host Naginoui. Immediately after this infamous transaction, De Surville left New Zealand, carrying the chief with him. But Naginoui did not long survive his separation from his country; he died of a broken heart, on the 24th of March, 1770, when the ship was off the island of Juan Fernandez, on her way to Peru."

How different was the conduct of Captain Cook! The very name excites a thrill of pleasure at the recollection of the years of our childhood, when we first read, with such boyish avidity, the simple striking narrative of that great navigator's manly and humane conduct. At his sight all the natives danced and sang for joy, as at seeing a tutelary divinity, and such was the correctness of his observation, and that of the gentlemen with him, that little has been effected since his time beyond confirming his accounts.

"As soon as I got hold of the voyage of the English," says M. Crozet, "I compared with care the chart which I had drawn of the portion which we ran along of the coast of New Zealand, with that taken by Captain Cook and his officers. I found it to possess an exactness and minuteness which astonished me beyond all expression. I doubt whether our own coasts of France have been delineated with more precision."

The narrative proceeds with a rapid sketch of the navigators who at different periods visited it, and gives an appalling account of the massacres perpetrated by the natives on the crews of different vessels, who had given the natives real or imaginary cause of offence, and we find but too strong a confirmation of the practice of revolting Cannibalism prevailing among them, which in itself must very much retard the civilization of the country. We take the following extract from Rutherford's narrative:

"There were at this time about three hundred of the natives on the deck, with Aimy, the chief, in the midst of them; every man armed with a green stone, slung with a string around his waist. This weapon they call a 'mery;' the stone being about a foot long, flat, and of an oblong shape, having both edges sharp, and a handle at the end: they use it for the purpose of killing their enemies, by striking them on the head. Smoke was now observed rising from several of the hills; and the natives appearing to be mustering on the beach from every part of the bay, the captain grew much afraid, and desired us to loosen the sails, and make haste down to get our dinners, as he intended to put to sea immediately. As soon as we had dined, we went aloft, and I proceeded to loosen the jib. At this time, none of the crew were on deck except the captain and the cook, the chief mate being employed in loading some pistols at the cabin table. The natives seized this opportunity of commencing an attack upon the ship. First, the chief threw off the mat which he wore as a cloak, and, brandishing a tomahawk in his hand, began a war-song, when all the rest immediately threw off their mats, likewise, and, being entirely naked, began to dance with such violence, that I thought they would have stove in the ship's deck. The captain, in the meantime, was leaning against the companion, when one of the natives went unperceived behind him, and struck him three or four blows on the head with a tomahawk, which instantly killed him. The cook, on seeing him attacked, ran to his assistance, but was immediately murdered in the same manner. I now sat down on the jib-boom, with tears in my eyes, and trembling with terror. Here I next saw the chief mate come running up the companion ladder, but before he reached the deck he was struck on the back of the neck in the same manner as the captain and the cook had been. He fell with the blow, but did not die immediately. A number of the natives now rushed in at the cabin door, while others jumped down through the skylight, and others were employed in cutting the lan-yards of the rigging of the stays. At the same time, four of our crew jumped overboard off the foreyard, but were picked up by some canoes that were coming from the shore, and immediately bound hand and foot. The natives now mounted the rigging, and drove the rest of the crew down, all of whom were made prisoners. One of the chiefs beckoned to me to come to him, which I immediately did, and surrendered myself. We were then put all together into a large canoe, our hands being tied; and the New Zealanders searching us, took from us our knives, pipes, tobacco-boxes, and various other articles. The two dead bodies, and the wounded mate, were thrown into the canoe along with us. The mate groaned terribly, and seemed in great agony, the tomahawk having cut two inches deep into the back of his neck; and all the while one of the natives, who sat in the canoe with us, kept licking the blood from the wound with his tongue. Meantime, a number of women who had been left in the ship had jumped overboard, and were swimming to the shore, after having cut her cable, so that she drifted, and ran aground on the bar near the mouth of the river. The natives had not sense to shake the reefs out of the sails, but had chopped them off along the yards with their tomahawks, leaving the reefed part behind. The pigs, which we had bought from them, were many of them killed on board, and carried ashore, dead in the canoes, and others were thrown overboard alive, and attempted to swim to the land; but many of them were killed in the water by the natives, who got astride on their backs, and then struck them on the head with their merys. Many of the canoes came to the land loaded with plunder from the ship; and numbers of the natives quarrelled about the division of the spoil, and fought and slew each other. I observed too, that they broke up our water-casks for the sake of the iron hoops. While all this was going on, we were detained in the canoe; but at last, when the sun was set, they conveyed us on shore to one of the villages, where they tied us by the hands to several small trees. The mate had expired before we got on shore, so that there now remained only twelve of us alive. The three dead bodies were then brought forward, and hung up by the heels to the branch of a tree, in order that the dogs might not get at them. A number of large fires were kindled on the beach, for the purpose of giving light to the canoes, which were employed all night in going backward and forward between the shore and the ship, although it rained the greater part of the time."

No provocation seems to have been given to these people, and one would almost suppose that the only incentive was their diabolical lust for human flesh, what follows, we think, would have converted even Rousseau from his dream of the perfections of savages.

"At length, one of the chiefs spoke to one of the natives who was seated on the ground, and the latter immediately rose, and, taking his tomahawk in his hand, went and killed the other six men who were tied to the trees. They groaned several times as they were struggling in the agonies of death, and at every groan the natives burst out into great fits of laughter. We could not refrain from weeping for the sad fate of our comrades, not knowing, at the same time, whose turn it might be next. Many of the natives, on seeing our tears, laughed aloud, and brandished their merys at us."

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"We got up next morning as soon as it was day-light, as did also the two chiefs, and went and sat down outside the house. Here we found a number of women busy in making baskets of green flax, into some of which, when they were finished, the bodies of our messmates, that had been cooking all night, were put, while others were filled with potatoes, that had been preparing by a similar process. I observed some of the children tearing the flesh from the bones of our comrades, before they were taken from the fires. A short time after this the chiefs assembled, and, having seated themselves on the ground, the baskets were placed before them, and they proceeded to divide the flesh among the multitude, at the rate of a basket among so many. They also sent us a basket of potatoes and some of the flesh, which resembled pork; but instead of partaking of it we shuddered at the very idea of such an unnatural and horrid custom, and made a present of it to one of the natives."

Rutherford's narrative continues to the end of this part, and is illustrated and confirmed by the accounts of the other navigators we have mentioned, and also by reports sent by the missionaries. There is a circumstantial account of the ceremony of tattooing, which is performed here in a much more sanguinary manner than in other countries; and which the author describes as having existed

among our own ancestors, the Gauls and Britons, as well as the Scythians and other barbarous nations. The natural productions of New Zealand are also described, and the uses to which they are applied by the natives.

The second part of the volume contains the narrative of Rutherford continued, with remarks from other writers, illustrative of his accounts; he lived among the New Zealanders ten years wanting two months, married two wives, and at length escaped, on being sent by the natives on board an American vessel, which he was to entice into the same place where the massacre of the crew of his own ship had been committed; but, as might be expected, he warned them of the intentions of the people, and sailed away with them. After divers other adventures, among which we may reckon his introduction to Pedro, emperor of Brazil, he returned to England, and has left it again for Otaheite, where he has another wife. Several other Europeans are mentioned as living at present in New Zealand, who are generally well treated by the natives; and there is an account of some of the latter who have visited England. Two of them, it seems, are in England now, at Derby, having been lately ill of the measles, a disease which generally attacks the natives of the South Sea islands. The work ends by a comparative view of civilized and uncivilized nature, which is ably and judiciously written; but we certainly are of opinion, that the work of civilization in that country, must needs be very gradual, so many obstacles present themselves in the character and habits of the natives. Their character is brave, but given to much boasting of their bravery, dotingly attached to their families, whom they generally spoil by over indulgence, unmindful of the distinctions of property, which they appropriate to themselves, per fas et nefas, carrying the dreadful law of *talion* to such a pitch, that peace need never be expected in the land till the extirpation of one half by the other; naturally shrewd and observant, they often embarrass Europeans by their questions.

They are made of good materials, were they once moulded by religion to a more rational and moral form. We take leave of this little book, which we have read with considerable pleasure, and recommend it to our young readers, who may be fond of descriptions of foreign countries; it contains a tolerable share of matter to make their hair stand on end, which we well remember was a great inducement to ourselves to read a book, 'in our hot youth, some forty years ago.' It is, however, written in rather a rambling discursive sort of style, and too much space is, we think, allotted to the subject of the volume. There is a map of New Zealand, and forty-six wood-cuts in illustration of the text.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Waverley Novels; Vol. XII. New edition.—Edinburgh, Cadell and Co.; and Simpkin and Marshall, London.

THIS volume contains the continuation of the Heart of Mid-Lothian: there is little of particular interest in the notes, except, perhaps, the account of the office of "doomster," or pronouncer of doom, formerly an important functionary in the justiciary courts of Scotland. The brief historical notice of the Duke of Argyle is also interesting. The embellishments are good: the frontispiece by Kidd, represents the collyshangie between Dumbiedykes, Mrs. Balchristie, and Jeanie, when the latter goes to call upon the laird before setting out to London. We have observed, that on the four different occasions on which Jeanie makes her appearance in the course of these embellishments, she is quite a different person each time, and certainly none of the artists have yet come up to our ideas of the original. But Jeanie is a great favourite of ours, and it would be very hard to please us. In the present portrait, which is, we think, the best; she is a fat, contented, sonsie-looking lassie. The vignette of this volume, (by Stephanoff and H. Rolls,) depicts Madge Wildfire and Jeanie on their walk, after Jeanie's escape from Madge's mother and the robbers.

The History of France and Normandy, from the accession of Clovis to the Battle of Waterloo. By W. C. Taylor, author of the Historical Miscellany, &c.—London, Whittaker, Treacher and Co.

A good compendium of the history of France, for the use of youthful cultivators of Minerva, or of Clio rather, was much wanted, and the desideratum is here ably supplied. The plan adopted is that of Pinnock's editions of Goldsmith's histories, each chapter being divided into numbered sections, and closed by a series of questions corresponding to these numbers, formed so as to try satisfactorily the reader's attention, and prove his knowledge of what he has read. At the back of the book is a full and particular genealogical table of the Merovingian, Carlovingian, and Capetian sovereigns of France, followed by a list of the princes of the houses of Valois and Bourbon, and a general chronological index of the Gaulic history from the defeat of the Romans by Clovis, in A.D. 486, to the restoration of the Bourbons, in 1815. An excellent little map of France, engraved by Sidney Hall, is prefixed, and altogether the volume is extremely perfect and complete, for the purpose for which it is intended.

A Manual of the Economy of the Human Body. For the use of general Readers.—Edinburgh, D. Lizars.—London, Whittaker, Treacher and Co.—Dublin, Curry and Co.

SOME knowledge of the structure and functions of the different parts of our own frame, is, doubtless, desirable; and here we have the requisite information sensibly and satisfactorily supplied. We are disposed to concur with Dr. Spurzheim, that the physical part of the human economy is too apt to be forgotten in the eagerness of our thirst for intellectual improvement, especially in the case of young children.

Who would not rather have a fine, healthy, happy, blooming, mischievous little rogue, who does not know B from a bull's foot at seven, than a poor, puny, peevish, pigmy, puling peel-garlick, with all the seven sciences in his bilious brain? Give us exercise and open air—a merry heart, sweet temper, and cheerful countenance, and let the schoolmaster go hang for the first dozen years at all events. The Manual is a good book, about the body and diseases, and physic, and the like. We hate physic, and know nothing of disease.

An Essay on the Book of Genesis, written for the use of Parents and Teachers. Dublin, Wakeman, 12mo. pp. 66.

THIS is a very well meant little Essay, intended to remove or to reconcile the apparent incongruities in the Mosaic account of the Creation. It seems to be written by a lady. The author principally quoted, in addition to the Sacred Scriptures themselves, is Josephus. There is no great depth of reading or of critical acumen, apparent in the production, but it is a plain sensible little Essay, judiciously compiled, and may be read with great advantage by those of the young who feel any doubts or scruples respecting the narrative contained in the first book of the Pentateuch.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The Monthly Magazine, for May.—London, Whittaker, Treacher, and Co.

THIS is really an excellent Magazine in general, and the present number sustains its character well. With the politics, which naturally form so prominent a topic in it, we have of course nothing to do. There is a very long paper on the United States of America, and the British West Indies, compiled chiefly it would seem from Basil Hall's 'two guinea' book on America. "The Pressed Man" is an interesting sea story, and the Devonshire Bull an amusing account in doggrel verse, of the entertainment given by the Duke to the gentry of Youghal and its neighbourhood, when he visited his estates in the South of Ireland. The usual notices and lists are very full and satisfactory in this Magazine, which is evidently got up with great care, as well as considerable ability.

The British Magazine for May. London, Westley and Davis.

VARIED, interesting, and excellent, as usual. The British only wants a slight additional dash of vigour and spicyness about it, to make it our decided favourite of all the London Magazines. It professes to be intended peculiarly to "pass into *families*" as more general in its character than Magazines that are exclusively religious, and more solid and beneficial than those that are merely literary. This character it maintains admirably well.

The Harmonicon.

The character of this interesting musical periodical had somewhat sunk in our opinion, by the comparative poverty of the last few numbers; but that for the present month has redeemed its former reputation, and is full of amusing and useful matter. The "Extracts from the Diary of a Dilettante," are as entertaining as usual; and the Foreign Musical Report full of interest to every one anxious for information as to the state of music and theatricals on the Continent. The memoirs selected for the present number are those of Harrison and Bartleman, both eminent vocalists in their day. We shall continue to notice this periodical occasionally, as it affords much information on a science always so delightful, and now so generally cultivated. Even the abstruser principles of music are often treated in the Harmonicon with great ability, and the criticisms are generally conducted with impartiality and skill.

Fraser's Magazine for May.

There is a great deal of liveliness and learning, and 'tipsy jollity,' in this number, and, on the whole, rather less of the offensive than usual. It is infinitely audacious, however, of the Editor in the very first lines of his preliminary preface, to insinuate, as he does in the broadest and most unhandsome manner, that WE, the hoary-headed sage, who sit in secrecy and solitude, the sole presiding spirit of the DUBLIN LITERARY GAZETTE, are in fact and truth, the veritable and venerable Christophorus North, of Blackwood's Magazine. Now upon our honour, (and here we lay our claw upon our left breast solemnly, as the eagle did in Daniel O'Rourke's vision,) no man that knows us, ever called us Kit in our life. We waive the epithet "illustrious," as not comporting with that native modesty, amounting even to timidity and bashfulness, for which Irishmen are, and have been always and everywhere, conspicuous, and none more so than the learned Doctor of either law, whose prose and verse effusions contribute so mainly to the spirit and cleverness of Fraser. We observe, too, in the same preliminary discourse, the Editor takes the credit of first exposing Mr. Robert Montgomery's shallow pretensions to poetical ability, all to himself, though he knows full well "'twas WE that did it."

Blackwood's Magazine, for May.

ALL the London papers are running Blackwood down, because they are in the interest, we suppose, of the Monthly and Fraser: they flatter themselves, too, that we are to give them a helping hand, because we have occasionally thrown them a bone to break their teeth upon. But let the rogues beware: we can write Ebony up in a fortnight at any time, for he has the *materiel* in him, and only wants a little judicious management to make and keep him 'the first of the Magazines' yet.—We'd trouble any, or all, of the others put together, to say some of the things put into the mouth of the shepherd in the last Noctes.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

HORÆ GERMANICÆ.

MUSIC AND POETRY.

My dear President,

Having had occasion to observe that German subjects find favour in your eyes, I trust that circumstance will be deemed sufficient apology for troubling you with the following remarks on Weber's celebrated Opera of the Freischütz—the *eternal* Freischütz, as it has somewhat flippantly been termed, by persons who forgot, doubtless, that that expression, when more gravely, and, as appears probable, when truly applied, conveys in fact the highest possible compliment which can be paid to the composer of that wonderful opera.

Much as this subject may appear to have been already exhausted, the following observations will not, I hope, be found entirely destitute of interest; more particularly as they are meant to extend to the *German Text* of the Opera (not improperly so called) by KIND; with which the Irish (and the English) public are, as yet, very imperfectly acquainted.

Kind informs us, that he had written this opera for his friend Carl Maria von Weber, in 1817; and that it appeared, for the first time, at Berlin, on the 18th of June, 1821, under the immediate direction of its talented composer; and afterwards at Vienna, in November of the same year. It would appear, therefore, that four years had elapsed between the completion of the frame-work of the opera, and the presenting it to an enraptured public—clothed in all the richness of a genius original like Weber's. Whether the whole of this period had been found necessary by him to its composition or not, is doubtful; as it was the first opera produced at the new Theatre-Royal of Berlin—and its representation had, probably, been delayed for that purpose.

It was in the autumn of 1822, when this opera was in full vogue, that I first visited Germany. Wherever I went, the first question I was asked was, probably, "are you fond of music?"—to which I as invariably answered in the affirmative; the next was sure to be, "have you seen the Freischütz?" My curiosity was thus excited; but it was some time before I had an opportunity of gratifying it to the fullest extent, in consequence of having taken up my residence, for the first few months, in a remote village—far from the resort of men; for the purpose of acquiring the language "more obscurely and courageously," as Bottom expresses it, under the auspices of a worthy pastor of the Lutheran church. Yet even here it was permitted me to sip of that stream of delight, the full fountain of which was playing on the more favored society of the metropolis: for, as the pastor, his family and myself, might be seen reposing, after the fatigues of an early dinner, and enjoying—he, his invariable luxury of the pipe—and we, as suited best our taste or inclination, our cup of coffee, or our glass of Rhenish—a troop of wandering Bohemians, returning homewards for the winter, was almost certain daily to arrive at the pastor's door; and seldom did we require much solicitation to induce us to listen to the harmonious strains with which they willingly regaled us for a few *groschen*. I say scarce a day passed, during the autumn, that we were not serenaded in this way; some of their bands, consisting of some half dozen instruments, were excellent; and in this way did I first become acquainted with the music of the Freischütz.

During the winter, however, I had frequent opportunities of witnessing its representation at the theatre in the *alte Stadt*.—Long after the novelty had worn off, and when the enthusiasm of a small community might be supposed to have subsided, it continued to be represented regularly every Sunday evening, with tumultuous approbation. The overture was invariably encored.

I returned to England full of the Freischütz, of which I had brought a copy of the music in my portmanteau, and of the text in my pocket. Whomsoever I met, I attacked, open-mouthed, about the Freischütz! The name struck them as something very barbarous; and, when I developed the plot, and insisted on the sublimity of the music, I was answered that the former was out of the question for the English stage; but that *if* the music really *were* good, it would most likely be *introduced* in some other shape. I must confess, I was obliged to adopt this opinion myself; for, although I recollected, in my younger days, having been delighted with the horrors of the wood demon, (the story of which, by the bye, is evidently derived from the same source as the Freischütz;) yet, that an English audience would be carried, by the love of music, to tolerate the enormities of the *leibhaftigen* Zamiel, the blasphemies of Caspar, and the staggering absurdities of the incantation scene, was a thing not then dreamt of in my philosophy.

I shall mention a trifling incident, which occurred to me soon after my return from Germany; and which, I think, pretty clearly proves how little the appearance of the Freischütz in England was anticipated about this time. I was invited to an evening musical party in London, where the fair daughter of the house was a great proficient on the harp. After a few preliminary efforts of the minor performers, she was, of course, requested to play; and, having sounded a note or two of solemn preparation—to warn us that something *distingué* might be expected, proceeded to play a very fine piece of music, with much taste and execution; and at its conclusion received the well-merited compliments of all present—none of whom had been more delighted with her performance than myself, who was not the less so, that I recognised, in the piece she had been playing, that march in the Freischütz which immediately precedes the Laughing Chorus. On expressing to her my gratification and surprise, at being so unexpectedly favored with any of the music of that opera—"Friedgits!" she exclaimed—"Oh dear, no! I assure you, you are mistaken; that was Bochsa's new grand march for the harp!" In vain did I assure my fair friend that, in that case, Bochsa must have taken it from the Freischütz—the idea was scouted; "it was his own—it was original!" I could not allow this delusion to last, whilst it was in my power to dissipate it; so, without a word more, I took my hat, and sallying forth to my lodgings, I speedily returned in triumph to the party, with Freischütz under my arm, without having been missed. It was not long before I found an opportunity to request the fair musician to play me an air which I set before her. She began, she continued, and ended, almost note for note, the same march she had before been playing. When she had finished, she enquired, "Why—what book is this?" "This book," said I, "my dear Mademoiselle, is the Freischütz." This was conclusive; but Bochsa could not have imagined detection so near at hand.

At length, however, the foggy coldness of John Bull was destined to yield before the sunny influence of Weber:—the Freischütz was produced at the English Opera-House in the summer of 1824. I attended on the first night of its performance, and was witness to the unusual circumstance of an overture being encored by an English audience; such was the power of this wonderful master. The piece was most favourably received; supported, as it was, by the talents of Braham and Miss Paton, in the principal singing parts.

So great was its success, that it was immediately brought out at both the great winter theatres, with increased splendour; and afterwards, in some shape or other, at almost every minor theatre in London. Although the large houses were enabled to surpass the English Opera in magnificence of decoration, and in the strength of the choruses, it is due to the minor establishment to say, that it had the merit of producing the Freischütz, in stricter conformity to the original German Opera, and of retaining much more of the original music.

Even here, however, great liberties were taken with the important character of Caspar—the music of which was obliged to be entirely omitted, (a great detriment to the piece,) to suit it to the tragic capabilities of Mr. Bennett. The effect of this character was, in fact, completely destroyed in consequence; as I shall have occasion to shew at a future opportunity, when giving a translation from the original, of the scene between Caspar and Max, in which the former, gradually, and with much art, succeeds in working the latter to his purposes.

R.

Dublin, May, 1830.

THE HUNTER OF THE ALPS.

From the German of Schiller.

BY JOSEPH SNOW.

"Wilt thou not the lambkins cherish,
"Lambkins still so weak and mild,
"That the blossoms only, nourish,
"Growing on the brook's-edge wild?"
"Mother, mother, let me fly,
"To hunt upon the mountains high."

"Wilt thou not the herds together
"With thy bugle's brisk note bring?
"Oh! 'tis sweet in stilly weather,
"To hear in the woods their small bells ring."
"Mother, mother, let me fly,
"To scale the wild, dark hills, so high."

"Wilt thou not thy friendless flowers
"Foster in their lonely beds?
"Ah! without are no fair bowers;
"Rude 'tis on the bleak hills' heads."
"Let them blossom, let them blow,—
"Mother, mother, I must go."

And boy-like, bent on his soul's passion,
Forth a-hunting rushes he;
Fearless, swift, his footsteps flash on
O'er the mountains wild and free;
For far before, o'er flood and fell,
Fearless sweeps a fleet gazelle.

Up the cliff's bare ribs so black, she
Climbs, and leaps, and lithely swings,
O'er bristling crags, and yawning cracks, she
Madly in her wild flight flings;
But in vain! for followed too,
Her fierce foe, with loud halloo.

Now, upon the rock's last peak she
Hangs far o'er the outer ledge,
Where for further path when seeks she,
Nought she sees but a black gulph's edge:
Below 'twas dark, and deep, and drear,
Behind—alas! grim death was near.

With misery's mute glance, despairing,
Sues she, seeks she backward flight;
But still in vain, for swift, unsparing,
Springs her reckless foe in sight;
When sudden! upward from that depth,
The mountain spirit sternly swept.

And as within his spectral arms
Shelter sought that sad gazelle,
"Here why rouse such dire alarms?"
Shouted he with gestures fell;
"There's room for all on plain and rock,
Why follow here my harmless flock?"

Cork, May, 1830.

TO EMMA.

FROM SCHILLER.

Far, in the misty distance, far
Have fled the joys of former days;
Now only as a dewy star
Lingers on them my tearful gaze;
For, like the heavenly orbs, their light
Shine only to me, thro' the night.

Wrapt in eternal sleep thou art,
Involved with death's all-binding chain;
Yet I behold thee in my heart,
Where grief hath bid thee live again—
But ah! it is thy shade alone,
For me love's bliss is ever flown.

The cares of love, with transports rife—
Can these, oh! Emma—these not last?
E'en as the fleeting things of life,
Emma! can love be ever past?
Does its celestial warmth decay,
And fade like earthly fires away?

SHAFER.

Belfast, 5th May, 1830.

Yesterday the Marquis of Donegall, attended by the members of the Natural History Society, laid the foundation-stone of the Belfast Museum. In the stone was deposited a bottle containing the current coins of the realm, copies of the various papers that have been published by the Belfast Natural-History Society, and four verses from the 12th chapter of the book of Job, in fifteen different languages, namely:—Hebrew, Greek, Irish, Welsh, Arabic, Latin, Italian, German, Danish, Spanish, Portuguese, French, Romaic, German-Hebrew, and English.

With these there was a paper containing the following inscription:

MUSEI BELFASTANI
Fundamenta Prima
Præsentibus
Societatis Historiæ Naturalis apud Belfastam
Sociis, Aliisque multis scientiæ faventibus
qui ad hoc opus pecuniam contulerant;
Locavit
Vir Honoratissimus
GEORGIUS AUGUSTUS CHICHESTER
MARCHIO de DONEGALL
IV. Non. Maias
MDCCCXXX
Rege Augustissimo Georgio IV.
Annum Regni XI.
Agente.

The intention of the verses from the Bible, in so many languages, is, that after the lapse of many centuries they may possibly serve, like the Rosetta stone of Egypt, to unlock the mysteries of languages and books, then no longer spoken or understood.

ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.

A general stated meeting of this Academy, was held on the 15th instant, previous to the opening of the exhibition, which is now prepared for the inspection of His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, after which it will be open to the public. We have great pleasure in being able to state that the exhibition will, we doubt not, be considered a most creditable display of native talents.

A letter having been read from Robert Hamilton, Esq. presenting the Academy with a beautiful picture of the Rape of Proserpine, painted on marble by the Cavaliero D'Arpino, a resolution of grateful acknowledgement was unanimously passed to that worthy patron and lover of the fine arts. This valuable gift is the more to be esteemed, as being the first work of the kind that has been given to the Academy.

A letter having also been read from Mr. Thomas Bell, presenting to the library of the Academy, a copy of his essay on Gothic architecture, a resolution of thanks for the gift was accordingly passed; after which the Academy proceeded to an election, by ballot, to fill up two of the four vacancies open in the list of associates, when from seventeen candidates, Mr. John Smyth, sculptor, and Mr. George Francis Mulvany, portrait painter, were declared *unanimously* elected. This selection should be considered as highly honorable to both of the gentlemen chosen, it being the second time that Mr. Smyth has won this distinction, having forfeited his place by an accidental non-compliance with the rules of the Academy, and Mr. G. F. Mulvany having but just arrived at the age which renders him eligible.

THE DRAMA.

Our Theatre has been closed for the last week, but re-opens on Monday next for the after-season. The only novelty yet announced, is "the talented and colossal elephant," as the bills express it; we should hope, however, that the attraction will not long be confined to the performances of Miss D'Geck, which, however talented, are scarcely fitted for a national theatre, and cannot exactly satisfy the lovers of the legitimate Drama. A new Opera called "*Hofer, the Tell of the Tyrol,*" was produced at Drury-lane Theatre, on the 1st inst. with great eclat; the music is an adaptation from Rossini's William Tell, and the principal parts are sustained by Madame Vestris, and Mr. Sinclair.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET.

THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

Royal and saintly Cashel! I would gaze
Upon the wreck of thy departed powers,
Not in the dewy light of matin hours,
Nor the meridian pomp of summer's blaze,
But at the close of dim autumnal days;
When the sun's parting glance through slanting showers,
Sheds o'er thy rock-throned pediments and towers,
Such awful gleams as brighten on decay's
Prophetic cheek.—At such a time, methinks
There breathes from thy lone courts and voiceless aisles
A melancholy moral, such as sinks
On the worn traveller's heart, amid the piles
Of vast Persepolis on her mountain stand,
Or Thebes half buried in the desart's sand.

A. de V.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ROSSI.

LOVE AND INNOCENCE.

To Innocence said cunning Love,
'One moment lend thy little dove,'
That I may sport with it awhile.
Innocence with ready smile,
Gave her treasure to the boy;
Who with most perfidious joy,
At the instant loosed the string
That confined the favourite's wing.
So Innocence, as in dismay,
She saw her dear bird fly away;
From that melancholy hour,
Swore enmity to Cupid's power.

M. de V——.

STANZAS.

When morning sheds the first pale ray,
That paints the misty fields with grey,
When the lowly king-cup wakes from rest,
And flings the dew-drop from its breast;
When from his moss-entwined bed,
The hare puts forth his anxious head,
Timidly sniffing the matin air,
As 'twere afraid to leave his lair:
Oh! then remember me!
Ere the busy scenes of life
Awakening men to noise and strife,
Steal the hour's witchery.

When sultry sol his utmost height
Has reached in the meridian bright,
While in the hazel-covert close
The stag his languid body throws,
Where the brook in music wild
Babbles sweetly as a child;
And panting nature earth doth bless
With luxury of happiness:
Oh! then remember me!
Hushed is the throstle's liquid throat,
Nor heard the blackbird's shriller note—
Nor linnet's minstrelsy.

When evening still and melancholy,
Lulls the soul to visions holy,
And warbling birds on every spray,
Requiem the fading day;
When the dewy tints of even
Melt sea with sky, and earth with heaven,
And the calmness of the whole
Sinks like religion on the soul:
Oh! then remember me!
On such an eve, at such an hour,
Remember one who sought thy bower,
Happy in nought but thee.

S. E. de V.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, &c.

We understand that Mr. Pitcairn is preparing for publication, a limited impression of an Historical and Genealogical Account of the principal families of the name of Kennedy, from a MS. in the Advocates' Library, written before 1610, with Notes and Illustrations. Mr. Pitcairn's object in printing these Memoirs, is to illustrate the Auchindrane trial, which will be given in Part VI. of his collection of Criminal Records. The narratives interspersed with this trial, afford the fullest account of the deadly feuds which gave rise to a series of bloodshed and violence, of which Sir Walter Scott has afforded but a faint outline in his preface to the Drama of Auchindrane. There are few things more extraordinary in the Scottish annals than this family history, disclosing as it does, a state of society in Carrick, of which few persons had any previous knowledge or idea. Literally every man's hand was "against his brother." The houses of Cassillis, Bargany, and Colzean, having separate interests, and each struggling for the mastery were involved in perpetual broils. The story of Auchindrane, interesting and unique as it certainly is, was a mere interlude to the general Melée. The Life of Alex. Alexander, written by himself, and edited by John Howell, author of "Journal of a Soldier," "Life of John Nicholl," &c. is in the press. This singular piece of autobiography exhibits most minutely and faithfully, the real Adventures of Alexander Alexander, the disowned son of a gentleman in the west of Scotland. It commences with infancy, traverses three quarters of the globe, and comprehends a period of nearly fifty years of the life of a man who has been placed in many trying situations, as a soldier, an overseer in the West Indies, and an officer in the patriot armies of South America.—The Greek Grammar of Dr. Frederick Thiersch, translated from the German, with brief remarks, by Professor Landford, is in the press.—Attempts in Verse, by John Jones, an old servant: with some account of the writer; and an Introductory Essay on the Lives and Works of uneducated Poets, by Robert Southey, L.L.D. is preparing for publication.—The Progress of Society, a work by the late Dr. Robert Hamilton, Professor of Mathematics in the Mareschal College and University of Aberdeen, is about to appear. Dr. Hamilton was engaged for many years in writing this work, and continued to revise and improve it until within a few days of his death.—An edition of the Standard Novelists, uniform with the Waverley novels, is announced. Also the Library of Modern Travels, Voyages, and Discoveries; and, though last, not likely to be the least useful, a Juvenile Library, addressed to the youth of both sexes.—Mr. Madden, the traveller in Turkey, is preparing an Eastern Tale, in the manner of Anastasius.—Messrs. Black, Young and Young, the publishers of Dr. Webster's Dictionary of the English Language, announce their intention to publish the Introduction to the work in a separate form.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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The work is not yet published, and we are indebted to the kindness of a brother critic, the Editor of the Edinburgh Literary Journal, for the opportunity of laying before our readers the first part of the new introduction to the Lay of the Last Minstrel, which will doubtless prove to them, as it has done to us, deeply interesting, because it contains a sort of epitome of Sir Walter's literary biography, at that critical period when he formed his plans for life; we know not that we could present our readers with a richer treat, and we shall therefore not detain them by any further preface:

"A poem of nearly thirty years' standing may be supposed hardly to need an Introduction, since, without one, it has been able to keep itself afloat through the best part of a generation. Nevertheless, as in the edition of the Waverley Novels now in course of publication, I have imposed on myself the task of saying something concerning the purpose and history of each, in their turn, I am desirous that the Poems for which I first received some marks of the public favour, should also be accompanied with such scraps of their literary history as may be supposed to carry interest along with them. Even if I should be mistaken in thinking that the secret history of what was once so popular may still attract public attention and curiosity, it seems to me not without its use to record the manner and circumstances under which the present, and other Poems on the same plan, attained, for a season, an extensive reputation.

"I must resume the story of my literary labours at the period at which I broke off in the Essay on the Imitation of Popular Poetry, vol. iii. p. 82, when I had enjoyed the first gleam of public favour, by the success of the first edition of the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. The second edition, published in 1803, proved, in the language of the trade, rather a heavy concern. The demand in Scotland had been supplied by the first edition, and the curiosity of the English was not much awakened by poems in the rude garb of antiquity, accompanied with notes referring to the obscure feuds of barbarous clans, of whose very names civilized history was ignorant.

"At this time I stood personally in a different position from that which I occupied when I first dipped my desperate pen in ink for other purposes than those of my profession. In 1796, when I first published the translations from Bürger, I was an isolated individual, with only my own wants to provide for, and having, in a great measure, my own inclinations alone to consult. In 1803, when the second edition of the Minstrelsy appeared, I had arrived at a period of life, when men, however thoughtless, encounter duties and circumstances which press consideration and plans of life upon the most careless minds. I had been for some time married—was the father of a rising family, and, though fully enabled to meet the consequent demands upon me, it was my duty and desire to place myself in a situation which would enable me to make honorable provision against the various contingencies of life.

"It may be readily supposed that the attempts which I had made in literature had been unfavourable to my success at the bar. The goddess Themis is, at Edinburgh, and, I suppose, everywhere else, of a peculiarly jealous disposition. She will not readily consent to share her authority, and sternly demands from her votaries not only that real duty be carefully attended to and discharged, but that a certain air of business shall be observed, even in the midst of total idleness. It is prudent, if not absolutely necessary, in a young barrister, to appear completely engrossed by his profession; however destitute of employment he may be, he ought to preserve, if possible, the appearance of full occupation. He should at least *seem* perpetually engaged among his law-papers—dusting them, as it were; and, as Ovid advises the fair,

Si nullus erit pulvis tamen excute nullum.

Perhaps such extremity of attention is more especially required, considering the great number of counsellors who are called to the bar, and how very small a proportion of them are finally disposed, or find encouragement, to follow the law as a profession. Hence the number of deserters is so great, that the least lingering look behind occasions a young novice to be set down as one of the intending fugitives. Certain it is, that the Scottish Themis was, at this time, peculiarly jealous of any flirtation with the Muses, on the part of those who had ranged themselves under her banners. This was probably owing to her consciousness of the superior attractions of her rivals. Of late, however, she has relaxed, in some instances, in this particular; an eminent example of which has been shown in the case of my friend Mr. Jeffrey, who, after long conducting one of the most influential literary periodicals of the age, with unquestionable ability, has been, by the general consent of his brethren, recently elected to be their Dean of Faculty, or President—being the highest acknowledgment of his professional talents which they had it in their power to offer. But this is an incident much beyond the ideas of a period of thirty years' distance, when a barrister, who really possessed any turn for lighter literature, was at as much pains to conceal it, as if it had, in reality, been something to be ashamed of; and I could mention more than one instance in which literature and society have suffered loss that jurisprudence might be enriched.

"Such, however, was not my case; for the reader will not wonder that my open interference with matters of light literature diminished my employment in the weightier matters of the law. Nor did the solicitors, upon whose choice the counsel takes rank in his profession, do me less than justice by regarding others among my contemporaries as fitter to discharge the duty due to their clients, than a young man who was taken up with running after ballads, whether Teutonic or national. My profession and I, therefore, came to stand nearly upon the footing on which honest Slender consoled himself with having established with Mistress Anne Page. 'There was no great love between us at the beginning, and it pleased heaven to decrease it on farther acquaintance!' I became sensible that the time was come when I must either buckle myself resolutely to 'the toil by day, the lamp by night,' renouncing all the Delilahs of my imagination, or bid adieu to the profession of the law and hold another course.

"I confess my own inclination revolted from the more severe choice, which might have been deemed by many the wiser alternative. As my transgressions had been numerous, my repentance must have been signalised by unusual sacrifices. I ought to have mentioned that, since my fourteenth or fifteenth year, my health, originally delicate, had been extremely robust. From infancy, I had laboured under the infirmity of a severe lameness, but, as I believe is usually the case with men of spirit who suffer under personal inconveniences of this nature, I had, since the improvement of my health, in defiance of this incapacitating circumstance, distinguished myself by the endurance of toil on foot or horseback, having often walked thirty miles a-day, and rode upwards of a hundred, without stopping. In this manner I made many pleasant journeys through parts of the country then not very accessible, gaining more amusement and instruction than I have been able to acquire since I have travelled in a more commodious manner. I practised most silvan sports also with some success, and with great delight. But these pleasures must have been all resigned, or used with great moderation, had I determined to regain my station at the bar. It was

even doubtful whether I could, with perfect character as a jurisconsult, retain a situation in a volunteer corps of cavalry which I then held. The threats of invasion were at this time instant and menacing; the call by Britain on her children was universal, and was answered by many who, like myself, consulted rather their will, than their ability to bear arms. My services, however, were found useful in assisting to maintain the discipline of the corps, being the point on which their constitution rendered them most amenable to military criticism. In other respects, the squadron was a fine one, consisting of handsome men, well mounted and armed, at their own expense. My attention to the corps took up a good deal of time; and while it occupied many of the happiest hours of my life, it furnished an additional reason for my reluctance again to encounter the severe course of study indispensable to success in the juridical profession.

"On the other hand, my father, whose feelings might have been hurt by my quitting the bar, had been for two or three years dead, so that I had no control to thwart my own inclination; and my income being equal to all the comforts, and some of the elegancies, of life, I was not pressed to an irksome employment by necessity, that most powerful of motives; consequently, I was the more easily seduced to choose the employment which was most agreeable. This was yet the easier, that in 1800, I had obtained the preferment of Sheriff of Selkirkshire, about £300 a-year in value, and which was the more agreeable to me, as in that county I had several friends and relations. But I did not abandon the profession to which I had been educated, without certain prudential resolutions, which, at the risk of egotism, I will here mention; not without the hope that they may be useful to young persons who may stand in circumstances similar to those in which I then stood.

"In the first place, upon considering the lives and fortunes of persons who had given themselves up to literature, or to the task of pleasing the public, it seemed to me that the circumstances which chiefly affected their happiness and character, were those from which Horace has bestowed upon authors the epithet of the Irritable Race. It requires no depth of philosophic reflection to perceive that the petty warfare of Pope with the Dunces of this period, could not have been carried on without his suffering the most acute torture, such as a man must endure from musquitoes, by whose stings he suffers agony, although he can crush them in his grasp by myriads. Nor is it necessary to call to memory the many humiliating instances in which men of the greatest genius have, to avenge some pitiful quarrel, made themselves ridiculous during their lives, to become the still more degraded objects of pity to future times.

"Upon the whole, as I had no pretension to the genius of the distinguished persons who had fallen into such errors, I concluded there could be no occasion for imitating them in these mistakes, or what I considered as such; and in adopting literary pursuits as the principal occupation of my future life, I resolved, if possible, to avoid those weaknesses of temper, which seemed to have most easily beset my more celebrated predecessors.

"With this view, it was my first resolution to keep as far as was in my power abreast of society, continuing to maintain my place in general company, without yielding to the very natural temptation of narrowing myself to what is called literary society. By doing so, I imagined I should escape the besetting sin of listening to language, which, from one motive or other, ascribes a very undue degree of consequence to literary pursuits, as if they were indeed the business rather than the amusement of life. The opposite course can only be compared to the injudicious conduct of one who pampers himself with cordial and luscious draughts, until he is unable to endure wholesome bitters. Like Gil Blas, therefore, I resolved to stick by the society of my *commis*, instead of seeking that of a more literary cast, and to maintain my general interest in what was going on around me, reserving the man of letters for the desk and the library.

"My second resolution was a corollary from my first. I determined that, without shutting my ears to the voice of true criticism, I would pay no regard to that which assumes the form of satire. I therefore resolved to arm myself with the triple brass of Horace, against all the roving warfare of satire, parody, and sarcasm; to laugh if the jest was a good one, or, if otherwise, to let it hum and buzz itself to sleep.

"It is to the observance of these rules (according to my best belief) that, after a life of thirty years engaged in literary labours of various kinds, I attribute my never having been entangled in any literary quarrel or controversy; and, which is a more pleasing result, that I have been distinguished by the personal friendship of my most approved contemporaries of all parties.

"I adopted, at the same time, another resolution, on which it may doubtless be remarked that it was well for me that I had it in my power to do so, and that, therefore, it is a line of conduct which can be less generally applicable in other cases. Yet I fail not to record this part of my plan, convinced that though it may not be in every one's power to adopt exactly the same resolution, he may, nevertheless, by his own exertions, in some shape or other attain the object on which it was founded—namely, to secure the means of subsistence, without relying exclusively on literary talents. In this respect, I determined that literature should be my staff, but not my crutch, and that the profits of my labour, however convenient otherwise, should not become necessary to my ordinary expenses. With this purpose, I resolved, if the interest of my friends could so far favour me, to retire upon any of the respectable officers of the law, in which persons of that profession are glad to take refuge, when they feel themselves, or are judged by others, incompetent to aspire to its higher offices and honors. Upon such an office an author might hope to retreat, without any perceptible alteration of circumstances, whenever the time should arrive that the public grew weary of his endeavours to please, or he himself should tire of the occupation of authorship. At this period of my life, I possessed so many friends capable of assisting me in this object of ambition, that I could hardly overrate my own prospects of obtaining the moderate preferment to which I limited my wishes; and in fact, I obtained, in no long period, the reversion of a situation which completely met them."

Here we must close our extracts for the present, but as we have been favoured with the whole of the introductions both to this poem, and to the Lady of the Lake, we shall, if possible, resume next week.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Paul Clifford. By the Author of Pelham, &c. 3 vols. post 8vo.—London, Colburn and Bentley.

We never much admired the numerous novels of this author, and the present is, we think, by far the worst of the set. There is quite too much of pretence about them to please us; and there is a total absence of *bonhommie*, kindly feeling, and goodness, we mean moral goodness, from all the characters, which is very unnatural and offensive. Cleverness they have, no doubt, and a considerable share of it, force and variety, and occasionally greater depth of observation than one is accustomed to meet in the rest of the circulating library novels; but there is withal, in general, a cold heartless sneering selfishness in them, a pedantic dogmatism about all manner of persons and things, that excites a mingled feeling of indignation and dislike. In the present novel the writer is professedly satirical; but there is no strong, healthy-toned morality in his satire. It rather reminds one of the impotent attempt to ridicule Johnson, made by the author of Lexiphanes. In order to expose the subjects of his animadversion to contempt, he introduces them in situations utterly unnatural, and makes them speak a language wholly foreign to their characters and habits, ekeing out his attempted portraits by the clumsy artifice of all villainous painters, namely, writing the name under each, that is, such a nick-name as he thinks cannot fail to be understood. But we shall illustrate our meaning, by presenting our readers with a scene, in which the principal actors are supposed to be the king of England, the duke of Wellington, the Attorney-General, the president of the Board of Control, and Lord Eldon, under the guise of common ruffians: it is only necessary to premise, that the hero, Paul Clifford, is a sort of foundling, brought up among highway-men and pickpockets, and educated by a Scotch schoolmaster, called Peter M'Grawler, brushed up by Mr. Augustus Tomlinson, an "accident reporter," by whom he is introduced into this society, which is called "the robbers' club."

Hear how this vulgar dandy rails on the Lord's anointed:—

"'Have you never heard of Gentleman George?' 'What! the noted head of a flash public-house in the country? To be sure I have, often; my poor nurse, Dame Lobkins, used to say he was the best spoken man in the trade!' 'Ay, so he is still. In his youth, George was a very handsome fellow, but a little too fond of his lass and his bottle to please his father, a very staid old gentleman, who walked about on Sundays with a bob-wig and a gold-headed cane, and was a much better farmer on week days than he was head of a public-house. George used to be a remarkably smart-dressed fellow, and so he is to this day. He has a great deal of wit, is a very good whist-player, has a capital cellar, and is so fond of seeing his friends drunk, that he bought some time ago a large pewter measure in which six men can stand upright. The girls, or rather the old women, to whom he used to be much more civil of the two, always liked him; they say, nothing is so fine as his fine speeches, and they give him the title of 'Gentleman George.' He is a nice kind hearted man in many things. Pray Heaven we shall have no

cause to miss him when he departs. But, to tell you the truth, he takes more than his share of our common purse.' 'What! is he avaricious?' 'Quite the reverse; but he's so cursedly fond of building, he invests all *his* money (and wants us to invest all *ours*) in houses; and there's one confounded dog of a bricklayer, who runs him up terrible bills,—a fellow called 'Cunning Nat,' who is equally adroit in spoiling ground and improving *ground rent.*'

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"Threading a gallery or passage, Augustus preceded our hero, opened a door, and introduced him into a long, low apartment, where sat, round a table spread with pipes and liquor, some ten or a dozen men, while at the top of the table, in an arm chair, presided Gentleman George. That dignitary was a portly and comely gentleman, with a knowing look, and a Welsh wig, worn, as the Morning Chronicle says of his Majesty's hat, 'in a *degagé* manner, on one side.' Being afflicted with the gout, his left foot reclined on a stool; and the attitude developed, despite of a lamb's-wool stocking, the remains of an exceedingly good leg. As Gentleman George was a person of majestic dignity among the Knights of the Cross, we trust we shall not be thought irreverent in applying a few of the words by which the foresaid Morning Chronicle depicted his Majesty, on the day he laid the first stone of his father's monument, to the description of Gentleman George. 'He had on a handsome blue coat and a white waistcoat;' moreover, 'he laughed most good-humouredly,' as, turning to Augustus Tomlinson, he saluted him with—'So, this is the youngster you present to us.—Welcome to the 'Jolly Angler!' Give us thy hand, young sir; I shall be happy to blow a cloud with thee.' 'With all due submission,' said Mr. Tomlinson, 'I think it may first be as well to introduce my pupil and friend to his future companions.' 'You speak like a leary cove,' cried Gentleman George, still squeezing our hero's hand; and turning round in his elbow-chair, he pointed to each member, as he severally introduced his guests to Paul—'Here,' said he, 'here's a fine chap at my right hand—(the person thus designated was a thin, military-looking figure, in a shabby riding frock, and with a commanding, bold, aquiline countenance, a little the worse for wear)—here's a fine chap for you; Fighting Attie we calls him; he's a devil on the road. 'Halt—deliver—must and shall—can't and shan't—do as I bid you, or go the devil,'—that's all Fighting Attie's palaver; and, 'sdeath, it has a wonderful way of coming to the point! A famous cull is my friend Attie—an old soldier—has seen the world, and knows what is what; has lots of gumtion, and devil a bit of blarney.—Howsomever, the highflyers doesn't like him; and when he takes people's money, he need not be quite so cross about it. Attie, let me introduce a new pal to you.' Paul made his bow. 'Stand at ease, man!' quoth the veteran, without taking the pipe from his mouth."

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"Gentleman George then continued; and, after pointing out four or five of the company (among whom our hero discovered, to his surprise, his old friends, Mr. Eustace Fitzherbert and Mr. William Howard Russell,) came, at length, to one with a very red face, and a lusty frame of body. 'That gentleman,' said he, 'is Scarlet Jem; a dangerous fellow for a *press*, though he says he likes robbing alone now, for a general press is not half such a good thing as it used to be formerly. You have no idea what a hand at disguising himself Scarlet Jem is. He has an old wig which he generally does business in; and you would not go for to know him again, when he conceals himself under the *wig*. Oh, he's a precious rogue, is Scarlet Jem! as for the cove on t'other side,' continued the host of the Jolly Angler, pointing to Long Ned, 'all I can say of him, good, bad, or indifferent, is, that he has an unkimmon fine head of hair; and now, youngster, as you knows him, spose you goes and sits by him, and he'll introduce you to the rest; for, split my wig!—(Gentleman George was a bit of a swearer)—if I ben't tired; and so here's to your health; and if so be as your name's Paul, may you alway rob *Peter* in order to pay *Paul.*"

. . . . .

"The full voice of Gentleman George thundered forth—'Keep the peace there, you youngster. What! are you just admitted into our merry-makings, and must you be wrangling already? Harkye, gemmen, I have been plagued enough with your quarrels before now, and the first cove as breaks the present quiet of the 'Jolly Angler,' shall be turned out neck and crop—shan't he, Attie?' 'Right about, march,' said the hero. 'Ay, that's the word, Attie,' said Gentleman George: 'and now, Mr. Pepper, if there be any ill blood 'twixt you and the lad there, wash it away in a bumper of bingo, and let's hear no more whatsomever about it.' 'I'm willing,' cried Long Ned, with the deferential air of a courtier, and holding out his hand to Paul.—Our hero, being somewhat abashed by the novelty of his situation and the rebuke of Gentleman George, accepted, though with some reluctance, the proffered courtesy. Order being thus restored, the conversation of the convivialists began to assume a most fascinating bias. They talked with infinite *goût* of the sums they had levied on the public, and the peculations they had committed for what one called the 'good of the community,' and another the 'established order,' meaning themselves. It was easy to see in what school the discerning Augustus Tomlinson had learnt the value of words. *There was something edifying in hearing the rascals!* So nice was their language, and so honest their enthusiasm for their own interests, you might have imagined you were listening a coterie of cabinet ministers conferring on taxes, or debating on perquisites. 'Long may the *Commons* flourish!' cried punning Georgie, filling his glass; 'it is by the commons we're fed, and may they never know cultiwation!' 'Three times three!' shouted Long Ned; and the toast was drunk as Mr. Pepper proposed. 'A little, moderate cultivation of the commons, to speak frankly,' said Augustus Tomlinson modestly, 'might not be amiss; for it would decoy people into the belief that they might travel safely; and, after all a hedge or a barley field, is as good for us as a barren heath, where we have no shelter if once pursued.' 'You talks nonsense, you spooney!' cried a robber of note called Bagshot; who being aged, and having been a lawyer's footboy, was sometimes denominated 'Old Bags.' 'You talks nonsense; these innowating ploughs are the ruin of us. Every blade of corn in a common is an encroachment on the constitution and rights of the gemmen highwaymen. I'm old and may'nt live to see these things; but mark my words, a time will come when a man may go from Lunnun to Johny Groat's without losing a penny by one of us; when Hounslow will be safe, and Finchley secure. My eyes, what a sad thing for us that 'il be!' The venerable old man became suddenly silent, and the tears started to his eyes. Gentleman George had a great horror of blue devils, and particularly disliked all disagreeable subjects. 'Thunder and oons, Old Bags!' quoth mine host of the Jolly Angler, 'this will never do: we're all met here to be merry, and not to listen to your mullancolly tara tarantarums. I says, Ned Pepper, spose you tips us a song, and I'll beat time with my knuckles.'" &c. &c. &c. *

Such is the disgusting garbage we see an established writer of the present day, catering for the diseased palate of the disaffected part of his Majesty's subjects; aye! and hear others praise, too, and that highly. The periodical press of Great Britain, (we write it with shame and sorrow,) is lauding to the echo, without stint or measure, this atrocious farrago of slang and buffoonery, circulated among them, before publication, for the purpose of securing their ready indiscriminating suffrages. To us, the work appears one of those detestable panders to political malignity, and vulgar love of slander, that reflect shame and dishonour alike on him who writes, and those who read, except as we do to condemn.

Is it possible that all this worst depravity of vitiated taste, this ruffianly blackguarding of our good and gracious King, (whom God preserve,) and at such a time too! is from the pen of that same delicate and dandy-minded and exquisitely-dressed person, whom Mr. Thomas Campbell, of the New Monthly Magazine, compliments so prettily in those lines

> That seem as if they should be writ with candle,
> Or drop like posset from sick nurse's mouth,

to Edward Lytton Bulwer, Esq. on the birth of his first child? Alas for outraged loyalty and decency! Are honour, truth, and virtue, all exiled? But merry and wise, honest and true, are words out of date now; though antiquaries like ourselves, still read of them sometimes in an old ballad.

Mr. Bulwer was ambitious enough, on a former occasion, to write the adventures of a Gentleman; in the present instance, he was anxious, we presume, to display the versatility of his talents by the perfect delineation of a blackguard. Whatever we may think of his failure in the former attempt, we can congratulate him on his complete success in the latter. He has drawn the character to the life. We consign his new novel to the admiration of all who esteem the slang of Tom and Jerry as the acmé of human wit, and to the scorn and abhorrence of the wise, the loyal, and the good.

Omnibus de la Methode Jacotot.—L'Huillier. Paris.

OMNIBUS is a word lately introduced into the English language, to designate a kind of vehicle drawn by two or three horses, now current in the vicinity of London, and carrying a great number of passengers, to distinguish it from the two-horse stage coaches, which convey only

* We have purposely extracted the very passages that are selected for special panegyric, by our learned brethren south and north of Berwick-upon-Tweed.—ED.

six insides and ten out: this, therefore, we conceive to be its primary and literal meaning. In the title prefixed to the book before us, we conjecture it is used figuratively, to express a summary or general explication of the work or system of which it professes to be the omnibus. At least we can attach no other meaning to it.

The method or system Jacotot, is a system of instruction of which M. Jacotot claims the invention. This gentleman is a native of Dijon, in France, was educated in the Polytechnic school, afterwards became an advocate, a professor of polite literature, a captain of artillery, private secretary of the minister at war, deputy director of the Polytechnic school, professor of ideology, professor of languages, professor of the transcendant mathematics, professor of the school of jurisprudence, member of the chamber of representatives, and, having at length retired to Belgium, has obtained from the king of the Netherlands, a situation of lecturer in the university of Louvain.

Here he has made known his invention of a method applicable to all kinds of human knowledge, under the name of universal instruction and intellectual emancipation.

In speaking of an improvement, it is satisfactory to know something of the individual who announces it; we have, therefore, given the omnibus of his biography. We shall now proceed to give, from the same source, the omnibus of his system, which is indeed sufficiently concise; it remains with the reader to judge how far it is satisfactory.

The method commences with the principle, "that God has formed the human mind with a capacity to instruct itself." Proceeding on this fundamental maxim, it does not propose that the master should tell the pupil what he ought to know, but that the pupil should learn it of himself, and without the assistance of any other but himself.

Madame la Methode takes a book—"it is of little consequence," we use the author's own words—"what book is placed in the hands of the child; however, if elegance of style, pure morality, a varied and interesting narrative, a mild and virtuous eloquence, be valuable qualities in the book thus set before him, we should choose"—guess, gentle reader!—"Telemachus! and to this book the child will owe every thing."

The book being placed before the pupil, Madame la Methode does not desire him to read. By no means, she uses the emphatic word "look," and when the pupil has looked, she commences a conversation with the following all important questions:—

Madame la Methode—"'What hast thou seen?'

Monsieur l'Eléve—"'Calypso found herself unhappy in being immortal.'

Madame la Methode—"'What sees't thou there?'

Monsieur l'Eléve—"'That Calypso was immortal, and that she was unhappy at being so.'

Madame la Methode—"'Why was she unhappy?'

Monsieur l'Eléve—"'Because she could not console herself.'

Madame la Methode—"'For what?'

Monsieur l'Eléve—"'For the departure of Ulysses.'

Madame la Methode—"'What are we to conclude from all this?'

Monsieur l'Eléve—"'That when we are separated from one whose departure we regret, we are unhappy, and when one is immortal, one finds himself more unhappy still, because he does not perceive the term at which his misfortune will end.'

"'And thus,'—exclaims Monsieur Omnibus—'behold a principle which overthrows, from top to bottom by a single sentence, the whole system of collegiate instruction.'"

Monsieur declares open, interminable war—'war to the quill's stump'—with the Universities. He tells us broadly that they only teach the pupils to yawn. This, no doubt, is another of his discoveries.

Yet we must be allowed to say, that if the collegiate is to be named the yawning system, that now developed, may as justly be called the nosey system, for, as far as we can decide from this, the only example afforded by the book, of the method of instruction, we have merely to substitute Monsieur le Professeur, for Madame la Methode, and we shall find that Monsieur l'Eléve is led on, as it were by the nose, through question and answer, as regularly as any donkey follows the halter.

Let us, however, try the experiment by another process. The book to be used is a matter of indifference, Telemachus always excepted, let us therefore suppose Madame la Methode to put before her pupil the celebrated Mr. Newberry's Christmas gift for good little Masters and Misses, (which by the bye, this worthy bibliopolist and disseminator of literature, in his zeal for promoting the march of intellect distributes gratuitously, as the book itself informs us, charging only two pence for the binding,) and we think it a volume fully as intelligible and instructive to children as the amours of Calypso, and the adventures of the son of Ulysses; let us suppose we say, this volume opened, the mystic monosyllable, 'look' pronounced, the pupils eye directed as per instructions, and the conversation then begins.

Madame la Methode—"'What hast thou seen?'

Mons. l'Eléve—

Here we go upee, up, up;
And here we go downee, down, downee;
Here we go backwards and forwards,
And hey for London townee.

Madame la Methode—"'Why did it go upee and downee?'

Mons. l'Eléve—"'To keep it from squalling.'

Madame la Methode—"'Why did it squall?'

Mons. l'Eléve—"'Because it could not get——

Madame la Methode—"'What?'

Mons. l'Eléve—"'London townee.'

Madame la Methode—"'What do you conclude from all this?'

Mons. l'Eléve—"That children cry when they want what they cannot get; and that nurses quiet them by talking nonsense; that nonsense is instruction, and instruction nonsense.'" It will be unnecessary to carry our illustrations farther.

Having thus taught reading, for which, however, as appears from another part of the work before us, a previous knowledge of the letters is allowed to be of some little service, the child is given ink, paper, and a pen; let him set himself as he thinks fit, he will conclude by discovering the most convenient method for writing. The author, however, suggests that his improvement would be facilitated by the master writing in his presence—and we would venture to hint still further, that if he shewed him how to place his pen between his finger and thumb, and even, incidentally, held his hand now and again, and helped him to trace the letters according to the antiquated fashion, the pupil's movements would be somewhat more progressive.

M. Jacotot lays down another principle, founded, as he tells us, on a multiplicity of uniform results. All intellects are equal, and any apparent differences arise from the intensity of the will and of perseverance. For our part, we feel inclined to attribute this equality of intellect to another cause. M. Jacotot puts what may be called leading questions to the pupil; they are echoed in the answers: the general level of the intellect thus evolved will range a little below that of the teacher; or if it should chance to rise above it, he will be utterly incapable of estimating the height of its elevation.

This is the age of systems. We have had Lancaster's system, and Bell's system, and Dufief's, and the Hamiltonian, and the Perryeian, and now the Jacototian system, and perhaps progress has been made by means of them in clearing away some of the rubbish of the olden time, that obstructed the infant pupil in scrambling up the first steps of the temple of Minerva. But they all appear to us to have stopped at a certain point, and that very near the entrance, leaving our posterity to force their upward way to the summit, by those strenuous exertions of inborn talent, aided by enlightened and long-continued instructions from master-minds, which have been, and we believe ever will be, found necessary to attain the noble end of their ambition.

We deem it but justice to say, that we have derived our information relative to this new system solely from the book before us, which professes to be written by a friend and admirer of it. If, therefore, we have misconceived it, we can only say, that M. Jacotot should exclaim, in the words of the Spanish proverb, "Save me from my friends—I can defend myself from my enemies."

Historical Sketches of the Native Irish and their descendants: Illustrative of their past and present state, with regard to Literature, Education, and Oral Instruction. By Christopher Anderson. Second edition, enlarged. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd.

We trust that the first edition of this excellent little work is already familiar to most of our readers, and that it is only necessary for us to acquaint them that the present one is enriched with many important and interesting additions. If there be any, however, into whose hands it has not yet fallen, we would recommend it strongly to their attention, and can promise them that be their creed or politics what they may, if they be genuine Irishmen, they cannot fail of receiving both pleasure and instruction from its perusal.

The object of the work is the moral and religious education of the people of Ireland, but more particularly the instruction of the native or aboriginal Irish, through the medium of their vernacular tongue, and the arguments which the writer advances in support of his views appear to us to be quite conclusive and incontrovertible.

Our limits will not permit us to give a

lengthened analysis of the work, which is divided into ten sections, but we shall take a hasty glance at some of the most striking, and subjoin a few observations of our own, to which we are anxious to draw public attention.

The first section presents a highly interesting sketch of the literary history of Ireland, from the early ages to the present day, and includes notices of the most eminent men; references to Irish typography, whether in Britain or on the Continent; and an account of the translation and printing of the Sacred Volume in the vernacular tongue. From the biographical notices in this section we are tempted to extract the following curious particulars relative to one of the earliest reformers, perhaps, that ever appeared in the British isles:

"The fourteenth century, to which we have now come, is rendered interesting by the appearance of one man, who is well entitled to the grateful recollections of the Native Irish—Richard Fitzrauph or Fitzralph, Archbishop of Armagh, frequently denominated Richard Armachanus. The place of his birth is said to have been Dundalk; the precise year I have not been able to ascertain; but his various appointments being noted with such accuracy, prove in some degree the interest which his character had excited. According to Le Neve's Fasti, on the 10th July 1334, he was collated Chancellor of Lincoln, and in 1336, because Archdeacon of Chester; on the 20th of April, 1337, he was personally installed Dean of Litchfield, by Edward III. and advanced to the see of Armagh on the 8th July, 1347, by Clement VI.

"This excellent man may not improperly be regarded as the Wickliffe of Ireland; and he deserves the more attention, not only from his having lived in the age immediately *preceding* Wickliffe, but on account of the report respecting him, that he possessed, if not with his own hand translated, the Scriptures of the New Testament into the Irish tongue. For the sake of Ireland, therefore, as well as his own, he is entitled to some special notice; more particularly as this tradition is rendered much more probable by the consideration of his character and exertions.

"From the year 1240, more than a hundred years before Fitzralph, the operations of the Mendicant Friars had afforded matter of controversy and complaint; but the immediate occasion of his engaging to arraign them cannot with certainty be traced. It has been affirmed by a celebrated Irish Franciscan, Luke Wadding, the historian of their order, that, obstructed in some attempt, to remove the *ornaments* belonging to a convent of Friars, they were protected, and their ornaments preserved to them, when Fitzralph entered into the controversy of the day with great warmth and eagerness. Such an incident, indeed, might perhaps awaken Fitzralph to exertion; but it is of more importance to observe, that he had been educated at Oxford, the nucleus of the controversy, under Baconthorpe, a doctor of the Sorbonne, and determined opponent of the Friars, who possessed great influence over his pupils. Fitzralph also was one of a select number of learned men who had sat at the table of Richard de Bury, one of the most generous and ardent cultivators of learning in the fourteenth century. But whatever was the exciting cause, in 1356, Fitzralph having occasion to be in London, in consequence of earnest solicitation, says Fox, he preached seven or eight sermons against the abuses of the Friars, which he afterwards repeated at Litchfield, and in Ireland at Drogheda, Dundalk, and Trim. Offended with the positions contained in these discourses, the warden of the Franciscans or Minorites, then established at Armagh, and those of the order of the Predicants, cited the primate to answer for himself before the Pope at Avignon. To this bold measure on the part of the Friars, there was presented strong encouragement in the well-known character of Clement, who 'defended the interests of the church with a zeal carried to excess, reserving to himself a multitude of benefices, which he presented at his will in defiance of all former elections.' Fortunately, however, for Fitzralph, Clement died in 1352, and was succeeded by a man of different views, Innocent VI. whose policy it was to encourage men of literature, and oblige the possessors of benefices to residence. Another circumstance, probably in favour of Fitzralph, occurred the following year. The controversy respecting the Irish primacy was then in dependence, and in 1353, Innocent had decided that the Archbishop of Armagh 'should entitle himself Primate of *all* Ireland, and the Archbishop of Dublin write himself Primate of Ireland.'

"At all events, Fitzralph, in 1357, appeared at Avignon, and pled his cause at length again and again. Innocent listened to him, and stayed all proceedings in England during the suit. The examination being committed to four Cardinals, Fitzralph was long detained, and never returned to Ireland, but died at Avignon on the 16th of November, 1360. The MS. annals in the Cotton Library hint that he was poisoned by the Friars: of this there is no certain proof; but they allege that the controversy was terminated only by the absolute command of Innocent. One of the Cardinals, on hearing of his death, openly protested, says Fox, 'that the same day a mighty pillar of Christ's church was fallen." Ten years afterwards, his body was removed to Dundalk, by Stephen de Valle, Bishop of Meath, and a monument raised over it, which still remained, says Sir Thomas Ryves, so late as the year 1624.

"The theme of Fitzralph at Avignon was founded on these words—'Judge not according to the outward appearance, but judge righteous judgment.' His various positions, committed to writing, he extended to a volume, which was afterwards published. The Friars mendicant were charged by him as in many things acting directly in violation of their own rules, as undermining the stated duties of resident curates, but, above all, as violating the express precepts of Scripture, which he very frequently quotes, and to which he constantly appeals as paramount authority. He laments over the decay of learning, and informed Innocent not only of the great decrease in the number of the students at Oxford, but that 'no book could stir, either divinity, law, or physic, but these Friars were able and ready to buy it up;' nay, that 'he himself had sent forth from Armagh to the university four of his own chaplains, who sent him word again that they could neither find the *Bible*, nor any other good profitable book in divinity, meet for their study, and therefore were minded to return home to their country.'

"The writings of Fitzralph were various, amounting to eighteen distinct tracts, on theological and other subjects. Bellarmine thought that his writings 'ought to be read with caution.' Prateolus and others allow him to have possessed great accomplishments, but rank him among the heretics; though Wadding, already mentioned, and of course not favourable to his cause, is of a different opinion. Trithemius, however, one of the most learned men in the fifteenth century, has given a character of Fitzralph; and when it is remembered that he was an Abbot of the Benedictine Friars, he will not be suspected of partiality. This character he sums up in these words—'Vir in Divinis Scripturis eruditus, secularis philosophiæ jurisque canonici non ignarus, clarus ingenio, sermone scholasticus, in declamandis sermonibus ad populum excellentis industriæ.' Of the works of Fitzralph several are mentioned by L'Advocat, the librarian and Orleans Professor in the Sorbonne, after which he adds, 'These works prove their author to have thoroughly studied the Holy Scriptures, and his reasoning is very ingenious and forcible, but not entirely free from the errors which were afterwards revived by Wickliffe.' It is indeed not unworthy of notice, that in the very same year in which Fitzralph expired at Avignon, Wickliffe, at the age of thirty-six, was allured from his hitherto retired and silent life; and that when he came to write his Trialogus, he speaks of Fitzralph as having preceded him, in terms of high commendation."

The second section gives an account of 'the schools of learning of early and modern date, including some account of the attempts to employ the Irish tongue as a branch of education at home, and of the schools either founded by the native Irish, or at their instance, for their education abroad.' In this portion of the work, which is drawn up with considerable research, we get acquainted with many interesting particulars of which we were previously ignorant, relative to the history of our University, and of the intentions of its founders, in endowing it plentifully, '*principallie* for breeding upp the *natives* in civility, learning, and religion;' and of the very small efforts that have ever been made on the part of the college, to carry these good intentions of the founders into practical effect. Mr. Anderson expresses his astonishment, (and who does not concur with him?) that nothing should ever have been done by the college in the way of publication of some portion, at least, of the treasure of ancient Irish records, which are locked up in the manuscript room of its library, and which, for any use that can at present be made of them under the existing regulations of the board, might as well not exist. Really it does appear to us most strange, that at this time of day, the heads of the University should view a matter so lightly, which subjects them to the reproach of all the literati of Europe, and that they should have allowed a distinguished nobleman in another country, (the Duke of Buckingham,) to take the lead in performing what on their part should be considered as only a bounden duty, in elucidating the ancient history and literature of their country. Why should not our university have its Irish professor, as well as Oxford its professor of the Anglo-Saxon—and why should not our ancient laws and annals be translated and published by the Irish University, as well as the Saxon chronicle by the English? This, however, is a subject too important to be treated of in this place, and as we mean to direct public attention to it

in an especial manner, as soon as we can find leisure, we shall merely observe at present, that in our opinion, the University does not afford the facilities it might and ought to do, even to private inquirers into this most interesting treasury of national knowledge. The regulations respecting the mode of access to any part of the contents of the MS. room, are so harrassing and vexatious in a variety of ways, as almost wholly to debar one from the pleasure and advantage of examining into them. We know that this is ascribed to the exclusive clauses of the college statutes in this regard, but we cannot help thinking matters might still be greatly better managed.

The third section of Mr. Anderson's book relates to the oral instruction of the Irish, and includes 'historical notices of all that has yet been effected in preaching to the natives in their vernacular tongue, and the present deplorable condition of the country with regard to a stated ministry in the language of the Irish people.' On this point, we have only to observe, that the author frequently seems to assume that the islanders are totally ignorant of christianity, because they have never been instructed by teachers of the reformed faith. This is not true, and it is a sort of unfairness, very popular with a certain class of writers and speakers at present. There are some men so ignorant of the faith and doctrine of the church of England, as to suppose that they are its most strenuous advocates, when they denounce the Roman Catholic religion, as something different from, and opposed to, christianity. We love and venerate the church of England, and we have devoted much of our life to the earnest study of its doctrine and discipline, and we can fearlessly avouch and prove, that it teaches no such doctrine. But it is vain to argue with men who are ignorant of their own ignorance, and proud of it: they have indeed a great deal to be proud of. We happen to know something of these islanders ourselves. With the priest and the boatman for our only companions, we have landed from the little leathern *corrach*, which was saved from being swamped in the surge beating on the beach, only by a score of the hardy islanders rushing into the sea with the retiring wave, and bearing our frail and tiny bark securely to the shore upon their shoulders, before the swell had time to return. We have accompanied that priest to the ruined chapel, have watched the people trooping down the hill sides, after travelling three, four or five miles in the deep snow to attend divine worship, and kneeling devoutly round the holy place in that inclement weather;

Their only canopy the cope of heaven.

It is vain to tell us that these men have no religion. They believe in God. They believe and are baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. They have heard of the life, and death, and resurrection of our blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ;

How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed,

and they call it *the story of peace*. It is true that their belief is deformed with many human devices, and their worship debased by many unmeaning rites; but we (whose zealous attachment to the Protestant faith is happily so well known as to place us far above any the remotest suspicion of compromise or indifference on that sacred subject,) declare with joy and thanksgiving, that beneath all their unhappy load of superstitious observances, we have been able to discover a strong under-current of true religion; insomuch that many a time and oft, when we have marked their clear unclouded firm conviction of the certainty of the retributions of a future spiritual world, their patient resignation under severe affliction thence resulting, and their imperturbable confidence in the promises and the mercy of God, we have been constrained to say in our hearts, would that we, with all our boasted learning and discernment, possessed the child-like, perfect, and continual reliance upon God, of these poor simple ones.

It is scarcely possible for those who are continually conversant with nature in her native charms and naked sublimity, to be without a deep sense of natural religion; and when the eye of the soul sees God in clouds and sunshine, and the mental ear hears him in storms and billows, the glad tidings of *the story of peace* come easily and quickly home to men's bosoms and business, as affording the only sure shelter from every wave. True it is, and not a fable, that much error and evil remain to be removed; and therefore do we most earnestly desire to second Mr. Anderson's endeavours for the further and better instruction of the people; but we do not think that the very best way of effecting this desirable object, is to begin by telling them very offensive falsehoods about their present condition.

We wish also to impress upon the world a conviction that has long been present to our own mind, that a vast number of the very poorest class in Ireland, possess an immense intellectual advantage over the corresponding class in every other country of the world, in that they are masters of *two* of the richest and most copious languages in Europe. We should be very sorry to see the Irish language lost in the acquisition of English, and we believe Mr. Anderson exceedingly over-rates the number of those who understand only Irish.

But we have already exceeded our limits, and shall only repeat our warm commendation of the general excellence of the little work under review, and our hope that it may speedily reach the hands of such of our readers as are not yet intimate with its contents.

Constable's Miscellany, Vol. LIV. *Life of Sir William Wallace, of Elderslie.* By J. D. Carrick. Vol. II.—Edinburgh, Constable and Co.; and Hurst, Chance and Co., London.

THE opinion which we had occasion to express, in the 16th No. of the D. L. G. on the first volume of this Life of Wallace, remains unaltered, after a perusal of the second: it carries the history from the appointment of Wallace as guardian or regent of Scotland, in the name of King John, to his public execution in Smithfield. Here one might naturally suppose "the Life" should have terminated, but for the very cogent reasons hinted at in our former review, it has been found necessary to eke out the volume with long extracts from Dr. Lingard, and a bulky appendix about all manner of persons and things. One volume, judiciously and agreeably written, on the life and adventures of the great champion of Scottish liberty, the opposer of Edward's tyranny, and the victim of the treachery of 'the false Menteith,' would have been a very interesting and acceptable book; but it yet remains to be written. We select some part of the account of the execution of Wallace, his personal appearance, and his character, as favourable specimens of the present author's style, and manner of telling the story:

"After hanging for a certain time, the sufferer was taken down, while yet in an evident state of sensibility. He was then disembowelled; and the heart, wrung from its place, was committed to the flames in his presence. During this dreadful process, his eyes still continued to linger on the Psalter, till, overpowered by his sufferings, he expired among their hands with all that passive heroism which may be supposed to belong to so elevated a character. The body was afterwards dismembered; the head fixed on London-bridge, the right arm on the bridge of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the left at Berwick, the right leg at Perth, and the left at Aberdeen. Thus fell this great and exemplary patriot, a martyr to the rights and independence of his country, than whom, if we consider his extraordinary personal and mental endowments,—joined to his inextinguishable and disinterested love of liberty, a greater hero is not to be found in the annals of any people. Born to a slender inheritance, and unconnected by birth with the opulent families of his country, he derived no advantage from those circumstances which often assisted other distinguished characters in attaining that place in the temple of fame to which their ambition was directed. To his own genius he was indebted for a system of tactics eminently calculated for the contest he had in view; and with his own arm he gave the first impulse to the cause of freedom, which, afterwards, on the field of Bannockburn, was crowned with such glorious and decisive success under a kindred spirit—on whom the inspiring mantle of our patriot descended, as he winged his flight to the regions of immortality.

"In person, Wallace was admirably fitted to grace that elevated station among mankind, for which his genius and talents so eminently qualified him. His visage was long, well-proportioned, and exquisitely beautiful; his eyes were bright and piercing; the hair of his head and beard auburn, and inclined to curl: that on his brows and eye-lashes was of a lighter shade; his lips were round and full. Under the chin, on the left side, was a scar, the only one visible, although many were to be found on his person; his stature was lofty and majestic, rising the head and shoulders above the tallest men in the country. Yet his form, though gigantic, possessed the most perfect symmetry; and with a degree of strength almost incredible, there was combined such an agility of body, and fleetness in running, that no one except when mounted on horseback, could outstrip, or escape from him, when he happened to pursue. All-powerful as a swordsman, and unrivalled as an archer, his blows were fatal, and his shafts unerring: as an equestrian, he wes the model of dexterity and grace; while the hardships he experienced in his youth, made him view with indifference the severest privations incident to a military life. In common intercourse, his accents were mild, and his manners grave and urbane. In the field, when addressing his soldiers, his discourse was brief and animating, and the sound of his voice thrilled through their hearts like the spirit-stirring notes of the clarion. Great and varied, however, as were the accomplish-

ments nature had lavished on his person, the graces with which she had enriched his mind threw a radiance over all the rest of her gifts. Untaught himself in the military art, he became the instructor of his countrymen, and his first efforts were worthy the greatest captain of the age.

"The mind of Wallace was imbued with the most exalted ideas of independence; and the stern and inflexible spirit with which he guarded his own and his country's honour, could only be equalled by the scrupulous delicacy he exercised towards the feelings of others. Loving freedom for her own sake, he considered her sanctuary, wherever placed, as too sacred to be violated. Among the many proofs of this elevation of mind, the following may be mentioned:—On the surrender of de Longueville, the high-spirited Frenchman was anxious to know the name and character of his conqueror. On the name of Wallace being announced to him, he fell on his knees, and thanked God that so worthy an enemy had been his victor; and, according to the custom of the age, he tendered his service, along with his sword. 'Service from you, Sir Thomas,' said the gallant Soot, with an accent of kind familiarity, 'I cannot accept; your friendship is what I desire.' On another occasion, in the heat of an engagement, having, as he conceived, given orders to Sir John Graham in a manner too peremptory—after the victory had been secured, he came up to his brave friend, and surprised him with an humble apology for any thing like harshness he might have displayed in his manner of expressing himself. Graham, however, was quite unconscious of hearing any thing that he had reason to take amiss; and expressed a hope that he would always act towards him and others in the same manner, when the interest of their country was at stake.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Fortunes of Francesco Novello Da Carrara, Lord of Padua. A Historical Tale of the Fourteenth Century, from the Chronicles of Gataro, with notes by David Syme, Esq.—Edinburgh, Constable and Co.; and Hurst and Chance, London. 8vo. pp. 257.

This interesting volume is a skilful and unpretending attempt to make the singularly interesting and dramatic life of Francesco, with whose history that of Padua is identified during the fourteenth century, familiar to the English reader. The materials are derived from the narrative of Andrea Gataro, a contemporary chronicler of Padua, from whose prolix and somewhat tedious relation, the work is judiciously abbreviated. It is prefaced by a series of introductory extracts from Galeazzo Gataro, illustrative of the manners and habits of the Italians, and of the history of Padua from the year 1318 to 1385. The narrative of the family of Carrara then begins with the total discomfiture of the great army of Antonio dalla Scala, lord of Verona, by Francesco, in conjunction with Sir John Hawkwood and Azzo de' Ubaldini, immediately after his father had gained the battle of Brentella, in 1386. The story terminates with the total extinction of the noble house of Carrara, in 1407; and historical notes and illustrations are subjoined.

The King's Own. By the author of the Naval Officer. 3 vols. post 8vo.—London, Colburn and Bentley.

In depicting life 'afloat,' the author of these volumes, an English post-captain named Marryat, we believe, is much more accurate and quite as graphic as Cooper, the celebrated American novelist, and like him his powers are by no means confined to the delineation of sea adventures. The story commences with the mutinies of the Texel and the Nore. The father of the hero (a son of a certain admiral de Courcy, who had married the curate's daughter for love, and had gone to sea as a common sailor to escape his father's fury,) is hanged as a ringleader of the sedition on board the ship to which he belonged. His son, as we have said, becomes, nominally at least, but little more than nominally, the hero of the tale; his first introduction is during the mutiny on board, where he had been allowed to remain with his father, who assumed the name of Peters on running off to sea: the progress of the mutineers, and indeed voyages, and battles, and scenery, and character, and all sorts of things, are vividly and ably described.

Little Willy Peters, who was the idol and the play thing of the ship's crew to which his father belonged, is called the 'King's Own' from the circumstance of being devoted by his dying and repentant father, to the king's service, to atone for and redeem his own disloyalty, and being thereupon marked in the shoulder with the king's broad arrow, by a brother shipmate. This process of tattooing, so common in the British navy, is performed by pricking the shape of the figure required, with the points of needles, and rubbing the bleeding parts with wet gunpowder and ink. After suffering all manner of 'sea changes,' he is at length poisoned, on the eve of his marriage, by the father of his intended bride, and so ends this strange eventful history. The story is, in itself, nothing; but the book is powerfully and pleasingly written, and displays considerable reading and depth of observation, as well as shrewdness and knowledge of the human heart, which is pretty much the same both on land and sea. On the whole, we deem it a very creditable production to captain Marryatt, and recommend it to our readers as one of the best works of its class that we have read.

The English Army in France; being the personal narrative of an Officer. 2 vols. post 8vo.—London, Colburn and Bentley.

Our readers may remember a book, which we reviewed some time ago, we think in our 13th Number, called "Adventures in the Rifle Brigade," by captain Kincaid; well, this is a book of the same class and calibre. Those important categories of human action, the *ubi et quando* are the same in both, and the style is as nearly as possible identical. The principal difference seems to lie in this, that whereas the former author was a captain in the rifles, the present 'officer' was the surgeon belonging to a regiment of horse. It would be injustice, however, not to add, that besides an amusing rifaccimento of light military anecdote and drolleries, that serve to pass the time pleasantly enough, there is mingled, here and there, some useful information respecting manners, scenery and society in France, and occasional observations that border upon serious reflection.

The Encyclopædia Britannica; new edition, with the Supplement to the former editions incorporated, and illustrated by an entirely new set of Engravings on steel. Edited by Professor Napier. Vol. I. Part II.—Black, Edinburgh.

We have already had occasion to notice the first part of the new edition of this great and valuable work, in terms of decided approbation. We are happy to add, that the punctual appearance of the second, and the judicious blending, not only of the former supplement, but of every new discovery made since it was written, with the various subjects of the original text, fully justifies the anticipations we had formed, so far at least as the work has yet advanced. The plates are also highly creditable, the figures are drawn with spirit and truth, and engraved in the very best style. The preliminary dissertations, which will occupy the whole of the first volume, are well known as most elaborate and admirable compositions.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The Quarterly Journal of Science, Literature and Art. New Series.—London, Colburn and Bentley.

ANTIQUITIES.

In the last number of this able Journal, which is, we believe, published under the direction of Mr. Brande, at the Royal Institutution, we observe a very profound and curious article, entitled "Fragments on Egyptian Literature." We have learned with great pleasure that it is from the pen of our countryman, Dr. Hincks, a quondam fellow of the University of Dublin, and now, we believe, Rector of Killileagh. It sets out with some curious and very learned remarks on the Egyptian word for God, and on the names of Osiris and Isis; it then proceeds to trace the family of Rameses the Great, and concludes with a very important account of the Doctor's discovery of a Hieroglyphical tablet in the British Museum, commemorative of Julius Cæsar. We extract a portion of the latter part of the paper, which, both from its subject and its author, will, we think, be very interesting to many of our readers:

"*Pedigree of Rameses the Great.*—In the present state of things, that person must be considered as very rash who should give an opinion, founded on merely probable grounds, respecting any point in Egyptian history or chronology. It is hard to say how soon some monument may be discovered in that country which may decide the question one way or other, or which may, at least, furnish additional grounds on which an opinion may be founded. In the present instance I do not mean to commit the fault that I have pointed out. Suspending my own opinion as to the parentage of the Egyptian hero, I would merely point out the unwarrantable inferences that have been made by M. Champollion and others on the subject; I would refer to the authorities on which they propose to rely, and shew that these very authorities would rather authorize an opposite conclusion.

"M. Champollion always speaks of Rameses the Great as the grandson of Rameses Meiamoun, and as the son of Amenophis, who succeeded that prince; and who, it has been

thought, was the Pharaoh who was drowned in the Red Sea. This he does on the authority of Manetho, as quoted by Josephus, which, he says, is confirmed by the genealogical table in the palace at Abydos. "Manetho," says M. Champollion (*Précis*, p. 275), "giving an account of the second invasion of the Shepherds into Egypt, in the reign of Amenophis III., father of Sethos, says, in effect, that 'the king, troubled at the news of the arrival of these strangers, set out in order to fight with them, after having intrusted his son Sethos, who was then five years old, and who was also called Rameses, from Rampses his father, to a sure friend.' Further on, Manetho relates that 'Amenophis the third, not having been able to resist the Shepherds, retired with his son into Ethiopia, where he remained many years; but at length, having gathered together an Ethiopian army, he re-entered Egypt, along with his son Rampses, who himself commanded at that time a body of troops.'"

"M. Champollion has here given, accurately enough, the words of Josephus (*Cont. Apion.*, i. 26, 27); but he has completely *misapplied* them. Had he attended to the context, he would have seen that the Amenophis and Rampses, who are spoken of in this passage, are not, as he imagines, the last king of the xviiith dynasty and the first of the xixth, but the third and fourth kings of the xixth.—Josephus expressly says that this Amenophis reigned 518 years after the first expulsion of the Shepherds, that is, after the commencement of the xviiith dynasty; and he proves this from the words of Manetho. The princes of the xviiith dynasty reigned in all three hundred and ninety-three years. Then came the two brothers Sethos and Hermeus, who commanded the xixth dynasty, and whom he identifies with the Egyptus and Danaus of the Greeks.—Sethos, says Manetho, cast the other out of Egypt, and reigned fifty-nine years, as did his son Rhampses after him sixty-six years.—Amenophis is mentioned by Manetho as the next king; and the commencement of his reign is subsequent to the expulsion of the Shepherds by Tethmosis.—(See Josephus, *Cont. Apion.*, i. 26.)

"Now, whatever opinions may be entertained respecting the correctness of Manetho's statements, in the whole or in part, it is plain, from what has been said, that he does *not* state that Rameses, or Sethos, the founder of the xixth dynasty, was the son of Amenophis; and in the absence of such a statement, his mention of the dynasty being changed, would seem to imply, that he was not so related to his predecessor.

"I turn now to the table of Abydos, which has been supposed to confirm this pedigree of Rameses, but which appears to me to furnish a strong presumptive argument against it.

"It is well known that, in the lowest horizontal line of this table, the prænomen and name of Rameses the Great are arranged in alternate ovals; each occurring, when the table was complete, ten times. Over these are two other lines, which seem to have originally contained thirty-nine different prænomens, and a single name, following the last prænomen, which is precisely the same as that in the lowest line. The sovereign, who bore this last name and prænomen, is admitted on all hands not to have been the *father* of Rameses the Great, but his ancestor in a remote degree. Why then, it may be asked, are the intermediate names omitted? It is difficult to give a satisfactory answer to this question, if we suppose, that the kings who reigned during this interval were interposed in genealogical succession between the two Rameses mentioned in the table. But the difficulty would be removed, by supposing that Rameses the Great was of a different family from his immediate predecessors, but equally descended from the former Rameses (Rameses II. of Champollion-Figeac). I would not venture to advance this supposition, as *proved* by this genealogical table. I merely say, that the table should not be appealed to as *confirming* a *different* theory, when it is *at least equally* reconcileable with that which I have mentioned.

"I cannot, however, help remarking, that the *anxiety* of the great Rameses to *prove* his descent from the royal stock, is, in my mind, a strong presumptive argument against his being the son of his predecessor, and of course universally admitted to belong to it. Not only did he cause this genealogical table to be constructed in his palace, but among the titles in his first oval he selected 'of the race of the Sun,' in addition to the matter-of-course 'Son of the Sun,' *between* his ovals. It is remarkable, that in this particular he was afterwards imitated by Shishonk, who, it can scarcely be questioned, became the founder of a dynasty by usurpation or conquest.*

"*Hieroglyphical Tablet, commemorative of Julius Cæsar.* In M. Champollion's letter to M. Dacier, and Mr. Salt's Essay, there is a tolerably complete series of the names of the Roman emperors from Augustus to Commodus. Some inaccuracies occur, indeed, in both of these publications, especially in Mr. Salt's; but, in general, the readings published are correct. M. Champollion, in his Egyptian tour, has continued the series, having read the names of Severus and Geta; and it is probable, that some of the names 'Antoninus,' which occur on the temples, may be intended for the emperor whom we call Caracalla.

"The series of hieroglyphical legends of Roman Emperors is thus extended from Augustus, or the Christian era, to the beginning of the *third* century. I am not aware, however, that a Roman name, prior to that of Augustus, has been, as yet, read in hieroglyphical characters by any one but myself; and yet it is a fact, that there is a tablet in the British Museum, bearing the name of the first and greatest of the Cæsars. The gentlemen who have published the valuable paper on Egyptian Monuments in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, have, indeed, explained this name, which occurs in their thirty-fourth figure, as Verus, or Severus; they think, but are not positive, that the letters compose the word BEERES. The first, however, a *feather*, is A, E, or I; it has neither the shape nor the reversed position of the feather that represents S; the third is an L or R; the fourth an I; and the fifth and last an S. The last two characters, at the end of foreign proper names, universally represent IUS or ÆUS, never a simple US. The characters, therefore, whatever may be the value of the second of them, cannot possibly represent either of the names suggested in the paper; nor is there any which was borne by a Cæsar, (and the name which accompanies this is, unquestionably, 'Cæsar,') which can correspond with the characters already specified, except AELIUS and IULIUS. The *second* character is a *leg*. In the name 'Berenice,' it represents a B, as well as in some other decisive instances; it is, therefore, unlikely, that it should come to represent an E, or rather to be superfluous, as would be the case if the *former* word were intended; but B, V, and U are similar letters, and easily interchanged; and, in point of fact, are *actually interchanged* in phonetic hieroglyphics. There can, therefore, be no objection to the name being read IULIUS; nor is there any other name to which it can correspond."

Apropos of Egyptian antiquities, we may subjoin, that the *Astrolabe* having completed a voyage round the world, has recently arrived at *Havre*, laden with the spoils collected by M. Champollion, and that the Members of the Tuscan Scientific expedition to Egypt, have recently returned with no fewer than thirteen hundred drawings of the most interesting basso-relievos, which they met with on the exterior, and in the interior of Egyptian monuments.

* The fact of Shishonk being the founder of a *new* dynasty, for which we have the express testimony of Manetho, explains an *apparent* inconsistency in the sacred writings, as has been already remarked in the CHRISTIAN EXAMINER for January, 1829. Solomon married the daughter of Pharaoh: yet Solomon's enemy, Jeroboam, fled for refuge from him to the court of Shishak, king of Egypt, by whom he was favourably received. This Shishak, it is observed, was of a *new* family, unconnected with Solomon, and who had probably dethroned his brother-in-law. There may be some weight also in the remark which is there made, that the reason why the Jewish historians do not call this prince 'Pharaoh,' as they do the other kings of Egypt, was, that the considered him an *usurper*, and consequently to have *no right* to that title, which, without regarding its interpretation in the Egyptian language, was understood by foreigners to denote 'the *legitimate* sovereign of Egypt.

Edinburgh Journal of Natural and Geographical Science, No. VIII.—Lizars, Edinburgh.

THIS is a very spirited and well conducted record of all the most interesting facts and discoveries in general Science, Geography, and Natural-history. The present number contains original papers on the native forests of Aberdeenshire, and on the Outer-Hebrides; descriptions of a new Torricellian air-pump, and a newly discovered species of flounder, each with a plate, and a number of able Scientific Reviews. The plates in this work are numerous and always excellent, as is indeed the whole Magazine.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, May 10th, 1832.

The weather has suddenly changed here from the most delightful summer to a cold spring; but vegetation has not been checked, and the produce of the earth is everywhere in abundance. All the luxuries of spring are so cheap, even in this crowded city, as to astonish the English residents; and there is a reasonable prospect of an abundant crop of fruit, for the table. The papers of the wine districts state, that the vines suffered so much during the winter, that the quantity will be small. This, at present, however, must be mere conjecture; but should it prove true, the wine drinker will find no inconvenience—for the stock of wine on hand is considerable.

There have been no publications of note here during the last fortnight; and, in the way of amusement, there has been very little of interest. The theatres have been badly attended.

The following were the receipts during the last month:

	fr.	c.
Théatre de Madame	67,156	85
Opéra Comique	46,033	65
Nouveautés	45,762	45
Opéra	44,100	—
Odéon	40,526	80
Théatre Français	39,578	5
Ambigu	35,984	55
Vaudeville,	35,715	75
Variétés	28,201	55
Gaieté	27,846	35
Italien	26,799	45

A good deal of gossip has been created lately by an announcement that the celebrated Bronze Elephant, which was originally intended to have been placed on the site of the Bastille, is now to be erected on a pedestal of French stone, in an open space of the Champs Elysées; the city of Paris having granted the ground to the architect, M. Alavoine, for 80 years, on condition of the elephant becoming, at the expiration of that time, the property of the city. It is intended to fit up the inside of the elephant as a *salon*, and to erect staircases in the legs, for visitors to ascend to the castle on the top, which will be at the height of about 100 feet from the ground. In order to repay the architect for his enormous outlay in the construction of this stupenduous statue, the visitors will be charged one franc each, on entrance. There can be no doubt of the success of the scheme.

It was stated some time ago that the Sultan had sat for his portrait to an English artist; and that the Mufti, alarmed at the innovation, had made remonstrances on that subject to the Sultan, who had laughed at him for his folly. It appears, however, that the artist has been compelled to leave Constantinople, to avoid assassination by the agents of this fanatic Mussulman.

At the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences, a paper was read on "the means of navigation in the air."

Ever since the origin of aerostation, it has been a matter of anxiety to render air carriages a means of communication. Ingenious experiments, hazardous and frequently fatal, and others only ridiculous, have been often essayed, and always without success. The application of steam, which has been made for the last twenty years the most universal means of water conveyance, added to the invincible difficulties which aerial navigation presented, had put a stop to all experiments.

M. Dupuis Delcourt, the author of the paper presented to the Academy, however, has put forth a hypothesis, which appears plausible. He describes the shape of his machine, and the pieces of which it is composed. It is a lengthened balloon, cylindrical, with a mast like a ship, ending in front by a cone, near which are arranged the means of guiding, which consist of wheels with wings acting in a horizontal direction. At the end of the machine is a helm, and a prow is at the lower extremity. It is useless to examine the utility of these various parts, that can only be demonstrated by calculation, and the inventor has not used any to determine the effect: he does not even say positively what force he proposes to apply to the machine. Human powers are quite inadequate, he has thought of steam; but then the engines must be immense. There would be an increase of surfaces in a greater proportion than the increase of power, and consequently there would be an increase of resistance by the air, and therefore there must be an increase of capacity.

An immense difficulty which the inventor does not appear to have considered, is the great variation of the force requisite to direct an air machine, a person may be able to guide such a vessel in calm weather, another, by more complicated machinery, may be able to make way against a light breeze, but in opposing a violent wind for an immense distance, is the problem. A traveller embarking in an air machine at Paris to go to America, may stick fast on the summit of Hymallis, or be wrecked in the midst of the polar ice.

However the efforts of M. Dupuis Delcourt deserve consideration, and although he has not solved the problem, they may be the first steps to great results. At another sitting of the Academy a letter was read from M. Gambart, of Marseilles, mentioning that he had discovered a comet in the head of the Little Horse. The tail is already half a degree in length. It was mentioned, however, in the course of the sitting, that this new comet had been previously seen with the naked eye from the observatory at Paris. At the same sitting, M. Cassini, sen. made a favourable report relative to a collection of curious plants which had been made on Mount Sinai. In the course of the sitting an interesting memoir, by M. Milne Edwards, was read, relative to the organization of the mouths of animals which live by suction; some interesting discoveries are stated to have been made lately, in a cave near Palermo:—a very large heap of bones was found at the extremity of the cave, amongst which were recognised three of the elephant, the hippopotamus, the mammoth, and other animals, the races of which are now extinct.

It appears, from a statistical account lately published in the Netherlands, that the number of persons in prison in that country, on the 31st of December, 1829, was 6499—of whom 5426 were males, and 1173 women—being one to every 932 inhabitants.

Rome, April 17, 1830.

Some very interesting discoveries have been recently made in several parts of ancient Etruria. Eight or ten *tumuli* have been opened to the west of Tarquinia. The paintings of the interior of the sepulchral chambers, are very good, and are in a high state of preservation; but the painting of the exterior is very inferior to that of the interior. Several vases of large dimensions, and in the first style, covered with fabulous animals, were found in these tombs. Near Corneto were discovered several stone coffins, surmounted with couchant statues, and which appear to belong to the period of the lower empire.

The following particulars, relative to the religious ceremonies which took place here during passion-week, are curious, and will, I trust, prove interesting to you, my dear President, and to your beloved public. The ceremonies begin on the Wednesday, and such is the curiosity they excite, that the streets are usually crowded with spectators of all nations. On that day the *Miserere* was chanted at the Sixtine chapel, and it was executed in such good style as to give delight to the immense crowds which were assembled. On the next day, the cardinals, with all their suite, and accompanied by the clergy, went in procession, following the body of our Saviour, which was deposited in the chapel. From the great age of the holy father, and his state of suffering, he was not able to go through the ceremony of washing the feet of the twelve apostles, and he was, therefore, represented by a cardinal. The apostles were represented by twelve men of different nations, clothed in white, and they were served at table by a cardinal. The spectacle of the blessing by the pope, was a most splendid one; all the troops were under arms, and the crowd was immense. At twelve o'clock, his holiness appeared at the tribune of St. Peter, clothed in white, with the tiara on his head, and surrounded with the officers of his household, bearing, according to custom, immense fans. The spectacle, altogether, should be seen to be imagined, as this Easter ceremony of the pope's blessing is certainly a most splendid one. In the evening the *Miserere* was again chanted in the chapel. On the Friday, the ceremony of the adoration of the cross took place, when a whole people may have an opportunity of seeing the princes of the church, clothed in purple, prostrate themselves to the earth. On that day the hundred lamps, which burn throughout the whole year round the tomb of St. Peter, are extinguished, and in the evening the church is filled with paintings, and, by means of tastefully-managed light and shade, a beautiful effect is produced.

On Saturday, the baptism of those converted to the Catholic religion, took place at Saint Jean de Lateran, they were four in number, three Jews and a Turk from Smyrna. Most of the Spectators were Englishmen, who do not behave in the most decorous manner, and indeed they seemed inclined to turn the ceremony into ridicule. On Easter-day the imposing ceremonies were resumed, and at ten o'clock the mass, at which the Cardinals were present, commenced. To a spectator, placed upon a height, the most magnificent spectacle presents itself, for the whole of Rome with its ruins, seems before him; and around the eternal city the Sabine mountains form an arid and picturesque circle. The Pope made his appearance, borne in an arm chair covered with scarlet velvet, and surrounded with a numerous and brilliant assembly of ecclesiastics, and officers of his household. The procession slowly mounted the stair-case, and I had an opportunity of contemplating the features of the Venerable Pope Pius. He appeared to be very unwell, but his countenance betokened the utmost amiability and benignity. All these pompous ceremonies were succeeded by a brilliant exhibition of fire-works, from the cupola of St. Peter's, and thousands of lamps were simultaneously lighted. By the bye, I may mention in conclusion, that the person who lights the lamps upon the cross, always confesses himself before he executes that dangerous office, for if the cord which supports it should break, he would inevitably be dashed to pieces.

London, May 12, 1830.

The only thing now talked of in the literary world is Paul Clifford, by Mr. Bulwer, the author of Pelham. Very few persons have read this work, for the demand for it is so great that the publishers have kept it back, until they can get a sufficient number together for general delivery. My copy has been so short a time before me, that I have only had an opportunity of dipping into it. Perhaps you have been more fortunate. The story has been partially told in the puff preliminary of

Messrs. Colburn and Bentley. The hero, Gentleman George, is represented as the keeper of a flash house. Paul Clifford is the captain of a gang of swindlers, among whom are Natty Ned, in whom we recognise a nobleman holding high office, and who is remarkable for his personal dandyism, and Fighting Attie, who is meant, I imagine, to represent a still higher personage. It is altogether a very clever book, and will, I have no doubt, command a larger sale than even Pelham, although the subject is less calculated for general novel readers.* The sum paid for the copyright has been stated to me as very large, but the publishers will certainly reap considerable profit.

I have already taken occasion to notice the squabbles in the Club of the Literary Union; these, I am glad to say, are growing slighter and slighter every day, and a reasonable prospect is now entertained that the Club will go on prosperously and respectably. Dissension, however, has broken out among their splendid neighbours at the Athenæum. The members of that club formerly occupied the house now used by the Literary Union, but becoming too aristocratic for a building, the rent of which is only four or five hundred a-year, they erected, at a cost of about forty thousand pounds, a magnificent house in the immediate neighbourhood, in which, allowing five per cent. for their capital, and adding the ground rent, and some other items, they will stand at a rental of upwards of three thousand guineas a-year, to say nothing of the enormous expenditure required for servants, and contingencies. Many of the members who disapproved in the first instance of the removal, have now formed a party to oppose the committee generally; and a very stormy meeting is expected, I believe, this evening, to discuss the general merits of the management.

Notwithstanding the almost unprecedented dullness in the trade for periodicals, four or five new weekly papers of different kinds have come out lately, among them are two French papers, *Le Representant des Peuples* and *L'Independant*; the first is a sort of political pamphlet, of two sheets and a quarter, published at one shilling and four pence; it is ultra-liberal even to violence, but it displays a great deal of talent, and notwithstanding the high price, is already a profitable concern. The editor is M. Le Diere, a French gentleman, who was for many years the intimate friend and companion of the celebrated General Dumourier.—The second is a regular stamped French newspaper, at one shilling; also liberal in its politics, and which, from some strange mistake, has been attributed to the Polignac party. A slight perusal, however, of the first number, will clearly show the error of this assertion, it is well written, and both the papers to which I have alluded, are proofs of the facility with which foreigners may express their opinions in this country.

I mentioned to you some time ago, that patents had been taken out in Great Britain and Ireland, for the application of a new steam power to carriages and ships; the possessor of these patents has declared, that by means of a boiler of very small size, he will be able to produce a greater effect than can be obtained by the largest boilers now in use, as he has the means of condensing his vapour into fluid, and reproducing it in the gaseous form, renewing the operation, as it were, *ad infinitum*. No practical use, however, seems yet to have been made of this new principle, and the probability is, that nothing useful will proceed from it, as no material can be discovered of sufficient strength, to resist the explosive power of the vapour.

The French papers which arrived this morning, inform us that a new telegraph, equally as effective in the night as in the day, is to be used in the expedition to Algiers, to hold correspondence between the head quarters and the distant outposts, as well as the fleet. We are assured that the lights to be employed as night signals, are so constructed, that they may be distinguished clearly five or six leagues at sea. This, if true, is really important information, for I believe that no night telegraph hitherto invented, was ever found to succeed at a distance of more than two leagues.

There is very little of interest now stirring in the theatrical world; Mr. Charles Wright, and Mr. Bunn, are still competitors for Drury-lane theatre, but the report is, that if it is not let to Mr. Wright, the committee will keep it in their own hands, under the management of Mr. Wallack. Mr. Wright, however, declares, that he is certain of obtaining it, as he is willing to add even to the large sum which he had already offered for it; the prevailing opinion is, that it will be a ruinous concern, unless the star system can be got rid of, and the public will support a respectable regular company. The English Opera performers will commence their season in July, at the Adelphi Theatre, and it is hoped that the English Opera House will be re-built by next year, as all the money is now ready for the commencement of operatives. The only difficulty is, as to the new street.

It is expected that a magnificent opening will be made before the end of the summer, from Carlton Gardens into the Park, as the commissioners of woods and forests and their excellent and indefatigable *chief*, are anxious for the improvement.

LADY'S LETTER.

London, May 5, 1830.

Well, good Mr. President, I cannot think you the most polite of men, inasmuch as you headed my last communication, 'Lady's Letter.' What did you mean by so describing it? Did you suppose that any one *could* mistake a lady's letter, for a gentleman's?* Mais n'importe. Being a particular favourite with some of the mighty in art, I was so fortunate as to obtain admission to the private view of the pictures at Somerset house: at some of the exhibitions that I could name, the *private* views are always the most *public*: such, however, is not the case at our grand national pictorial display; each academician has only the privilege of bestowing *two* tickets, which, of course, are presented to his best patrons, and he is allowed to take one person in when he enters: consequently, the visitors are limited in number, and generally persons of the highest rank. It is delightful to witness the union of art and aristocracy, and the deep interest that is felt by the groups, who seek amid the gorgeous assembly the productions of their favourite artists. The duchess of St. Alban's, and her tiny duke, (whom a country friend of mine imagined in her simplicity was her son,) were amongst the company. The duke and duchess of Bedford, the marquis of Stafford, lady G. Agar Ellis, and her excellent husband. Mathews, looking happy and exultant, an admirable title-page to his comic annual. By the way, I was gratified by observing the applause he heartily bestowed upon one of Rothwell's pictures; for he is an excellent judge, and the possessor of a well-filled gallery of the best theatrical portraits extant. As I have mentioned *our* artists' name, I may as well tell you, that it is universally acknowledged that "the Irish Lawrence" has sustained his reputation: from the numerous orders he has had, he could not *prepare* any picture particularly, for the exhibition, for he literally had not time: had he as some of his friends wished—not exhibited, the members of the Royal Academy—the titled "face-painters" would have up-lifted the voice and finger of scorn, and said that Rothwell feared them; so it is best as it is: true, his pictures are *only* portraits, but they are living, breathing ones—graceful and striking likenesses. The great room is rich in Wilkies—and the two pictures of our gracious sovereign are, under present circumstances, full of painful interest. The king's visit to Holyrood house, is a glorious picture. In the front, his majesty is represented accompanied by two pages, while a trumpeter in the rere announces, that the king is about to enter the palace of Scotland. In front of his majesty, the duke of Hamilton, first peer of Scotland, in the plaid of the earls of Arran, is presenting the keys of the palace, of which he is hereditary keeper. On the right of the king, is the duke of Montrose, lord chamberlain, pointing towards the entrance, where is stationed the duke of Argyle, in his family tartan, as hereditary keeper of the household: behind him is the crown of Robert Bruce, supported by Sir Alexander Keith: near him is carried the mace of the Exchequer, anciently the chancellor's mace, when Scotland was a separate kingdom; but I had almost said chief in interest is Sir Walter himself, in the character of bard, or historian of Scotland. These are accompanied by a varied multitude, pressing forward to behold their sovereign. The picture is an exhibition in itself. I *privately* tell you, that I like not the portrait of his majesty, by the same artist: it is too like the moulded figures you see in the snuff-shops. Wilkie is a thin spare man; timid in his address, and retiring in his manners; his eye is small and grey—restless—and at times, though not often, brilliant; he receives compliments with embar-

* We beg of our readers to turn back to page 307, and read once more the last sentence of our review of this book.

* It is really too bad thus to be called 'a naughty man' for doing our very prettiest bit of behaviour, which we intended as a mark of our most distinguished consideration. We readily concede to our fair correspondent, that no one *who read* her lively letter could have mistaken it for the production of one of the hermits of creation; but how many might have passed it by, as "so deuced stupid that they never read a word of it," had they supposed it an ordinary piece of 'original correspondence;' whereas, the *air distingué* of 'Lady's Letter,' fascinated at once the admiring gaze of the seven millions at least, to say nothing of the more phlegmatic Englishers. On looking at the date of our amiable friend's letter, we have, however, to crave the clemency both of our readers and writers, and entreat of 'pretty puss' to fold her claws within their velvet sheath, while we disclose the astounding fact, that our respected friend in London, in his eager zeal to secure the latest information for us, was a minute behind the post last week, whereby the packet containing our foreign and British correspondence arrived just when our paper had gone to press, with the melancholy fact, 'TOO LATE'—

Stamped like a burning brand upon its brow,

in the red letters of the post-office. We had to supply this *hiatus valde deflendus* on the spur of the moment, as best we might; but our readers will perceive that we are most amazingly rich in that department this time.

rassment, and is ever at a loss what to say in return: you would note him at once as an awkward man of genius.

Howard has several pictures, all imaginative and beautiful, classic and correct—the most exquisite to my taste is his Shakspeare: it is all poetry. Can I say more than that the execution is worthy of the subject? Pickersgill has some well painted and highly finished portraits; but nothing so pensively beautiful as his "Greek Girl" of last season. Mulready, another "*talented*" artist, (as we of the western isle call it) is worthy of being an Irishman; one whose pathos is never mawkish, whose humour is never vulgar, and whose power is never tyrannical; the Walter Scott of painting. He exhibits many pictures this year,—all admirable in their way. I must not forget Inshipps charming "Isaak Walton," nor O'Connor's spirited 'Glen of the Rocks,' nor young M'Clise's beautiful water-colour portraits of Campbell, Miss Landon, and others, which unite delicacy and strength;—these three latter are, I am proud to say, Irishmen also; nor the melancholy Boxall's touching personification of Beattie's tender lines—

"Ah, who can tell how many a soul sublime,
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with fortune an eternal war?"

Provoking creature that he is!—Would you believe it, I looked at that picture until my eyes got so uncomfortable and odd, that Mr. Etty, the kindest of all the R. A.'s, asked "what had so moved me."

Etty is, as usual, magnificent; only I wish he would drape his figures a little more. Daniel, the Hafiz of painting, transports you fairly to the eastern clime, and leaves you to meditate on its wonders. I have always heard that he is a most faithful painter. I am tired of Tuez de Castro; but Briggs' delineation of her parting from her children is most interesting.

Turner's productions are varied and extraordinary. "Palestrina, a composition," is one of those things that can never be forgotten.—I can give you no idea of its glowing and gorgeous beauty.

There is a thing of his called "Jessica," evidently painted to shew the power of crome yellow. What an ugly little mortal he is! wizened and odd, not even so good looking as Etty, who would be the ugliest man in London, but for one simple cause, his good-nature, pure unaffected good-nature, that renders him the darling of all the students of the Royal Academy, and irradiates his countenance, until you wonder you ever thought him less than beautiful. There is the superiority of mind over matter—the contest between clay and spirit—he is beloved by every body.

Wood's "Orphans" is a sweet picture; it is intended as one of the embellishments for the forthcoming Amulet. Stanfield's "Mount St. Michall" is a most extraordinary production: the very spirit of storm hovers o'er it, and you almost feel it necessary to shield yourself from the dashing spray.

"The Artist's Mother, when in the eighty-first year of her age," by J. Ward, R.A. is one of those touching portraitures, that treat of aged beauty; it is exquisite, and so pleasing—just what youth can love and venerate. "The Fall of Phaeton," by the same gentleman, is very like a shower of crabs and lobsters; however his other pictures atone for such an invasion on good taste. Collins! ay that man is indeed a painter. A particular friend of mine calls him the Wordsworth of art. I looked upon his "Muscle Gatherers," until I felt the breezes of ocean fan my cheek, and fancied lady Londonderry's voice, which was eloquently discoursing on the merits of some favoured work, the rippling of the gentle waves. No one to see Collins would set him down for a genius, he is simply a gentleman, mild and pleasing, without foppery, affectation, or even peculiarity of any kind.

Newton is fortunate in his choice of subjects this year. "Shylock giving Jessica his keys," is a charming picture. The fingers of the justly distrustful Jew linger on the bunch, and there is a conscious expression of anxiety and plot on the countenance of the maiden, which is particularly happy. "Abbot Boniface" gazing indolently on the fire, partly engaged in meditating on his past and present fortunes, and partly occupied by endeavouring to trace towers and steeples in the red embers, is a deep and powerful delineation—well worthy of the most graceful and polished pencil of the age. By the way, Charles Kemble dressed the Shylock, (through which he ranted,) according to Newton's idea, and so looked, if he did not *act*, it well.

How could I so long have forgotten some beautiful portraits by our late president. I could not look at them without tears; they came from my heart, believe me—and with them the remembrance of his urbanity, and sweetness. The likeness of one, ("Thomas Moore") —our own *green* poet—delighted many. I must not, however, be unjust to Martin Archer Shee—he exhibits only four portraits; but they are graceful and pleasing—such as none but a gentleman could paint. He is much approved of, I hear, by all the academicians, and decidedly beloved by the students.

Do not saucily imagine that the gentlemen have it all their own way—and that *we* have no artists amongst us. Mrs. Carpenter *ought* to be an academician; Mrs. Pearson is a sweet, natural painter; the Misses Drummond are a credit to their sex; Miss Heaphy colours charmingly, and has given the world a portrait of Miss Spence. I cannot positively enumerate all the female exhibitors—all excelling in their respective paths; and it is right it should be so, for painting is not only a delightful, but a domestic amusement, and, therefore, particularly suited for women.

I have said nothing hardly about landscapes, and absolutely nothing about miniatures and enamels; there is the usual quantity of good, bad, and indifferent. I think the rooms were never so crowded; and I understand that upwards of four hundred pictures were rejected absolutely for want of room. The sculpture apartment is shocking—a demi-cellar sort of place, with two dingy windows; it is a pitiable spot for such beautiful works of art.

Behnes' alto (I believe they call it *alto*) relievo—of "The Seven Ages,"—is a most powerful composition. I could write you a dozen pages upon it, and yet you could not comprehend half its grouping or character. Chantry, Baily, Westmacott, and others, are, as usual, beautiful; but will you forgive me, for feeling so pained at sculpture, as not to be able to contemplate its perfection—it tells me of DEATH!

And now, a kind adieu to you, good Sir. I would rather sit down and write you a letter, than any one I know of—nay nay, do not, I entreat, look so conceited, nor take *that* as a compliment to yourself—it is simply because I love to correspond with my *native land*.

PUSS IN THE CORNER.

LA PAUVRE LIZZETTE.

(*For the Dublin Literary Gazette.*)

"Qui est donc la pauvre Lizzette," was the question I put to the storm-drenched *vacher*, as we sat drying our garments, and warming our frozen limbs at the fire of the friendly châlet, and it arose from the following circumstance:

Through the day I had been a lonely wanderer among the majestic and gloomy scenery of the Alps. Evening was drawing on, when I descended towards the ravine which lay beneath me, robed in the sea-like mist that was already spreading, in gloomy columns, along the mountain side, and united with the distant and rumbling sound which was heard, at intervals, conveying intelligence of an impending storm. The châlet was not far distant; and I was urging my steps towards it, with what speed an Alp-tired traveller could use, when, borne on the wailing breeze that swept by me, my ear caught a strange, strange sound. It was almost unearth-like in its tone, and yet it resembled, too, the human voice, so mournful it was, yet so calm, so sweet—yet so laden with grief; a superstitious mind might fancy it the plaint of a spirit that loved to linger round solitudes whose dreary desolateness might suit its own misery. As I descended lower, the sound became more and more distinct—and I found it consisted of one word repeated in the same plaintive tone, and lengthened out till the last syllable rose, something like a note of melancholy music, on the air. "Juillio—Juillio," I heard two or three times pronounced, in this mournful voice, before I saw, rounding the acclivity beneath me, the form of the hapless mourner—for such I felt must she be, from whom such notes of sorrow came. Age had not drawn its care-marking hand across her brow;—it was smooth, serene, unruffled—but sorrow had stamped thereon its ineffaceable impression—had spread its character at once, and for ever, over the whole of that fair countenance, and then retired deep, deep, into the secret heart, and drying up every source of young excitement—every passion—hope, joy, fear, forbade these again to agitate or kindle the face of one which it had marked for its own. She wore the every-day dress of the Swiss peasant; the red handkerchief, from under which her long brown hair hung down below her back, strongly contrasted with the extreme paleness of her face and forehead; the red vest, bright petticoat, and coloured stockings, also assisted in forming a dress greatly at variance with the countenance of the wearer. On her arm she carried a child, whose dejected little face appeared to have caught the reflection of its hapless mother's, if such she was: it did not look around with the inquisitiveness, the intelligence, and animation, of engaging, wondering infancy; it sat silent, motionless, pale, and gentle-looking; and, as I gazed on the still youthful and handsome features of the mother, and saw that from them, too, all the glow and breathings of an intelligent soul had passed away, I felt interested for the one, and moved to pity for the other.

She passed me without seeming to notice my presence, or replying to my question; and, as she moved along the base of the frowning Alp,

with its glaciers above her, I heard, at intervals, the same plaintive voice calling still, "Juillio—Juillio—."

"Ah! c'est la pauvre Lizzette," said my host of the châlet, in answer to my inquiry as to who or what she was, and then I demanded, in the words with which my story began, "Qui est donc la pauvre Lizzette?" In reply to which I received the information which I have fashioned into the following historiette:

To a poor and solitary vacherie, on the side of the awful Jungfrau, there came one summer tide a way-worn, care-marked man, who thenceforward made it his abode. A few goats formed the only flock he boasted, and this gloomy dwelling seemed rather selected from choice than as a fitting situation for an occupation to which, judging from his weather-beaten and sun-browned looks, the former habits of his life bore little resemblance. Men said, indeed, that lands far beyond the gloomy barrier of the Alps had been visited by him; lands of sun and regions of snow, but this was chiefly reported on surmise, for he was a dark and silent man, and the simple vacher as he passed him with his flock, shunned him still more than he saw himself shunned. Yet this strange man did not seem entirely cut off from the ties and sympathies of humanity: he had brought with him to that wild dreary abode, a sweet and playful child, who would sometimes win him from himself with the endearing fascinations of artless, delightful, and all delighted infancy. When he carried her round the base of the majestic Jungfrau, or pointed her eye to the lofty glacier, people said his countenance lost the stern unsocial air, and he looked almost more soft and gentle than other men. But even to young Lizzette his manner was, in general, cold, stern, and forbidding, and as she advanced from mere childhood it apparently became more and more repelling. Yet her father was all the mountain maiden had to love, and setting apart the lively instincts of our nature, which lead our affections, spite of all barriers, to those to whom blood connects us, Lizzette would have loved this cold-hearted man, for the human heart must obey the strong necessity of loving something; she did not know but that all others were like him, for she knew no other; beyond the gloomy region around her she never was allowed to ramble, and intercourse even with the inhabitants of the neighbouring châlets she had none. Gentle, tender-hearted and affectionate, she loved even the goats that fed from her hand, and seemed to return her affection.

One dreadful day a storm swept the mountain side, Lizzette trembled in her hut, but trembled more for her father than herself, for he was exposed to its fury—she ventured out in search of him, but could not see him; he had gone further from home than was his wont, he returned late at evening drenched with the rain and benumbed with cold; Lizzette warmed him some whey, and chafed his frozen limbs, he blessed her with unwonted warmth of affection, kissed her cheek, and lay down to rest; next morning his daughter had prepared his morning meal; she waited for him, but he did not come; she went to call him, but he did not answer to her voice; she hastened to his bedside to awake him, but he did not move at her touch—he was dead. Lizzette had never seen death before, she did not know it when it came before her; she strove to warm the inanimate frame; she could not succeed; she sat down on the ground, and laid her cheek on the icy hand, and broke into a loud long cry of helpless anguish. Lizzette was opposite the door of the hut, which was open; after some minutes she was sensible that the light admitted by the doorway into the apartment was darkened by a figure that occupied it; she looked up, and saw a stranger whom her cry of distress had attracted, his hand rested on the Alp-pole which was projected within the apartment, the Alp-horn too, and a large knife hung from the leathern girdle that circled his waist, from under his cap his brown hair hung clustering down; but his bold, open and expressive countenance was not untouched by a kindly and sympathetic feeling. My story must be brief: the stranger assisted in burying her father, and Lizzette felt what it is to lose all, all, the only solitary thing this earth, with its multiplied millions of living and breathing beings, contains for us to love, for us to cling to, for us to cherish and be cherished by. She was alone in the world—for a time. But the young stranger told her of the fair and peaceful valley of the Simmemthal, and of a cottage on the mountain side near to its borders, where she should know more happiness than had ever been hers in the lonely vacherie; and she descended with him there, and the pastor joined their hands, and Lizzette was happy.

But happiness is a frail plant, which even an Alpine valley, secluded though it be from the words, and looks, and deeds, that often wither its growth in the crowded haunts of men, cannot securely cherish. Oh no! its roots are planted surely and safely far above this bleak world of ours, and it lives and blooms unfading, only in immortality. Poor Lizzette was not so secure, her whole stock of happiness was in mortal keeping, wherever Juillio moved, there was her world, with him went her heart, her soul, it seemed her very existence: had the spot of earth that contained that one being, been annihilated together with him, the world were to her a wide void desert. And this being, in whom she might be said to live, daily and hourly played a desperate game for life or death. Juillio was a chamois-hunter, that fatal passion had seized him in his boyhood, and he pursued it with that wild enthusiasm which it always inspires. If Lizzette was happy, she was miserable, too; but the evening, when she saw him returning, made amends for the misery of the day. His fondness for her so far overcame his passion for the chase, as never to allow him to prolong his absence much beyond the time she might expect his return home; but long before that time arrived, Lizzette would be out on the snowy heights, anxiously looking for the first glimpse of his figure, as he sprang from height to height, from glacier to glacier, downward descending to reproach her anxiety, and love her the better for the proof of affection he reproved.

One evening he was later than usual, and she, alarmed, ascended higher on the heights, she looked more wistfully, she listened for the well known note of his Alp-horn more anxiously; at last he came, bounding over rocks and precipices; her heart beat high, and then grew calm, now he was safe once more, and she smilingly watched him, as after a momentary disappearance he again stood before her on a ledge of frowning and majestic rock, she turned to look if she could catch a glimpse of the up-curling smoke of their cot, promising a comfortable hearth after his toils; at this instant the fatal chamois appeared cresting the gigantic rock above him—the eye of the young hunter kindled, his wife, his home, were all forgotten, he was away, like the arrow from the bow, a straining eye and beating heart one moment followed him as he sprang, Lizzette had turned just in time to see her husband already far from her, bound like an eagle stooping from its eyrie, from rock to rock, till one deep precipice only yawned between him and the object of his pursuit, that wild passion once raised to its frenzied pitch, a wider gulf and loftier spring had not stopped the chamois hunter, the precipice was cleared, his grasp of the opposite rock was taken, but, horrible!—it was a disjointed mass he grasped, one instant he had to cast a despairing look towards her he left, the next it thundered down with him, far from the light and life of the world he left for ever.

Lizzette beheld him fall; but memory never served to guide her to the place again: from that day and hour, life was a blank to her; soon after she became a mother, but even the sight of her child seemed to awaken no sympathies in her bosom, she tended it carefully, but that appeared only an instinct, she never spoke to it, never smiled, or wept over it, every evening she still sallied out as it were to meet her chamois hunter on his return, and still wandering and looking, and never finding what she sought, her melancholy voice was heard by the peasant and goat-herd, and as the sound of 'Juillio, Juillio' passed them by, they said to one another as they said to me, 'Ah! c'est la pauvre Lizzette."

HIGH-WAYS AND BYE-WAYS IN IRELAND.

BY AN ANTIQUARY.

No. II.

When his victorious enemies were conducting King John of France in captivity from the field of Poictiers, it is recorded that the unhappy monarch hearing a fellow-prisoner chanting the chivalrous song of Roland, reproached him for singing that air, at a time when there was no Roland left for his country. "Ah!" retorted the soldier, "Rolands would yet be found, if there were a Charlemagne to attract them." In such a spirit would I declare to the world there are worthies in our native land, that need but the invitation and example of some commanding genius, to vindicate her ancient literary character. It is for you, Mr. President, to place yourself in that exalted situation. It is for you to repeal the Union which has so long seduced the *elite* of our talented comrades to the sister country. It is for you to issue summonses for an Irish *wit*-tenagemot, a parliament of literature. Be you our Charlemagne, and, I vouch for it, you will soon have your Paladins around you.——

But to continue our little tour.—And here I beg to protest against your omitting "*No. One*," at the heading of my last. It is, however, a rare number to forget; and, for your disinterestedness, I forgive you. We parted company at Ballybough; and now, with your leave—unless you dread to die, like the hero of Pulci's Morgante, by the bite of a sea-crab—we shall proceed together along the shore to Marino.

The first object that encounters your attention, if not your execration, as you pass out of Ballybough, is the turnpike. I have a mortal

aversion to this species of exaction; I never knew a road the better kept for it; and we are all quite sensible that it is one of the principal causes of Clontarf being now "a desolation, a dry land, and a wilderness—a land wherein no man dwelleth, neither doth any son of man *pass thereby*." There is but one road in which I would fervently wish a turnpike were established; and though I will not name that road "to ears polite," yet I do not think there will be much difficulty in determining its locality, when I tell you that, in my view, it would then have the effect which Sir John Davis would attribute to the extortion of coigne and livery in the same place—adding, "if it were used and practised there as it hath been in Ireland, it had long since destroyed the very kingdom of Beelzebub." My *Peg*, however, being specially privileged, (by the act of Olympus, 1st of Apollo,) passed unassessed. I wish more substantial quadrupeds could equally elude the tax.

"It were a delicate stratagem to shoe
A troop of horse with felt."

Put it in proof, I pray you.

From Ballybough to the Crescent, the view of the bay on the right, and the hills and villages beyond it, is very interesting, especially when the tide is *at-home*. The road soon reaches

MARINO,

once the favourite retreat of the celebrated Lord Charlemont. A gateway, modern and neat, surmounted by my lord's supporters, and stamped with the laudable motto, "Deo ducente, ferro comitante," (that is, Madam,

With God as my guide,
And my sword by my side.)

Such a gateway announces to the tourist that he has reached the desired demesne, but may not enter there. Dragons on the piers, and Waterloo pensioners in the gateways, prohibit all ingress; and I can assure you, if the dragons of antiquity had such coadjutors, Jason would never have carried off the golden fleece, nor Hercules the apples of the Hesperides.

I was obliged to proceed nearly a mile on the Malahide road, to the remotest, but only gateway through which admission is now permitted. I entered, and a long dark dirty lane, circuiting about the back skirt of the villa, and by the farm-yard, led me, at last, to all that once displayed the abode of the late resident Lord Charlemont, but now, in ruinous desolation, mourns the absence of the present. Do not, however, consider me as for a moment impugning the worthy nobleman in question; the causes that induced his emigration are more to be lamented than censured.

The demesne comprises about 200 acres, once laid out and improved, with an elegance that reflected credit even on such a dilettante as its late possessor. The house presents a square of 60 feet to every side; and has, in its day, been the shrine of some of the richest treasures of sculpture and painting, that the most critical research over Europe could supply. The gardens, though not extensive, were then ornamented with the most judicious taste. The temple was a casino from the design of Sir William Chambers; and though we venture to think it too laboured in its ornaments, yet was it intended to present an image of what its noble proprietor had seen in the edifices of the accomplished Pericles.——

Ah, poor Marino! how changed from what you have been! The fallen leaves of many an autumn are rotting over your glades; here rustling, with melancholy sound—there more resignedly lying,

"On the base earth from whence they sprung,
Unwept——"

The ivy is flinging its sombre livery over every wall, and gate, and tree; the moss is mellowing in its deepest colours on the walks, the meadow is burrowed with rats, that seem instinctively, to have fled from the architectural remains; a few sickly plants are tastelessly exhibited through the park, close set in wicker cages, like the martyrs of a Saxon sacrifice. There are spots where primroses will peep, peafowl must scream, and swans may swim, and this is all that remains of Marino.

The *hermitage* is now a cabin, with unpannelled doors, broken windows, and half-fallen plaister, propped in flank with a few rotten sticks, roofed with old stiff staring straw, and presenting for its contents a lame bench, and a rustic bed, dislocated in every joint. *Rosamond's bower* is a skeleton, scarcely any thing but the wooden frame work remains, the stucco has dropped off, the once beautiful chimney piece has been despoiled of its ornaments, the painted windows look their "last *glassy* glance," their richness has been washed or scratched away, "the thistle shakes here its lonely head—the moss whistles in the wind—the *rat* looks out from the windows—the rank grass of the wall waves round his head.....Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to day, yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes, it howls on thy empty court!"

Around this wreck a few wildly luxuriant shrubs *unstayed* by art, acquaint you that the gardener, like Norah Creenah's gown,

"Leaves every beauty free
To sink or swell as heaven pleases."

The pond is yet in front of the bower, but it is green with stagnation. The swans have a small orbit, wherein they move their melancholy course around the island that exhibits the mausoleum of their buried ancestor—poor Cob.

From the pond to the temple, the southern shore of the bay is again seen to much advantage, but alas! the temple itself, though perhaps the best preserved relic of pristine taste, is catching the contagion of ruin.

As no more of the demesne is permitted to be inspected, I was here fain to transfer myself to the back of one of the four lions that humbly crouch at the corners of the temple, nor do I think you will be reluctant to mount his neighbouring brother, while we look back into the days of "auld lang syne," and catch some more prominent recollections of

THE CAULFIELDS.

The family is supposed to have originally come from Oxfordshire, and Richard de Cavefeld, (the more ancient orthography,) is the first of whom any authentic record remains. He lived in the days of Henry III. In 1545, appeared in England a very remarkable personage of the name of James Calfield, an eminent preacher and author of many works, much spoken of in Strype's Annals. In 1597, George Caulfield was a reader in Gray's Inn, and immediately after that year we find the family for the first time connected with Ireland.

Sir Toby Caulfield, who in his early youth had accompanied that able seaman, Martin Frobisher, in his attempts to discover a N. W. passage to China, having in the reign of Queen Elizabeth performed many remarkable services against her majesty's enemies in Spain and the low countries, was deemed a knight worthy to break a lance with the formidable O'Neill. He was accordingly despatched to Ireland, and his services there gratified the public expectation, particularly by the facility with which he succeeded in penetrating the territories of O'Neill, by means of the erection of Charlemont Fort, and by a bridge thrown over the Blackwater. Sir Toby, after King James's accession, obtained priory of amongst several grants, one of the regular canons at Armagh, and all their extensive possessions, *at the yearly rent of £5*. In 1612 and 1613, he was returned one of the knights for the county Armagh, and as such received in the latter year, jointly with the other member (*Francis Annesley*,) *the honorarium of £130 for his attendance during the session*. In 1620, he was created a Peer by the title of Baron of Charlemont, and about the same time obtained a further grant, the contents of which, throw considerable light on the localities of Armagh, and its "olden' sub-divisions, particularly the district once set apart for *English students*, (Trian Sassenach) as detailed by Colgan.

Sir William, the second Lord Caulfield, was married to Mary, daughter of Sir John King, Knight, (ancestor to the Earl of Kingston.) There is little in their histories, suited to this paper, unless perhaps we allude to the great hardships and privations which the said Mary underwent in the rebellion of 1641, and detail some curious bequests in her will: she leaves "to her son John, half the pewter and brass, two pair of sheets, and two blankets in her house in Stephen-street, with her great silver can, ten silver spoons, and one of the great beer cups. Item ——

President.—I'll hear no more of her bequests.

"The *will* doth mutiny with wits regard."

Hem! Shakspeare!

Citizens.—We'll hear the will! The will! the will!

Antiquary—"Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it." Mayhap, Sir, the history of the third Lord Charlemont will afford matter of more general interest.

On the evening of the 22d of October, in the fatal year of 1641, this nobleman was sitting, after nightfall, surrounded by an affectionate family of sisters and brothers, in the great room of the fort of Charlemont, the custody of which had descended to him, as it were, by inheritance, and in which he himself had lived in hospitable and unsuspecting confidence with his Irish neighbours, when suddenly a horn, heard winding without, attracted the attention of the garrison. Lord Charlemont started to the unwonted call in arms, but was met at the gate by one of his officers, who informed him that the celebrated Sir Phelim O'Neill, with a few of his followers, being benighted, appealed to his lordship's hospitality. The generous castellan, with a courtesy that had better accorded with "the days of old romance," gave orders for the prompt admission of the claimants.

The welcome was spoken—the feast was spread—the guests were seated—the electricity of mirth ran round: but, in the depth of their carouse, there was an eye fixed on O'Neill, that almost read his secret. The butler of the host, an old and trusty retainer, was, from some interchange of looks among the newcomers, led to suspect the object of their visit. No sooner did the suspicion receive a reasonable confirma-

tion than he contrived to suggest his apprehension of peril to him for whose safety he was most concerned. The admonition, however, was ineffective, and the commandant with a frown, dismissed his Artemidorus, as one who would but mar their mirth.

The menial thus repulsed, passed out of the fort, with the intention of announcing his fears to the next military party that could or would release his master from the danger with which he considered him environed. He had not, however, gained many steps in his progress, when he was surrounded by the clan of the O'Neills, who, it appears, had gathered on the signal of their chief, to secure the conquest of that night. The fugitive was spied—he could not return—instantly he was seized and bound down, but, with a last effort as of warning to his friends within, he screamed aloud,—"the O'Neills! the O'Neills!"

The adherents of Lord Charlemont were instantly in arms; but the enemy without, aided as they were by Sir Phelim and his accomplices within, soon effected their entrance: the garrison were instantly seized, the noble family were thrown into close confinement, and such of the guards as offered more obstinate resistance, were slain. The valuables and arms wese seized to the use of the successful marauders; and above all, one particular casket, which, from Sir Phelim's eagerness to discover and possess, it seemed almost the principal object of that night's foray, was carried off by that chieftain himself. This once obtained, the unwearied Sir Phelim threw himself at the head of a party of his men, and marching that night to Dungannon, took it by surprise, while others of his adherents possessed themselves of the castle of Mountjoy. It was a memorable night, for it was the eve and signal of the greatest rebellion that ever shook our native land!

D.

Summer-Hill.

(To be continued.)

ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.

On Monday last, His Grace the Duke of Northumberland honoured the annual exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy, with a visit, previous to its being opened to the public, and expressed himself in terms of marked approbation of the present display. Immediately after his departure, the Academy held a general meeting to fill up one of the remaining vacancies in the list of associates, when Mr. Frazer, landscape painter, was unanimously chosen.

We, too, have visited the fifth annual exhibition opened this week at the Royal Hibernian Academy, and have been very much gratified by the display it affords. We never before witnessed an exhibition here which displayed so much taste and judgment in the arrangement, or which contained so little that is absolutely bad. We know that it is very much the fashion to sneer at all productions of native art, as altogether beneath the notice of a critical connoisseur; but we also know, that this is a prejudice arising from sheer ignorance, and want of discernment to appreciate intrinsic excellence. We remember once visiting an exhibition which pleased us very much, with an acquaintance, who somewhat overpowered us by the voluble facility with which he examined and despatched the merits of each piece, as it passed in review before us: we ventured to hint our surprise, suggesting in the gentlest terms, that we who had devoted a good deal of attention to the subject, could not venture to vie with him in quickness and decision of criticism. Tut! said our friend, who happened to be in an honest humour, my dear fellow, I know no more of pictures than your foot; but observe, I always find fault: it requires no knowledge to do that, and I never do any thing else. This is, we suspect, the secret of the scoffing indifference shewn towards works of art in Ireland. Rothwell, though his sterling merit was fully appreciated, by the discerning, long before he left Ireland, got no encouragement proportioned to his abilities even the last year he was in Dublin; Danby too, and O'Connor (who is now painting a number of landscapes for the Duke of Orleans, himself an admirable landscape painter,) were both, in like manner, unnoticed and unknown while among us, though in full possession of all those powers of mind and pencil which have since rendered them so distinguished elsewhere. The now President of the Royal Academy, never, to the best of our knowledge, painted a picture for any one in this country, except a portrait of Mr. Spring Rice, for the Chamber of Commerce, in Limerick. In the present exhibition, the portrait of Lord Avonmore, by this gentleman, is one of the ablest productions of his pencil that we have seen. We have previously remarked that many of our artists have, on this occasion, surpassed all their former efforts. Cregan has, in his portrait of Mrs. Bertie Percy and child, produced a work which would do honor to any painter of the English school. Lover has come forward, for the first time, as a portrait painter in oils, in a way that leaves no possible doubt of his success in this branch of the art. We are compelled, however, in consequence of the space occupied by the 'private view' at Somerset House, to defer all the details both of this and the admirable exhibition of the ancient masters, at the Royal Irish Institution, till next week, when we hope to enter at large into the merits of both: yet we are reluctant to omit mentioning that several of the paintings of Mr. G. F. Mulvany, astonished and delighted us extremely. This young artist is really an honour to our city, and bids fair to reach, ere long, the very highest eminence in his profession.

We are surprised and sorry to see that the usual compliment of a military guard at the doors of the R. H. A. is this year withheld. Surely this simple and honourable mark of royal patronage ought not to be denied an institution, which is constituted by royal charter, and which reflects so much credit on the country? Sir John Byng is himself, we know, a patron of the arts, and we should be sorry to suppose he could refuse to gratify the Academy in so reasonable a request.

MUSIC.

The Adelphi Theatre was graced by a most numerous and fashionable audience on Saturday evening, on the occasion of the Misses Ashe's concert.

The performances commenced with an overture of Haydn's, led by Mr. Barton, which was not quite so effective as we could have wished, owing to the paucity of instruments, but was otherwise admirably performed. It was followed by an Italian terzetto, "Voli il piede," which was charmingly given by the Misses Ashe, amongst whom we noticed a fair and very promising *debutante*, Miss Fanny Ashe. Mr. Barton, and Signor Bruni executed solos on the violin and guitar, and acquitted themselves most creditably, as did also Mr. Horn, in his pretty ballad of "Helen Trevor," and "The deep, deep Sea;" the latter, which was sung with much taste and judgment, received a general and well-deserved *encore*. This gentleman also contributed much to the effect of a beautiful duetto, "Ah si tu per gli occhi miei," from Rossini's new Opera of *Guillaume Tell*: it was sung by him and Miss Ashe; the lady's part was given with all the chasteness and delicacy of style for which Miss Ashe is so distinguished, and richly deserved the unanimous applause with which it was rewarded. Mr. Pigott was, as he always is, admirable on the violincello. Mr. Conran presided at the piano-forte. The delightful trio of "Alice Gray," was likewise an attractive feature in the entertainments of the night, and lost nothing of its natural pathos and beauty in the skilful hands of the Misses Ashe.

The concert was to have taken place on Friday, and at the Rotunda, but in consequence of the performance of "the last amateur play of the season," at the Adelphi, on that evening, it was put off till the following one, and transferred to the Brunswick-street theatre, because the concert-room at the Rotunda was pre-engaged for Saturday night. So far as the music was concerned, this was certainly a loss, for independently of the associations connected with the Rotunda room, (though to one that "hath music in his soul," this too is of some importance,) it is very much more favourably shaped and circumstanced for giving effect to the efforts of the performers, who have to struggle with considerable difficulties in making themselves distinctly and clearly audible from the stage of the Adelphi. We must assent, however, to the remark of a fair-lady friend of ours, who observed to us that in the latter place "the audience was seen to much greater advantage." By the bye, we could not help being struck with the serio-comic contrast which the stage exhibited the other night, when the curtain drew up, to that which we had seen it present so lately at the private plays of the garrison. On those occasions it was all life and brilliancy and splendour, the glittering scene of some gay comedy,—on Saturday evening, it discovered to our spectacled optics, only a group of instrumental performers, each in his suit of sables, and looking serious and solemn as a Jew on settling-day.

THE DRAMA.

We visited the Theatre on Monday evening to pay our *devoirs* to "Her Elephantine Majesty," who was introduced to a crowded audience in a new piece, called "*The Fire Fiend, or the Elephant of Siam.*" She is certainly a most sagacious creature, and acquitted herself to the surprise and satisfaction of all who witnessed her performance. We cannot speak much for the production in which the animal is made to appear, as far as plot or language is concerned; the scenery and decorations are, however, remarkably splendid; and the dresses (which, we learn, have been brought from London, by Mr. Yates,) characteristic and appropriate.

DUBLIN ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

We attended a meeting at the Rotunda last Monday, at which the establishment of this society was resolved upon. The proceedings are reported in the Newspapers. A piece of ground, for a garden, has been allotted in the Phœnix-Park. Whether it will be ultimately successful or not, it is pleasant to see the noblemen and gentlemen of Ireland throwing politics overboard, and co-operating in the cause of science. We were surprised that no proposal was made on Monday, to annex a museum of natural-history as part of the proposed plan: it would add very little to the expense, and would make the arrangement, in our opinion, much more complete; what is to become of the animals when they die, if they are not stuffed and preserved? We do not think that the society should confine its views merely to the promoting the interests of comparative anatomy.

By the bye, we happen to know that the annual outlay of the London Zoological Society is estimated at £7,000, but there the receipts amounted last year to £14,000.—Shall we in Dublin permanently muster the fourteenth part of that sum? We hope, rather than expect it. We wish the society every success.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

CORINNE'S DREAM.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

(For the Dublin Literary Gazette.)

It was of home, of household mirth
Among the happy poor,
Where children played around the hearth,
And flowers grew at the door;
Of home in many a quiet dell,
Where the corn waves, and the breeze
Bears home the wild-bee to its cell—
Sings in the alder trees.

That vision pass'd—another came,
Of love yet higher born;
But its spirit bowed the heart the same—
Its rose was on life's thorn:
The great, the brave, the wise, had part
In that influence of the sky;
It stole like music to the heart,
Like morn upon the eye.

And they were happy; king and seer,
The chieftain as the child;
For wisdom ceased to be severe,
And pow'r learned to be mild;
And if the joy that sprang from love,
Were—like the birds—a wing,
It only soared to world's above,
And grew a deathless thing.

Then tears stole to the dreamer's eye,
And sighs half broke her sleep;
For a vision of herself drew nigh—
Sad—and in silence deep:
Upon the brow a laurel wreath,
Of fame the gift and sign,
But the soul a sepulchre beneath
For love—and not a shrine.

London, May, 1830.

ON REVISITING —— IN THE COUNTY MEATH.

So the river mirrors the castle walls,
Just as it *ever* did!
And there they are, those old ruined halls
Half seen, half ivy-hid;
As haughtily facing the autumn blast,
And wearing as royal an air,
And looking as jealous of glory past,
As I knew them in days that were.

The lightning, and time, and the wild night-wind,
All then have passed them by,
And left their green towers still dark out-lined
On the blue and quiet sky!
They have scorned to bow to the storms' strong grasp,
Which hath hurled down things more frail:
Scarce a grey stone stirred from the moss-wreath's clasp,
At its whistling and dirge-like wail.

And like silver sparkling in the sun,
The bright river rolls on yet;
And gem-like its graceful sweep upon
The grassy isle is set;
And in emerald freshness the still banks lie:
Oh! I remember all;—
How such things live while young hopes die,
And air-built castles fall!

The names too engraven here years ago
On the young tree's sun-gilt bark,
Now in the crims'ning evening's glow,
A memory-saddening mark;
I meet them as I roam along
O'er the yellow rustling leaves,
And thoughts, how many! o'er me throng
Of other autumn eves.

Z. Y.

HYMN,

FROM "THE PARADISE OF THE INDIANS," AN UNPUBLISHED POEM, BY THE LATE H. C.

O Spirit of the Mountains! 'tis for thee
The enthusiast wakes the lyre;
Come, Spirit, from thy canopy
Of golden sunbeams, and inspire
His song!—
To thee belong
The thunder's red bolts, and that fire
'Gainst which may not avail the strong,
Nor what vain man deems mighty!
Spirit of waving Forests! thee he calls
From thy soft couch of violets
'Neath the shade
Of giant oaks, his song to aid;
And thee,
Dark Spirit of the Waters! from thy bed
Of snowy pearls, and corals red
T' inspire thy votary!
He *is* inspired——Hark to his strains!
The mountains echo, and the plains
Reply,
And the Spirit of the Flood
And Forest raise their voices high!—
It dies away in beauty:—
Again—
It bursts upon the ears,
Like the music of the spheres,
A symphony divine!
A glorious melody.
Yet must the Spirits of the Wood,
And flood, and mountain bow
Before another's shrine,
A mightier——even thine,
Spirit of Silence and Solitude!

GENIUS AND FEELING.

Oh! if aught can to genius a charm impart
More bright than its own, 'tis the warmth of the heart;
In whose breath—of so genial and nourishing glow,
The bright flowers of feeling eternally blow;
Whilst streams of affection, though hidden their source,
Through meadows of thought, sparkle bright in their course;
And where, though reserve may the streamlet congeal,
A while o'er the surface an icyness steal,
The strong tide of feeling runs gushing below,
'Till the ice is dissolved in pure sympathy's glow:
When buoyant it gleams in the sunshine of love,
Receiving its light from the regions above.
The bosom within seems a green hallow'd spot,
An Eden on earth, where all change is forgot—
Where Spring leads to summer—but Winter comes not!

True genius and feeling are twin in their birth,
Bright offspring of heaven—though straying on earth,
Are bound each in other, in essence so join'd
One period of being to both seems assign'd;
In their union a mutual charm is giv'n
Which fades in the moment that union is riv'n,
And when feeling has ceas'd in the bosom to live,
Not long can the gleaming of genius survive!
The gloom of neglect may their brightness o'ercast,
But lightly they beam when the shadow has past;
For they lie like the fires of volcanoes—that glow
Embosom'd in earth—beneath mountains of snow,
That slumber awhile, but will burst forth at length,
In the glory and might of invincible strength,
Shooting up to the skies in a heavenward spire,
In brilliancy born—and in glory t' expire!

M.

SONETTO.

O dolce selva solitaria, amica
De miei pensieri sbigottiti e stanchi,
Mentre Borea ne 'di torbidi e manchi
D'orrido giel l' aere, e la terra implica;
E la tua verde chioma ombrosa, antica,
Come la mia, par d' ogni'ntorno imbianchi;
Or, che' n vece di fior vermigli e bianchi;
Ha neve, e ghiaccio ogni tua piaggia aprica;
A questa breve, e nubilosa luce
Vo ripensando, che m' avanza, e ghiaccio
Gli spirti anch' io sento, e le membra farsi:
Ma più di te dentro, e d'intorno agghiaccio;
Che più crudo Euro a me mio verno adduce,
Più lunga notte, e di più freddi e scarsi.

MEMORY.

(From the German of Von Sassen.)

I think of thee, when from my native plains
Afar, mine eye with nature's tear-drop warms,
And when each sprightly grove, with lively strains,
Welcomes sweet Spring, unveiled in youthful charms.

I think of thee, when by the deep sea's roar,
Mem'ry bids longing in my breast arise;
When, solemn sight! upon the silent shore,
A silv'ry robe the midnight moon-beam lies.

I think of thee, when darkling shadows trace
Each alder, on the waves that 'neath them roll,
While on the west, in evening's glow I gaze,
"Shall we meet there?" sighs forth my pensive soul.

I think of thee, of tenderer love than mine,
Forsaken 'mid thy country's cheerless plains—
In the saloon, when pallid suns decline,
Nor dreams the world, the maiden's inward pains.

(STANZA ADDED BY THE TRANSLATOR.)

I dream of thee, when sleep at length hath won
To close awhile, my watching-wearied eyes—
When the first streaks of gold announce the sun
To thee, mine earliest orisons arise.

SHAHER.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, &c.

The London University Magazine, it would seem, is defunct, as no Number has appeared for May. A new periodical, called the Family Magazine, has been commenced by the same publishers. It is conducted by Mr. Shoberl, the original editor of Ackermann's Forget-me-not.

A work entitled, Robert Emmet, or Ireland in 1803, by the Baron Edward Henry, has been recently published in Paris.

The Rev. Dr. Wiseman, rector of the English College at Rome, is now engagad in translating some Oriental works in the Vatican; he is a great friend of M. Angelo Mai. George Cruikshank is etching a series of Illustrations of popular works.

Churchmen and Dissenters in England and Wales.—The number of cathedral dignitaries is 755; of church livings, 10,872. Of the latter, 1014 are in the gift of the government: 3769 of the church; 794 of the universities; 197 of public bodies; 5030 of the nobility and gentry, and 63 of the inhabitants of the respective parishes. The total number of dissenting congregations is 7904: of these, 389 are Roman Catholics; 258 Presbyterian; 1663 Independent; 940 (particular) Baptist; 107 General Baptist; 396 Quaker; 2827 Wesleyan Methodist; 494 Calvinistic Methodist; 660 Methodists of other descriptions; and 941 belonging to the Home Missionary Society, and to other connexions. In the public schools in the two countries, there are 274,509 children in union with the National Society; 53,218 with the British and Foreign School Society; and 690,497 with the Sunday School Union.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

The unpublished sonnets of Dante and Alfieri, with the beautiful translations of them, have reached us from our distinguished friend in the South, and shall appear in an early Number. We have received Mr. Charles Doyne Sillery's communications from Edinburgh, and beg to return our thanks. We have to apologise to R.; the length and late arrival of his pacquet compelled us to postpone the subject till next week. We must see L.'s continuation, before we can decide. If our 'unknown friend' S——r (whom we have endeavoured to gratify again this week,) will send his servant to our publishers, he will get a private letter which lies at the office directed to his address.

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THE DUBLIN LITERARY GAZETTE,

OR

WEEKLY CHRONICLE OF CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES, AND FINE ARTS.

No. 21. SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1830. PRICE 9*d*.

PERSONAL SKETCHES.
No. VI.

JOSEPH HUME, ESQ. M.P.

Were we asked to describe in brief terms the character of the present age, we should pronounce it to be *maximus in minimis*. We say this, not in forgetfulness of the United Kingdom steam-ship, or the Liverpool and Manchester rail-road, or the Menai bridge, or any other of the stupendous works which astound the imagination by their splendour, magnitude, and ability. These vast things are but the aggregation of minute contrivance, and can no more be adduced as evidence of individual greatness, than the islands of the South Seas could be of the greatness of the coral-worms, from whose minute and multitudinous labours they arise. We lack men whose minds are in themselves a world—who stamp the time with their own image, and who should be the beacons to mark our æra, when, in ages yet unborn, men shall look back along the ocean of time, and fix their eye upon the reign of George the Fourth. "The *aggregate* of ability in the House of Commons," as we heard a very *clever* member of that assembly say, not long ago, "is as great as it ever was. We cannot shew any very great, or shining genius, but we can produce more men of "*average* talent" than former Houses of Commons, which boasted of more eminent leaders."

Average talent indeed! yes, there are plenty who would make very good churchwardens, or auditors of accounts, or common-councilmen, or crafty, ingenious lawyers, like Sir James Scarlet—but still, the character of our parliament has fallen. If it were not so, the subject of this sketch could never have attained the kind of fame—half ridiculous, half serious, which is associated with his name.

Before I had seen Mr. Hume, and when I looked on him with the eye of my imagination, as the personification of my abstract idea of a prying, anxious, arithmetical, pains-taking Scotchman,

> A sly, slow thing with circumspective eyes,

I had him before me, a thin, dark-featured man, with high cheek bones, and sharp shoulders, and an awkward gait—I was not a little surprised then, when I found the veritable Joseph—the pertinacious advocate of twopenny-halfpenny reforms—the unwearied student of estimates—the eternal, teazing, stinging blister upon the neck of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, a portly, comfortable, bull-necked man, who looked as if he took his rations of beef abundantly, and had his sleep o'nights. One often goes to the House of Commons in the hope of seeing and hearing some particular person, and has to return disappointed—but this can never happen to him whose curiosity yearns for a sight and hearing of Mr. Hume. You are as sure of him as of the speaker's chair, or the chandelier—much surer than of the speaker, or the lighted candles, for sometimes the house is in committee, and the speaker not to be seen, and sometimes candles are not lighted—but, committee or no committee—day-light, or candle-light—Hume is there—ever at *his post*. This I say, not as a figure, but literally, for there is a post, or slender pillar, which supports the gallery, by the side of which Mr. Hume, it would appear, has *taken his seat*, and if the cushion in that spot, has not adapted itself in shape to the fundamental feature upon which the honorable and economical member for Montrose hinges, it must be proof against a tolerably weighty and very long-continued impression. Mr. Hume is a plain, stout, eating and drinking, common-place looking person. He has rather a comely, stupid-looking face—a fat head, with close cropped hair, rather turning to grey, and altogether his air is that of a comfortable tradesman, in his Sunday clothes. In the house you commonly see him in the commencement of the evening with a bundle of parchments or papers beside him, which he calls *petections*, very few of which he has the mercy to present without saying something in the way of commentary on what they contain, and in this, as indeed in his character generally, we shall find that the peculiarities arise principally from negatives. It is not by reason of that which is in him, but in consequence of that which is not in him, that Mr. Hume is so perpetually before us. By the multitude, he is thought to be the most impudent man that has ever appeared since the world began. When the volume of the "Percy Anecdotes" appeared, called "Anecdotes of Impudence," a portrait of Mr. Hume was given as the frontispiece; but he has not in him any thing of that slashing, forward, obstreperous manner, which we, in Ireland, call impudence. His style of impudence answers better to Addison's definition. The secret of his lofty qualifications in that important line seems to rest in the complete absence of any sense of insufficiency—this sense, which is, in some degree, natural to most men, at all events with regard to matters with which they are not in the least acquainted, seems either never to have existed, or to be utterly annihilated, in Mr. Hume's machinery of mental sensation. Any question of an extensive or profound nature, the mind of Mr. Hume can no more comprehend, than his arms could embrace Mount Leinster—yet he puts forth his little mental antennæ, like the fly upon the dome of Saint Paul's, and talks with an easy complacency of the largest subjects, in a manner which is amusing enough, until it becomes tiresome. The obscurity which must be before his eyes, whenever any thing like a broad political principle comes to be discussed, does not, in the least, deter him—on he plods, and being wholly destitute of any perception of the ridiculous, the absurdity of his situation is not perceived by himself, nor can he understand it when suggested by others. He does not appear to have any notion of language beyond the very simplest; he knows generally, perhaps, that language consists of sounds or signs to express notions, but of the construction of sentences, of the force of one method of expression, beyond that of another, of the exactness necessary to the accurate communication of ideas, he seems to be utterly unconscious. I have listened to him for a quarter of an hour attentively, (the force of patience could no farther go,) and I could have been upon my oath, that from the beginning of the first minute to the end of the fifteenth, he did not make one finished sentence. A loose heap of thoughts, or rather glimmerings of thoughts, seemed to hang like fuzzy ill-spun threads in the chambers of his mind, and he seemed to be endeavouring to catch at all, lest some should escape, yet leaving each before he had drawn it forth sufficiently to be seen by his auditory. Nevertheless, from this strange slip-slop method of talking, it can generally be discovered what he would say, if he could say it correctly: like a short-hand writer's notes, which but half express the words, yet enable you to guess at the whole, Mr. Hume's continuous confused stream of discourse, gives you a knowledge of the distinct notions he is aiming at; and Messieurs, the reporters, are good enough to translate about a fiftieth part of the non-descript language which he utters, into something possessing a resemblance to grammatical propriety. There are one or two general principles in politics, which Mr. Hume appears to embrace *toto corde*; and to assert with a frequency which is amusingly provoking, when it is so palpable that his mind cannot at all comprehend the remote and extended results of the principles which he maintains. He feels no hesitation in getting up to speak upon the corn laws, as though the subject in debate were some small matter referable to that stage of arithmetical science, called "Reduction of divers denominations," and he tells the house, "Ser, ai am for a free trade in corne, becas ai thenk ther shude be free trade in *ivery* thing;"—and again, "Ai say, Ser, that I shude wesh freedom of trade in ivery thing, becas ivery thing would be sure to find its owne layvel." This matter, of every thing finding its own level, seems to be the tortoise, which supports the world of Joseph's political principles in commercial policy; but an enquiry as to what this general level principle stands upon, as to the usefulness of every thing finding its own level, or as to the distinct practical meaning of the expression, seems never to have suggested itself to his understanding. It might, perhaps, be no unprofitable subject of meditation for him in his leisure moments, if he ever have any such, whether if every man, as well as "ivery thing,"

found its own level, he would continue to be a talking member of the British House of Commons.

If any other man in the world had met with such and so many rebukes and rebuffs, as Mr. Hume has met with, he would have run away from public life, and hid himself for shame; but here again our worthy friend is preserved to us by the absolute negation of any sensibility to reproof. Not only is he not "thin-skinned," as the phrase is; but there is something so dull, and tough, and leathery, in his temperament, that nothing can pierce, nothing can wound him. If Lord Palmerston after having got up five times, and explained a matter to the honorable member for Aberdeen, still finds the honorable member drawling away at the same misconception with which he began, and if the noble lord thereupon getting a little irate, rises to declare, that though every other man in the house must have understood his explanation, yet he sees it is quite hopeless to expect "to soak it into the impenetrable obscurity of the honorable member's brains," Mr. Hume very quietly utters some confused sounds, from which you perceive he means to say, that however obscure his brains may be, that is no good reason for the noble lord opposite getting into a passion, and being personally severe; and then he returns once more to the old misconception, and works on in his track as if nothing had happened.

In the same way, should Mr. Croker twit him about his arithmetic, or Sir Henry Hardinge about his naughtiness in talking of ladies, it is all received with equal coolness, and we have Mr. Hume the next day, the same attentive industrious bore, that he ever has been in the house, and ever will be, until something removes him from it, or some *consideration* more valuable than is likely to be offered to him, obscures his economical vision.

Let it, however, not be forgotten, for even the devil, they say, should not be defrauded of his due, that Mr. Hume *has* the merit of being very industrious; and he has ferretted out numerous abuses in the application of small sums of the public money, which no one else would have taken the trouble of searching after. The pitiful system of jobbing, and providing for younger sons and dependant relations, in public offices, whereby the said offices were filled with ignorance, puppyism, and idleness; and a thousand other petty wrongs, and meannesses, by which persons in stations that ought to have elevated them above such practices, cheated the public of small sums of money in the dark, have been checked by the vigilance of Mr. Hume, which brought on either actual exposure, or wholesome fear. He certainly has the merit of having first compelled the government to observe some exactness and some economy in small matters; and though much trouble, and much annoyance to respectable folks in middling circumstances, who were made comfortable by receiving moderate salaries for doing nothing, have resulted therefrom, yet it was well that this petty corruption should be stopped, partly for an example to higher quarters, and partly that it made the deprived cry aloud, and show where the deeper mischief lay in 'the high places.'

The 'tottle of the whole,' then, is, that Mr. Hume is a teazing, unpleasant, useful sort of person, in a small way; but when he stands up to talk about the settlement or unsettlement of the church, of the corn laws, of the free trade system, or indeed of any large and important subject, he is not useful, and he *is* ridiculous. Should any reader be so superfluous as to contrast, unfavourably, the present sketch with my preceding one of Mr. Brougham, or of the Duke, let such mal-content take to count the venerable though homely adage, which sets forth the difficulty of fabricating a silken purse, the raw material being given of a certain description which shall be nameless to ears polite.

Oeris.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopedia. Lives of Eminent British Lawyers. By Henry Roscoe, Esq.—London: Longman and Co. and John Taylor.

We are inclined to praise this book, though we should not be very proud of having written it. There are two sorts of biography, one which exhibits talent, and one which exhibits nothing save patient research—with the last we rank this production of Mr. Roscoe. He does not seem, indeed, to aspire to any fame beyond that of a mere compiler, and to that task he appears to have addressed himself with zeal and diligence. He is admirable at detailing a pedigree—quite at home in illustrating events by studious research. His details in many cases are valuable and interesting, his impartiality is laudable, but throughout his whole book, we cannot feel or acknowledge any intellectual mastery. In his volume he has brought together many pleasing attractions of variety and anecdote, calculated to rouse reflection; but there is no well sustained tone of general reasoning, to keep that from falling loosely from, or lying unconnectedly in, the mind; and we look in vain for aught of that fine spirit of philosophy, feeling, or high enthusiasm, which one might have expected the author to display in commenting on his deep and varied, and profoundly interesting theme. A good share of information is conveyed in a clear and easy style—nothing more. But, (for, as in a reviewer's praises, there is generally a *but*, so let there be in his censure,) we would not refuse that credit which the book may rightly challenge. We are far from blaming that patient labour in a biographer which is the duty of the historian—we think diligent and enthusiastic research entitled to high praise.

Sir Edward Coke justly stands first on the list, for we must consider Bacon merely as a lawyer. Sir Edward's life throughout is written with clearness, but his character much overrated. The biographer has laboured in vain to illustrate in it the progress of a powerful mind, unseduced, through a long life, from the steady course of constitutional principles. Indefatigable industry, wonderful talents, and valuable services, have imprinted the name of Coke on the annals of his country, but his judgment was too frequently warped by ambition, and he escaped not that less noble failing—impatience for promotion. These things made him practice base and courtier-like devices, these things

> Like stains upon a vestal's robe,
> The worse for *what* they soil—

made him, in the words of Hallam, "a flatterer, and a tool till he obtained his ends."—The life of such a man affords matter for much, though melancholy and humiliating instruction; and his biographer might have illustrated the great lesson, that even in the eyes of the world, honesty of principle is at least as respectable as knowledge.

The memoir of Selden is meagre and unsatisfactory. We turn with more satisfaction to that of Sir Matthew Hale. If ever there lived an honest man, this was one. Independent, acute, and trustworthy, honest as well as amiable, he lived in a disturbed age—he went through the most stern and trying duties, and troubles, yet his philosophy escaped all soil and tarnish. He viewed from a distance "the maddening crowd's ignoble strife," acting as the defender and champion of all that were aggrieved or oppressed. The following extract will at this period possess considerable interest:

"At the present moment, when the amendment of the law has not only engaged the attention of the legislature, but has become a subject of no inconsiderable interest with the people at large, it will not be unprofitable to state what were the opinions of Sir Matthew Hale as to the possibility of effectuating so important an object. After some observations on the evils arising from 'over-hastiness and forwardness to alterations in the laws,' he proceeds to remark upon 'the over-tenacious holding of laws, notwithstanding apparent necessity for and safety in the change.' The principles which Hale here lays down, though most obvious and simple, are yet most admirable, and well deserve the attention of those legislators who can see nothing in our institutions requiring reform. 'We must remember that laws were not made for their own sakes, but for the sake of those who were to be guided by them; and though it is true that they are and ought to be sacred, yet if they be or are become unuseful for their end, they must either be amended, if it may be, or new laws be substituted, and the old repealed, so it be done regularly, deliberately, and so far forth only as the exigence or convenience justly demands it; and in this respect the saying is true, *Salus populi suprema lex esto.*' * * * 'He that thinks a state can be exactly steered by the same laws in every kind as it was two or three hundred years ago, may as well imagine that the clothes that fitted him when a child should serve him when he was grown a man. The matter changeth, the custom, the contracts, the commerce, the dispositions, educations, and tempers of men and societies, change in a long tract of time, and so must their laws in some measure be changed, or they will not be useful for their state and condition; and besides all this, time is the wisest thing under heaven. These very laws, which at first seemed the wisest constitution under heaven, have some flaws and defects discovered in them by time. As manufactures, mercantile arts, architecture, and building, and philosophy itself, secure new advantages and discoveries by time and experience, so much more do laws which concern the manners and customs of men.'

The multiplication and growth of the laws are urged by Hale as inducing a necessity for their revision and reduction:—'By length of time and continuance, laws are so multiplied and grown to that excessive variety, that there is a necessity of a reduction of them, or otherwise it is not manageable. * * * And the reason is, because this age, for the purpose, received from the last a body of laws, and they add more, and transmit the whole to the next

age; and they add to what they had received, and transmit the whole stock to the next age. Thus, as the rolling of a snow-ball, it increaseth in bulk in every age till it becomes utterly unmanageable. And hence it is that, even in the laws of England, we have so many varieties of forms of conveyances, feoffments, fines, release, confirmation, grant, attornment, common recovery deeds enrolled, &c. because the use coming in at several times, every age did retain somewhat of what was past, and added somewhat of its own, and so carried over the whole product to the quotient. And this produceth mistakes: a man, perchance, useth one sort of conveyance where he should have used another. It breeds uncertainty and contradiction of opinion, and that begets suits and expense. It must necessarily cause ignorance in the professors and profession itself, because the volumes of the law are not easily to be mastered.' The mode in which Sir Matthew Hale proposed to accomplish the desired reform in our juridical system is pretty fully explained by him:—that the king, on the address of both houses of parliament, should direct the judges and other fit persons to prepare proper bills to effectuate the object:—that these bills should be brought into the house of commons:—that, after having been twice read and committed, the judges should be called before the committee to explain the reasons and grounds of the proposed alterations; and that those learned persons should again attend the house of lords for the same purpose. 'Bills thus prepared and hammered,' adds Sir Matthew Hale, 'would have fewer flaws, and necessity of supplemental or explanatory laws, than hath of late times happened.' It is to be much regretted that the tract from which these extracts have been made is left imperfect by the author, and the particular alterations which he probably intended to recommend are consequently unknown. A few pages only are devoted to these subjects, from which, however, some valuable suggestions are to be gathered. The observations on the propriety of rendering the county court a cheap and efficient tribunal are especially worthy of notice."

The rough and intrepid boldness of Lord Thurlow, as shown in what follows, is admirably characteristic:

"Of the eloquence of Lord Thurlow, and of his manner in debate, Mr. Butler has given a striking account:—'At times Lord Thurlow was superlatively great. It was the good fortune of the Reminiscent to hear his celebrated reply to the Duke of Grafton, during the enquiry into Lord Sandwich's administration of Greenwich hospital. His grace's action and delivery, when he addressed the house, were singularly dignified and graceful; but his matter was not equal to his manner. He reproached Lord Thurlow with his plebeian extraction, and his recent admission into the peerage: particular circumstances caused Lord Thurlow's reply to make a deep impression on the Reminiscent. His lordship had spoken too often, and began to be heard with a civil but visible impatience. Under these circumstances he was attacked in the manner we have mentioned. He rose from the woolsack, and advanced slowly to the place from which the chancellor generally addresses the house, then fixing on the duke the look of Jove when he grasps the thunder, 'I am amazed,' he said, in a level tone of voice, 'at the attack the noble duke has made on me. Yes, my lords,' considerably raising his voice, 'I am amazed at his grace's speech. The noble duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer who owes his seat in this house to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honourable to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident? To all these noble lords the language of the noble duke is as applicable and as insulting as it is to myself. But I don't fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do;—but, my lords, I must say, that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage. Nay more, I can say, and will say, that as a peer of parliament, as speaker of this right honorable house, as keeper of the great seal, as guardian of his majesty's conscience, as lord high chancellor of England, nay, even in that character alone in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered,—as a MAN, I am at this moment as respectable,—I beg leave to add,—I am at this time as much respected, as the proudest peer I now look down upon.' The effect of this speech, both within the walls of parliament and out of them, was prodigious. It gave Lord Thurlow an ascendancy in the house which no chancellor had ever possessed: it invested him in public opinion, with a character of independence and honour; and this, though he was ever on the unpopular side in politics, made him always popular with the people.'"

He who would seek knowledge by studious and persevering labour, who would wish to bear up against the rugged paths, and angry struggles of the world, and, undismayed by ungrateful toil, and cheerless disappointment, would, with unwearying ardour, follow learning—more for the love he bears it, than for the fame to which it may raise him,—that man should keep steadily in his view the life of Sir William Jones, for it will be a light and a beacon to cheer him on his lonely path. Accomplished as a gentleman and a scholar, his far-stretching views carried forth his spirit to the best and noblest ends of human being. He knew no resting place, no stage in his lofty career, till an untimely death deprived society of a bright ornament, and the world of a benefactor.

The following tribute to his worth is well-deserved:

"But the crowning virtue of Sir William Jones's character was his pure and ardent desire to benefit mankind. To this shrine he carried all the rich offerings of his taste, his learning and his genius. In this great ambition every meaner passion was forgotten. He loved knowledge with that wise love which teaches us that it is the means only, and not the end,—the means of laying open to man the sources of his true happiness,—virtue, and freedom, and truth, and honour. Unconnected with the interests of his fellow-creatures, he knew no ambition. To him power had lost its evil allurements, and riches their debasing influence; and he so justly estimated the value of fame, as to regard it only when it echoed back the voice of his own pure and uncorrupted conscience. It is the interest as well as the duty of mankind to bestow upon characters like his the full measure of their grateful applause. The world has too long lavished upon its enemies the praises due to those who have truly and faithfully served it; and it is fitting that the gratitude of mankind should be at length directed to their real benefactors,—to those who, opening to them the gates of knowledge, and guarding for them the strongholds of liberty, find their noblest ambition gratified in the divine office of doing good."

We are disappointed with the memoir of Erskine, although it is compiled with industry, and illustrated by many apt quotations. We had looked for something more valuable in the life of such a man, who has so recently passed from among us, and whose eloquence has rendered in our own times, such services to the rights of the people, and the best interests of mankind.

After him, and last in the illustrious list, comes Sir Samuel Romilly—clarum et venerabile nomen—distinguished for his pure honor and unsullied integrity, for his eloquence, and his love of liberty, the "parent and nurse" of eloquence. In this memoir, there are some passages of considerable beauty: the following eloquent tribute, Sir Samuel Romilly may well claim from his countrymen, who owe him not only veneration, but love—love for the purity of his blameless life, and the generous interest he took in their welfare.

"There is no wisdom more to be desired than that which enables us to estimate, at their true relative value, the various objects of human ambition. The highest and noblest minds deficient in this knowledge, have too often wasted or abused their powers, by devoting them to the vainest or the wickedest purposes. The sanction of public applause to actions indifferent or injurious, has misled many from the pursuit of purer and more excellent objects; and the world has been justly repaid for its false and dangerous adulation, by the scourging vices of those whose ambition it has depraved. Some men, indeed, with a deeper insight into their own nature, and into the true ends and aims of their being, have proposed to themselves a higher and a nobler course, and have found no object worthy of their ambition unconnected with the happiness, with the improvement, and with the virtue of mankind. To reform and to instruct the human mind, to purify it from the mean and wicked passions which debase it, to purge it of its weaknesses and its errors, and to fill it with all noble views and aspirations, has, in every age, been the object of that small band of good and virtuous men, the

"Salt of the earth, the virtuous few
Who season human kind."

Amongst these truly excellent and exalted persons Sir Samuel Romilly has every claim to be ranked. He was, in the highest sense of the word, a philanthropist, loving mankind with wise and constant affection, not misled by any false sensibility, yet tremblingly alive to their best and truest interests. Without displacing for a moment the beautiful affections of domestic life, the welfare of his fellow-creatures ever lay next to the heart of Sir Samuel Romilly; and the feelings which in weaker and meaner minds extend only round the small circle which blood and friendship draws, were in him diffused with undiminished warmth over the wide orbit of human existence."

We close this volume with a dissatisfied feeling. We cannot venture to bestow upon it any unqualified praise, and yet, to confess the truth, we cannot abuse it heartily either. Had Mr. Roscoe indulged in fewer facts, and more reasonings, he would have pleased us better.—

There are certain qualities, which the biographer of such men as are here named, ought constantly to have in sight, for by tracing them to their first springs, he may offer an important accession to our stock of knowledge, and give soundness and security to our reasonings on moral subjects. Mr. Roscoe may be—and we doubt not that he is—an accurate observer of ordinary events and actions; but to those higher and more important duties of the biographer he has no claim.

Our Village: Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery. By Mary Russell Mitford. Fourth Series.—London: Whittaker, Treacher and Co.

Miss Mitford has favored us with another volume containing twenty-six of her very pretty little stories, besides a pathetic introductory letter, in which the death of her excellent mother, and the burial of 'Poor pretty May,' her greyhound, are recorded. The three preceding volumes of these 'Village Sketches' are so well known, and so generally admired, that it is only necessary for us to tell our readers that the fourth is written in the same agreeable engaging style as those which have gone before. We can scarcely go astray in selecting an extract where all the stories are so natural and so well told, therefore we shall just take the first.

Paul Holton, a rich young yeoman, had visited the village of Hazelby in search of a farm and a wife, in both of which laudable objects he seemed very likely to succeed, until an unlucky cricket-match, which was lost through his bad play, and Letty Dale, the tanner's pretty daughter, taunted him so for letting the East-Woodhay eleven beat the Hazelby eleven, (for he did not score a single notch in either innings,) that he fairly took the pet and departed in dudgeon. This was somewhat more than poor Letty had bargained for: he'll be sure to call to-morrow morning, thought Letty to herself as she tripped home to the pleasant house by the tan-yard—but we must let Miss Mitford tell the rest of the tale in full for herself:

"The first tidings that Letty heard the next morning were, that Mr. Paul Holton had departed over-night, having authorized his cousin to let his houses, and to decline the large farm, for which he was in treaty; the next intelligence informed her that he was settled in Sussex; and then his relation left Hazelby—and poor Letty heard no more. Poor Letty! Even in a common parting for a common journey, she who stays behind is the object of pity; how much more so when he who goes—goes never to return, and carries with him the fond affection, the treasured hopes, of a young unpractised heart,

> 'And gentle wishes long subdued—
> Subdued and cherish'd long!'

Poor, poor Letty!

"Three years passed away, and brought much of change to our country-maiden and to her fortunes. Her father, the jolly old tanner, a kind, frank, thoughtless man, as the cognomen would almost imply, one who did not think that there was such things as wickedness and ingratitude under the sun, became bound for a friend to a large amount; the friend proved a villain, and the jolly tanner was ruined. He and his daughter now lived in a small cottage near their former house; and at the point of time at which I have chosen to resume my story, the old man was endeavouring to persuade Letty, who had never attended a cricket match since the one which she had so much cause to remember, to accompany him the next day (Whit-Tuesday) to see the Hazelby Eleven again encounter their ancient antagonists, the men of East-Woodhay.

"'Pray come, Letty,' said the fond father; 'I can't go without you; I have no pleasure any where without my Letty; and I want to see this match, for Isaac Hunt can't play on account of the death of his mother, and they tell me that the East-Woodhay men have consented to our taking in another mate who practises the new Sussex bowling—I want to see that new-fangled mode. Do come, Letty!' And, with a smothered sigh at the mention of Sussex, Letty consented.

"Now old John Dale was not quite ingenuous with his pretty daughter. He did not tell her what he very well knew himself, that the bowler in question was no other than their sometime friend, Paul Holton, whom the business of letting his houses, or some other cause, not, perhaps, clearly defined even to himself, had brought to Hazelby on the eve of the match, and whose new method of bowling (in spite of his former mischances) the Hazelby Eleven were willing to try; the more so as they suspected, what, indeed, actually occurred, that the East-Woodhayites, who would have resisted the innovation of the Sussex system of delivering the ball in the hands of any one else, would have no objection to let Paul Holton, whose bad playing was a standing joke amongst them, do his best or his worst in any way.

"Not a word of this did John Dale say to Letty; so that she was quite taken by surprise, when, having placed her father, now very infirm, in a comfortable chair, she sate down by his side on a little hillock of turf, and saw her recreant lover standing amongst a group of cricketers very near, and evidently gazing on her—just as he used to gaze three years before.

"Perhaps Letty had never looked so pretty in her life as at that moment. She was simply drest, as became her fallen fortunes. Her complexion was still coloured, like the apple-blossom, with vivid red and white, but there was more of sensibility, more of the heart in its quivering mutability, its alternation of paleness and blushes; the blue eyes were still as bright, but they were oftener cast down; the smile was still as splendid, but far more rare; the girlish gaiety was gone, but it was replaced by womanly sweetness;—sweetness and modesty formed now the chief expression of that lovely face, lovelier, far lovelier, than ever.—So apparently thought Paul Holton, for he gazed and gazed with his whole soul in his eyes, in complete oblivion of cricket and cricketer, and the whole world. At last he recollected himself, blushed and bowed, and advanced a few steps, as if to address her; but timid and irresolute, he turned away without speaking, joined the party who had now assembled round the wickets, the umpires called "Play!" and the game began.

"East-Woodhay gained the toss and went in, and all eyes were fixed on the Sussex bowler. The ball was placed in his hands; and instantly the wicket was down, and the striker out—no other than Tom Taylor, the boast of his parish, and the best batsman in the county. 'Accident, mere accident!' of course, cried East-Woodhay; but another, and another followed: few could stand against the fatal bowling, and none could get notches.—A panic seized the whole side. And then, as losers will, they began to exclaim against the system, called it a toss, a throw, a trick; any thing but bowling, any thing but cricket; railed at it as destroying the grace of the attitude, and the balance of the game; protested against being considered as beaten by such jugglery, and, finally, appealed to the umpires as to the fairness of the play. The umpires, men of conscience, and old cricketers, hummed and hawed, and see-sawed; quoted contending precedents and jostling authorities; looked grave and wise, whilst even their little sticks of office seemed vibrating in puzzled importance. Never were judges more sorely perplexed. At last they did as the sages of the bench often do in such cases—reserved the point of law, and desired them to "play out the play."—Accordingly, the match was resumed; only twenty-seven notches being gained by the East-Woodhayians in their first innings, and they entirely from the balls of the old Hazelby bowler, James White.

"During the quarter of an hour's pause which the laws allow, the victorious man of Sussex went up to John Dale, who had watched him with a strange mixture of feeling, delighted to hear the stumps rattle, and to see opponent after opponent throw down his bat and walk off, and yet much annoyed at the new method by which the object was achieved.—'We should not have called this cricket in my day,' said he, 'and yet it knocks down the wickets gloriously, too.' Letty, on her part, had watched the game with unmingled interest and admiration: 'He knew how much I liked to see a good cricketer,' thought she; yet still, when that identical good cricketer approached, she was seized with such a fit of shyness—call it modesty—that she left her seat and joined a group of young women at some distance.

"Paul looked earnestly after her, but remained standing by her father, inquiring with affectionate interest after his health, and talking over the game and the bowling. At length he said, 'I hope that I have not driven away Miss Letitia.'

"'Call her Letty, Mr. Holton,' interrupted the old man; 'plain Letty. We are poor folks now, and have no right to any other title than our own proper names, old John Dale and his daughter Letty. A good daughter she has been to me,' continued the fond father; 'for when debts and losses took all that we had—for we paid to the uttermost farthing, Mr. Paul Holton, we owe no man a shilling!—when all my earnings and savings were gone, and the house over our head—the house I was born in, the house she was born in—I loved it the better for that!—taken away from us, then she gave up the few hundreds she was entitled to in right of her blessed mother to purchase an annuity for the old man, whose trust in a villain had brought her to want.'

"'God bless her!' interrupted Paul Holton.

"'Ay, and God will bless her,' returned the old man solemnly—'God will bless the dutiful child, who despoiled herself of all to support her old father.'

"'Blessings on her dear generous heart!' again ejaculated Paul; 'and I was away and knew nothing of this!'

"'I knew nothing of it myself until the deed was completed,' rejoined John Dale.—'She was just of age, and the annuity was

purchased and the money paid before she told me; and a cruel kindness it was to strip herself for my sake; it almost broke my heart when I heard the story. But even that was nothing,' continued the good tanner, warming with his subject, 'compared with her conduct since. If you could but see how she keeps the house, and how she waits upon me; her handiness, her cheerfulness, and all her pretty ways and contrivances to make me forget old times and old places. Poor thing! she must miss her neat parlour and the flower-garden she was so fond of, as much as I do my tan-yard and the great hall; but she never seems to think of them, and never has spoken a hasty word since our misfortunes, for all you know, poor thing! she used to be a little quick-tempered!'

"'And I knew nothing of this!' repeated Paul Holton, as two or three of their best wickets being down, the Hazelby players summoned him to go in. 'I knew nothing of all this!'

"Again all eyes were fixed on the Sussex cricketer, and at first he seemed likely to verify the predictions and confirm the hopes of the most malicious of his adversaries, by batting as badly as he had bowled well. He had not caught sight of the ball; his hits were weak, his defence insecure, and his mates began to tremble and his opponents to crow. Every hit seemed likely to be the last; he missed a leg ball of Ned Smith's; was all but caught out by Sam Newton; and East-Woodhay triumphed, and Hazelby sat quaking; when a sudden glimpse of Letty, watching him with manifest anxiety, recalled her champion's wandering thoughts. Gathering himself up he stood before the wicket another man; knocked the ball hither and thither, to the turnpike, the coppice, the pond; got three, four, five at a hit; baffled the slow bowler James Smith, and the fast bowler Tom Taylor; got fifty-five notches off his own bat; stood out all the rest of his side; and so handled the adverse party when they went in, that the match was won at a single innings, with six-and-thirty runs to spare.

"Whilst his mates were discussing their victory, Paul Holton again approached the father and daughter, and this time she did not run away: 'Letty, dear Letty,' said he; 'three years ago I lost the cricket-match and you were angry, and I was a fool. But Letty, dear Letty, this match is won; and if you could but know how deeply I have repented, how earnestly I have longed for this day! The world has gone well with me, Letty, for these three long years. I have wanted nothing but the treasure which I myself threw away, and now, if you would but let your father be my father, and my home your home!—if you would but forgive me, Letty!'

"Letty's answer is not upon record: but it is certain that Paul Holton walked home from the cricket-ground that evening with old John Dale hanging on one arm, and John Dale's pretty daughter on the other; and that a month after the bells of Hazelby church were ringing merrily in honour of one of the fairest and luckiest matches that ever cricketer lost and won."

There is a great deal of similar pathos and natural description throughout the volume which we gladly introduce to the favourable regards of our readers.

The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. 11 vols. 18mo. New Edition.—Edinburgh, Cadell, and Co—London, Simpkin and Marshall.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

As our readers have doubtless observed that we are prodigiously national in all our sayings and doings, we shall venture to adopt a Hibernian *façon de parler* in discussing the merits of the new edition of Sir Walter, and pronounce that the *prose* part of these poetical works will be found by far the most generally interesting, both from its novelty and its nature. The distinguishing features of this edition we disclosed in our last, when introducing to our public the most striking features of Sir Walter's Literary Autobiography. To this we should, perhaps, have prefixed the following paragraph, which relates to a still earlier period of his career:

"During the last ten years of the eighteenth century, the art of poetry was at a remarkably low ebb in Britain. Hayley, to whom fashion had some years before ascribed a higher degree of reputation than posterity has confirmed, had now lost his reputation for talent, though he still lived admired and respected as an amiable and accomplished man. The bard of memory slumbered on his laurels, and he of hope, had scarce begun to attract his share of public attention. Cowper, a poet of deep feeling and bright genius, was dead; and, even while alive, the hypochondria, which was his mental malady, impeded his popularity. Burn's, whose genius our southern neighbours could hardly yet comprehend, had long confined himself to song writing. Names which are now known and distinguished wherever the English language is spoken, were then only beginning to be mentioned; and unless among the small number of persons who habitually devote a part of their leisure to literature, those of Southey, Wordworth, and Coleridge, were but little known. The realms of Parnassus, like many a kingdom at the period, seemed to lie open to the first bold invader, whether he should be a daring usurper, or could show a legitimate title of sovereignty." The author subjoins a detail of his progress in German literature, and its influence upon his own mind, together with a minute account of his first sins in the ballad-making line. After a humorous account of the difficulties his boyish muse had to encounter from the critical animadversions of an apothecary's wife, and other fatalities, he proceeds in a graver style to account for the composition of the Lay of the last Minstrel, as follows:

"Neither was I ignorant that the practice of ballad-writing was for the present out of fashion, and that any attempts to revive it, or to found a poetical character upon it, would certainly fail of success. The ballad measure itself, which was once listened to as an enchanting melody, had become hackneyed and sickening, from its being the accompaniment of every grinding hand-organ; and besides, a long work in quatrains, whether those of the common ballad, or such as are termed the elegiac, have an effect on the sense like that of the bed of Procrustes on the human body; for, as it must be both awkward and difficult to carry on a long sentence from one stanza to another, it follows that the meaning of each period must be comprehended within four lines; and equally so, that it must be extended so as to fill that space. The alternate dilation and contraction thus rendered necessary, is singularly unfavourable to narrative composition; and the 'Gondibert' of Sir William D'Avenant, though containing many striking passages, has never become popular, owing chiefly to its being told in this species of elegiac verse.

"In the dilemma occasioned by this objection, the idea occurred to the author of using the measured short line, which forms the structure of so much minstrel poetry, that it may be properly termed the romantic stanza, by way of distinction; and which appears so natural to our language, that the very best of our poets have not been able to protract it into the verse properly called heroic, without the use of epithets which are, to say the least, unnecessary. But, on the other hand, the extreme facility of the short couplet, which seems congenial to our language, and was, doubtless for that reason, so popular with our old minstrels, is, for the same reason, apt to prove a snare to the composer who uses it, by encouraging him in a habit of slovenly composition. The necessity of occasional pauses often forces the young poet to pay more attention to sense, as the boy's kite rises highest when the train is loaded by a due counterpoise. The author was therefore intimidated by what Byron calls the 'fatal facility' of the octo-syllabic verse, which was otherwise better adapted to his purpose of imitating the more ancient poetry.

"I was not less at a loss for a subject which might admit of being treated with the simplicity and wildness of the ancient ballad. But accident dictated both a theme and measure, which decided the subject as well as the structure of the poem.

"The lovely young Countess of Dalkeith, afterwards Harriet, Duchess of Buccleuch, had come to the land of her husband, with the desire of making herself acquainted with its traditions and customs. All who remember this lady will agree, that the intellectual character of her extreme beauty, the amenity and courtesy of her manners, the soundness of her understanding, and her unbounded benevolence, gave more the idea of an angelic visitant than of a being belonging to this nether world; and such a thought was but too consistent with the short space she was permitted to tarry amongst us. Of course, where all made it a pride and pleasure to gratify her wishes, she soon heard enough of Border lore; among others, an aged gentleman of property, near Langholm, communicated to her ladyship the story of Gilpin Horner, a tradition in which the narrator, and many more of that country, were firm believers. The young countess, much delighted with the legend, and the gravity and full confidence with which it was told, enjoined it on me as a task to compose a ballad on the subject. Of course, to hear was to obey; and thus the goblin story, objected to by several critics as an excrescence upon the poem, was, in fact, the occasion of its being written.

"A chance similar to that which dictated the subject, gave me also the hint of a new mode of treating it. We had at that time the lease of a pleasant cottage, near Lasswade, on the romantic banks of the Esk, to which we escaped when the vacations of the court permitted so much leisure. Here I had the pleasure to receive a visit from Mr. Stoddart, (now Sir John Stoddart, judge-advocate at Malta,) who was at that time collecting the particulars which he afterwards embodied in his Remarks on Local Scenery in Scotland. I was of some use to him in procuring the information he desired, and guiding him to the scenes which he

wished to see. In return, he made me better acquainted than I had hitherto been with the poetic effusions which have since made the lakes of Westmoreland, and the authors by whom they have been sung, so famous wherever the English tongue is spoken.

"I was already acquainted with the 'Joan of Arc,' the 'Thalaba,' and the 'Metrical Ballads,' of Mr. Southey, which had found their way to Scotland, and were generally admired. But Mr. Stoddart, who had the advantage of personal friendship with the authors, and who possessed a strong memory, with an excellent taste, was able to repeat to me many long specimens of their poetry, which had not yet appeared in print. Amongst others, was the striking fragment called Christabel, by Mr. Coleridge, which, from the singularly irregular structure of the stanzas, and the liberty which it allowed the author to adapt the sound to the sense, seemed to be exactly suited to such an extravaganza as I meditated on the subject of Gilpin Horner. As applied to comic and humorous poetry, this mescalonza of measures had been already used by Anthony Hall, Anstey, Dr. Walcott, and others; but it was in Christabel that I first found it used in serious poetry, and it is to Mr. Coleridge that I am bound to make the acknowledgment due from the pupil to his master. I observed that Lord Byron, in noticing my obligations to Mr. Coleridge, which I have been always most ready to acknowledge, expressed, or was understood to express, a hope, that I did not write a parody on Mr. Coleridge's productions. On this subject I have only to say, that I do not even know the parody which is alluded to; and, were I ever to take the unbecoming freedom of censuring a man of Mr. Coleridge's extraordinary talents, it would be for the caprice and indolence with which he has thrown from him, as if in mere wantonness, these unfinished scraps of poetry, which, like the Torso of antiquity, defy the skill of his poetical brethren to complete them. The charming fragments which the author abandons to their fate, are surely too valuable to be treated like the proofs of careless engravers, the sweepings of whose studios often make the fortune of some pains-taking collector."

As the introduction to the 'Lady of the Lake,' (our favourite, after all, of Sir Walter's longer poems,) is brief, as well as very interesting, we present it to our readers unabridged:

"After the success of 'Marmion,' I felt inclined to exclaim, with Ulysses in the 'Odyssey,'—

'Οὗτος μὲν δὴ ἄεθλος ἀάατος ἐκτετέλεσται.
Νῦν ἄυτε σκοπιὴν ἄλλον.'

Odys. χ. 1. 5.

'One venturous game my hand has won to-day—
Another, gallants, yet remains to play.'

"The ancient manners, the habits and customs of the aboriginal race by whom the Highlands of Scotland were inhabited, had always appeared to me peculiarly adapted to poetry. The change in their manners, too, had taken place almost within my own time, or at least I had learned many particulars concerning the ancient state of the Highlands from the old men of the last generation. I had always thought the old Scottish Gael highly adapted for poetical composition. The feuds, and political dissensions, which, half a century earlier, would have rendered the richer and wealthier part of the kingdom indisposed to countenance a poem, the scene of which was laid in the Highlands, were now sunk in the generous compassion which the English, more than any other nation, feel for the misfortunes of an honourable foe. The Poems of Ossian had, by their popularity, sufficiently shown, that if writings on Highland subjects were qualified to interest the reader, mere national prejudices were, in the present day, very unlikely to interfere with their success.

"I had also read a great deal, and heard more, concerning that romantic country, where I was in the habit of spending some time every autumn; and the scenery of Loch Katrine was connected with the recollection of many a dear friend and merry expedition of former days. This poem, the action of which lay among scenes so beautiful, and so deeply imprinted on my recollections, was a labour of love, and it was no less so to recall the manners and incidents introduced. The frequent custom of James IV. and particularly of James V. to walk through their kingdom in disguise, afforded me the hint of an incident, which never fails to be interesting, if managed with the slightest address or dexterity.

"I may now confess, however, that the employment, though attended with great pleasure, was not without its doubts and anxieties. A lady, to whom I was nearly related, and with whom I lived, during her whole life, on the most brotherly terms of affection, was residing with me at the time when the work was in progress, and used to ask me, what I could possibly do to rise so early in the morning, (that happening to be the most convenient time to me for composition.) At last I told her the subject of my meditations; and I can never forget the anxiety and affection expressed in her reply. 'Do not be so rash,' she said, 'my dearest cousin. You are already popular—more so, perhaps, than you yourself will believe, or than even I, or other partial friends, can fairly allow to your merit. You stand high—do not rashly attempt to climb higher, and incur the risk of a fall; for, depend upon it, a favourite will not be permitted even to stumble with impunity.' I replied to this affectionate expostulation in the words of Montrose:—

'He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.'

"'If I fail,' I said, for the dialogue is strong in my recollection, 'it is a sign that I ought never to have succeeded, and I will write prose for life: you shall see no change in my temper, nor will I eat a single meal the worse. But if I succeed—

'Up with the bonnie blue bonnet,
The dirk, and the feather, and a'!'

"Afterwards I showed my affectionate and anxious critic the first canto of the poem, which reconciled her to my imprudence.—Nevertheless, although I answered thus confidently, with the obstinacy often said to be proper to those who bear my surname, I acknowledge that my confidence was considerably shaken by the warning of her excellent taste and unbiassed friendship. Nor was I much comforted by her retractation of the unfavourable judgment, when I recollected how likely a natural partiality was to effect that change of opinion. In such cases, affection rises like a light on the canvass, improves any favourable tints which it formerly exhibited, and throws its defects into the shade.

"I remember that about the same time a friend started in to 'heeze up my hope,' like the minstrel in the old song. He was bred a farmer, but a man of powerful understanding, natural good taste, and warm poetical feeling, perfectly competent to supply the wants of an imperfect or irregular education. He was a passionate admirer of field sports, which we often pursued together.

"As this friend happened to dine with me at Ashiesteel one day, I took the opportunity of reading to him the first canto of 'The Lady of the Lake,' in order to ascertain the effect the poem was likely to produce upon a person who was but too favourable a representative of readers at large. It is, of course, to be supposed, that I determined rather to guide my opinion by what my friend might appear to feel, than by what he might think fit to say.—His reception of my recitation, or prelection, was rather singular. He placed his hand across his brow, and listened with great attention through the whole account of the stag-hunt, till the dogs threw themselves into the lake to follow their master, who embarks with Ellen Douglas. He then started up with a sudden exclamation, struck his hand on the table, and declared, in a voice of censure calculated for the occasion, that the dogs must have been totally ruined by being permitted to take the water after such a severe chase.—I own I was much encouraged by the species of reverie which had possessed so zealous a follower of the sports of the ancient Nimrod, who had been completely surprised out of all doubts of the reality of the tale. Another of his remarks gave me less pleasure. He detected the identity of the king with the wandering knight, Fitz-James, when he winds his bugle to summon his attendants. He was probably thinking of the lively, but somewhat licentious old ballad, in which the denouement of a royal intrigue takes place as follows:—

'He took a bugle frae his side,
He blew both loud and shrill,
And four-and-twenty belted knights
Came skipping ower the hill;
Then he took out a little knife,
Let all his duddies fa',
And he was the brawest gentleman
That was amang them a'.
And we'll go no more a-roving,' &c.

"This discovery, as Mr. Pepys says of the rent in his camlet cloak, 'was but a trifle, yet it troubled me, and I was at a good deal of pains to efface any marks by which I thought my secret could be traced before the conclusion, when I relied on it with the same hope of producing effect, with which the Irish post-boy is said to reserve a 'trot for the avenue.'

"I took uncommon pains to verify the accuracy of the local circumstances of this story. I recollect, in particular, that to ascertain whether I was telling a probable tale, I went into Perthshire, to see whether King James could actually have ridden from the banks of Loch Vennachar to Stirling Castle within the time supposed in the poem, and had the pleasure to satisfy myself that it was quite practicable.

"After a considerable delay, 'The Lady of the Lake' appeared in June 1810; and its success was certainly so extraordinary as to induce me for the moment to conclude that I had at last fixed a nail in the proverbially inconstant wheel of Fortune, whose stability in behalf of an individual who had so boldly courted her favours for three successive times had not as yet been shaken. I had attained, perhaps, that degree of public reputation at

which prudence, or certainly timidity, would have made a halt, and discontinued efforts by which I was far more likely to diminish my fame than to increase it. But as the celebrated John Wilkes is said to have explained to his late Majesty, that he himself, amid his full tide of popularity, was never a Wilkite, so I can, with honest truth, exculpate myself from having been at any time a partisan of my own poetry, even when it was in the highest fashion with the million. It must not be supposed that I was either so ungrateful, or so superabundantly candid, as to despise or scorn the value of those whose voice had elevated me so much higher than my own opinion told me I deserved. I felt, on the contrary, the more grateful to the public, as receiving that from partiality to me, which I could not have claimed from merit; and I endeavoured to deserve the partiality, by continuing such exertions as I was capable of for their amusement.

"It may be that I did not, in this continued course of scribbling, consult either the interest of the public, or my own. But the former had effectual means of defending themselves, and could, by their coldness, sufficiently check any approach to intrusion; and for myself, I had now for several years dedicated my hours so much to literary labour, that I should have felt difficulty in employing myself otherwise; and so, like Dogberry, I generously bestowed all my tediousness on the public, comforting myself with the reflection, that if posterity should think me undeserving of the favour with which I was regarded by my contemporaries, 'they could not say but what I *had* the crown, and had enjoyed for a time that popularity which is so much coveted.

"I conceived, however, that I held the distinguished situation I had obtained, however unworthily, rather like the champion of pugilism, on the condition of being always ready to show proofs of my skill, than in the manner of the champion of chivalry, who performs his duties only on rare and solemn occasions. I was in any case conscious that I could not long hold a situation which the caprice, rather than the judgment, of the public had bestowed upon me, and preferred being deprived of my precedence by some more worthy rival, to sinking into contempt for my indolence, and losing my reputation by what Scottish lawyers call the *negative prescription*. Accordingly, those who choose to look at the Introduction to Rokeby in the present edition, will be able to trace the steps by which I declined as a poet to figure as a novelist; as the ballad says, Queen Eleanor sunk at Charing Cross to rise again at Queenhithe.

"It only remains for me to say, that, during my short pre-eminence of popularity, I faithfully observed the rules of moderation which I had resolved to follow before I began my course as a man of letters. If a man is determined to make a noise in the world, he is as sure to encounter abuse and ridicule, as he who gallops furiously through a village must reckon on being followed by the curs in full cry. Experienced persons know, that in stretching to flog the latter, the rider is very apt to catch a bad fall; nor is an attempt to chastise a malignant critic attended with less danger to the author. On this principle, I let parody, burlesque, and squibs, find their own level; and while the latter hissed most fiercely, I was cautious never to catch them up, as schoolboys do, to throw them back against the naughty boy who fired them off, wisely remembering, that they are, in such cases, apt to explode in the handling. Let me add, that my reign (since Byron has so called it) was marked by some instances of good-nature as well as patience. I never refused a literary person of merit such services in smoothing his way to the public as were in my power; and I had the advantage, rather an uncommon one with our irritable race, to enjoy general favour, without incurring permanent ill-will, so far as is known to me, among any of my contemporaries.

"*Abbotsford, April* 1830."

Orlando Innamorato di Bojardo; Orlando Furioso di Ariosto: with an Essay on the Romantic Poetry of the Italians, Memoirs and Notes.—London, W. Pickering.

THIS volume, of small pretence and much real merit, is edited by Professor Antonio Panizzi, and reflects no little credit on his judgment, taste, and talents. Most readers will probably be surprised to find the professor tracing the origin of romantic poetry among the Italians, to the songs of the ancient Welsh bards. To Charlemagne, also, he insists on giving a British origin. There is withal a great deal of shrewd observation and sound criticism throughout the volume, and the analyis of the stories and the introductory remarks are satisfactory and entertaining. The following amusing anecdote of Ogier le Dannays, or the Dane, may serve as a specimen of the manner in which these details, usually so heavy and stupid, are diversified and rendered diverting:

"His son, Baldwin, playing at chess with Charlot, the emperor's son, a quarrel arose, and Charlot killed Baldwin with the chessboard, which was of gold. Ogier at first threatened to slay both the son and his father, Charlemagne; but afterwards withdrew to Lombardy, where Desiderio (Didier) king of that country, gave him a castle, Chasteaufort or Beaufort, and refused to deliver him up to the emperor, who made war upon the king and Ogier for this reason. Ogier having defended himself for seven years in the castle which Desiderio had bestowed upon him, discovered that all his soldiers had conspired to his betrayal. 'Ogier was not sleeping, for in the morning he hanged all the rogues who had thought of betraying him; there was one of them at each battlement. When Charlemagne was told the issue of the treason, he was much surprised, and said, Why it must be, then, that the devil directs the fellow.'

"Charlemagne hoped that he would soon surrender, imagining, from the number of soldiers whom he had hanged, that he had none left for the defence of the castle. 'But Ogier, who was not idle in the castle, cut some wood, whereof he had plenty, and dressed each piece like a man-at-arms, with hauberk and helm, and succeeded in placing one of them at each battlement. But where the devil does he find so many soldiers? said Charlemagne. In a sortie which he made, he nearly slew the emperor and Charlot, and having put to death an esquire in their tent, he retired. His provisions were exhausted; but, nothing discouraged, he killed a horse, and then 'put his things in order, cleansed his porringers, set his pot on the fire, and busied himself in moving his wooden-men-at-arms on the battlements.' Charlot at length discovered to what extremities Ogier was reduced, and one night went to speak with him. On this occasion he offered to give him any satisfaction, to accept any conditions however humiliating; to go to the holy sepulchre and pay him any ransom, provided he would make peace. Ogier, however, would hear nothing of it, but answered that he wanted 'blood for blood, and a child for a child;" and then politely dismissed him, saying, 'Now, go, and may the devil break thy neck.' After this desperate defence, which Namo called *le nonpareil de jamais*, and which lasted seven years, Ogier quietly left his castle at night. He was pursued, yet succeeded in escaping on board a vessel bound for the east — Being overtaken by a storm, he landed not far from Rome, and met with sundry adventures. He delivered France from the Saracens, and afterward came to England, where he married the daughter of Achar, king of the latter country, whom he succeeded on the throne.

The translations, by various hands, are generally elegant and spirited, and we can recommend this handsome volume, tasteful in its mechanical execution, as well as in its style and subject matter, even to those who, like ourselves, prefer Orlando, both in love and madness, most in the original:

We love the language, that soft bastard Latin,
Which melts like kisses from a female mouth,
And sounds as if it should be writ on satin
With syllables that breathe of the sweet south,
And gentle liquids gliding all so pat in
That not a single accent sounds uncouth,
Like our harsh northern, whistling, grunting guttural,
Which we're obliged to hiss and spit and sputter all.

Webster's Dictionary of the English Language. Part II.—London, Black, Young, and Young.

WE should not have deemed ourselves justified in bringing this work a second time under the reader's consideration, had it been merely a continuance of the subject already commented on by us, in our observations on the first part. But the introductory portion of the number now before us, contains nearly the whole of a treatise on English grammar, in which the author introduces several alterations, and lays down some new positions, relative to this most important department of our native tongue.

We agree fully with him in the assertion, that much is still wanted to make a perfect grammar. It is a work of extreme difficulty, and can only be accomplished by the repeated efforts of sagacity and industry, such as he himself in this work exemplifies, in a manner highly honorable to him. The attachment to the rules of the Latin, naturally proceeding from the almost exclusive use of that language, in rudimental education, until a very late period, and the reluctance as naturally felt to alter what we have been for years accustomed to, particularly when it has received the undeviating sanction of a long line of teachers and writers, throws many difficulties in the way of improvement; zeal and ability, are therefore equally necessary for success. The former, to stimulate and maintain the exertion required to stem a strong current of prejudice, the latter, to guide the altered tide of opinion, into a better channel.

Of Dr. Webster's zeal, we can give no stronger evidence than the following extract from his introduction, premising that according to his own statement, it is now forty-six years since he laid before the public the first result of his investigations on this branch of literature,

in the form of an English grammar, on the model of Lowth's, but with several improvements.

"Being perfectly satisfied," says he, "that some principles of Lowth's grammar, which constitutes the body of Murray's, are entirely erroneous, I have prefixed a brief grammar to this dictionary, which is committed to my fellow-citizens as the mature result of all my investigations. It is the last effort I shall make to arrest the progress of error, on this subject. It needs the club of Hercules, wielded by the arm of a giant, to destroy the hydra of educational prejudice. The club and the arm I pretend not to possess, and my efforts may be fruitless; but it will ever be a satisfaction to reflect that I have discharged a duty demanded by a deep sense of the importance of truth.—It is not possible for me to think with indifference, that half a million of youth in our schools are daily toiling to learn that which is not true. It has been justly observed that ignorance is preferable to error."

These are the sentiments of a sincere enthusiast, the workings of a heart giving vent to its feelings in strong unqualified expressions.

The author proceeds to point out some of the more prominent errors, which he has undertaken to correct. A brief summary of these will afford a more satisfactory view of the improvements he proposes to introduce, than any observations that we could offer in the condensed form to which we are bound to limit our remarks.

1. The admission of the article as a distinct part of speech; it being, always and in all languages, an adjective. 2. The arrangement of words, particularly of some of those commonly called pronouns, adverbs, and conjunctions, in a class to which they do not belong. 3. The want of a correct and complete exhibition of the verb in all its modifications of mode and tense. 4. The imperfection of the usual rules of syntax.

In the commencement of the grammar, where he treats of letters, he defines consonants to be the characters that represent the junctions, jointings or closings of the organs, which precede or follow the vocal sounds, and calls them by a very appropriate term, articulations. We think that one step more would have led him to a very simple and complete analysis of this primary and essential part of his subject.

Letters express either sounds or articulations: sounds are either simple, which we call vowels, or compound which are designated dipthongs; and articulations, commonly called consonants, are either close or perfect, which wholly intercept the voice, and therefore stop, or terminate the sound, or imperfect, which do not entirely interrupt the voice, but admit a kind of hum or hiss, and are thence commonly called semi-vowels. This two-fold classification will comprehend the whole of the letters in every language, according to their formation by the organs of speech.

In the classification of words, or what are commonly called parts of speech, he alters the names of some, rejecting, of course, the article altogether. Thus he names the pronoun, the substitute; the adjective, the attribute; the adverb, the modifier; the conjunction, the connective; and the interjection, the exclamation. Knowing, as we do, how much the study of chemistry has been facilitated, and its advancemement consequently promoted, by a judicious nomenclature, in which the term frequently implies or leads to the distinguishing character, we cannot object to the same principle being applied with judgment and caution to other sciences, and we think that the changes in the present instance, though not essential, will be found to be useful.

In the comparison of adjectives, or attributes, Dr. Webster recognizes four degrees. The first denotes a slight degree of the quality, and is expressed by the termination *ish*; as reddish; brownish: this may be called the imperfect degree. The second denotes such a degree of the attribute as to constitute an absolute or distinct quality: as red, brown: this is called the positive degree. The third and fourth he defines and names, like other grammarians, the comparative and superlative.

With respect to one of Dr. Webster's general rules for spelling, we feel inclined to pause before we acquiesce in its correctness. "In verbs of more than one syllable, when the accent falls on any syllable except the last, the final consonant of the verb is not to be doubled in the derivatives; thus, *bias, biased, biasing; worship, worshiper, worshiping.* The The same rule is generally to be observed in nouns, as in *jeweler, jewel.* These," continues the author," are general rules: though possibly special reasons may, in some instances, justify exceptions." We cannot but think that his love for generalizing has made Dr. Webster limit too closely the extent of the exceptions to this his general rule, which will be found to require very many, and, among these the very words he has selected for examples.

The introduction contains an anecdote relative to the well-known Lindley Murray, which we notice particularly, because, if true, it ought to be known; and if untrue, it ought to be contradicted. Dr. Webster says, that in the year 1803, he received a letter from Lindley Murray, with a copy of that writer's grammar, soliciting remarks on it. Twenty years before the date of this letter, Dr. Webster tells us, that he had published the grammar we have already spoken of; but as it had been prepared on the model of Lowth's, and as subsequent researches had convinced him that some of Lowth's principles were erroneous, he suppressed this grammar after it had been published, from a conviction of the immorality of laying before the public what he knew to be false. In 1807, he published a new grammar on new principles, and with a view to answer Murray's request, though in a different manner, he sent him a polite letter with a copy of it. These never reached him; but Murray received a copy of Webster's grammar from another quarter, and soon after published a new edition of his own English grammar in octavo, in 1808. In it he states, that he had examined the most respectable publications on the subject that had recently appeared, and had, in consequence, been the better enabled to extend and improve his work.

Now, let the reader hear what Dr. Webster says in continuation: "on carefully comparing this work with my own grammar, I found most of his improvements were selected from my book. In the first edition of this work, (Lindley Murray's new edition of his English grammar,) the compiler gave me credit for one passage only, being nearly three pages of my grammar, which he acknowledged to be chiefly taken from my work. In the later editions, he says, this is in part taken from my book; and he further acknowledges, that a few positions and illustrations, among the syntactical notes and observations, were taken from my grammar. Now the fact is, the passages borrowed amount to thirty or more, and they are so incorporated into the work, that no person except myself would detect the plagiarisms, without a particular view to this object."

We join with the writer, if his statement be true, in his protest against such a species of immorality. A man's reputation and character, and writings, are as much his property as his land; and it is to be hoped that correct morality will, in due time, place the protection of the former on as high ground as that of the latter.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Plays of Philip Massinger. Adapted for Family Reading, and the use of Young Persons, by the omission of objectionable passages. Vol. I.—London, Murray.

The works of the old English dramatists abound in displays of the most powerful imagination and the richest fancy, couched in language the most forcible and expressive; but their exquisite beauty is so often marred by coarseness of expression, (for the licentiousness which disgraced the stage in Charles the Second's days, was the corruption of a later and more vicious age,) that they have long lain neglected, as unfit for the perusal of the pure and good. Under these circumstances, the editors of the Family Library have resolved on publishing a selection from the plays of Massinger, Fletcher and Beaumont, Ford, Shirley, and others, omitting all such scenes and passages as are inconsistent with the delicacy and refinement of modern taste and manners. The present volume contains a Life of Massinger, and four of the eighteen plays of his which are still extant—namely, the Virgin Martyr, the Great Duke of Florence, the Bondman, and the Maid of Honour. These are accompanied with preliminary notices and explanatory notes, which we rejoice to see are not overdone. We congratulate the public on having works of such transcendant genius thus placed within their reach, divested of all risk of injury or pollution from the contact.

The Correspondence and Diary of Philip Doddridge, D.D. &c. &c. &c. Edited from the original MSS. by his Great Grandson, John Doddridge Humphreys, Esq. Vol. III.—London: Colburn and Bentley.

We must do the Rev. Doctor Philip Doddridge, D.D. the justice to acknowledge, that from our youth up we had considered him a very tedious stupid sort of writer, but we did not think him quite so great a fool as he proves to be, upon a farther and more intimate acquaintance. We should add, moreover, that it would require a very considerable stock of personal merit, to atone, in our eyes, for having been the progenitor of his present biographer, and great grand son, John Doddridge Humphreys, esquire, who has inflicted upon us so many ponderous tomes of silly gossip about miss Kitty, and miss Jenny, and miss Mercy, and all the other misses, and kisses, and youthful follies of his great grandfather, the dissenting minister. We really believe Doddridge was a well-meaning, good sort of man, according to his gifts, which were not of the highest or most refined description; but why we should be pestered, at this time of day,

with these never-ending volumes of twaddle about him and his 'dearest creature' we cannot conceive.

Traits of Scottish Life, and Pictures of Scenes and Character. 3 vols. post 8vo.—London, Whittaker, Treacher and Co.

THESE volumes are said to be from the pen of Mr. Bennett, the editor of a judiciously conducted Glasgow newspaper, called the Free Press. There is nothing in them very striking or original; yet one daunders on with a quiet, dozy sort of satisfaction, *usque ad finem.*

The Stories are eighteen in number, and they are intermixed with divers songs, and poetical pieces of similar merit.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

Law Magazine.

WE have a selfish motive in noticing the last Number of this excellent Magazine, the leading article is headed "Eloquence of the Irish Bar," and does ample justice to the splendid merits of the many highly gifted men, who for the last fifty years have formed the brightest ornaments of their profession, and their country. But what is more gratifying to our feelings, the article in question is from the pen of an Englishman, and vindicates the character of Irish oratory from the ingenious aspersions of the Edinburgh Review, which in 1817, in criticising the speeches of Mr. Charles Phillips, denounced the school from which he came, and its style, of which according to the critic he was a fair specimen; we extract the following passage from the commencement of this article, which consists of a Review of Mr. Greene's report of the celebrated bottle-conspiracy case in 1823, heartily recommending the Magazine itself to the attentive perusal of all, particularly of our professional readers.

"Whatever might have been the state of opinion on this side of the channel, previously to October 1817, (the date of the article in the Edinburgh) however high the character of Irish oratorical effusions before then from that period it has certainly declined.—Ex illo retro fluere et sublapsa referri, and though after giving specimens of the forensic eloquence of England and Scotland, we naturally recur to Ireland, in order to complete the parallel, we are almost under the necessity of apologizing for adopting so very obvious, and, we humbly conceive, commendable a course. We are absolutely obliged to declare, at the outset, that the prevailing prejudice is a wholly groundless one, that we could select from the Irish bar as many models of chasteness as of fire, and that (setting aside Curran and Plunket, or allowing them to pair off with Erskine and Brougham,) a long list of names might be framed from it, which as orators and advocates in the best sense of the terms, neither England nor Scotland would, single-handed, find it easy to match."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, May 17th, 1830.

The chief topic of conversation during the last few days, has been the debut of Miss Smithson on Monday last, at the Opéra Comique in a little drama called l'Auberge d'Auray. In this she plays the part of an English female, the wife of M. Montalban, a Frenchman, who is condemned to death by the republican soldiers then in the neighbourhood, on a charge of being a spy of the Vendeans—Miss Smithson endeavours to save him, and succeeds, after a variety of incidents of much stage interest, and which are carried on chiefly in pantomime, a few disjointed French sentences being all that she utters. Miss Smithson was very successful, and the applause bestowed upon her was at times enthusiastic. The drama itself has very little merit, beyond that of being short; and the favourable reception experienced by Miss Smithson, as well as her own talents, which are really of a high order, secured for her a thorough triumph. This young lady may, I think, now consider herself as fixed on the Continent for two or three years; for although the extreme heat of the weather, must soon cause the Paris Theatres to be deserted for two or three months, she has the prospect of an abundant winter harvest in town or country.

The following curious and rather interesting account of a new discovery, which was the result of chance, appears in the Moniteur: "a miller in the environs of Dijon, having put up new mill-stones, and wishing to clean them before they were used for grinding wheat, put a quantity of bran into the mill for the purpose of carrying away the sand from the stones; but not having sufficient bran at hand, he added some chipped straw—what was his surprise at finding a coarse, but excellent, wheaten flour result from this experiment—a quantity of it was instantly given to some horses, who devoured it greedily, and another portion being boiled up for the pigs, was equally relished by those animals; the miller even made a loaf of bread with a part of the flour, and it was eaten with a relish."

Some very curious tables have lately been published here, showing the comparative duration of life among rich and poor persons. In a list of sixteen hundred persons of the higher class, among whom are 150 sovereigns or princes, it was found that from 1820 to 1829, both inclusive, there had been 522 deaths, being a yearly average of 52-2. It was also curiously observed, that among the higher order of clergy, the deaths after the age of sixty or seventy, were much more frequent than amongst persons of distinction in different orders at the same period. Of the sixteen hundred persons thus selected in 1820, there were aged from,

20 to 25	...	17
25 to 30	...	36
30 to 35	...	72
35 to 40	...	86
40 to 45	...	138
45 to 50	...	232
50 to 55	...	219
55 to 60	...	172
60 to 65	...	194
65 to 70	...	167
70 to 75	...	116
75 to 80	...	73
80 to 85	...	58
85 to 90	...	19
90 to 95	...	1

The other list, made at the same time, comprised 2000 persons, taken among the poor and working classes in the low quarters of Paris. It is not necessary to state the order in which they died, as the following comparative table will show the frightful superiority of the number of deaths among them:

	Mortality on the rich list.		Mortality on the poor list.
From 25 to 30	0 0	...	2 22
30 to 35	... 0 85	...	1 43
35 to 40	... 1 20	...	1 85
40 to 45	... 0 85	...	1 87
45 to 50	... 1 59	...	2 59
50 to 55	... 1 81	...	2 58
55 to 60	... 1 68	...	4 60
60 to 65	... 3 6	...	5 76
65 to 70	... 4 31	...	9 25
75 to 80	... 8 9	...	14 59
80 to 85	... 11 58	...	— —
85 to 90	... 16 29	...	— —
90 to 95	same		— —

What a painfully instructive table this is!—Here we see the poor, even in youth, dying off rapidly in proportion to the rich, in the middle age; in further advanced life nearly doubling the mortality of their wealthier fellow creatures, who have comforts and enjoyments; and in extreme old age showing an entire blank. We are also assured, that of the number of deaths among these poor persons, three-fourths, at least, take place in hospitals.

To these tables is added another curious one of the ages of the reigning princes, and other distinguished persons in Europe:

Of 124 Princes, 12 have reached the age of 80.
28 Cardinals, 7 are 80, and 2 older.
34 Archbishops and bishops, 1 is 80.
313 Peers of France, 11 are 80.
272 Generals, 19 are 80, and 9 still older.
84 Ambassadors, 5 ministers of state, &c. 5 are 80.

The extraordinary part of this table, is that which relates to the bishops and archbishops—high feeding, probably, prevents them reaching a very old age.

London, May 18.

In the literary circles here, there is little new talked of, but the sudden discontinuance of the Morning Journal. This paper disappeared when at a number which although by no means sufficient to cover the expenditure, was larger than that of any daily or weekly paper that was ever dropped without being merged into some other concern—when the compositors left the paper, and new hands were taken in, the number printed was 890. In two days succeeding this change, the paper did not appear until some hours after the usual time, yet the number fell only twenty, so that when the paper dropped altogether, 870 copies were printed.

It is now said, but with what degree of truth I know not, that a large sum is subscribing for the institution of a new morning paper. The Star Evening Paper is for sale, the price demanded is £800, which would include types, lease of the house, &c. The number is very low, but there are several persons treating for the purchase.* This, however, is by no means a good time for newspapers, the best established cannot hold their ground, and the Sunday newspapers in particular, feel the pressure of the times, for the middling and lower orders who chiefly read Sunday newspapers, either cannot afford the expense, or the occurrences of the week are not sufficient to excite interest. In France,

* The Star was purchased in 1790 for between 4 and 500*l.* It rose successively to a daily circulation of about 4,000, yielding a yearly profit of 4,000*l.*

however, things are different, new papers are starting there daily, and succeeding well—at Lyons two new papers have appeared within the last three months, and in different parts of France about fifteen papers have been successfully started during the present year.

Drury-lane Theatre is at length let; but the chances of success are very doubtful. Mr. Lee, the new lessee, is considered a bold man, and the friends of the other gentlemen who tendered, rejoice that their tenders are refused. Mr. Lee however is a clever man, and a good manager, and he has already entered into arrangements which are well calculated to give eclat to a first season. It is believed that he will make tempting offers to Braham, and Mr. Laurent of the Italian Theatre in Paris has offered to supply him with an Italian Corps de Ballet, equal to that which is at the King's Theatre.

(Private Letters.)

CHALMERS AND IRVING.

London, 18th May.

Dr. Chalmers has been in town during the last week. He held forth, on Sunday, for an hour and a-half, in the Scotch church, Regent Square; and every part of that ample pile was thronged to hear him. Lord Lansdown, the Marquess of Stafford, Lord L. Gower, Mr. Peel, (Sir Robert rather) and many other "illustrious ones," of both sexes, were in early attendance—the service beginning at eleven. The street was filled with splendid and gay equipages—the crowd extended beyond the porches to the outer door—and all was bustle and excitement to hear the Demosthenes of the Scottish kirk. For my own part, I often doubted, after reading the splendid sermons of Dr. Chalmers, for I had never heard him, whether they were adapted for a popular audience; possessed as they were of every refinement and polish that literature could afford, they seemed to me to require an audience to appreciate their merits, far more accomplished than I could give credit to his ordinary Caledonian congregations for being. But I never had a better opportunity of being convinced of how much depends on the "pronunciatio" of the ancient orators, which Cicero pronounced to be necessary in the first, and the second, and the third degree, to the formation of a public speaker. It was so with Dr. Chalmers. All his fine language and illustration would have gone for nothing, had they been delivered in the plain, tame, "gentlemanly" pulpit style which prevails here among the best preachers of the episcopal churches. With the Scottish divine, however, not a sentence—not a phrase was lost—all was energy and emphasis "with due discretion:" whether he soared or crept along the ground (which latter, in truth, he very seldom did,) he commanded the undivided attention of his auditory; he dictated, and he thundered out the mild precepts of the gospel with surprising power: at least, to me, it was surprising, thinking, as I always did, and to the contrary of which I am still far from being persuaded, that the principles and practice of the Christian religion are better advocated—better enjoined, by the gentle methods of persuasion, than by the stern alarms of the drum ecclesiastic. Your Dublin folk, at least the majority of the Rotunda frequenters, I know, think otherwise—they are fond of hearing the word delivered *con furore, con strepito*, as the sons of the musicians say; they love an awakening exhortation from a zealous brother in the Lord: they delight in the thunders of Armstrong more than in the gentle persuasive accents of Mathias. But it is only the fashionable influenza of the day in Ireland: there is no disputing about tastes; let us only hope that it be not of any very lengthened duration.

Dr. Chalmer's *personnel* is by no means prepossessing. He is coarse-featured, short-necked, and altogether clumsy looking: his hair cut short—its tint an iron gray. His action in the pulpit, owing to his left hand being perpetually fixed upon his manuscript, is almost wholly confined to the right side. He moves his whole body, rapidly, forward or backward, upward or downward: but still the right shoulder is ever elevated; the right arm is in perpetual motion. There is nothing graceful in his delivery—its characteristic is its force. He labours to produce conviction rather than to persuade. His voice is loud enough—but harsh with overstraining: it splits the ear occasionally, and sometimes borders on a scream. In what, then, you will ask, consists his particular attraction? How has he become so celebrated? By his animation and earnestness; by the beauty and eloquence of his language; and by the evident perfection, the palpable completeness of all that he delivers. We can observe no redundancy of epithets, no idle digressions, no spinning out of "the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument." Every sentence seems to have received its last polish; it is fit for press; and the sermon, generally, leaves no longer any doubt but that those eloquent discourses of his, which have been published, were pronounced originally just as they now meet the eye of the reader.

I presume the discourse of yesterday was not then delivered for the first time: it was evidently written every word, but so familiar was the preacher with his manuscript, so intensely had he studied it, or so extremely legibly was it penned, that with the exception of its precluding, as I have already said, the motion of his left side, it seemed to give him, in the delivery of it, no inconvenience. A *written* sermon—to which, by the way, I am exceedingly averse—I never before heard delivered with so much energy and vigour; and if I could only add, that it contained a due admixture of the benign, gentle aspirations, which, as it appears to me, are far more conducive to make and to keep men Christians, I should pronounce it to be a composition of predicatorial eloquence of the highest order. Yet, your Richard Pope, after all, is the best preacher I ever heard.

. . . . The manner of Dr. Chalmers is all that I intended to write about: with the matter of his discourse I shall not meddle further than simply to say, that its topics were of a very comprehensive and general character—"on the conduct of the irreligious," perhaps it might be defined; it was in this respect, what it should be, precisely an *occasional* sermon.

It is long since the walls of the national kirk have been warmed by such a crowd. The orations of its extraordinary "meenisther and pasthur" have no longer any attraction for the million. Their excitement is no more; the glory has departed from that house—Ichabod Irving is an altered man. At least, I should conclude him altered, for, after frequent, fair, and impartial hearings, I can find nothing in him to justify the religious rage that once prevailed upon his account. His physical capabilities are, no doubt, admirable; his voice, in its sober and subdued tones, is faultless; his talent for recitation, in delivering a psalm for instance, or in pronouncing the Lord's prayer, is indeed of a very high order. But beyond this, I have been able to discover in him nothing more remarkable than his extravagance of action, and his consummate skill (though last not least) in the art of mystifying. To such perfection has he carried this art, that I think we may safely say, the more we apply ourselves to understand what he undertakes to explain, the less we know about it. A few eveings since, I had a fine opportunity of being convinced of this. The preacher went on for an hour mystifying and explaining the history of Samson—every incident of that great man's life, recorded in Scripture, he proved, by a peculiar process of reasoning, to be a typification allegorical of Christ and his church. The riddle, the foxes and firebrands, the jaw-bone of an ass—O, that the comment were all written in a book! I left the Scottish kirk, that night, most strangely edified. My brains were spinning like a teetotum.

C.

LONDON UNIVERSITY.

London, 17th May.

Saturday last I witnessed one of the most interesting spectacles it was ever my good fortune to behold; the distribution of prizes among the medical classes of the Metropolitan University. Having been present last year on a similar occasion, I was the more anxious a second time to sit, the delighted spectator of a ceremony, calculated to raise up in the mind sensations of the purest and loftiest description. Last year, Earl Grey presided. Every one is familiar with the character of that renowned and haughty aristocrat. He took the seat of honor, as though it belonged to him of strict right—addressing to the "assembled thousands" a few brief and pregnant sentences, explanatory of the business for which they had met. He discharged his laudable duties with stately dignity—preserving his usually erect and haughty deportment: no smile played around his face; not a congratulatory remark fell from his lips, as he deposited the wished-for prize in the hands of the anxious candidate. As the motto of each, the signal of success, was read aloud, the delighted owner bounded eagerly forward, with youthful impetuosity—desirous to grasp what had been so long the object of his fondest wishes; but the nearer he approached, the more slow became his steps, awed by the unbending gravity of England's haughtiest peer. Once, indeed, the noble earl seemed pleased—it was when a titled student appeared before him, to receive the meed of honour; he bent his head (comparatively speaking) very low indeed, and smiled most graciously on the young aristocrat. The beautiful and appropriate speech with which the noble earl closed the proceedings of the day, won every heart; and his rank was forgotten in admiration of his talents. On the present occasion the chair was filled by Sir James Graham. But I should say a word in description of the place:—it is a lofty and spacious theatre, with the semicircular seats gradually rising one above the other, and capable of containing 1000 persons. A platform was raised a little from the floor in the centre—there sat the council, immediately behind the chairman; and immediately before him were the professors, prepared to report in succession

upon the state of their respective classes; the medical pupils, to the number of 250, occupied the adjacent benches:—they were not of course so very young, being students of much proficiency in the medical sciences; 22 might be about the average of their ages, as well as I could conjecture from their countenances—pale with study and apprehension; their appearance was not therefore hailed with such rapturous enthusiasm—nor did it excite so tender an interest in the audience, as if they had been some half-dozen years younger. Still they were loudly and heartily applauded. Once, indeed, a very young lad being called forth to receive a medal, was greeted with tremendous applause by his fellow-students: he seemed to be an especial favourite, and more, he seemed to feel the full value of their good opinion—for, when he came forward, instead of bowing to the council, he turned round, like an honest, manly fellow, and bowed to his brother students. This circumstance afforded an opportunity to the eloquent chairman of paying the happiest and the justest compliment I ever listened to.—Upon the whole, however, this was not a very imposing spectacle—there was no effort at grandeur or magnificence—no false glare, or mere show—no attempt to dazzle and delude the public; the ceremony brought home to the breasts of the spectators this important truth, that the place where they sat was an institution of great practical utility, and possessing every facility of imparting sound knowledge, and a beneficial professional education.

The professors gave glowing descriptions of the attainments and perseverance of their pupils. Professor Patterson made one rather startling announcement—namely, that the candidates for his prizes had *written* 1200 *quarto pages*. It was, however, heard with pleasure that the heads of the College of Surgeons had declared, that no candidates had ever appeared before them who answered with such marked ability as those who came from the University of London. The conduct of the chairman it was which chiefly gave life and interest to the scene—it was, in truth, beyond all praise; in appearance, language and manner, he was the reverse of Earl Grey: the behaviour of the peer was cold and stiff—that of the commoner cheering and encouraging. Young and handsome, his graceful figure and expressive countenance fascinated every eye; his face and changing complexion proved that he felt a warm interest in what was passing around him;—he almost anticipated the candidate, and his hand was stretched out to give, before the pupil was ready to receive; but he did not content himself with merely giving—he stood up, on each occasion, and with a clear voice, andin the most engaging manner, bestowed a well-timed panegyric, which seemed to be more valued by the delighted student than the gold medal itself. The presence of mind which the hon. baronet displayed on each occasion was really surprising. Not less than 30 pupils came before him, and for each he had something original and excellent—sometimes suggested by the accidental circumstance of unusual applause, but generally prompted by the Latin motto, which supplied him with a happy classical allusion. When the details were gone through, he concisely addressed the meeting in as appropriate, as eloquent, and as touching a speech, as ever I listened to: it made a deep impression on all who heard it; he delivered his sentiments with the ease and fluency of an accomplished speaker, with the exactness of a scholar, and the composure of a gentleman. The part of his address which affected me most was, that in which he warned his young hearers against the evils, and the mental reproaches, inseparable upon lost time; and gave us an example himself, and that without the least appearance of vanity or affectation; he declared, with sincerity, that he now, in every hour of his public life, bitterly repented the time he had lost at Oxford, in the pursuit of vain pleasure; and implored his young hearers to profit by the result of his experience—and this after he had, only the night before, signalized himself, in the House of Commons, by the delivery of one of the ablest speeches made throughout the session—(for those who wish to form some idea of his parliamentary eloquence, we refer to a preceding No. of the Gazette)—he eulogised the system of education pursued in Edinburgh; and illustrated his opinion by the splendid career of Horner and Brougham, who were only two from amongst the many distinguished pupils it sent forth. An address of this description, it is needless to say, produced a vast sensation amongst such an audience, and in such a place.

Doctor Birkbeck also addressed the students, (he is a calm, philosophical, scholar-like sort of person,) and spoke with great mildness and good sense.

J. W.

HORÆ GERMANICÆ.

DER FREISCHUTZ.

My dear President,

Notwithstanding the acknowledged similarity between the English and German languages, and notwithstanding, also, my unwillingness to contradict generally received opinions, I consider it my painful duty to announce that "Der Freischütz" does *not* mean *fried shots*; neither has it the most remote pretension to be rendered into our vernacular, by that happy alternative "the seventh bullet!" which the concocters of some of the English play-bills have been considerate enough to offer to their readers, unlearned in the tongues.

The word Freischütz, as you, Oh invisible and most literary president! are full well aware, is a compound, the literal English translation of which is free-shooter, or free-archer; a harmless appellation enough in itself, and which does not appear necessarily to imply any connection between him who bears it, and the powers of darkness; unless, indeed, we were to suppose a Society of Free-shooters existing in Germany, who maintained the same correspondence with Zamiel, which is sometimes hinted to subsist at home, between our own freemasons and the evil one. There is, however, as far as I have been able to ascertain, no such society; and it is some consolation to know that the term Freischütz is nearly as little understood on the Continent as it is here. One *German* of whom I asked its signification, told me it meant a poacher, another assured me it meant a game-keeper! I came to the conclusion that it could mean neither, and that my informants were ashamed to confess their ignorance.

"What then," methinks I hear you, in a tone of dignity, demanding from your lofty chair of state, "has been the result of *your* cogitations as to the true meaning of the phrase?" and here, I beg you will imagine that I assume an expression of great diffidence and humility, such as might become Ariel, the messenger of Prospero, when returning to the presence of his master, after an unsuccessful mission in the air; my *speculations* are at your service.

The Germans are notoriously good riflemen, and in almost every village of that country, there is an annual game or pastime, of very ancient origin, called *Freischiessen* (free-shooting) which consists in firing with rifles at a target, and was probably first established to produce emulation and consequent excellence in the use of fire-arms. When I first saw it, it reminded me of Sir Walter Scott's description of the festival of the Popinjay; and here the most successful shot is called the king of the *Freischiessen*, as, in the other case, he used to be termed captain of the Popinjay. The opera of which we are treating, does, in fact, open with a representation of this sport, in which the royal honors of the game are adjudged to the peasant Kilian, to the no small mortification of poor Max.

I humbly conceive, therefore, that if the title of the piece be intended to apply to this latter character, it means nothing more than one who practises or takes part in the amusement of the *Freischiessen*; if, on the other hand, it applies to Caspar, it is possible it may have a more sinister signification, and have reference to the licentious or unhallowed means by which he secures his success as a sportsman: the expression *Freibeuter* (free-booter) for instance, implies criminal practices on the part of him to whom it applies; and the word *Freikugel* (free-bullet) occurs in this Opera, meaning, as the Scotch would say, a bullet that *is na' canny*. The word Freischütz, in fact, appears to have been coined expressly for this Opera, and let Herr Kind tell us, if he please, what he means by it.

I promised in my last to give you a translation from the original, of what I consider an excellent scene between Max and Caspar, and concerning which, I hope, both yourself and the public are experiencing a becoming degree of impatient anxiety; but, as I love "to do all things in order," and having, with the little learning I possess, translated for your proper gratification, the first scene of Kind's Freischütz, (for Weber has nothing to do with this scene, it not forming part of the musical composition, and never, indeed, having been represented on any theatre, even in Germany,) I shall commence my extracts at the beginning, promising faithfully the scene to which I have already alluded, in my next.

I should not perhaps have thought the following scene sufficiently important to communicate, had I not been struck some time ago, when reading in a number of the Edinburgh Literary Journal, a Review of a Drama called "Aloyse," with the similarity which a scene there extracted, bears to the first scene of the Freischütz; and although I have become convinced, on comparison, that the similarity is accidental, yet I think it sufficiently remarkable to excite surprise.

Independently of this circumstance however, the scene seems to me a pretty introduction to the Opera, without which, indeed, as the author, M. Kind, expresses himself with much naïveté, the Hermit coming in so unexpectedly among the Dramatis Personæ at the conclusion of the piece, has all the appearance of a *Deus ex Machina!* The scene is also necessary to account for the virtue which the

roses, of which the Virgin-wreath is composed, possess, in protecting the heroine from the effects of the fatal bullet fired by her lover in the last scene.

R.

DER FREISCHUTZ.

Act 1st.—Scene 1st.

[*A woody country, with a hermitage; near which is an altar of moss; behind this a crucifix, completely surrounded by white roses in full blossom.*]

Hermit (kneeling before the altar)

All Merciful! in good abounding,
Whose praise in heaven and earth is sounding,
Hear thy suppliant impart
The homage of a grateful heart.

[*Folds his hands, and supports his face upon the altar, in the attitude of prayer: a pause, during which music. The Hermit then raises his head hastily, with a convulsive action, as if much alarmed.*]

Hermit—O vision, dreadful to the eye;—
Avert it Mighty Lord on high!
I saw——(why does my weak frame shudder?)—
I saw the Fiend of Darkness mutter.
With joyful and malicious eye,
He stretched—(I feel my heart's blood freeze)—
He stretched his giant arm to seize
A pure, and yet unspotted lamb;
'Twas Agatha,—his eager palm
Seem'd, too, with anxious greed to snatch
Her lover, and his soul to snatch.
Already his dark visage seemed
With hot and damning joy inflamed.

[*With fervent devotion.*]

Lord! accept an old man's prayer,
Avert, avert, this deed of fear;
Protect them, Father, in that hour,
From the Arch-fiend's craft and power.

[*He rises, and advances.*]

What could it be?——I feel as if I had been buried, And were now again restored to light. My life is solitary, and my couch is hard; the blood creeps coldly in the old man's veins; then visions come from God. Oh all ye saints! for three days I have not seen Agatha, and already does the shadow of the cloister-bell appear on yonder bushes, and announce the approach of evening. But yonder—if my eyes deceive me not—Yes, 'tis she.

[*Enter Agatha with a jug of milk; Anna follows her with a small basket, which she delivers to Agatha as she enters.*]

Agatha (to Anna)—Thanks, Anna.

[*Exit Anna.*]

Hermit—Blessings on my daughter; thou hast tarried long.

Agatha—But you are well, I hope, my reverend father? I should have come yesterday, or the day before, but this fruit, which I had reserved for you, would not ripen sooner. There father, and take this bread, and this little pitcher of milk—other refreshments, you know, you will not allow me to bring you.

Hermit—The fruits are choice ones; thou dost provide for me like a daughter.

Agatha—And indeed I do love you, after my own father, more than any one.

Hermit—Were that true, what would thy Max say?

Agatha—Nay, but that is different; I spoke of filial affection only; you jest with me, you are unusually cheerful to-day.

Hermit (aside)—How is she mistaken. But thy Max is well, I trust?

Agatha—Quite so; except that he is apprehensive for the success of the trial-shot which he is to perform to-morrow.

Hermit—I have heard of it; hast thou no melancholy forebodings?

Agatha—At times, perhaps, when Max looks at me so sorrowfully.

Hermit—It grieves my heart to chase away thy cheerfulness, even for a moment; yet I am unable to conceal——

Agatha—Oh speak, reverend father; whatever comes from you, can serve only for my good.

Hermit—I cannot tell thee the precise danger which threatens thee and thy betrothed: but I have beheld a vision, which has made me unusually concerned

Agatha (alarmed)—What have you seen?

Hermit—Visions usually indicate the future but in an uncertain twilight; and mine was of this nature. Yet when I look on thee, I feel my heart oppressed.

Agatha—Then let my own and Max's happiness be doubly recommended to your pious intercession; say, will you not grant this request?

Hermit—I am but a poor, weak mortal; but of my prayers you may rest assured.

Agatha—Then, I am full of hope.

Hermit—Faithfully preserve the purity of thine own heart, so will the Almighty preserve thee.

Agatha—Farewell, then, reverend father, and forget us not in your devotions.

Hermit—God be with thee, my daughter.

[*Agatha is going, he calls her back.*]

Agatha!

Agatha (returning)—Have you anything farther to say to me?

Hermit—A secret voice commands me not to dismiss thee, to-day, without a charm to shelter thee from evil. This rose-bush, the first slip of which a pilgrim brought with him from Palestine, and gave my predecessor, has grown up wond'rously beautiful. It blossoms richly each succeeding year; I collect and press its leaves, and the country people ascribe many healing and salutary virtues to the rose-water which is distilled from them. Take, therefore, some of these roses as your marriage present from my fatherly affection.

[*The Hermit breaks off some roses, and joins them into a bouquet, which he delivers to Agatha at the conclusion of the following Duett.*]

Hermit—Accept the gift which friendship proffers,
Chaste and fair like thee.
Agatha—Far more than all that fortune offers,
Shall it be dear to me.

Hermit—And should the blossom fade,
Then think, my lovely maid,
That all on earth must perish.
Agatha—The leaves I'll watch with care,
Thro' many a distant year,
Remembrance still to cherish.

Hermit—Nor yet remember less,
The rose's leaves to press,
Wherein the virtue lies.
Agatha—So suffering doth prepare
The human heart to share
More pure and lasting joys.

Hermit—Accept the gift which friendship proffers,
Chaste and fair like thee.
Agatha—Far more than all that fortune offers,
Shall it be dear to me.

[*Exeunt; the Hermit to his cell, and Agatha through the trees.*]

MAY.

From the German of Hagedorn.

BY JOSEPH SNOW.

Resounding wide through wood and vale,
With melting note, the nightingale
The balmy summer welcomes sweetly in:
Now joyous sings the soaring lark—
Now croaks again the travelling stork,
The starling chatters loud with wild and noisy din.

How cheerful flocks and shepherds seem—
How brightly fields and flowerets gleam;
How happy look earth, air, and teeming ground:
The doves redoubled coolings make,
The cool stream seeks the snow-white drake,
The merry sparrow gaily hops around.

How wisely zephyr chose yon flower,
To woo, and win with pleasing power,
As chance and change with him take place of love:
On sheaf and sprig he flutters free,
Whilst richly robed, in state sits she;
And jealous fears her gentle breast ne'er move.

How blandly now the west wind sighs,
And in life-giving gust soft flies
O'er mountain, meadow, stream, and sounding shore.
Love wakes instinctive in each heart,
And lights his flame in every part,
Where haply ne'er his flames were felt before.

Now range the villagers in rows,
"Each quickly with his partner close!
Forth! dancers forth, upon the flowery fields;"
And now, each rustic springs beside
His sweetheart; round the meadows wide,
In sportive circlets, each his fair one wields.

Not bolder, braver, erst did twine
Each Roman round his brown Sabine;
Nor freer, manlier, bore his bride away.
Oh! happy in that land who dwells,
Where sports like these each spirit swells;
For what can equal lusty peasant's play?

Cork, May, 1830.

THE BOY BY THE BROOK.

(From the German of Schiller.)

BY JOSEPH SNOW.

Wreathing garlands, o'er a fountain
Sighing, sate a pensive boy,
As he watched them patient, downwards,
With the dancing waves *deploy*,*
"Even like those restless waters,
Pass my happiest hours away;
Even as those fleeting flowers,
Fast my youth and hopes decay.

"Ask me not why thus I grieve me,
In life's fresh and flowery prime;
All is gladness love and joyance,
When appears the sweet spring time;
But the thousand happy heralds,
That then wake the world to life,
Wake but in this wearied bosom
Sorrows sore, and ceaseless strife.

"What to me boot all the pleasures,
With which bounteous nature teems?
One alone I see! though distant,
Near to me she ever seems:
Forth I stretch mine anxious arms,
To that lovely phantom fair,
But in vain they cannot reach her,
And I sink in dark despair.

"Come thou down, thou loveliest loved one,
Leave, oh! leave thy lordly halls,
Every blossom that Spring beareth,
Shall be strewed where thy foot falls:
Hark! the groves with song resounding,
See the streamlet sparkling swell,
Oh! in humblest hut, how happy
May two linked hearts, loving, dwell."

Cork, May, 1830.

* Deploy is a bad word, introduced to eke out the rhyme, but I could not find a better.

THE TRIGONOMETRICAL SURVEY OF IRELAND.

The British government has long been desirous to possess an accurate field-survey of the united kingdom, on a scale of sufficient magnitude, to exhibit clearly the divisions of private property, and to describe the quality and other minute details of the principal divisions of large estates. For this purpose, the survey of England was commenced many years ago, under the superintendence of a corps of experienced military and civil engineers.

The leading points for the completion of the map of Great Britain having been finished, in 1824 it was thought advisable to extend the survey to Ireland; and the care of the undertaking was intrusted to Col. Colby.

The experience acquired during the survey in England, naturally led to the adoption of means conducive to greater accuracy in a subsequent survey; and some considerable improvements suggested themselves, particularly in measuring a base line—an operation which we shall presently explain.

A considerable number of the English maps have been already published on the scale of one inch to a mile, under the title of the "Ordnance Survey;" and though the scientific skill and practical address with which the great operations of that survey have been conducted, afford a specimen scarcely equalled by any similar undertaking, yet the topographical details have been very generally criticised as insufficient, and by no means commensurate with the excellence of the rest of the work.

It was determined, therefore, to construct the map of Ireland on the scale of six inches to a mile, and great part of the northern district, (as well as smaller portions in the other three provinces,) is already completed and engraved.

The English survey is little more than a splendid map, which gives the roads, the houses, the hills, and the *County* boundaries: the Irish is truly a territorial survey, giving the acreable contents of each townland, and these divisions are commonly so small, that it resembles in minuteness and accuracy of detail, a survey of a private estate, with the boundaries and quality of almost every field, and the geological properties of each district, distinctly marked.

The principal operations connected with the delineation of a large tract of country, such as a kingdom, are, first, to ascertain certain principal points at great distances from each other, and so disposed, as to their number and position, that if lines be drawn from one to the other, the whole country will be divided into a series of triangles.

This is performed by choosing elevated stations, from which other conspicuous points can be seen, and then measuring the angles under which they appear, with the most accu-

rate instruments. Other stations are then chosen, until all the angles of the different triangles throughout the country are correctly ascertained. We have now the data for laying down all the points so observed; but as yet, we have no notion of the real distances of any of the objects, or, in other words, of the size of the country, because the angles give only the ratio which the sides of the triangles bear to each other.

It is easy to imagine that, as all the triangles are in contact, if we either know, or assume the length of a side of any one of them, we can immediately deduce the relative dimensions of all the others. It is therefore necessary to measure some one side by actual application of some standard measure—as feet, yards, or miles, by which we shall establish the distances and dimensions of the whole survey. The line so measured is technically termed a 'base line,' because it serves to regulate and give a positive value to all the calculations. When the principal points are thus fixed, the succeeding process of filling in the intervals between them, is a comparatively easy operation; and the ultimate survey of the detail presents still less difficulty. Now, were the earth a perfectly level plane, or nearly so, and were the air always clear, the general triangulation would require little more care than is necessary for land-surveying in general. Points might be chosen at convenient distances, and no considerable source of error would lie in the way of a perfect representation, save the inevitable inaccuracy of the instruments employed to measure the angles. Such, however, is not the case in reality. Mountains, lakes, and rivers, interfere to prevent the view, or remove the stations to such distances from each other, as to be visible with difficulty, after great fatigue of constant watching; and the different level of the stations so found, requires the most careful calculation.

We shall have occasion presently to notice the extreme difficulty attending this part of the survey; but, in order to give our readers a general view of the whole operation, we request they will presume the triangulation to be already effected, by the means we have described.

We proceed to the measurement of a base line. Now, it is obvious enough, that the longer this line is, the greater will be the accuracy of the whole survey; but here still greater difficulties appear than in the business of triangulation. It is easy to see a distance of forty or fifty miles from the tops of mountains across valleys; but it is very difficult to find a piece of ground of any considerable extent, so level as to enable us to measure a continued line with the accuracy requisite in establishing a base line; for the measure we use cannot, to be manageable, exceed a few feet in length. Thus it happens, that the base line always bears a very inconsiderable proportion to the whole survey, or even to the sides of the great triangles; and the shorter this line, the greater must be the minute accuracy with which it is measured; because an error, though trifling in itself, is multiplied into a sensible quantity before the work is nearly gone through.

We may here remind our readers, that inaccuracies of measurement are never very important but when they are liable to increase by frequent repetition. Thus, if we compare two yard measures, it is easy to see whether they are the same length within the 100th of an inch—a degree of accuracy more than sufficient for ordinary purposes; but if we wanted to ascertain the length of a yard, and had only one inch of it to measure, the case would be very different; for then, if we made an error of 1-100th of an inch, it would give the yard an error of 36-100ths, or more than one-third of an inch.

In measuring a line of some miles, with rods of a few feet only in length, it may be imagined that the error induced by constant repetition, would be increased far beyond that of the familiar example we have just given, supposing the causes of error to remain the same. Now, these causes are principally the expansion and contraction of the rods employed, in different states of the atmosphere. All substances expand by heat, and contract by cold, but in very various degrees; for instance, among the metals, brass is more expansible than steel, and lead more so than either. Wood alters its length by change of temperature less than any metal, but still it is affected to a considerable degree; besides which, its expansion is influenced by moisture—a circumstance that renders it unfit for any very nice measure. There being no substance in nature which is adapted singly to form an invariable standard of length, recourse was had to the method of compensation, on the principle of that already practised with the pendulum,—namely, by making two rods, one of brass, the other of steel. They were ten feet long, and placed parallel, about two inches from each other. The ends were connected by cross pieces, fixed to each bar by a pivot, and projecting two inches beyond the bars. At the ends of these cross-pieces was a small plate of silver, having a minute dot so situated that the superior expansion of the brass rod, beyond that of the steel one, caused this dot to retain its place, whatever change of temperature the apparatus might be exposed to. The rods were enclosed in wooden boxes, standing on trestles, and provided with the most careful adjustments in every direction. The ends of the rods did not touch as they were put successively in advance; but a box provided with two microscopes was fixed between the ends of the bars,—the distance between the centres of these microscopes was six inches,—and they were also mounted on the principle of compensation. The dots on the cross-pieces of the rods were brought precisely into the foci of the microscopes, so that the space advanced by every shifting of the rods was 10 feet 6 inches. This apparatus was executed by those eminent mechanicians, Messrs. Troughton and Sims, and comprised a great variety of ingenious contrivances of difficult execution, which it is impossible to render intelligible by mere description. The principle alone, we trust we have explained, and it therefore remains for us to advert to the actual operations performed by this curious mechanism.

The position which seemed to offer the least difficulty was a flat piece of ground, on the east shore of Lough Foyle, in Londonderry. The ground, for the distance of seven miles and three quarters, was there sufficiently level for the purpose, but the river Roe was to be crossed; and if this had been of extraordinary depth, it would have been a fatal obstacle—unless, indeed, it had been thought worth while to build a bridge;—as it was, however, the surveyors, by driving piles, were enabled to construct a firm platform for the apparatus, quite across the stream, which was 460 feet broad. To prove the extreme accuracy of these operations, it may be mentioned that the breadth of the river was measured twice, and the two measurements differed from each other only 1-38th of an inch. A mountain prevented the further extension of the base line; but as it was thought advisable that it should be ten miles long, it was continued to that extent by careful triangulation; and it was presumed that the greatest error did not amount to more than half an inch in the whole line.

Having thus traced the leading features of the survey, we may be permitted to mention some interesting facts attending the operations.

With respect to the great triangulation, the stations were often recognized at distances which seem scarcely credible, considering the generally hazy atmosphere which prevails in northern latitudes near the sea. The extraordinary light produced by exposing quick-lime to the action of oxygen and hydrogen gases, was found to be visible at an immense distance in the night-time, while the ingenious contrivance, called the Heliostate, which reflects the sun's rays from a mirror constantly to one point, was resorted to by day. These aids were so efficacious, with the assistance, moreover, of powerful telescopes, that we find, among the many observations during the triangulation, that objects were recognized at the following extraordinary distances:—101, 98, 93, 101, 85, and 107¾ miles; and, in one instance, when making an observation across the Channel, from a mountain in Pembrokeshire, to one in the county of Wicklow, in order to connect the survey of Ireland with that already performed in Wales, the distance seen was 108 miles; but, to give an idea of the difficulty attending such operations, it is sufficient to state that the observer, in this case, waited five weeks before he could accomplish his purpose.

During the whole of this survey, above 600 persons, of different conditions, were, and are still constantly employed, either in measuring, calculating, drawing, engraving, or performing the laborious part of the undertaking; the consequent expense, as may be imagined, is very great; but we are happy to bear ample testimony, which we do from our own long and careful observation, to the zeal, ability, and diligence of the officers under whose superintendence the work is conducted.

For the greater part of the foregoing information, we are happy to acknowledge our obligations to Mr. Faraday. The topographical details yet remain untouched; but as our private resources fortunately enable us to throw considerable light on this most interesting and important subject, we shall feel happy to resume it ere long.

HIGH-WAYS AND BYE-WAYS IN IRELAND.

BY AN ANTIQUARY.

No. III.

Antiquary.—Why is it, Mr. President! that in the candour of my nature I must alternately reflect your praises and your censures?

President.—The caprice of a minstrel boy! "amant alterna camœnæ."

Antiquary.—No sooner had I begun to pat and caress you, than I am cruelly convinced "my hand was on the Lion's mane."

President.—Ha! apropos, the Zoologicals may——

Antiquary.—Nay, Sir! I must be heard. I have dedicated certain HIGHWAYS AND BYEWAYS

to the public, I have run them through churchyards, turnpikes, and noblemen's demesnes; I have done so at my sole charges and expenses, not like

Agmondisham Vesey, who, out of his bounty,
Erected a bridge—at the cost of the county.

Yet you, Sir! contrary to good order, neighbourly feeling, and the provisions of the road act, have shamefully and unjustly, and to the common prejudice and disappointment of "the finest people in the world," cut, maimed, *fore*shortened and *cur*tailed the said Highways and ———

President.—Marry I approved well of your productions and did but lop them, that, like the worm, they might multiply by dissection.

Antiquary.—Sir there was comparative humanity in Procrustes, but you have treated me to the literary fate of Metius; you have torn my every limb asunder, and this with such a wrench that none can longer distinguish the "disjecta membra poetæ."—The Caulfields are

Curtailed of their fair proportion,
Cheated of future ———

President.———By the printer's devils!

Antiquary.—Lord Toby is left a whole week at the mercy of the rabble. My great rebellion, like the cobler in the song, "made an *end* when beginning," and above all "The Casket," the very palladium of my plot, is left poised between the past and a future that depends on your caprice. My very character is mutilated, and my fair fame ———

President.—Aut insanit aut versus facit—a crack in the skylight unquestionably (sotto voce) —— Come, come, Sir, enough of this foolery. You forget it is by our sufferance you are permitted to wander among the *columns* of our literary fabric, and we were unworthy of the empire of letters (we don't acknowledge a republic,) if we suffered our autocracy to be questioned.

Antiquary.—At least, Sir, let me entreat that none presume to read this, my number, who has not well digested its precursors:

THE CAULFIELD'S *continued.*

Lord Charlemont and his family remained prisoners in their own fort for fifteen weeks, at the expiration of which, the former was removed to Kinard, Sir Phelim's own castle; but at the moment of his entrance, he was mortally wounded by a shot from the fosterer of O'Neill.

In the meantime, the rebellion strengthened, the more especially when Sir Phelim proclaimed to his deluded countrymen, that he had the king's authority for all he would inspire them to effect; in corroboration of which he boldly produced a parchment with the great seal appending, which he affirmed to be the royal commission. The confidence of this assertion dismayed the Protestants of the puritanic party, who entertained no favourable sentiments for Charles, and who, at sight of the great seal declared, at once that they were a sold people.

At this day, the very terms in which this instrument was couched, would be sufficient to discredit it; and on the termination of the unhappy troubles, those who were most active in fomenting them uniformly declared, that they had no commission from the king to warrant their actions.

Sir Phelim in the end sought concealment in an obscure island off the Northern shore of Ireland, where, by a strange retribution of Providence, he was discovered by the fifth Lord Charlemont. He was instantly brought to trial; and it is but just to record of him, that in that perilous hour, and even at the place of his execution, when he was repeatedly tempted by offers of his estate and liberty, if he would but confess he had acted by the authority of Charles, and produce any probable proof of the charge, he peremptorily declared that he never had received any commission; adding, that his conscience was already oppressed by the outrages of his followers, and that he could not aggravate the poignancy of his present feelings by an unjust calumny of the king.—It was then, however, that the secret of the casket first transpired: it had contained the confirmation patent of the second Lord Charlemont's estate, with the king's broad seal appended, which Sir Phelim confessed he took from the authentic document, and affixed to a sham commission suited to his purposes.

Mr. Carte speaking of this transaction says, that about two years before the publication of his Life of Ormond, the very patent from which the great seal was so torn, was produced in evidence at the assizes of Tyrone, by the then late Lord Charlemont, exhibiting in its appearance evident marks of the seal being torn off, with an endorsement proving the fact, and it was allowed by the judges to be authentic. Another tradition connected with this event is, that the Earl of Orrery, who had a strange pleasure in misleading posterity, *built a ruin* at Caledon, which he ornamented with the hewn stone of Sir Phelim O'Neill's castle, (distant about a mile thence,) and actually inscribed a worthless poem of his own, on one of the stones, to signify to the traveller that *this* was the seat of the great O'Neill.

In the narrative we have given, we have trod more lightly than others on the grave of the O'Neill; as we cannot but in justice remember that he lived in times, which only the most virulent partizans have recorded. The lights of history must be regarded with a steady eye, when, like the midnight beacons on a barbarous coast, they are kindled but to mislead inquiry.

The fifth Lord Charlemont (before mentioned) was known by the euphonious epithet of "the good." By his will he ordered that he should be buried in the church of Armagh, and earnestly entreats his overseers that they would take up the bones of his old deceased father, put them in a new coffin, and lay them beside him, a request which was duly complied with.

In 1666, Thomas Caulfield was vice-president of Connaught. In 1686, Captain Toby Caulfield signalized himself at Tangiers, and is the subject of much eulogy in the letters from Lord Clarendon to the Earl of Sunderland. In 1689, William Lord Charlemont was of those attainted by the parliament of King James the Second. In 1705, he signalized himself in Spain under Charles Earl of Peterborough, particularly at the siege of Barcelona.

Of the late Lord Charlemont, we shall only say, that the proudest pages of Irish history are his biography. Having visited every part of the continent that a classic recollection could endear, he returned to the service of his country, the accomplished scholar, the independent statesman, the devoted patriot. He it was that at the head of the celebrated society of the Dilettanti, gave the tone to exertions and arrangements that led to Dr. Chandler's "Travels through Asia Minor," his "Travels through Greece," "The Ionian Antiquities," &c. At the first institution of the Royal Irish Academy, he was elected its president, and it was by his zeal that the whig club was subsequently instituted in our metropolis. There are some who would fain object one, and but one, aberration in his political career; but we rejoice to think these topics may now be numbered with the years beyond the flood; and Charlemont deserved too well of his country to be named by Irishmen with other feelings than those of pride, gratitude, and veneration.

Adieu, Sir, for the present. We meet again at Philippi, i. e. at the charter-school. Start not. I do not mean to tarry long there: especially if we find the schoolmaster abroad—for as our old school-fellow Horace said, when he saw a charter school with similar sympathies,

"*Absentem* qui rodit *amicum*
—— Hic niger est, hunc tu Romane caveto."

Verbum sat!—Clontarf and the Vernons in our next.

Summer-hill. D.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL IRISH INSTITUTION.

We take some blame to ourselves for not having sooner noticed the very interesting exhibition of the works of the old masters, which has been open for some time at the gallery of this Institution. A collection of pictures of this kind, even though they be not of first-rate excellence, affords a delightful intellectual enjoyment, and in a country circumstanced like ours, is of national importance, inasmuch as it offers one of the very few opportunities of which the public can avail themselves, of cultivating a taste for the fine arts. We, therefore, recommend it strongly to the attention of our readers, but, at the same time deem it our duty to warn the uninitiated in art against supposing that all the works thus held up for admiration are really deserving of praise. There are, in fact, but few *great* works of art in the collection, and many that have no claim whatever to excellence, beyond mere mechanical skill. This is not as it should be, in a collection assembled together for the avowed purpose of improving the public taste. The committee should evince a sounder judgment, and not bring forward works that only tend to mislead the minds of those who know no better. Even if paintings of high excellence could not be procured, (which, however, we have reason to know is not the case,) they could at least abstain from covering their walls with works of altogether an inferior class. Private feelings should have no influence whatever in an institution like this, and still less a childish regard for great names in art, quite independent of merit in the examples. How will the public taste be improved by the study of such works, for instance, as—No. 48, The Holy Family—Sasso Ferrato; 49, The Decollation of St. Catherine—Albert Durer; 50, The Saviour with Mary and Martha—Lang Jan and Snyders? and many others that we could name? Or will they form any just estimate of the talents of the divine Raphael, or of the prince of landscape painters, Claude Lorraine, by such specimens as 34, The Holy Family, by the one, and 24, the Landscape, by the other? The former we may safely aver that Raphael never saw; and the latter is in such an *improved* state, that if Claude could now behold

it, he would certainly not be able to recognise his own work. But we gladly turn from these considerations, which our duty to the public has prescribed, to the more pleasurable task of pointing out the beauties in several of the works presented to us on the present occasion. No. 9, St. Agnes by Domenichino? is one of the pictures which attracts most general attention and admiration. It is a representation of exquisite female loveliness, painted with a patient but well-practised pencil. There is a delightful richness and harmony in the colouring, and there is nothing in any part of the picture that does not satisfy the mind.

No. 32, Landscape and Figures—J. Both. This is one of the most beautiful pictures in the gallery; but it is so badly placed, as well from the particular height at which it is stationed, as from the unfortunate light, that those who have not previously had an acquaintance with the picture, will hardly be able to appreciate its perfections. The composition is in the highest degree romantic and picturesque, the forms admirably graceful and well broken, and the colour, though somewhat too monotonous—a common fault in Both's works—delightfully harmonious and agreeable. In looking at it we might almost fancy we breathed the sultry atmosphere of an Italian evening. No. 99, Landscape, Cattle, & Figures. In this charming work of the same master, there is greater variety in the local colouring; but the forms are not quite so agreeable, and the light and shade not so well understood; still it is a gem.

[We are reluctantly compelled to defer our further notice of the exhibition at the ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY till next week.]

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

WE are happy to see, that a new and energetic spirit seems to pervade this Society on the important subject of agriculture, which formed so prominent a feature in its original plan. A Committee of fifteen noblemen and gentlemen was appointed last Thursday, for the special purpose of attending to, and promoting the interests of agriculture and planting in Ireland, and a sum of five hundred pounds has, we understand, been placed at their disposal for that purpose, which it is intended to renew annually, if the present parliamentary grant be continued. It is also proposed to clear out and prepare the large yard on the right as you enter the principal court, as a place for exhibiting new or improved agricultural implements, productions, &c. The Committee selected to examine and report on the recommendations of the parliamentary commissioners, gave in the result of their deliberations on the 13th inst. as follows:

"Your Committee beg leave to report, that having given the most mature consideration to the suggestions which have been repeatedly pressed upon their attention, with respect to the admission of annual subscribers, they are disposed to recommend, with a view to connect this Society more closely with the agricultural interest of the country, that the experiment be once again tried, under such regulations as may appear most likely to obviate those difficulties, which were formerly found to attend upon that system."

They propose that the admission fee shall be five guineas, and the annual subscription three guineas, to be paid in advance.

MUSIC.

PIANOFORTE CONCERT.

The Pupils of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Allen, gave their eighth Pianoforte Concert, on Saturday last, in presence of a crowded and fashionable assemblage of their parents and friends. The selection of Music was excellent. The pupils acquitted themselves, both in the theoretical and practical departments, with their usual ability, exhibiting in the former, much elementary musical science, and in the latter, great firmness and flexibility of touch. Amongst the simultaneous pieces were Winter's Grand Overture to Zaira; Ries' Grand Triumphal March, and a New Grand Polonvise, by Franks, (dedicated to Mrs. Allen,) a very spirited and effective piece, to the merits of which ample justice was done. There was also, Rossini's overture to Otello, Il Barbiere, and his matchless composition, the overture to Guillaume Tell, which last in particular, was performed with surprizing effect, and its beauties exhibited with such fidelity, that we could have almost fancied Weidner had lent his aid, so happily were the tone and style of the flute imitated.

THE THEATRE.

Mr. Yates appeared here after a long absence, on Wednesday evening, in the character of Sylvester Daggerwood, which he sustained with his usual vivacity and spirit; his imitations of several leading performers were striking and characteristic, and worthy the coadjutor of Matthews.

Alexander Lee, and not Charles Wright of Champagne, notoriety, is to be the new lessee of Drury-Lane Theatre.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET.

THE SEA-CLIFFS OF KILKEE.

Awfully beautiful art thou, oh sea!
Viewed from the vantage of these giant rocks,
Th t vast, in air, rear their primeval blocks
Skreening the sandy cove of lone Kilkee.
Cautious with out-stretched arms, and bended knee,
I scan the dread abyss—'till the depth mocks
My straining eye-balls, and the eternal shocks
Of billows rolling from infinity,
Disturb my brain. Hark the shrill sea-birds scream,
Who, cloud-like, sweep the long wave's sapphire gleam.
E'en the poised osprey stoops in wrath from high!
Here man alone is nought—nature supreme:
Where all is simply great that meets the eye;
The precipice, the ocean, and the sky!

A. de V——.

SERENADE,

IN LE DUEL PAR LA CROISÉE,

A FRENCH VAUDEVILLE.

Oh nuit, favorable aux amants,
Ma voix implore ta puissance:
Permets que mes tendres accents
Troublent un moment ton silence.

Sans crainte, aux échos d' alentour,
L' amour plaintif se fait entendre;
Il sait, en chantant son amour,
Que l' amour seul peut le comprendre.

TRANSLATION.

(BY THE LATE AUTHORESS OF CŒUR-DE-LION.)

Propitious night, extend thy shade,
Befriend a lover's tender strain;
And pardon him, whose sighs invade
The silence of thy shadowy reign.

Tho' babbling echo haunt the grove,
Fearless he breathes his plaintive moan;
The melting notes which speak his love,
Are felt by conscious love alone.

INSCRIPTION ON A FOUNTAIN, IN PARIS.

Quæ tibi donat aquam, latet hospita Nympha sub imo;
Sic tu, qui dederis dona, latere velis.

TRANSLATED.

The Nymph, who bids these grateful waters flow,
Deep in her crystal cell lies hid below;
So should true Charity her features screen,
And deal her bounties with a hand unseen.

SHAHIR.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Mr. Morgan, the reputed author of the "Reproof of Brutus," is about to publish a Letter to the Bishop of London, in reference to his lordship's, to the inhabitants of London and Westminster, on the profanation of the Sabbath.—The Rev. John Romney is about to publish Memoirs of the Life and Works of his father, George Romney, the eminent painter.—M. Lamartine, announces new Poems, under the title of Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

As the best reply to the request for a continuation of the introductory articles 'On the Past and Present State of the Fine Arts in Ireland,' we promise to resume the subject in our next. The 'Valley of La Roche' is in type, and only postponed for want of room. Oneiropolist, certainly and soon. We are much pleased and flattered with the 'delicate stratagem' devised by our 'unknown friend,' for gratifying both our wishes and his own: from the high quarter named as the source of his information, we are satisfied it must be in the main, correct; yet there is one strange mistake: so far from standing in the endearing relation S—— supposes, towards the learned and eminent divine alluded to, we are not fortunate enough to enjoy more than a very slight acquaintance with him, though even that is quite sufficient to inspire us with the deepest respect, and the highest esteem. Perhaps, the summary vengeance we thought fit to inflict upon an anonymous slanderer of one naturally most dear to him, may have led to the error; but that was prompted simply and solely by a sense of public duty, which called upon us to repel an unprovoked and odious calumny on a great and good man; and we crushed the wretch so effectually, that he has never dared to squeak or gibber since, though he had been previously pledged to go on. S—— overrates the interval also; we commenced, to the best of our recollection, in Trinity 25.

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April, 1830.

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OR

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No. 22. SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1830. PRICE 9*d.*

FINE ARTS.

On the past and present state of the Fine Arts in Ireland.

No. IV.

SMALL as was the advancement of the Fine Arts in Ireland, during the sixteenth century, it was nevertheless, greater, probably, than in that which immediately followed. The reign of James the First, which was but little favourable to their cultivation in England, would, consequently, be still less so in this island; and during the troubled reign of his son, the elder Charles, a name still dear to cultivated minds, for his liberal devotion to literature and the fine arts, Ireland was involved in all the horrors of a civil war, not inferior in its disastrous consequences to any by which it had previously been devastated, and which clouded our unfortunate country with more than her former darkness and barbarity. The tyrannical government of the usurper, was not less unpropitious to the progress of the arts of civilized life, which were in little danger of being dishonoured by the admiration of those fanatic soldiers, who were so suddenly transformed from ignorant plebeians, into estated gentlemen, by the mandate of their chief.—The curse of bigotry and brutality—the true curse of Cromwell—was upon them; and it would necessarily take two or three generations at least, to redeem their descendants from its baleful influence. Even the restoration, though it brought to Ireland a melancholy calm, which was miscalled peace, did not send her usual attendants, the fine arts.—Prosperity and happiness, away from which they cannot live, were still absent. The ancient gentry of the country, were, for the greater part, reduced to indigence, and thirsted only to regain those inheritances by the sword, which they had vainly expected from the justice of the restored monarch; while the more fortunate minions of Cromwell, though confirmed in their acquired possessions by Charles, had still too strong a conviction on their minds of the unjustness of their title, and the probability of another revolution, to feel disposed, even if they had had the taste, to indulge in what might be considered, even by more cultivated minds, as unnecessary luxuries. The expected storm, which was longed for by one party, and dreaded by the other, at length came on, in the succeeding reign of James, and added waste and ruin to the general misery. It is not, then, to be wondered at, that few traces of the fine arts, and those few almost entirely confined to sepulchral monuments, should be found in Ireland, in this disastrous age; or, that the marks of their existence should be, as Moore has elegantly said of our music, like the altar of Pity at Athens, only known by the tears that were shed there!

The sepulchral monuments of the 17th century deserve but slender praise as works of art. They are usually of a mural form, covered over with heraldic emblazonments, trophies, mottoes, and other devices, grotesque and barbarous as well in design as execution. The best of them are those of the Boyle family, and archbishop Jones, in St. Patrick's cathedral, to which we have previously alluded. These are, at present, almost the only specimens of this age now remaining in our metropolis, though before the parish church of St. Audoen's was suffered to fall to decay, it presented a vast assemblage of such tombs, but of far inferior magnificence, belonging to the chief Protestant families of Dublin, during that century. There are, however, several interesting remains of this kind, to be found in other parts of the kingdom, as the tomb of O'Connor Sligo, and his wife the old countess of Desmond, in Sligo abbey. The still nobler monument, in the fine abbey of Ballintober, county of Mayo, of the unfortunate *Tiarna Mayo*, who was executed and his family attainted for his supposed participation in the massacre on the bridge of Shrule. The tomb of the Chichesters, in Carrickfergus—that of the Aylmers, in Donadea church county of Kildare—the Bowen's monument, in the ruined church of Bally-Adams, King's county, and many others unnecessary to enumerate. The names of the artists, by whom these monuments were executed, have not descended to us; and they have only received the fate they merited.

After the reign of the first James, no architectural edifices worthy of note, were erected in Ireland till the restoration, when a few domestic buildings were raised in the French taste of the age, which was introduced into Britain, with many other licentious innovations, by the restored monarch. The castle of Antrim, built by Sir John Clotworthy, though altered in its general style, still preserves a good and characteristic example of this style of architecture in its decorated front, on which there is represented in bas-relief, a portrait of the unfortunate Charles. The castle of Kilkenny, now rebuilding in a better taste, was also of this period. Of the public edifices of the time, we have fine examples in the Royal Hospital at Kilmainham—and in the College Library, an edifice which is at once characteristic, and yet free from the bad taste of the age in which it was erected. The old Tholsel, too, which stood in Skinner's-row, but has been some time taken down, was perhaps the first attempt at any thing like classical architecture in any of the erections of our island. The front was ornamented with statues of Charles II. and his unfortunate brother, then Duke of York. These are still in existence, and only remarkable for the size of their wigs, which makes them rather amusing as curiosities. If however, these barbarous figures give us but a poor opinion of the sculptor's art at this period, we shall receive a very different impression on looking at the carvings in oak, in the chapel of Kilmainham hospital, which, if our recollection be not unfaithful, are of great beauty, and no doubt carved in England by Gibbons, or some of his assistants; they were certainly not done in Ireland by native artists.

These notices of the progress of sculpture and architecture in Ireland in the 17th century, are dry, perhaps, and scanty, but we believe there is nothing better to offer—and we have but little to add relative to painting, the more illustrious and popular sister art. There is no memorial in existence of a single native professional painter in Ireland during this whole century; any pictures that were produced here were the works of strangers. James Gandy, an Englishman, who was a pupil of Vandyke, and, as a portrait painter, not very inferior to his "mighty master," was brought over by the old Duke of Ormond, and retained, we believe, in his service, till the period of his death, which occurred in the year 1689. His portraits of distinguished persons are not uncommon among us, though they are usually attributed to the hand of his illustrious instructor; and even the fine portraits in the castle of Kilkenny, called Vandyke's, are we believe well known to be in truth copies by Gandy. Very little indeed is known of his history.

Towards the close of this century, another portrait painter named Wright, according to Vertue, settled here, "and had so much success that he gained £900 the first year, and had £10 a head." He must, at that rate, have been at least a rapid if not an able painter. He was educated in Rome, and was the nephew of Michael Wright, a Scotsman, who painted portraits with applause in London. Of his merits we are not able to speak.

A far more celebrated man, John Van Wyck, is generally supposed to have come into Ireland at this period, in the train of King William; but of this fact we believe there is no better evidence than that afforded by the commonness of his works here, and particularly those of his favourite subject, the Battle of the Boyne. There is we think greater probability that another distinguished artist, but in a different line, visited Ireland at this time in the train of the deposed monarch—we mean one of the Rottiers—James's medallists. That unfortunate king had certainly a mint in Capel-street, and his coins, though struck only in base metal, display at least the aristocracy of art in their hasty but elegant execution.

To these notices we should not forget to add the name of Simon Digby Bishop of Elphin, a distinguished amateur, who painted miniature portraits with the hand of a master. He was of the family of Lord Digby, and the son of Essex Digby Bishop of Dromore. He succeeded to the see of Limerick in 1678, and was translated to Elphin in 1691, where he died in 1720.

His love for painting must have been enthusiastic, for we have ourselves seen nearly thirty portraits of his hand. They are chiefly of his own family, or of distinguished persons with whom he was intimate; as among the former, two of his father, (one very admirable,) and one of his mother; and among the latter, Sandcroft Archbishop of Canterbury; Tillotson; Hoff Bishop of Winchester; Narcissus Marsh; the Duke of Tyrconnell; Lord Capel, &c. &c. We believe they are now in the appropriate keeping of the worthy Dean of St. Patrick's, and they could not possibly be in better hands.

Bishop Digby was also a lover of planting and gardening. The trees at Albert—the seat of Mr. Blakeney, in the county of Galway—the finest timber now in that county, were of his planting. We have wandered in the shade of their luxuriant masses, eating delicious fruit from the garden he planted, but these enjoyments did not excite in our mind so grateful a regard for his memory as his attachment to that delightful art, of which we are ourselves sincere, though humble lovers.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Library of Entertaining Knowledge. Vol. VI. Part I. *Insect Transformations*—London. Knight.

At the conclusion of the volume on Insect Architecture, we were advertised of the speedy appearance of the present work. It is done by the same clever hand. The voluminous, expensive, and sometimes inaccessible treatises, ancient and modern, foreign and domestic, of writers who have been distinguished for their investigations in this branch of natural history, have been laid under contribution, their frequently conflicting statements reconciled, and numerous original observations added by the ability of Mr. Rennie. We have here an account of the origin, structure, and habits of the insect tribes, conveyed in the most simple and intelligible form. The part is divided into two sections—the first treating of the eggs of insects—the second, of the larvæ; and we presume the portion of the volume which is yet to be published, will contain two sections more on insects in the Pupa and Imago state. How the author could have so well contrived to treat of the architecture of insects, without first presenting his readers with an account of their transformations, is to us, we must confess, somewhat surprising: it is certainly highly creditable to his ingenuity, and his tact for conveying instruction in a seductive train. At all events, those who have read his former volume will, we doubt not, re-peruse it with special pleasure, after they have made themselves acquainted with the present one; whilst those who have, as yet, read neither, would, perhaps, do well to begin with the transformations, and thence proceed to the architecture. In both combined, we have the most clear, comprehensive, interesting and economical natural history of insects that has ever been given to the public.

In the opening chapter, we find the vulgar errors of the origin of insects from putrefaction, and other ill-conceived sources, amply exposed. It is clearly shown that all those fanciful theories originate in the endeavours of human ingenuity to trace the operations of nature farther than ascertained facts will warrant; and that the necessary blanks in such a system, which presupposes much that cannot be explained, are filled up by the imagination. This inability to trace the origin of minute plants and insects, led to the doctrine of what is called *spontaneous generation*, of which those fancies are some of the prominent branches.

"The experiments of Redi on the hatching of insects from eggs, which were published at Florence in 1668, first brought discredit upon this doctrine, though it had always a few eminent disciples. At present, it is maintained by a considerable number of distinguished naturalists, such as Blumenbach, Cuvier, Bory de St. Vincent, R. Brown, &c. 'The notion of spontaneous generation,' says Bory, 'is at first revolting to a rational mind; but it is, notwithstanding, demonstrable by the microscope. The fact is avowed: Miller has seen it, I have seen it, and twenty other observers have seen it: the pandorinia exhibit it every instant.' These pandorinia he elsewhere describes as, probably, nothing more than 'animated scions of zoocarpæ.' It would be unprofitable to go into any lengthened discussion upon this mysterious subject; and we have great doubts whether the ocular demonstration by the microscope, would succeed, except in the hands of a disciple of the school. Even with naturalists, whose business it is to deal with facts, the reason is often wonderfully influenced by the imagination. But the question immediately before us, happily does not involve those recondite discussions; for if even pandorinia and other animalcules were proved, beyond a doubt, to originate in the play of chemical affinities or galvanic actions—(a more refined process, it must be confessed, than Kircher's chopped snakes,) it would not affect our doctrine, that all insects are hatched from eggs: for no naturalist, of the present day, classes such animalcules among insects. Leaving animalcules and zoophytes, therefore, out of the question, we have only to examine such branches of the theory of spontaneous generation as seem to involve the propagation of genuine insects; like the fancies about putrefaction, which we have seen refuted. The notion that small insects, such as aphides and the leaf-rolling caterpillars, are spread about, or rather generated, by what is termed *blight* (possibly from the Belgic, *blinkan*, to strike with lightning,) is almost universally believed, even by the most intelligent, if they have not particularly studied the habits of insects. Mr. Main, of Chelsea, an ingenious and well informed gardener and naturalist, describes this as an 'easterly wind, attended by a blue mist. The latter is called a blight, and many people imagine that the aphides are wafted through the air by the same mist.' 'The farmer,' says Keith, 'supposes these insects are wafted to him on the east wind, while they are only generated in the extravasated juices, as forming a proper nidus for their eggs.' A more detailed account, however, is given by the late Dr. Mason Good, and as he speaks, in part, from personal observation, and was not only one of the most learned men of his time, but an excellent general naturalist, his testimony merits every attention:—'That the atmosphere,' says Dr. Good, 'is freighted with myriads of insect eggs that elude our senses, and that such eggs, when they meet with a proper bed, are hatched in a few hours into a perfect form, is clear to any one who has attended to the rapid and wonderful effects of what, in common language, is called a blight upon plantations and gardens. I have seen, as probably many who read this work have also, a hop-ground completely overrun and desolated by the *aphis humuli*, or hop green louse, within twelve hours after a honey-dew (which is a peculiar haze or mist loaded with poisonous miasm) has slowly swept through the plantation, and stimulated the leaves of the hop to the morbid secretion of a saccharine and viscid juice, which, while it destroys the young shoots by exhaustion, renders them a favourite resort for this insect, and a cherishing nidus for myriads of little dots that are its eggs. The latter are hatched within eight and forty hours after their deposit, and succeeded by hosts of other eggs of the same kind; or, if the blight take place in the early part of the autumn, by hosts of the young insects produced viviparously; for, in different seasons of the year, the aphis breeds both ways. Now it is highly probable that there are minute eggs or ovula, of innumerable kinds of animalcules floating by myriads of myriads through the atmosphere, so diminutive as to bear no larger proportion to the eggs of the aphis than these bear to those of the wren or the hedge-sparrow; protected, at the same time, from destruction, by the filmy integument that surrounds them, till they can meet with a proper nest for their reception, and a proper stimulating power to quicken them into life; and which, with respect to many of them, are only found obvious to the senses in different descriptions of animal fluids.'

"It appears to us that it can be nothing more than a fancy, which is quite unsupported by evidence, to say that the eggs of *any species* of animalcules or insects float about in the atmosphere; for, independent of their weight, every known species being greatly heavier than air,) the parent insects of every species whose history has been accurately investigated, manifest the utmost anxiety to deposit their eggs upon or near the appropriate food of the young. To commit them to the winds would be a complete dereliction of this invariable law of insect economy. But admitting, for a moment, this hypothesis, that the eggs of insects are diffused through the atmosphere, the circumstance must be accompanied with two conditions,—the eggs must either be dropped by the parents while on the wing, or be carried off by winds from the terrestrial substances upon which they may have been deposited. On the supposition that the eggs are dropped by the mother insects while on the wing, we must also admit (for there is no avoiding it) that they continue to float about, unhatched, from the end of the summer to the commencement of spring, at which time only the broods make their appearance. Yet when we consider the rains, snows, and winds, to which they must be exposed for six or nine months, we think the hardiest theorist would scarcely maintain that a single egg could outweather these vicissitudes, and continue to float in the air. It may not be out of place to remark that the female aphides, which deposit eggs in autumn, have no wings. Again, on the supposition that the eggs are deposited on plants, trees, and other objects, it is still more unlikely that they could be carried into the air; for, on exclusion, they are, with very few exceptions, enveloped in an adhesive cement which glues them to the spot on which they are deposited. When eggs are deposited singly, this cement usually envelopes each with a thin coating, as in the instance of the admi-

rable butterfly *(Vanessa Atalanta)*; but when they are placed in a group, the cement is sometimes placed over the whole, as in the instance of the white satin moth *(Leucoma Salicis*, STEPHENS.) This cement is evidently intended by nature (who seldom accommodates her plans to our theories) to prevent the eggs from being carried from the place selected by the mother insect for their deposition. Those eggs, therefore, which are placed on the outside of substances, have this provision for their secure attachment to the locality chosen by the instinct of the mother. But, on the contrary, the principle does not always hold in the case of those deposited in nests and excavations, and particularly as to those of ants and termites. The working ants, indeed, carry the eggs from the top to the bottom of their galleries, according as the weather is favourable or unfavourable for hatching. The labourers of the white ants *(Termites)*, again, attend their queen with the utmost care when she is laying; for, as she cannot then move about, they are under the necessity of carrying off the eggs, as they are laid, to the nurseries. The extraordinary labour which this requires in the community may be understood, when, according to Smeathman, she lays 60 eggs in a minute, which will amount to 86,400 in a day, and 31,536,000 in a year. The exceptions now mentioned, however, do not in the least invalidate our general position.

"Another no less remarkable circumstance is the great weight, or specific gravity of the eggs of insects. From numerous experiments, we may venture to say, that those of all the species we have tried sink rapidly in water the moment they are thrown into it, from the egg of the drinker moth *(Odonistis Polatoria*, GERMAR,) which is nearly as large as a hemp seed, to that of the rose-plant louse *(Aphis rosæ)*, which is so small as to be barely visible to the naked eye. Some eggs of the gypsey moth *(Hypogymna dispar*, STEPHENS), indeed, floated in water, because they were covered with down. It is well known that the diffusion of many of the seeds of plants is accomplished by the winged down with which they are clothed; but the down upon the eggs of insects does not conduce to this end. Whether insect eggs be naked or covered with down, they are invariably, as far as their history has been investigated, deposited close to, or upon, substances capable of affording food to the young when hatched. In making experiments upon the specific gravity of eggs, it should be remembered that no infertile, or unimpregnated egg will sink; for having some hundreds of these, laid by different species of insects, in our cabinet, we found, upon trial, that they uniformly floated, while those which we knew to be impregnated, as uniformly sunk. A female, for example, of the rose-leaf roller (*Lozotonia Rosana*, STEPHENS) was reared by us, in solitude, under an inverted wine-glass, upon the side of which we glued a patch of eggs, of course unimpregnated; these, upon trial, all floated in water. But eggs of the same species, taken from the outside of a pane of glass close to a rose-tree, all sunk in water; and it is to be fairly presumed, as the parent of the latter was in a state of freedom, that these were impregnated. We found the same distinction to hold in the eggs of the drinker moth, the gypsey moth, and numerous other insects."

A most curious subject of inquiry in entomology, is the final cause of the infinitely varied colours and forms of insect eggs. On the latter, the author states some very interesting facts. "We are accustomed to consider the form of eggs so nearly regular, that the epithet, 'egg-shaped,' is frequently applied to other things, and is well understood; but the eggs of insects, though most commonly round, are seldom, like those of birds, smaller at one end than at another, while they often exhibit forms never seen in the eggs of birds, such as cylindric, flat, depressed, compressed, prismatic, angular, square, boat-shaped, &c. These varieties of form are justly referred by Kirby and Spence to the 'manifold wisdom' of the Creator; but we have some hesitation in admitting their limitation of this to his 'will to vary forms, and so to glorify his wisdom and power, independently of other considerations,' and think it would be more truly philosophic to confess our ignorance, when we cannot explain what is above our comprehension. Paley, indeed, says such facts 'might induce us to believe that variety itself, distinct from every other consideration, was a motive in the mind of the Creator, or with the agents of his will;' but he immediately adds, 'to this great variety in organized life the Deity has given, or perhaps there arises out of it, a corresponding variety of animal appetites; and did all animals covet the same element, retreat, or food, it is evident how much fewer could be supplied and accommodated, than what at present live conveniently together, and find a plentiful subsistence.' The latter remark, we think, completely destroys the former; and it will lead us to what appears to be the true cause of the varied forms of the eggs of insects. The cause of the eggs of birds being nearly the same in shape, arises, we should say, from the similar forms of the animals themselves, while insects, being much more varied in shape, require corresponding varieties in the forms of their eggs. The ostrich, the eagle, and the wren, for example, differ much more in size than in their general form; but the ear-wig, the garden-spider, butterflies, beetles, and grasshoppers, differ much more in form than in size, and consequently require eggs of varying forms to contain their progeny. We confess, however, that we cannot always trace the mathematical cause of these diversities of form in the eggs of insects; for though there prevails a general resemblance in those families and groups the most nearly allied, yet in others, even the species of the same genus exhibit differences which cannot thus be accounted for. In two species of vanessa, for instance, the small and the giant tortoise-shell butterflies, which differ in little but size, the egg of the small is cylindric, with eight prominent ribs, while that of the great is shaped like a Florence flask, and quite smooth and uniform. The ribbing of the eggs of the small tortoise-shell butterfly, which is also found on most of the species, leads us to remark that insect eggs are frequently sculptured in a very beautiful manner, far outrivalling in elegance of design and delicacy of workmanship the engravings which we sometimes see on eggs brought from India and China."

The chapter on the voracity of caterpillars, grubs, and maggots, contains a great variety of interesting particulars, from which we select the following:—"Insects, in the early stage of their existence, may be compared to an Indian hunter, who issues from his hut, as they do from the egg, with a keen appetite. As soon as he is successful in finding game, he gorges himself till he can eat no more, and then laying him down to sleep, only bestirs himself again to go through a similar process of gorging and sleeping; just so the larvæ of insects doze away a day or more, when casting their skins, and then make up for their long fast by eating with scarcely a pause. Redi ascertained by experiment that the maggot of the common blow-fly *(musca carnaria)* becomes from 140 to 200 times heavier within twenty-four hours; and the cultivators of silk-worms know the exact quantities of leaves which their broods devour. 'The result,' says Count Dandolo, 'of the most exact calculations is, that the quantity of leaves drawn from the tree employed for each ounce of eggs, amounts to 1609 lbs. 8 oz., divided in the following manner:—

	Sorted leaves. lbs.	oz.	*Refuse.* lbs.	oz.
First age	6	0	1	8
Second age	18	0	3	0
Third age	60	0	9	0
Fourth age	180	0	27	0
Fifth age	1098	0	102	0
Per oz. of eggs of sorted leaves	1362	0	142	8
Refuse	142	8		
Loss by evaporation, &c. ...	105	0		
lbs.	1609	8		

Making, however, certain deductions, we must conclude that, at least, the amount of leaves eaten by the caterpillars produced from one ounce of eggs, is upwards of 1200 lbs.! A single silk-worm consumes, within thirty days, about 60,000 times its primitive weight!"

The wood engravings illustrative of this excellent little book are, if possible, even better than those which adorn the corresponding volumes. We have curtailed ourselves in our intended extracts, as the work itself, we know, will presently be in every body's hands, though ours is the only copy that has yet reached Ireland.

Lithotrity, its applicability as an operation for the Cure of Stone; illustrated by a series of Cases. By W. B. Costello.

[UNPUBLISHED.]

THIS interesting and important improvement in Surgery is now beginning to attract universal attention. At a Meeting of the Royal Society on Thursday Evening the 20th inst. a paper was to have been read upon the subject, but was postponed until the evening of the 27th, in consequence of the length of some other proceedings, which necessarily took precedence of it. We have been favoured with a previous perusal of this paper, and are happy to be able thus to furnish our readers with the earliest intelligence on so important a subject. Mr. Costello is an Englishman, and has, till lately, been the colleague of the discoverer of this method, Dr. Civiale of Paris, conjointly with whom he has relieved a great number of persons, suffering from this malady. In France Lithotrity has already taken its rank amongst surgical operations; and it is this gentleman's object "to endeavour to render this method of operation popular in England." Since his arrival in London, last July, several very remarkable cures have been effected by him.

Mr. Costello's paper begins by stating the importance of enquiring whether the benefits Lithotrity pretends to offer, be not more specious than real; and for the purpose of guiding this enquiry, he submits to the Royal Society a series of cases illustrating its advantages. This paper embraces other objects. The importance of the new method of curing Stone having excited the attention of the public, a clear statement of fact is rendered particularly necessary: first, in order to set bounds to the enthusiasm of those who expect more from it than this method can accomplish—secondly, to enable practitioners in general to discriminate those cases, which are within the scope of this operation—and lastly, to impress on the minds of the sufferers themselves the necessity of applying, in time, the cure of this cruel disease, by the new method; being always certain, and attended with very little pain, in its early stages.

With this view, Mr. Costello establishes four classes, whereby the different gradations of difficulty which its application may encounter, are exhibited. In the first class, he places the simple cases in which the stone is of recent formation, and the general health unimpaired; in the second, cases in which the malady has existed for some time, and has produced derangement in the general health, and commencing organic alteration; in the third class, the organs are more or less profoundly diseased; and in the fourth class, the calculous concretions are of large volume—the urinary apparatus disordered, and the general health destroyed. This last class of cases can obtain no relief from the lithotritic operation; the three former classes admit of its application. In the first class, that of the simple cases, Mr. Costello gives the history of four cases of the application of this method. From the scientific nature of the details, it cannot of course be expected that we shall follow him closely in his narration. It is sufficient to say, that in this class the operation is fully efficacious; and not only is it exempt from danger, but almost from pain also. In one of these cases, a gentleman who had been suffering for six months, is cured in three minutes; in another, the patient has been afflicted for twelve months, and is cured in five minutes; in a third, the result is equally fortunate; and the fourth, who required two applications of the instrument for his cure, thinks so lightly of the matter, that at the second sitting he tells the operator, "I have suffered severely for the last year, and I dreaded the cutting operation of all things; but I shall now take no more trouble about regimen—for if my desease return, it is only the business of five minutes to be rid of it."

Mr. Costello closes the detail of the simple cases, by the following reflections:—"These cases exhibit the operation of lithotrity in the most favourable point of view, and are well calculated to shew the safety and efficacy of this method. It is obvious, the earlier this operation is resorted to, the more certain and easy will be the cure. When time is not given to bring on the general sympathy of the constitution with the local irritation, and local irritation has not gone the length of producing organic alterations in the urinary apparatus, then is the application of lithotrity certain in its effect, and attended with little or no pain, or to speak more strictly, with none, beyond that produced by ordinary catheterism. The importance of an early application of this method, is well established by the results of our practice in France. In 1824, only one-third of the sufferers who sought for relief by the new method, were considered in a fit state for its application. Progressively, their number augmented to one-half and two-thirds. During the last year, M. Civiale had occasion to perform the cutting operation in only two instances, out of upwards of thirty cases, and he lately observes, in his correspondence with me, that he has not had any of those formidable cases so frequent in the commencement of his practice. Lithotrity in France, has thinned the numbers of calculous patients, and those who in their turn have the misfortune to be afflicted with stone, now begin to apply in time. The establishment of a lithotritic ward in the Hôpital-Necker, under the care of my friend M. Civiale, will contribute mainly to the advancement of an æra in surgery, when cutting for stone will be a rare event indeed. Though unsupported by the great dexterity and surgical tact of the inventor of this operation, yet I am fain to hope, that its progress in this country will be equally prosperous.—Indeed, such must be the desire of every friend to suffering humanity."

Mr. Costello then pays a very handsome, and we have no doubt, a well-deserved compliment to Sir Astley Cooper, for the zeal he has evinced in making this method more extensively known, and in patronizing it with all the influence of his high name.

Mr. Costello ushers in the narrative of the cases contained in the second class, by appropriate reflections. He candidly admits that their treatment is more tedious, painful and difficult, than that of the cases in the preceding series; but he adds, that even in these cases, the success of the new method is equally certain, and free from danger. In one of these cases, the forceps of Sir A. Cooper had been employed, but without success, the calculi being too large for extraction by this instrument.—The patient was cured in three sittings, the last of which took place in Sir A. Cooper's drawing-room. After the operation he walked down stairs, in company with the medical men who had been present on this occasion; and Sir Astley Cooper seeing him smiling, observed—"Really, gentlemen, it is extraordinary, after an operation for stone, to see the patient walk down stairs with us, and laugh at it, as if it were the very reverse of serious;" and he added,—"This is indeed the most splendid discovery of modern times." The coincidence is curious enough, that this patient's name should be *Stone*, and his place of residence *Folkestone*. In another case in this class, the forceps had also been used without success. The patient in this case is Admiral Poulden, of Filton, near Bristol, who was relieved in four sittings.

The third series embraces cases in which the obstacles to the success of lithotrity are serious indeed. We the more readily pay attention to Mr. Costello's opinions on this point, as they seem to be exposed with no other view than for the benefit of science. If he had brought forward a pretension that no difficulty was opposed to the application of lithotrity, and that his success was certain in all cases, we should have distrusted his statements altogether. Science is best served by candour, and in this respect we have no room to find fault. He thus prefaces the detail of the cases contained under this class, "hitherto, we only considered those cases in which the success of lithotrity is certain; but, unfortunately, our task is not always so pleasant. Cases too frequently occur which require the greatest care and caution in its application, and in which nevertheless, the result is doubtful. In this class the case of Mr. Hall, of Dartford, will be read with great interest. This gentleman was operated on in France. Mr. Costello terminates this case by saying, Mr. Hall has shewn his gratitude to lithotrity, and at the same time evinced the high opinion he entertains of it as a curative method, by addressing to me since my return to England, two other gentlemen, labouring under the same disease. They are not only cured, but are here present at the Meeting of the Royal Society, one of these gentlemen who had been more than ordinarily affected by the danger of his situation, and took the trouble of going to Dartford to see Mr. Hall, was reassured by him in the following words: "There is nothing terrible in this operation; be of good cheer, your life is in your own hands." The case of Mr. Kearn, parish priest of Rathfarnham, near Dublin, aged 74, is also a very interesting one. That of Hannah Stewardson, operated on at St. Bartholemew's hospital, was one of great difficulty, and is mentioned as the first instance in which this operation was performed in any public hospital in England; but the case of Mr. W. Bowdery, bookseller in Oxford-street, exhibits the triumph of lithotrity in the most marked manner of any in the series. This patient had several calculi, together with an adventitious growth within the bladder. He had laboured under his complaint for *six or seven* years. Mr. Costello triumphed over the numerous difficulties of this case in a manner highly creditable to his skill and patience, as well as to the method which he is so laudably engaged in propagating. He terminates his account of it, in the following words: "Mr. Bowdery's case presented a very serious, and happily a rare complication, the treatment was long. It is true, it might have been considerably abridged; but the patient lived near me, in town, and in his interest as well as in that of lithotrity in England, I felt bound not to be precipitate, lest, I should have exposed myself, or the method, to a chance of failure." There is another case to which we deem it proper to advert, though in as few words as possible; it is that of Mr. J. V. Batley, a young painter of great promise: this gentleman had laboured under this complaint for ten years, the calculus had attained the size of a hen-egg, (the largest which Mr. Costello's instruments can grasp,) and he was wasted to a skeleton; notwithstanding these unfavourable circumstances, Mr. Costello effected his cure.

Levi and Sarah, or the Jewish Lovers, a Polish Tale. By Julius Ursinus Niemcewicz. Translated from the German Edition, with a Preface and Notes by the Editor.—London, Murray.

Julius Ursinus Niemcewicz is a man distinguished in Poland for his virtue, patriotism and talents. It was by his co-operation with king Stanislaus, and the more respectable part of the Polish Diet, that the constitution which was secretly prepared and suddenly adopted in May 1791, was originally framed. This constitution received the warm and concurrent approbation of Burke and Fox, at a time when these great statesmen scarcely agreed on any other subject,

and though Poland could not resist the vaulting ambition of Catharine, and the grasping selfishness of Austria, when forsaken by all who had bound themselves to prevent its further partition, it is confessed on all hands that no possible imputation of insufficiency or defect could lie against the internal government. Niemcewicz was likewise the early and constant friend of Kosciuszko, under whom he acted as adjutant-general until they were taken prisoners after the fatal defeat at Macziewize in 1795, and imprisoned together at St. Petersburgh till the accession of Paul, when they were liberated and proceeded first to England, and afterwards to the United States. After a residence of some years in America they returned to Europe, Kosciuszko to Switzerland where he died, and Niemcewicz to his native country. While Poland remained under the power of Bonaparte, he took no part in public affairs, but passed his time in literary retirement, when however part of the Polish territory was assigned to Alexander by the congress of Vienna, the Russian emperor resolved to form that portion into a separate government, with the name of the kingdom of which it once formed so small a proportion. With a mockery of freedom a constitution was ordered to be prepared, a committee was appointed for the purpose, and Niemcewicz was nominated president. Whatever could be done he did, but written constitutions are of little avail when no opposition can be offered to the unrestricted power of the reigning monarch. Poland has indeed a house of representatives, a nominal senate, but they have no power to enact or even to propose laws, no influence whatever in the state, and very little freedom of speech. Niemcewicz is the perpetual secretary of this senate, but as it does not meet oftener than once in three or four years, the office occupies but little of his time, which is still chiefly devoted to literature. His last public appearance was at the funeral of Kosciuszko, who was buried in the Cathedral of Cracow, beside the bodies of his fellow patriots Sobieski and Poniatowski. On this occasion Niemcewicz pronounced a funeral oration which is considered by his countrymen as a masterpiece of eloquence and composition. He has written, besides, a history of the kings of Poland, a history of the reign of Sigismond the Third, a collection of memoirs relating to the ancient history of Poland, a celebrated historical romance, entitled John von Tenczyn, Fables and Tales, Kasimir the Great, a play, and several other theatrical pieces. All these are in the Polish language, a dialect of the Sarmatian, very little known by any but the natives of Poland. Of these the Jews are, as all our readers know, in the cities a very numerous body; in the villages there are few, because they never engage in agriculture. To reclaim these in some degree from the error of their ways, (not to convert them to christianity, for that was justly deemed a hopeless case by any such means, but to expose the absurdities, the blasphemy, and detestable doctrines of the Talmud, in both its grand divisions of the Mischna and the Gemara,*) and to reform them from knavery and idleness, to honesty, industry, and the Old Testament—this was the purpose for which the tale was avowedly written. It was translated into German under the inspection of the author, who presented it in this dress to the present Editor, and he has given it to the British public as a vehicle for conveying a more full and complete view than could easily be afforded by any other means of the manners, morals, prejudices, and superstitions, of the people to which it relates. The fullest confidence we are assured may be placed in the accuracy of the descriptions, and of the extracts from the Talmudic and Cabalistical writings, profane and senseless though they be.

* The Mischna is a collection of the writings of the ancient rabbins or fathers of the Jewish church, made in the second century of our era: the Gemara is a commentary on the Mischna, collected about a century later, and abounding in more and greater absurdities than its predecessor.

There is not much in the story. Moses, the father of Sarah, is a Jew of Warsaw, principally occupied in mercantile speculations, but deeply read in the Talmud, a firm believer in all its knaveries and nonsense. Levi is a young Jewish reformer, who having by a lucky accident received a good education, seeks to bring back his brethren from the ravings of the Mischna and Gemara to the pure morality of the Old Testament. Being acquainted with Moses, he becomes the instructor of Sarah his daughter, her father gladly acquiescing in the arrangement, because it will save expense; he thus has an opportunity of imbuing her mind with his own views and principles. The tale begins with a quarrel between Moses and Levi on the question whether it is the duty of a Jew to cheat Christians. The former, indignant with the latter for maintaining the negative of this question, breaks off all connexion with him, and removes his daughter from the risk of further contamination from these novel heresies, by carrying her from Warsaw to a frontier town which he conceives will likewise afford peculiarly favourable opportunities for smuggling. A great deal of the subsequent plot hinges upon the efforts of Moses to alienate his daughter's affections from Levi, and to fix them upon Iankeil, a senseless rabbin, but revered by his Jew brethren, as an inspired prophet. After much severe persecution, the lovers are at length united by the interference and protection of Count Tenczyn, a Christian, and the friend of Levi.

The following striking picture of the manner of bringing up the Jewish youth, which occurs in one of the letters of Abraham, an enlightened Israelite, to Levi, the lover of Sarah, will be read with interest and surprise.

"Our rabbins and elders have chiefly busied themselves in endeavouring to exclude from our youth all such information as might reach them, and in propagating among our young people such degrading views and principles as were most favourable to their own influence. Even at three years of age our children's heads are filled with stories of ghosts and apparitions. At four years the idea of a God is imparted to them, and at the same time it is inculcated that the Jews alone are His people, and that all others are despicable and accursed. At five years the boy is sent to a school, where he reads the books of Moses; but he learns at the same time the commentaries filled with explications of them, containing a multitude of injurious prejudices. He is then taught Hebrew, and if he is either stupid or timid, blows are applied. His head becomes confused, and he learns by rote, for even the teacher scarcely ever understands the language. In his eighth year, being without any knowledge of the country or the inhabitants, he is taught that the Jews are a great nation, and the Christians are to be hated, because they stand in the way of the Jews—do not adhere to the traditions of the elders—eat swine's flesh—do not observe the sabbath—and above all, are not circumcised. Early in the morning the pupil must wash his hands, not for purposes of cleanliness, but to drive away the unclean spirits, who, during the night, fix themselves on the nails of his fingers. When he passes by a church and hears the sound of the organ or the singing, he must stop his ears lest such sounds should pollute his soul; and in this way he becomes persuaded, that whoever is not a Jew, is worse than a demon. In the same year he begins to learn the Talmud, and is, though a child, lectured on marriages, and divorces, on the cleanness and uncleanness of females, and of the wars of animals. These lessons are continued from morning to night, are often accompanied by chastisement, such as may poison in the spring of life the minds of the young. As their years increase, the education proceeds; and if the parent perceives his son to be a diligent student, all his care and ambition are directed to make him a distinguished Talmudic scholar and a rabbin, in order that he may be able to mary advantageously.

"In the twelfth year a girl of ten is brought to him, and he is ordered to marry her. After the ceremony he continues still a pupil, and at length becomes either a rabbin or a tradesman, or what is much more common, a mere idle loiterer. Except the most simple rules of arithmetic, he has been taught little that social life requires, and learnt only prejudices, absurdities, and unextinguishable animosity."

The whole book contains a great deal of similarly curious and interesting information respecting the notions, prejudices and practices of the Jewish people. The disapprobation of the objectionable tenets is made always to proceed from the mouths of Jews themselves, so as to imply the author's conviction that every *enlightened* Israelite views these subjects in the same light that he does, and his intention to expose to themselves rather than to those of a different belief, the enormity and ill consequences of those monstrous and detestable traditions and practices by which they have made void the Word of God, as it is written in the Old Testament.

The True Plan of a Living Temple; or Man considered in his proper relation to the ordinary occupations and pursuits of life. 3 vols. post 8vo.—Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and Simpkin and Marshall, London.

Among the many gratifications which our position as sole arbiter of the Dublin Literary Gazette and president of our little republic of letters, affords us, not the least is the pleasure of hearing ourselves talked of in good company, and, like the silent gentleman in the Spectator, gathering opinions of our merits from those who little suspect that the veritable Simon Pure is even then in the presence. Nevertheless, we are necessarily sometimes doomed to bear the fate proverbially destined to listeners. Thus, we have heard ourselves once denounced by a tall swarthy gentleman in black, as a profane Jesuit, who, under the mask of a spurious liberalism, was seeking to sap the very foundations of society, and introduce popery in its blackest and most baneful form into the land; and again, we have listened with a complacent smile to a young gentleman in a new

blue coat with bright brass buttons to it, who complained of us as a canting swaddler, always preaching like a conventicle-man. We own the latter accusation so far surprised though it did not discompose us, that we took the liberty of asking on what grounds this vivacious person founded his opinion, as we had sometimes, we acknowledged, dipped into the pages of the Journal in question, and had not arrived at exactly the same conclusion; but our lively young friend silenced us at once by the exclamation, "Oh, hang it! I never read a word of it in my life, 'tis so stupid."

This was very well. But though we neither acknowledge communion with the church of Rome, nor rejoice in the appellation of methodist, nor belong to that exclusive class of religionists, commonly, though somewhat profanely, denominated Saints, but believe and worship after the manner of our fathers, and according to the usages of the established church of this kingdom, we are neither afraid nor ashamed to bring the subject of religion sometimes before our readers as forcibly as we can, because both they and we well know that it is the most important, the most spirit-stirring, and most interesting topic, which can be treated of by man holding communion with his fellow-men, whether by tongue or pen. It seems to us then, that the great bulk of mankind fall into this enormous error about religion, that they look upon it as something separate from, and independent on, their common and ordinary affairs, and imagine that even God himself has sanctioned a two-fold division of human life, whereby six days are to be devoted to the cares, the pleasures, and the business of this world, and the seventh is sufficient to consecrate to the interests of the world that is future and eternal. We repeat that six days to Mammon, and one to God, seems to be a distribution of time coolly and deliberately approved of by most professing christians, and not a few, for fear we suppose that the devil should not have his due, throw in to his share the Sunday as well. We call God our father, and we pray, at least some of us do, that his kingdom may come upon earth; but, (as if we were children working for a hard task-master who never let us home but of a Sunday,) during by far the greatest part of our time, instead of living under a constant and grateful sense of the power and protection of an ever-present God, we lay the recollection of our Creator, and of those future interests which are now depending, and depending on ourselves, out of our thoughts altogether. Even in the minds of seriously religious men, there is a desecration, as it were, apt to be associated with the ordinary interests and affairs of this world, a total negation of all connection between them and the interests of eternity, and a struggle between the care and thoughtfulness which circumstances compel them to take in the business of the life that now is, and that entire devotedness which they feel themselves bound to pay to the interests of the life that is to come. "As soon" says the author, whose work is now under consideration, "as a person begins to think, with becoming seriousness of the part which he ought to act, as the expectant of a life beyond the present, he is apt, —proceeding upon the religious ideas which are at present current in the world,—to think that henceforth he must divest himself, as much as he can, of all hearty interest in the things of time; that the future life is that towards which all his affections and thoughts should be directed,—and that as its concerns are entirely *different in kind* from those of the present, it must be by the indulgence of affections, and the management of interests quite distinct from all temporal affairs, that he can alone qualify himself,—in his present state,—for being a final inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.—I say, this is the struggle that is at present going on in the minds of those who are especially engaged, by their appropriate places in life, in the business of this world,—but who wish, at the same time, to qualify themselves for a place also in that higher and spiritual life by which this present is to be succeeded;—and what I affirm, and have endeavoured throughout the whole of the work now offered to the public, to make evident is,—that the notions of duty thus embraced by the candidates for immortality,—and necessarily pressed upon them by the current doctrines of divines and moralists, are different from those propounded to mankind by the Great Author of Christianity;—that, though he, indeed, more than all other teachers opened up to the ambition of man the prospect of a future life,—he, however, spoke less frequently of lifting the affections of men from earth to heaven,—than of bringing down "the kingdom of heaven upon earth," and that, in one word, —both the true spirit of Christianity, and the soundest conclusions of natural reason, inculcate the belief,—that the best preparation which any man can make for the honours of a future world, is a *religious* discharge of the duties prescribed to him by his station as an inhabitant of this earth,—and that his true business is,—not to *insulate* himself from earthly concerns amidst thoughts and feelings that are related only to "things spiritual and eternal,"—but rather, to bring the glorious intimation of a world beyond this to bear, by means of the pure and animating feelings which it awakens, upon all the duties and pursuits,—even the most apparently minute and insignificant, that are at present assigned him.

. . . . .

This is not elevating men, when they become candidates for heaven, out of all regard for the things of time; but, according to the truly divine wisdom of our Lord, it is bringing "the kingdom of heaven upon earth," or making its divine light invest with a *religious grandeur* all temporal and transitory objects; and this accordingly is the purpose which the author of the present treatise, in accordance with what he believes to be the true spirit of Christianity, has endeavoured throughout the whole of it to accomplish. When this purpose is actually carried into effect—man becomes a living temple, in the strictest and purest sense of the words—"He becomes a *Temple*, by having all his powers consecrated to the service of God; and a *Living Temple*, by having these powers directed to active and living interests."

In following up this general idea, and pointing out the whole duty of man, the author enters of course upon a wide and varied field of illustration. He proposes first to treat of the kingdom of God, or the reign of heaven upon earth. Next of the object proposed to man in life, as a subject of the kingdom of God. Then of the best mode of accomplishing this object, and finally of a good life, in all its varieties and relations. In the course of his observations on this latter subject he gives a division and description of a well-spent day, of which we present our readers with the following abridgment:

"There are four distinct seasons marked out by nature herself in the progress of the day—and each of them reminding man of some important duties which he has to fulfil, or of some indulgent bounty which nature has permitted him to taste. Morning is the season of freshness—of renovated strength—and of calm preparation for the duties of the day. Then comes the time of active labour, of intense study, or of busy intercourse amidst the haunts of men. A season of animal enjoyment, of social affection, of domestic endearment, and of taste for art, intervenes as a kind relaxation from the graver and more harassing pursuits of the preceding period. And evening closes the beautiful succession, amidst a gradual falling of softer shadows, and a deeper feeling of mysterious sentiments, till immortality itself seems to burst upon the human soul, from the brightening splendours of those countless worlds, by which this darkened abode of mortality is encompassed.

"Morning and evening are thus both seasons of repose and of thought; but the character of the two has distinct expressions. In the earliest hours, it is thought chiefly directed to the affairs of this life, and to that course of events, by which the coming day is to be distinguished. In the latest, it is thought reposing on the delightful prospect of a world beyond the present, and called, by the opening glories of the "firmament of heaven," never entirely to lose sight of that period when all temporal things shall be succeeded by a "new heaven and a new earth."

"We now proceed to point out more particularly the duties appropriate to these different portions of the day.

"Morning.—From the general character of this portion of the day, as already observed, it seems plain that the great duty appropriate to it, is preparation of the mind for the more active and pressing pursuits by which the business of the day is to be characterized; and in order to obtain this in the most effectual manner, there are several subordinate duties which seem indispensable.

"In the first place, the earliest duty of the day, after that of putting the body into a becoming state of cleanliness and preparation, is the indispensable duty of *devotion*, both by devout offering up of the heart to God, and by perusing "that word" which he has stamped with his own inspiration, and given to man as his own voice made legible in human characters. This devout commencement of every day is so obvious a duty, so distinctly recommended by nature herself, who then seems to offer her "early incense" to the great source of all beauty, and so admirably fitted for preparing the mind for all the coming scenes of the day, that no heart can question its obligation, nor indeed neglect it without self-reproach, and a conscious disregard of its best and most salutary privileges.

"It is merely necessary, therefore, thus shortly to notice this duty, and to state that there are few situations so pressing, which, to a well-disposed mind, can be felt to be an apology for the neglect of it; and this recommendation applies not merely to the offering up of the wishes of the heart to God; but also to the perusal of that word, in which God has revealed himself as speaking to man, and calling him to the performance of all his duties.

"Next to this exercise of devotion, and of listening to the Word of God, there is another duty most fitted for this portion of the day, and in beautiful harmony with that we have now recommended. It is—a *quiet contemplation* of the face of nature, and a cultivation of those sweetening and invigorating sentiments which such a contemplation cannot fail to suggest."

"The third duty of the morning is that of a serious looking-forward to the business of the day, and the formation of a plan, in so far as circumstances permit, for the prosecution of its business.

"The truth is, that most men view the ordinary business of life with by far too careless and unthinking a spirit. They advance to it almost without design, and permit themselves to be carried unreflectingly along by the stream of events, whatever may be the direction it happens to take, and however momentous may be the consequences which are involved in its issue. But this is by no means the spirit in which the affairs even of this world ought to be met: it is a solemn struggle to which man is daily summoned with many unforeseen events, the ultimate direction and influences of which he cannot determine; and no better security is given to him for the success of his enterprises, than that he should advance to them daily with a feeling that they are momentous, and that all his skill and good conduct will be necessary for conducting them so as to realize their best effects. A good and wise man, therefore, will make it his care to meet life with a serious purpose; and it is good that all men should be taught, that to meet its affairs without thought, or with no feeling of their solemnity, is unworthy of the high nature which we bear as men, and unsuitable to the important consequences that may result, either from unforeseen occurrences, or from the secret influences of even the most apparently insignificant. All the events of life are connected, and no maxim is more true or more worthy of careful consideration, than that the most serious events of our lives often have their origin in circumstances, that at the time of their occurrence, seemed to be quite casual and of little promise."

"We say nothing of the *length of time* which should be devoted to such duties, because that and all similar points must be determined by the peculiar circumstances in which individuals are placed. For the same reason we do not think that rules universally applicable can be given respecting the frequently-agitated question of the duty of early rising. But it seems quite clear, that whatever space we may be able to afford to such exercises, and whether our morning is to be of longer or shorter duration, the exercises we have recommended are indispensable according to our opportunities, and that those who fail altogether to improve and enjoy the hours of morning are guilty, unless bad health be their apology, of an impropriety which cannot be reconciled with the idea of a life spent according to the best plan.

"FORENOON.—This is the part of the day more especially devoted to business. Nature herself, we have already said, seems to point out this appropriation; for it is then that her energies are called forth in the most intense degree, and over all the earth this accordingly is the time when the important concerns of this world are transacted."

"The great rule to be observed with respect to all conduct, is that of viewing the faithful discharge of the duties of the station assigned us by our place in life, as a *service paid to God*, and a means of promoting the interests of his kingdom in the world.

"This, as we have repeatedly endeavoured, in the course of this work, to urge, is by far the best style of thought to which the minds of men can be habituated. For it will destroy *the regret* which well-disposed minds are so apt to feel, while devoting themselves to the duties of their station, as if the time spent in these duties was so much of their existence subtracted from the pursuit of the only end that is worthy of man. It will take away the *desecration* that seems to hang over the common pursuits of life, as if they had nothing in common with the true part which man, as a reasonable and moral being, has to act. It will give a *high character* to the discharge even of the humblest offices, and will make the whole of life assume the aspect of "a sacrifice" offered unto God.

"Thus, the most common duties and feelings of life will assume a holy character, and man may conduct himself at all times as a *Living Temple*, dedicated to the service of his Creator."

"DINNER, AND THE HOURS THAT IMMEDIATELY SUCCEED IT.—This, we have already said, is the season of animal indulgence, of repose from the fatigues and agitations of business, of enjoyment of domestic affections, of social intercourse, and of taste for art.

"It is to be kept in mind, however, that the gratifications of appetite, and all the lower pleasures of an allied kind, degenerate from their purpose, and fail of their object, when they are sought on *their own account*, and become the objects either of fond anticipation, or of deliberate reflection.

"It is also to be remembered, that those pleasures are the most genuine and lasting which are *calmest*, which can be maintained without satiety for the longest time, or which can be made our daily solace.

"It is farther of importance to be remarked, that animal pleasures, when confined to the mere indulgence of appetite, are not only of a very low kind, but almost fail to be sources of gratification; that they derive, almost in every instance, much of their power of excitation from the *social affections* which they awaken; and that they become more genuine and valuable, in so far as they are more abundantly mingled with those delights which flow from the higher and purer sources of our kindly and domestic charities, or of our taste for what is fine and pleasing in human art.

"And, lastly, it is to be remembered, that pleasure should not be considered as *an end* valuable on its own account, but rather as a means of preparing our nature for those active and higher exertions which are truly constituent of its dignity and excellence."

"In order, then, that this season of the day may be enjoyed in its utmost perfection, the following things are requisite:—

"First—That the repose and animal gratification of the hour should be sought, not for themselves, but as *a solace* from previous fatigue, and should be regarded as a preparation for the higher duties which life demands.

"Secondly—That the *heart* and *fancy* should be called on to elevate and refine the gratifications of mere animal indulgence, or that science and enlightened conversation should give occupation to the higher powers of intellect and reasoning.

"And, lastly—That when these pleasures are in their greatest abundance, and in their most exquisite forms, they should be sanctified by *gratitude* to the fountain of all happiness, by *submissive thoughts* respecting the transitory nature of human blessings, and by a *kindly sympathy* with the fortunes of those whom the bounty of Providence has not so highly favoured.

"In this manner, man will still be enabled to *consecrate* all his enjoyments, and to sustain the character of a Living Temple, even in those seasons when he seems to be chiefly seeking the indulgence of his own capacities of enjoyment.

"The more active business of life, we formerly remarked, becomes hallowed by being done as a service appointed by God for the good of his kingdom; and the hours even of social endearment, of domestic love, and of animal gratification, become refined and *consecrated*, by being enjoyed as "a season of thankfulness" to "the Giver of all good."

"EVENING.—Nature herself, as in the other seasons of the day, has given to this portion of it a character which significantly points out the duties appropriate to it. The splendid light of day begins to decline; a softer colouring spreads itself over the face of creation; beauteous tints surround the path of the declining sun, and heaven opens its resplendent glories to the eye and heart of man.

"The general duty appropriate to this season, like that of the morning, is that of a careful *composing* of the mind after the tumult and irritation of the day; but the morning, as we formerly remarked, speaks chiefly of labours about to be executed, while evening points more emphatically to those future and invisible issues to which all human labours are subservient.

"This composing of the mind may, then, be best done by the following duties:—

"First—*Serious meditation* on the wonderful ways of Divine Providence, and the mysterious course on which he has sent the highly-gifted race among whom we have our place.

"Secondly—Careful *self-examination*, or, as the beautiful maxim of Pythagoras expressed it, 'a conscientious review of the course we have pursued, and the failings of which we have been guilty, during the day that is about to close.' The excellence of this maxim has commended itself to men of all times since it was first given by its illustrious propounder, and it forms an admirable counterpart to the other maxim of the same philosopher, to which we formerly adverted, and which recommended preparation for the duties and orderly arrangement of the business of the day by calm contemplation of the 'regularity, the serenity, and the purity of the morning sky.'

"In the third place, *pleasing thoughts* respecting the beauty of nature, and enjoyment of those lovely scenes, which the evening, in all countries, presents to the eye of man. This contemplation of the beautiful aspects of nature may generally be best done by *solitary* musing; but to those who have been agitated or depressed by the contentions of the day, a more beneficial employment of the evening may sometimes be gained by a quiet enjoyment of rural wandering in the company of a friend. But, however indulged, this study of the aspects of nature is one of the most healthful occupations, not for the body alone, but for the mind, in which we can be employed, and

the author can state, from his own experience, that there is no occupation that will be recollected with more pure delight."

"Such thoughts are the sublimest, the most pleasing, and the most useful of all others, and their indulgence is one of the most important duties appropriated to this season of the day.

"In the last place, the day ought to be concluded, as it was begun, by an *act of piety*, that is to say, by devout perusal of the Word of God, and by humble prayer for his protection and blessing. Such exercises are not only the highest duties but the noblest privileges of man; and no day can be considered as suitably spent that has not been consecrated by such exercises."

We trust it is scarcely necessary for us to state, that we would not be understood to mean in any thing we have said or quoted to intimate an opinion, that we are at all sufficient of ourselves to do any for ourselves. We have not so learned Christ. We know that it is God that worketh in us both to will and to do, but we also know that mistakes and evils arise from a class of men who cry out continually, believe, believe, believe, and all is well. As if to believe in the sense of a saving faith were a plain and obvious thing! It is NOT an easy thing to be a christian. No man *can* believe, in the only sense in which belief is of any use, except it be given him of the Spirit, and that spirit, like every other operation of divine grace, cometh not with observation, but slowly and imperceptibly, by the steadfast use of the appointed means, and when the same spirit does come, he doth not supersede the necessity of constant unremitting exertion on our parts. On the contrary, the flesh lusteth against the spirit still, passion and conscience war ever, for these two are contrary one to the other, but they that are born of the spirit, being filled with humility, and that catholic charity which is the very bond of perfectness, go on in faith from strength to strength, nothing doubting, rejoicing in hope, quickened in diligence, frequent and fervent in prayer, perfecting holiness in the fear of God. In a word, they know that they are the temple of God, which temple, that is, his own body, if any man defile, him will God destroy, for the temple of God is holy, and man is that temple.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Sketches, Historical and Descriptive, of the principal Cities of Europe; intended as a Companion to Keith's and other popular Geographies. By Jemima Bartlette. 18mo. —Souter, London.

[UNPUBLISHED.]

THIS little work is intended to supply a want felt by the author and by others engaged in the rudimental departments of education, that of a concise description of the chief cities in Europe, calculated to excite, and in some degree to satisfy, the curiosity of the young mind.

Elementary geography, as usually taught, is too often deficient in the points just mentioned; presenting little but dry and concise particulars. A work like this now before us, therefore, of moderate size, and adapted in its style to the comprehension of those for whose use it is intended, is an acceptable addition to this valuable department of literature. The cities selected, amount to thirty-seven, being all those which now are, or which formerly were the capitals of distinct nations during the later periods of the history of Europe. Athens, which is the last in the series, is the only one introduced to which this limitation does not apply.

The accounts seem to be well selected from the latest authorities, and contain many facts likely to be at once interesting and instructive. On the whole, we consider the volume to be well suited for the purpose for which it has been compiled.

The Family Cabinet Atlas, Part I.—E. Bull, London; Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh; and J. Cumming, Dublin.

The 'Family Cabinet Atlas,' which is to be published monthly, is intended as a companion, suitable in size, shape, and execution, to such geographical and historical works as may appear in the 'Family Library,' the 'Cabinet Cyclopædia,' the 'Family Classical Library,' and other popular works of that class. The first number contains maps of the British Isles, Switzerland and Poland, very neatly engraved on steel, and sold both coloured and plain. As the scale is necessarily too small to admit of inserting more than the principal towns, each map is accompanied by a copious table of the names of places of inferior note, with their latitudes and longitudes registered alphabetically on the opposite page. There is also a comparative view of the principal mountains in the world, with their altitudes marked, and a comparative view of the chief rivers in the world with their respective lengths. It will be an extremely pretty book, and very convenient for quick and easy reference. We observed some trifling inaccuracies in the map of the comparative heights of mountains, but generally speaking the work is very correctly as well as beautifully executed.

Rational Arithmetic, &c. in which its principles are familiarly explained and illustrated by practical examples.—Tims. Webb, Madden, W. Curry and Co. Dublin; and Hurst Chance and Co. London.

THE best scientific work on Arithmetic we are acquainted with in English, is the 'Philosophy of Arithmetic,' by Walker, late a Fellow in our University; the best complete practical treatise we know of on the subject, is 'Thomson's Arithmetic,' the production, we believe, of the present professor of mathematics in the Belfast Institution. There is a strange and absurd prejudice existing in the minds of many people against the cultivation of an accurate and profound knowledge of arithmetic, as if it were something 'base and mechanical:' this is simply because they know nothing about it, a circumstance which can occasion no surprise if they have limited their studies to the books in ordinary use, in which ratios are instituted between sugar and shillings, and other the like enormities of so palpable and disgraceful a nature, that one only wonders at the audacity of those who have dared to put such ignorant nonsense in print. The little book now under review, is an initiatory treatise free from these absurdities; and we willingly recommend it as the best introduction to the subject that we have met with, for mere beginners.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The Edinburgh Review, No. CI.—Longman and Co. London; and A. Black, Edinburgh.

The commencing article of the present number is a defence of the claim of the late Mr. Clerk, of Eldin, to the merit of having first suggested the celebrated manœuvre of breaking the enemy's line at sea. We confess we think that this paper settles the question, and that Clerk is the man. The second article is a review of Sir James Turner's life and times, a book published last year, by the aid of the Bannatyne club, and relating to the Scottish Covenanters and the principal events of the civil war in Scotland, in the seventeenth century.

The third paper is an account of the system of education pursued at Eton, which certainly does not set that celebrated seminary in the most favourable point of view. The Eton system is described as failing in every essential point of communicating much or valuable knowledge, or of training and invigorating the intellectual faculties: the article, however, is written by some one who evidently feels very sore about the recent institution of a government commission of inquiry and reform, to examine into the present state of the universities of Scotland, the purity and efficiency of which he is anxious to exalt by contrast with the state of Eton college.

The fourth article is on the recent history of Astronomical science. To this important and apparently able paper, we were able to give only a very slight and hasty perusal, sufficient, however, to enable us to detect one very glaring blunder, of which the editor, seeing that he is also editor of the Encyclopædia Britannica, and ought not to be ignorant of the subject under consideration, has reason to be heartily ashamed. Speaking of the annual parallax of fixed stars, the writer says, "Dr. Brinkley has, indeed, *imagined* that the DUBLIN circle indicated the existence of parallax, and he instances some stars with regard to which its influence was too great to be mistaken; but his results have not been confirmed by the excellent circles of the Greenwich observatory, so that the annual parallax of any star hitherto observed, cannot be said to be appreciable even with the largest and most delicate instruments." This conclusion is exactly the opposite of the truth. It is plain that the writer of the paper '*imagines*' that the Greenwich circle is as great or greater than the Dublin circle; now, he ought to know, because every body, but himself, that has ever even 'heard by report' of astronomical instruments, knows, that the Dublin circle is famous over Europe for being the largest in the world. The diameter of the Dublin circle is eight feet, that of the Greenwich six feet, therefore the size of the Dublin is to the size of the Greenwich as sixty-four to thirty-six, or nearly double. We should thank Mr. Macvey Napier to correct this mis-statement in his next number, because it is important that the British public should not be deceived under the guise of scientific information, and that they should be made aware that the greatest astronomer at present in the world (Dr. Brinkley, now bishop of Cloyne,) using the largest instrument in the world, (the Dublin circle,) has come to the conclusion, that the annual parallax of a fixed star *is* appreciable. *Panizzi* too, unless our memory altogether fail us, detected

an annual parallax of several seconds, with the exquisite Palermo circle.

The three most generally interesting papers in the number, are the reviews of Godwin's Cloudesley; R. Montgomery's Satan; and Gleig's Life of Sir Thomas Munro. It certainly adds not a little to the pleasurable interest with which we peruse the various quarterly periodicals of Great Britain, to observe the discrepancies or coincidences of opinion between the more elaborate and leisurely criticisms of these publications, and those which we ourselves had previously formed and expressed on the same subjects. Except that the Edinburgh speaks much less favourably of the powers displayed in Godwin's novel than we did, it has taken nearly the same views of the literary merits of these works as we presented to our readers when they appeared. We were much censured at the time, now four months ago, for the severe terms in which we deemed it our duty to expose the defects of so popular a poet as the author of Satan. The review, in the Edinburgh, which is headed, "Mr. Robert Montgomery's Poems, and the modern practice of puffing," will, however satisfy the author and publisher that they might go farther and fare worse than we had treated their bantling. The reviewer writes: "Satan is a long soliloquy, which the devil pronounces in five or six thousand lines of blank verse, concerning geography, politics, newspapers, fashionable society, theatrical amusements, Sir Walter Scott's novels, Lord Byron's poetry, and Mr. Martin's pictures. * * * It is too much that this patchwork, made by stitching together old odds and ends of what, when new, was, for the most part, but tawdry frippery, is to be picked off the dunghill on which it ought to rot, and to be held up to admiration as an inestimable specimen of art." There is likewise a pleasing paper on the modern Anglo-French drama, a dry one on the question of legal registries in England; ditto on the coal trade; a national essay on Scottish judicial reforms; and a political paper on finance.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Toulon, May 14.

A German paper informs us that the navy of the Two Sicilies is in preparation, and is to be placed at the disposal of France, during the war in Africa.

Admiral Duperre, who commands the *Provence*, will attack the fortifications, whilst our troops are effecting the landing. This will facilitate the operations. The steam-boat *le Nageur* will take the admiral's vessel in tow, to aid in this, and will take it under the batteries, on which it will discharge its two rows of 36 and 24 pounders.

Yesterday an experiment was made here with fire-balls, in presence of a general officer, and others of high rank. The marksmen were armed with guns of large calibre, called *fusils de rampart*; they were about eighty paces from the target, which was a square box, filled with straw and other combustibles, and the fire appeared the moment the ball penetrated the chest. The experiment was then repeated with pistols of a large size, and succeeded equally well. Tomorrow all the troops will have embarked.

It is reported that the Bey of Constantine, (one of the provinces of the regency of Algiers,) has declared for France; and as he is one of the most powerful of the Dey's governors, his defection will leave the Turks almost without any resources.

The Bey of Tunis is said to remain neuter.

A ship arrived at Ceuta on the 13th, from Majorca, the captain of which stated that he had met a naval squadron bound, as he imagined, for Algiers; and a report prevails here (Toulon) that they are English vessels, gone to convoy their consul from Algiers; and, after firing several broadsides on the town, the Dey lowered his flag, and hoisted the English colours. If this be true, we shall arrive too late.

Paris, May 24.

Letters from Petersburgh, of a recent date, inform us that the Emperor of Russia has remitted three millions of ducats to the credit of his covenanted payments.

It is announced that M. Berryer will be the under Secretary to the Minister of Justice.

A report has prevailed that Madame Buonaparte is dead, but it is not the case; as letters of the 3d of May, from Rome, state her to be still living—though suffering most excruciating torments. Cardinal Fesch obtained leave from the Pope to give absolution to Madame Lætitia. This pontifical grace has only been granted, heretofore, to cardinals and royal personages.

It is reported that the Goldsmids, of London, and a house at Paris, are in treaty with Don Miguel, to advance him a considerable sum on the security of the jewels of the crown, and that of the Chapel Royal.

London, May 25, 1830.

The principal subject of conversation in political circles, is the fact which has just transpired, of prince Leopold's having at last made up his mind positively and unconditionally to refuse the offered sovereignty of Greece; this he has certainly not done without due deliberation, and I cannot but think he has made a wise choice. Fifty thousand a year, Marlborough-house, and the new police to see that you are not molested in the enjoyment of them, is surely far better than a precarious and perhaps nominal sway over an unsettled country, with the sword of Damocles suspended over one's head by a hair. The "divinity that doth hedge a king," must, at least till a succession or two has familiarized the Greeks to its idea, be of very little potency among a people who have been so long accustomed to see their petty despots dispatched without the slightest ceremony and at the shortest notice, by despots of their own. In the meantime, this refusal may not improbably be the cause of some embarrassment to the allied powers, who have taken the management of the affairs of Greece in hand. *Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius.*—Materials for king-making are not as they were in Buonaparte's time, to be picked up in every corner, and had for the asking. That many persons may be found to "offer for the place," is not unlikely; but so many requisites are necessary besides that all-important consideration of family connexion, that I fear it will be some time before they are suited. His Majesty's health continues naturally to be the object of the greatest solicitude and anxiety, I cannot learn that any change of so favourable a nature as to induce a hope of eventual recovery has taken place, or is likely to do so; *angina pectoris* is unquestionably the disorder under which he is labouring, and though a temporary relief is afforded occasionally by puncturation, yet no one can say how long this may last, or that, as in the case of the late Duke of York, the very remedy may not eventually be the proximate cause of dissolution. Scandal has been busy with the names of Lord and Lady William Lennox, but I cannot find that there is any truth in the reports which have been flying about, and which for that very reason I forbear to state, beyond the fact of their separation, which measures are, I understand, now going on, to render legal and final; the lady, in the mean time, has taken up her residence with a respectable female friend at an hotel of character, in the fashionable part of the town, and does not mean to return to the exercise of her profession, till matters are finally arranged. I hope and trust, that notwithstanding the rumours, many of them undoubtedly false, which have gone abroad, nothing will be found to have occurred which shall deprive her of those claims to respectability which she has always maintained. There is nothing new in the literary world, but expectation is on tip-toe with respect to the forthcoming second volume of Moore's Life of Byron, and the reply which it is presumed it will contain to Mr. Campbell's assault; the book is likely to be out about the end of next month, but nothing is known as to the nature of Mr. Moore's anticipated reply, farther than that there is to be one.—*Vive et vale.*

Cork, May 26th, 1830.

Literature, so far as publishing is concerned, is at a dead stand here. We have not a single bookseller, out of the four or five principal ones which Cork possesses, that publishes any thing of greater importance than Gutteridge's amended and improved edition of the venerable Daniel Voster's Arithmetic, (vulgo Vosten) the principia of our own mercantile philosophers—and a few occasional impressions of the renowned Daniel Fenning's "single and double Universal spelling book for the use of schools and teachers." There is one indeed, Bleakly, who has some connection with an Edinburgh house. He has but lately entered into business, in which he seems to have good success: but the description of books he has already published, and, as far as I can learn, intends to publish, are purely religious, and whatever may be their particular merits, they hardly serve to make him an exception to the general assertion I have already made, that Cork is not just now a publishing place. In fact the booksellers find, or affect to find, which is just the same thing, that nothing except what bears the impress of the capital will sell, and so they very wisely (in their own conceits) remain as they are. You may perceive by this preface, that I can scarcely speak of the existing literature of our southern metropolis, which after all, I have no hesitation in asserting to be a most decidedly literary city: consequently to have any thing at all to say on the subject, I must of a necessity talk of the past, the recent dead—of the dead then be it: and first in order, Bolster's Quarterly Magazine, at one time pompously styled 'the Magazine of Ireland.' This periodical is really and absolutely defunct, though a semblance of life still lingers with it. There are some efforts making just at present to enable it to stand and move once more; but all that can be done to *Bolster* it up, will avail nothing, and these efforts will have no greater effect on its remains, than a galvanic apparatus upon a corpse: it may kick hard, and struggle for a few brief moments, but that too will soon be over. It has long been very irregular in its

appearances, another and a last number is, I understand, in course of preparation: I suppose to complete the set for sale.

The next in order is, or was rather, the Irish Catholic Magazine published monthly, though not every month. The death of this unfortunate periodical is chiefly to be ascribed to the narrow sectarian principle upon which it set out, and the rigid adherence, "through good and evil report," to that darling principle in its subsequent conduct: but abstract polemical disquisition, and religious dogmatical discussion were not at all to the taste of the reading public of our city, and the consequences of the experiment were easily foreseen from the reception of the first number; only two or three hundred copies sold. It was projected and supported by a few highly respectable and talented Roman Catholic clergymen, in conjunction with, I believe, a *laic* or two by way of sprinkling: they calculated, and not without some shadow of reason too, upon the co-operation of their own order, sufficiently at least to ensure its certain existence for any length of time they chose to let it live: but the *esprit de corps* for which that body has ever been so celebrated, failed for once—from what causes I am unable to conjecture, and the Irish Catholic Magazine after a most painful and distressing non-age, expired last September.

Have you ever heard of the Bagatelle? I am satisfied you have not, and am therefore determined that you shall hear about it now. The Bagatelle was, I may almost say, the very antithesis of its name. In place of being the merry, rattling, care-defying, dare-devil thing that its designation, to the unsophisticated, would be likely to import, it was on the contrary, with the exception of the two last mentioned periodicals, the most melancholy thing that Cork ever produced. When I say melancholy, I mean with respect to the Bagatelle, as an instance of the vanity of human hopes, and the futility of human confidence. Promises innumerous, of every description of support, from pen and purse, were lavished on the proprietors at its outset; a long list of subscribers was pointed to in perspective; and public favour was decided on as certain by their *soi-disant* friends and flatterers. But the promises were forgotten; and the subscribers were slow of coming in; and the "crack contributions" were a-wanting; and the public hardly heard of its existence, and so, like many other good things, it at last perished. Edited by one of the most talented men in the south of Ireland, a finished poet, an accomplished and popular orator, and a sensible and clever prose writer, with all his efforts, its existence could not be protracted beyond the first brief Quarter: at the expiration of that period, it ceased to live. I forgot to tell you that it was a weekly publication.

The next and last on our list is the Freeholder. This little paper, published every ten or eleven days, dealt principally in local anecdote and personal history. It was discontinued, after a long and successful career, about a twelvemonth since; but there are rumours afloat here, of its revival.

You must, I am sure, be pretty well wearied now, with this tedious epistle. I shall therefore in mercy to you conclude. In my next I may give you some notice of the long departed literature of this city, these are only the recently expired; or of the newspaper press and its dependencies.

I. S.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A PERIPATETIC PHILOSOPHER OF WESTMINSTER.

Doubtless, my dear President, you thought I was dead, and you said, "poor fellow, the peripatetic will walk no more, and journalize no more observations on the world, and the people that be therein;" and then you turned to your occupations, and wrote a jocose critique for the Gazette. But I was not dead, as you may perceive, I was worse—far worse—in short I was in the rheumatism, that most horrible continuity of cramping pain, that knoweth not rest by day, nor permitteth the sweet obliviousness of sleep by night. The bitterness of January and February passed away without hope, and the mildness of a part of March engendered a hope which ended only in disappointment. Then came April, a lucky month they say for fools, but certainly not for philosophers. I waited day after day, for the bonne fortune of a "notice to quit," on the part of Monsieur le Rheumatism—but it came not—at last on the 29th, "Och, I'll ever remimber the day," as our friend O'Shea used to sing—an acquaintance, no: a "damned good-natured friend," brought me the Blackwood for May, damp and odorous, from Cadell's Mail parcel. The villain had seen the Shepherd's receipt for curing the rheumatism, and had the cruelty to come to regale *me* with the jest. The effect was singular: after having with the little strength that was left to me, and infinite pain, thrown at my visitor's head my bottle of mustard seed, the last "infallible remedy," which had been recommended to me, together with my night-cap, and all and sundry the other missiles within my reach; and having ordered him to leave the presence, in a voice too peremptory for any but a rheumatic philosopher, I 'back recoiled' upon my couch, and through sheer exhaustion, fell asleep.

> "Our life is two-fold—sleep hath its own world,
> And dreams in their development have tears,
> And tortures, and the touch of joy."*

Tortures, indeed! I dreamt, Sir, that I went through the process described by the shepherd. I actually endured all that horrible agony. I recollect still, the horrible sharp pinches of the old hag who was called in to perform the operation of "nipping." Her fingers were all bone—thin sharp bone; and there was a something devilish in the grin, not amounting to a laugh, with which she greeted my writhings. Then was I whipped with switches, and scrubbed with brushes, which I well knew could not be of bristles, for never were bristles so strong, and rugged: no, Sir, they must have been of split whalebone, and they tore up my skin, which was afterwards scourged with nettles. But even all this was nothing compared to the horror of the siccatory operation. I thought I tried to yell out at that, though I had borne all the rest like a man; but they stifled my cries by dragging up the feather bed over my face: this was too much. I knew then, that deliberate murder must be intended; so with the desperate energy of one in the death-grip, I exerted a strength equal to that of Ajax, or of 'ten such articulating mortals as now tread the earth,' and pushed the yielding mass over against the opposing fiends that sought to smother me. I awoke—and, oh! powers of perspiration! what a state I was in: the couch swam—but thanks to providence—to Blackwood's Magazine, and to my "damned good-natured friend," the rheumatism was utterly gone. I was weak, very weak, but in a few days I was able to crawl forth into the balmy air, and here, even in Westminster, to look at the glorious works of God, exhibited in the vigorous spring around me, and the sunny skies above. The sunbeams were dancing upon the water too in St. James's Park, and upon the margin of the little islands which be therein—and the long lines of old trees covered with young green leaves, invited me to the delicious shade and coolness of the adjoining walks.

Within the enclosure were groups of nicely dressed happy looking children playing about; and under some big trees, near the water's side, aged people were sitting upon chairs, some reading a book, some a newspaper, and some enjoying the luxury of perfect ease and idleness, with no occupation but their own meditations.

It would be worth while, but it would take too long just now, to compare this place, and its apparent innocence and tranquillity, with the scenes which five minutes walk into the Strand, and the parts that do adjacent lie, would present to the view of a Peripatetic—this I shall do some other time in my journal, but at present I was too well disposed to pleasurable reflection, to seek to mar it by the knowledge of evil as well as of good, and I walked home to my early chop of mutton, and to look at the pile of books, which, during my confinement to a sick chamber, my worthy bibliopole had, in compliance with my standing orders, accumulated on my table. I glanced at many, but that which immediately fastened my attention, and actually held me, a mere convalescent, up till midnight, was Leitch Ritchie's "Game of Life." Have you read that book?* He must, indeed, have been a Peripatetic to some purpose—but what a fearful appalling bitterness there is in his descriptions. He strips off the surface-skin with which vanity and imagination, working together, are willing to clothe the affairs of life, such as occur day by day before us, and he holds up the bare reality to our view, quivering with life and painfulness.—He has dreadful deliberation in him, he spares us not, and the sarcastic coolness of his lighter moods, almost reminds one of the laughter of the damned, wherein there is no merriment. The book is very frightful, but withal it is very true. If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves—and we do thus deceive ourselves, every day—every hour. We think we are "just well enough," and that we shall "purge and live cleanly" a few years before we die, and so all will be well; but, like your Irish friend, we "think a damned lie." Our badness is only to be equalled by one thing, and that is, the extremeness of our folly—our miserable folly, which is continually rejecting the good and the simple, and embracing and holding fast all manner of frauds, affectations, vanities, and lies, all lies, and we partly know them to be lies, but we hug our own deceit—we go with the stream;—we have not "leisure to be good"—

* We have been dreaming dreams lately ourselves: we shall present our readers with specimens, in a dreamy article next week.

* It is plain that our respected friend has suffered a much greater misfortune than any rheumatism, however acute; he must have been prevented reading the D. L. G. or he could not have asked this question. We should thank him to glance at No. 16, where he will find the "Game of Life" described as a work of intense though painful interest, just tallying with his own rheumatic views. Ed.

we smile and cheat—and die, and rot, and——But I grow frantic, and not philosophical. There *is* some good in the world after all—some truth—some kindliness—some affection. Nevertheless, they are all shamefully adulterated with the world's affectations.

I would go and live in the woods, but that I have become accustomed to the world's conveniences, and cannot do without them; I must, therefore, still be a dweller in Westminster, and a

PERIPATETIC.

THE VALLEY OF LA ROCHE.

(For the Dublin Literary Gazette.)

[The following narrative may, perhaps, meet with more indulgence, as it is founded on facts of a somewhat recent date: it is no more than a detail of real events, and owes its great simplicity of incident to the author's endeavour to depart as little as possible from simple truth in the relation. The names both of persons and places are of course fictitious.]

In the North of Ireland, it matters not how long ago, there stood the romantic little chateau of "La Roche;" it was situated in a beautifully-wooded vale, that slumbered beneath the shade of rugged and uncultivated hills, which surrounded it on every side. The rapid mountain streams, when they reached the smiling meadow that clothed the fertile bosom of this luxuriant spot, settled into a calm and gentle flow, lingering, as if unwilling to leave so much loveliness and peace, and ran gently murmuring down their winding channels, on whose banks, spring never failed to shower, with a profuse hand, the choicest flowers of nature's growth. Here clusters of violets shed their sweet perfumes to the breeze that sighed wantonly around; and there a single primrose peeped forth, in modest diffidence, amid a profusion of king-cups and wild poppies; numerous herds were seen here and there cropping the rich pastures, or lazily sauntering beside the banks of the rivulets, that they might catch the freshness of the breeze that whispered over their waters. The chateau was surrounded on all sides by a grove of the most luxuriant foliage, except in front, where the prospect opened on an extensive lawn, clothed in the softest green, and interspersed with clumps of trees which served to shade the panting flocks that dotted the pastures in the sultry summer-days, as well as to adorn and diversify the scene.

In this happy valley, remote from the busy scenes of life, in which her younger days had been rioted away unprofitably, and without pleasure, lived the widow of Major Ashmore: she had but just reached this secluded spot with her husband, who had at length (after having served many a rough campaign,) given up the pursuits of active life, when the old soldier, worn out by the effects of wounds and uncongenial climates, and overcome by the toilsome journey it had been his lot to make through life, expired; this loss weighed heavily on the heart of his afflicted widow, and as there was nothing nearer or dearer to resign her to the necessary afflictions of this life, she turned her thoughts wholly to the education of her two children, the only pledges of his love.

Frederic and Alice Ashmore, were too young to feel the loss of a parent's care; and their little bosoms heaved no sigh, as they gazed on the lifeless body, nor did the chill that rested upon his pallid lips strike deeply to their hearts, as they pressed, almost smilingly, upon them their last farewell. The days of their childhood passed away: Frederic, now in his eighteenth year, was a noble-minded, high-spirited youth, full of gay hopes and wild desires; in person, nature had done all for him that the fondest parent could have wished; his tall, manly figure had been so shaped out by exercise for activity and strength, that the valley of la Roche boasted no one that could equal him in agility. Often did the first glow of morning meet his healthful brow upon the summit of some of those rocky and almost inaccessible hills that skirted the house; and often was he seen dashing fearlessly over yawning precipices, that even the wild goat had failed in attempting to scale, always accompanied by a faithful little spaniel, the companion of all his dangers and pleasures. His anxious mother watched the development of this daring spirit, and would kindly reprove his too great love of rushing into unnecessary dangers; but the reckless youth would smile away her fears, and comfort her with assurances of being less hazardous for the future. His countenance, as regarded feature, bore a stronger resemblance to the Spanish, than to those of his own country, but it wanted the dark, supercilious expression of the former, while it partook largely of the frankness and buoyancy of look of the Irlandois; a profusion of long dark locks curled over a finely intellectual forehead, and his eye always beamed with a brilliancy and light that infused gaiety and spirit into whatever he said; sometimes, too, when he would smile, a silent pang throbbed in his mother's heart, for it reminded her of lips which in youth and age had smiled upon her ever the same. His sister, a year younger, partook more of the timid and retiring nature of her mother, and would sit pensively breathing some sweet song to her harp, or weeping over some foolish tale of broken vows, while her brother pursued in the fields the ruder amusements of more hardy boyhood, though sometimes he would forego the pleasure of encountering danger, that he might wander, arm-in-arm with her, through the grove, or by the winding stream.

It was at this period, when the thoughtless and unconnected ideas of the child begin to merge into the more fixed, and refined, and luxurious sentiments of the man, and the young heart begins to feel a want that it knew not before, that Lucy M——, a niece of Mrs. A——'s, and entrusted to her care by the will of her mother, who had just died, arrived at la Roche. Nursed up in the lap of affluence and power, Lucy had, however, escaped the corruption of feeling attendant on either.—Gifted with the most fascinating expression of face, and elegant formation of figure, and at the same time graceful, and unrestrained by any effort for effect, she possessed the most highly cultivated mind, which reserved its beauties, not flinging them away on every worthless occasion, but remaining rather silent and shy in society that was uncongenial to her; yet she possessed a vivacity of disposition, and a child-like pleasantry of manner, which took from the awe with which one generally approaches "*learned ladies*." In her countenance, corresponding to such a mind, one could trace sense without gloom or affectation, and gaiety of heart without weakness of understanding; she loved poetry, not for talk's-sake, but for its own; nor did she regard Milton, Shakspeare, and Wordsworth, merely as the fashionable task-masters of the day—whose writings are only useful in supplying topics for ball-room tittle-tattle, when all native resources are exhausted—but flew to them as the haven where the mind may calm itself, when the storms and vexations of life gather around it. Calculated, then, as woman is, even with all her faults,* to win our affections, and engross our thoughts, is it to be wondered that the lovely mourner, with perfections equally distributed, both of mind and body, failed not to make a deep and lasting impression on the heart of the young and ardent Frederic.

Clad in the sober livery of woe, the parentless girl stole imperceptibly into his affections. Like the thirsty traveller, who at length hears the gushing of the distant fountain, he had found what his heart panted for; he no longer sought the rugged mountain-top, but, as if she breathed a happiness around, he felt a heaviness of spirit when she was absent.

Stretched beside the murmuring streamlet, he would listlessly lounge away hour after hour, in meditation and silence; nature seemed clothed with a new garb, and all her beauties he referred to the one grand original that perpetually haunted his imagination, from her the rose borrowed its blush, the lily her spotless white, and the violet her unostentatious retiringness; he envied the happy tenants of the grove, who warbled their little tales of love in jocund strains around, not condemned, like him, to linger in solitary pensiveness—gazing on the object of his affections, but not daring to tell her that he loved. The valley no more echoed his joyous song, and even the blandishments of his favourite spaniel were forgotten. Nor was Lucy quite callous to those silent manifestations of disinterested affection, but with the discerning eye of growing affection, marked the embarrassments of "love's young votary;" nor did she misinterpret the rapture that beamed in his eye when they met, or the sigh that hovered upon his lip when they parted; if his voice trembled when he addressed her, she felt a faint blush, perhaps of pride, mantle over her cheek, conscious of the agency of her charms in promoting the change. Thus, while the silly girl deemed that she was but watching the progress of a first passion in her youthful lover, she had been all the time growing more and more its victim. But she was "too deeply blessed" to feel the poison through her spirit creeping, and pitied the agitating development of it in another, though it was stealing over her own heart.

She had slumbered on in this delicious ignorance, loving fondly and doatingly, without feeling its pangs, or partaking in its miseries, when the receipt of a letter from an old military friend of his father's, offering Frederic a commission, which he had with difficulty been able to procure, totally changed the aspect of affairs in the chateau of the rocky valley. The delighted youth assented to the proposal unhesitatingly; but when his eyes met Lucy's, the thought of a separation was too much for him, and the enraptured boy became as silent and as sad, as he had been before noisy and joyous. Then, for the first time, did Lucy perceive how fondly and irrevocably she loved, and the frequent tear would burst forth unwittingly, as she called to mind the silent homage of adoring looks, that

* Faults indeed! 'tis well seen the tale is by a lady. Ed.

Frederic had so unceasingly rendered her; a thousand little incidents, before unnoticed, did memory conjure up to torture her with, and when too late, she found that her brain had registered each with dreadful accuracy. All the uncherished happiness of the past presented itself to her imagination, in contrast with the bleak and joyless prospect of the future; and yet so inseparably linked with woman's nature is love, that she preferred its agonies and uncertainties to a life of sober and unchequered sameness of pleasure. Thus did she, in turn, become dissatisfied and restless; the young Frederic had now become her all; and as each succeeding twilight flung its shadows over her brow, it struck a deeper and a darker sorrow to her heart, for she knew that every hour, as it flew, stole a little from that precious moment of time which they had now to spend together. The beams of morning, trembling through her unopened casement, startled her from disturbed slumbers and unhappy dreams; she now longed to throw herself at his feet, and tell him how much she loved, but the timidity, and retiring modesty of her sex and nature, revolted at such an idea, ere it had well been formed. Meantime arrangements had been making for the departure of the young soldier, and if any thing could serve to alleviate the gloom that had so long overpowered him, it was the prospect and anticipation of novelty, which takes such strong hold on the young and gay, who have not experienced how miserable the change is, from the comforts of home to the chances and vicissitudes of an unfriendly world; he had, however, determined on not leaving the valley without making known his love to Lucy; but this he found a more difficult task than he had imagined, for the tongue, however eloquent, is but a poor interpreter for the heart, whose language is unutterable. Oftentimes as he sat gazing from the little window of the saloon where she sat reading, in the middle of the day, the long wished-for, but dreaded disclosure, trembled on his lips; often had he seen her strolling pensively and alone through the little pleasure grounds which skirted the grove at each side of the chateau, but would tremble and turn away to curse his own timidity and folly. Time rolled on until within a week of his departure, he loathed the idea of "roaming along, the world's tired denizen," in all the uncertainty of ardent and unrequited love. One morning as he had strolled deep into the shade of the grove, wrapped in solitary musings, on a sudden the object of all his anxieties and solicitudes stood before him; the enamoured boy, taken by surprize, stammered out, in the confusion of the moment, the impassioned, but simple words, "Lucy, I love you!" Lucy's heart glowed on her cheek, as she faultered something unintelligible to to any ears but those of a lover. This prelude over soon, disembarrassed the tongue-tied pair, and having poured forth their souls to one another, and made mutual protestations of eternal love, they returned to the chateau. Mrs. Ashmore, who had long watched, with an eye of maternal solicitude, the progress of this passion, when she perceived that it was mutual, did not try to check its growth, for since her acquaintance with the amiable and beautiful girl, who had been thus given up to her care and attention, she had begun daily to feel herself bound to her by stronger ties than those of mere relationship, and wished for nothing more anxiously than to see her beloved son united to the woman of his own choice, to her Frederic, and his newly-affianced bride, and begged her permission to be united immediately. Shedding tears of joy over the youthful lovers as they knelt at her feet, she joined their hands, but begged of the hasty youth to defer his marriage till his return, and that she would, in the mean time, keep his Lucy safe, the lovers consented, although their disappointment was severe. The succeeding week was one of uninterrupted happiness and delight, chequered now and then by the recollection of the approaching separation. Blessed in each other's society, and wandering arm-in-arm, they wondered how they had so long kept the secret of their loves; a thousand little things were spoken in the artless language of the heart, to which it before had seemed impossible to give utterance. Sealing many an impassioned kiss on the lips of his fair auditor, and holding in his arms all that had been wanted to render his bliss complete, Frederic felt a melancholy foreboding that such bliss was too perfect to be of long endurance.

At length the day of his departure arrived, and having taken a fond adieu, and renewed his protestations of eternal fidelity to his beloved and lovely Lucy, he set off. The disconsolate girl wept bitterly as the last faint sounds of the rolling carriage wheels struck heavily on her ear. In her overwhelming grief, there was none of that "silent, secret luxury of woe," which takes away half its bitterness; she felt an unusual blank; or if she sought the green fields and winding streams, they but reminded her of the time when sharing their beauties with another, who was not now by her side, she had enjoyed a happiness, the recollection of which rendered her present solitude and misery, the more distressing; the little memorials and pledges of his love were now called into frequent requisition, and how often hour after hour she sighed and wept over them; but time,

"The only healer when the heart hath bled,"

brought its accustomed consolations, and tranquillity and happiness again reigned throughout the chateau. Frederic's letters came regularly every week, with renewed assurances of an encreasing and unalterable attachment, and knowing nothing of the great world, Lucy never dreamt that so faithful a heart could run any risk of being estranged. He had been nearly a long, long year away, when an account came, which again put the little family circle into the utmost consternation and alarm; this was, his regiment being ordered out to assist in some military operations which the English were then carrying on in one of their Indian colonies, and as he had found it impossible to exchange or sell his commission, he had been necessitated to accompany them. As complaints and tears were alike unavailing and useless, they resigned themselves unmurmuringly to this second and greater calamity. With many a silent prayer was the name of the young soldier mingled, and even in the dreams of night it murmured on the fond lips of the loving Lucy; scenes of rapine and bloodshed, and all the miseries and privations of war presented themselves in exaggerated terrors, to her imagination, and the horrors of the present separation far outweighed the comparative inconvenience of the former.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

The Academy held its fifth general monthly meeting for the year, on Monday evening last, the Honourable and Rev. J. Pomeroy in the chair. Among the donations presented on this occasion was the first volume of a translation of La Place's Mécanique Céleste, with a commentary, by Nathaniel Bowditch, L. L. D. F. R. S. L. E. and D. &c. This volume, a large royal quarto, written and printed in Boston, is the handsomest book, and apparently the most perfect in all its details, that we have ever seen come from America. We shall examine and report upon it more fully in an early No. but 800 pages of La Place are no joke to cut of a summer's day; even to skim the cream of them requires some time and patience, though there are few subjects we delight more to study when we can find leisure, than 'mathematics and good humour.' "Memoirs of the Astronomical Society of London, Vol. IV. Part 1." were also sent for presentation by the Society. This is the work in the account of which the new No. of the Edinburgh Review makes the extraordinary assertion respecting Dr. Brinkley's observation of the annual parallax of fixed stars, which we have commented upon in our notice of that periodical. Two copies of an "Essay on the Attributes of Knowledge in God, considered on the grounds of reason and revelation," were forwarded for presentation by the author. The thanks of the Academy were voted to the respective donors. Several new members were balloted for, and Gaspar Spurzheim, M. D. was admitted an honorary member, and then the Academy adjourned till the fourth Monday in June.

LONDON SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

At a late Meeting of this Society, the reading of Rich's account of Ireland, was resumed, in which it was stated that the Irish rebels were much favoured and supported by the disaffected English, and that there had been an understanding between the governor of Ireland and Tyrone, through which the latter continued his criminal proceedings with impunity, while the governor and his family were freed from the plundering attacks of the rebels; that, in fact, Tyrone was supplied at the expense of the government; for many who pretended to be friends of the government, obtained stores and ammunition on pretence of guarding their houses against the attacks of the rebels, and then privately conveyed them to Tyrone.

ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.

In proceeding to notice the exhibition at this Academy somewhat more in detail than time or space would permit us to do the week before last, we shall direct the attention of our readers, in the first instance, to the pictures of the higher walk of art, in which the artist is indebted chiefly to his own imagination for the subject. First in this class of the paintings now under consideration, we must decidedly rank, No. 117, the *Fall of the Angels*, painted as an illustration of Milton, and part of Ezekiel, by S. Ford, a very youthful Cork artist, sometime deceased. We have already, on a former occasion, expressed our opinion in the strongest terms of the great merits of this picture, which

we certainly esteem one of the noblest efforts of genius, in the highest department of art, which this country has ever yet produced.—We shall not attempt a description of the picture, which we take for granted is familiar to most of our readers; in fact we should not venture to do so, its merits are of a class which may be felt, but can hardly be described. The general conception is in the highest degree sublime. The drawing pure and classical, the expression just and noble, and the arrangement masterly and pictorial. In short, we know of few, if any works, even of the ancient masters, with which, *as a sketch*, it might not fearlessly be put in competition; and we cannot help deploring as a national loss, the premature death of an artist capable of producing such a work, and who, if maturity had been given to his powers, would, in all human probability, have rivalled or excelled the greatest painters of antiquity. We trust we shall be able shortly to lay before our readers a memoir of the life of this most wonderfully gifted young man, He was, in every respect, a child of genius. His appearance and physiognomy strikingly interesting, his manners mild and retiring, his moral character, in every respect, pure and virtuous; in short, he possessed all those attributes which we desire to see associated with exalted genius, but in which unfortunately we sometimes find it wanting. As an artist he was self-taught; but while he devoted himself to his favourite art with an ardour, that contributed, in no small degree, to shorten his days, he still found time to cultivate a taste for languages and polite literature, and all this with a feeble constitution, and chilling poverty to contend against. Such was Ford—and if ever a temple be raised to native genius his name should not be forgotten. Of the next painting in our list, No. 99, *Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage*, we cannot speak quite so favourably. The subject is undoubtedly magnificent, and the mode of treating it is not without pictorial merit; and as to its faults, we must forbear to dilate upon them, for on perceiving an inscription carved upon one of the African ruins, and drawing near with the eagerness of an antiquary, to trace the Carthaginian character, and prove the identity of the language with that of our native land, judge of our surprise and regret on discovering an epitaph in Roman letters, setting forth that the work in question was sacred to the memory of R. Lucius West, the painter of the picture. We muttered de mortuis nil, and hurried on to No. 66, *Old Mortality*, by T. S. Mulvany, a sweet and delicately painted picture. The old man is represented resting for a moment from his labours, on the tombstone upon which he is engaged, the chisel in one hand and a wallet in the other, while the old white poney is busily engaged in cropping the long rank grass from among the weeds and wild flowers, by which he is half covered. The figures of both man and horse are natural and characteristic: the poney particularly so, and as his eye meets yours, upturned from the matted grass in which his head is buried, you seem to recognize the 'old familiar face' of a well-known friend. No. 141, *Hebe*, by G. F. Mulvany: the expression of the countenance in this picture, is deliciously sweet and winning, and there is an air of girlish innocence mingled with the look of maiden beauty, that renders it one of the most pleasing pictures in the room, and one on which the eye lingers longest and most delighted.

Next in order come the landscapes:—of Mr. Petrie's drawings we *would* speak with an eloquence of praise that unhappily for the relief of our feelings we are unable just at present to embody in words: we must therefore content ourselves with observing that they are suffused with all those delicate beauties of poetical truth, which, perceptible only to such an eye, are disclosed to our cleared and charmed vision by his exquisite touch:—

> Che non dipinge sol, quel ch' è visibile,
> Ma ———
> Tutto quel ch' è incorporeo, e ch' è possibile.

Must we also be silent on Mr. Kirchoffer's and Mr. Lover's great and varied merits? so cries out our demon, knowing to what a length the panegyric must run which would do these able artists even moderate justice. But we shall resume our notice in a future number.

MUSIC.

Mrs. Haydn Corri's Concert took place at the Rotunda on the 21st inst. The orchestra, which was numerous and complete and led by Mr. J. Barton, was ably supported by a number of amateurs, and the fine band of the 32nd Regiment, the Russian valve instruments of which were particularly effective in the beautiful overtures to "*Semiramide*," and "*Guilliaume Tell*." We were happy to perceive among the vocal performers, some promising aspirants to musical fame, pupils of Mr. H. Corri, one of whom, a Miss Parkinson, sang a pretty air called "*Rosalie*," with much taste and sweetness. Mr. Lidel Herrman, to whose performances on the violincello we have before adverted favourably, was as effective as usual in an air by De Beriot, and young Logier evinced much talent in executing a difficult concerto by Hertz for the piano forte. Mrs. Haydn Corri gave Bishop's favorite bravura "Lo here the gentle lark," in a chaste and beautiful style, her voice is much improved since we last heard her. Miss Maeder, who appears to possess much judgment and a cultivated taste, executed Rossini's Aria, "Vinceste Iniqua Sort," in a manner which entitles her to great credit, and Mozart's buffo terzetto, "La Mia Dorabella," was given with much humour by Messrs. Latham, Corri, and Murphy. The performances were protracted to rather an unreasonably late hour.

THE DRAMA.

We enjoyed a rich treat at the Theatre on Saturday night last; our lively favourite, Miss Brunton that used to be, Mrs. Yates that now is, made her first appearance here these some years, as Lady Contest in *The Wedding Day*. She still retains all the girlish gaiety and playful *espièglerie* of manner, united with grace and elegance and lady-like deportment, that used to charm us so much; and we could sympathize most heartily with Sir Adam, (a part by the way which Chippendale played extremely well,) in his feelings on the unexpected appearance of the old lady. Mrs. Yates, who 'wins golden opinions from all sorts of people,' drew down on this occasion the warmest acclamations of the audience, which was unusually numerous. The elephant made her last curtsey on Thursday evening, and is engaged to perform at Plymouth theatre; her performances here have been most productive to Mr. Bunn's treasury, and we learn that in consequence, the "Queen of Siam" may again be expected to visit our shores.

By the bye, the orchestra in our theatre is horribly defective; in a city like Dublin, where we are all musical, this is a gross abuse. Half the music desks are vacant, and the rest are tenanted by performers of the worst description, fit only for the band of a show-booth. An effective orchestra would always attract the lovers of good music to the theatre, while, in the present state of things, all who do not wish to have their ears outraged must stay away.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A FANCY.

Hast thou never met with eyes
Not met on earth before;
That yet a sweet mysterious light
Like years of friendship, wore?
A something that disturbed thy heart,
To know the hidden source,
Of that which like remembrance clear,
Swept by with gentlest force,
Bearing thy soul along the stream
Of feeling, reinless as a dream.

I speak not of the beautiful,
The radiant or the sweet;
The charm, whate'er it be, of these,
Hath a yet deeper seat,
A more unfathomable far;
And in its soundless speech,
Beams more resistless loveliness
Than aught that sight can reach:
Like a still home, a place of rest,
Ours meet them with a feeling blest.

And while their answering clearness greets
Each glance our search will throw,
A smiling light is in their depth,
As if they too should know—
As if they too believed we must
Have met and loved before;
Yet where, or when? the mystery searched,
It only deepens more:
We can but feel its secret might,
And yield to its supreme delight.

Nor need there words, or moments long,
The summer lightning darts
With not more soft abruptness by,
Than this doth over hearts.
A look—the very first of all,
The slightest smile will do,
To leave behind this haunting faith,
That once we surely knew:
With instinct's truth seems understood
This closer kindred than of blood.

But who shall trace up to their springs,
These workings of the mind,
As swift, as hidden in their strength,
As is the chainless wind?
In the bright world of dreams,
Do spirits ever meet;
And waken and forget that hour,
Until on earth they greet?
And with a sudden gladness then,
Feel well that *they* but meet *again*.

Z. Y.

SONETTO.

Quella, che lieta del mortal mio duolo,
Ne i monti, e per le selve oscure, e sole
Fuggendo gir, come nemico, sole
Me, che lei, come donna, onoro e colo;
Al penser mio che questo obbietto ha solo,
E ch' indi vive, e cibo altro non vole,
Celar non po de' suoi begli occhi il sole,
Nè per fuggir, nè per levarsi a volo.
Ben pote ella sparire a me dinanzi,
Come augellin, che 'l duro arciero ha scorto,
Ratto ver gli alti boschi a volar prende;
Ma l' ah del penser chi fia ch' avanzi?
Cui lungo calle, ed aspro, è piano, e corto;
Così caldo desio l' affretta e stende.

DELLA CASA.

TRANSLATION.

She who delighted with my mortal woe,
The mountain heights—the woods obscure and lone,
(Retiring) haunts, to shun like mortal foe
Me, who but her, on earth, my angel own;
From these my thoughts rapt in one sole desire,
On which they live, and other food disdain,
Fails to conceal of her bright eyes the fire,
By flight—seclusion; fruitless toil and pain!
Well may she vanish from my sight before,
Like the poor bird the ruthless archers spy,
That seeks the thicket till the danger's o'er:
But thought's swift wings, ah! who can these outfly?
Urged by desire, unfolded full, they soar,
The rugged 's smooth—the path remotest nigh!

H. Y.

THE PAINTER FORGOTTEN.

(From a Design, representing a beautiful Child, about the age of six, falling asleep whilst sitting for her likeness,)

BY R. ROTHWELL, ESQ. R.H.A.

She is of earth, and her charms will not stay,
Oh! you cannot too quickly trace;—
The fountain of bitterness flings its spray,
So soon over youth's fair face.

That one stray ringlet on her brow,
Shines like a sunbeam over snow——
Hush! the spirit of slumber has laid his wand
On the blooming child;—the falling hand—
The curtain lid, with the violet blue
Of the eye beneath, just gleaming through;—
The drooping head, and the radiant glow
Of the cheek, suffusing the neck below,
With the bright warm tint of sunset hour—
All, all, proclaim the spirit's power.

'Tis sweet to gaze on her smile,
For not of this world it seems:
Oh! none, but those who are free from guile
As herself—can have such golden dreams.

At morn she thought, nor day, nor night,
Could be too long for such delight,
As from her little throne to smile
On the painter,—marvelling the while,
How one, with her own sparkling eyes,
Could as if from a mirror rise;—
But change is the charm of childhood's hour,
Proud, laurelled bards have owned its power;
And poured forth thrilling minstrelsy,
To embalm their April infancy.

Fair flowret, I would love to trace
The weal or woe ordained for thee;
For fancy mocks at time's slow pace,
And glides into futurity.

Oh! for a prophet eye and tone,
To read thy fate, thou lovely one:
To tell, if, in thy May smiles drest,
Thou wilt wither on thy mother's breast;
Or, whether sunlight shall be on thee,
Until placed in girthood's bower—
Then, from those who watch thee fondly,
To fade away—a mildew'd flower—
Blighted by the passion storm,
Which haunts young beauty, to deform;—
Or, having passed that wayward hour,
And slept in love's enchanted bower
Some fairy moments—wake to find
Thy widow'd heart has none to bind
Its many wounds, but one with brow
As young and fair, as thine is now;—
Then, see that last bright bud decay,
And fall, and be the earth-worm's prey.

My lyre! thy tone is all too sad,
Wake not the slumberer near thee;
Full oft thy restless chords have had
Their solemn swell from misery.

But wherefore did she linger nigh,
And thy task a fair child's destiny—
Giving sad burden to the strain,
With her sighing voice of care and pain.
Would I had waked a lighter tone,
Or none, thou gentle little one.

A. W.

BLUE DEVILS;

BEING STANZAS TO PHŒBE, ON HER TWENTY-SECOND BIRTH-DAY: BY THE AUTHOR OF "FAIR EYES."

"Cette triple divinité se divise, pour exercer sous trois noms, trois pouvoirs differents; dans le Tartare, au Ciel, et sur la Terre."—*Lettres à Emilie.*

When, in dull mood, last evening near the shore,
Alike I stray'd in thought and step, along
It's verge; the face of Heaven spangled o'er
With many a star; and heard the boatman's song
Float on the breeze, while soft reflection gave
The moon's bright image dancing on the wave.

Why did I marvel, sorrowing as I did,
That, in accordance with my own sad hue,
With night's dark robe all heaven was not hid—
Or, at the least, not ting'd with darkest *blue?*
Ah! why was then the face of night so fair?
I'll tell you why—bright Phœbe's light was there.

Oh! fairest Phœbe!—fairest art thou still;—
Diana! Cynthia! Luna! Hecate—or
"The night's chaste empress" at the poet's will—
Dictymna! also (which is one name more);
Well nigh three hundred fleeting moons hast thou
Illumin'd mortals with thy peaceful brow.

Or, when that face has been averted, ever
In Pluto's regions, say, hast thou been seen
To hold dark converse, 'tother side the river
'Call'd Styx, with fate; and spin the lots of men?
Ah! let your poet never have to tell,
On those occasions that you went——to hell!

Nay, rather say that, in your third capacity,
With nymphly choir, and faithful pack of hounds,
You went to quell the grisly boar's voracity,—
With dart and bow to cover him with wounds;
A *bore's* fair game, and sure, one kind of *beau*
At least, you'll own is not unknown to you.

With poisoned darts, say, huntress, dost thou war?
And is thine aim ta'en ever at the heart?
Or mean'st thou but a meaning-nothing scar,
And not directed to a mortal part?
When next you war, choose well your wild boar's hue,
Pray, above all, have mercy on the *blue!*

I like you best within your *heavenly* sphere,
Your face unclouded, and your eye serene;
Not when it owes its brightness to the spear
From thence directed to the heart unseen;
While victory sits, in blithe malignity,
Within that eye, himself unscath'd and free.

Sister of Phœbus, cradled in the sea!
May bright Apollo's silver-chorded lyre
Oft rouse thy soul with heavenly harmony,
To spurn dull earth, and, angel-like, aspire
To brighter ways than thou hast trodden here—
No storms to dim thy beauties with a tear.

Shine out, fair Cynthia, with a *fairer* light,
Thy beam shall chace the ling'ring clouds afar,
That then shall own thee empress of the night,
And far superior to each minor star,
That twinkles brightly for its little hour,
Then falls from Heaven—as fades the dying flower.

Peace to thy name, thy heart, and that soft hand,
Which never may unlawful lover clasp
With fervour too ephemeral, then to brand
The name of her who gave it to his grasp!
My strain is ended; may thy days be long
And happy!—is the burden of my song.

ROSENKRANZ.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, &c.

The Foreign Review is henceforth to be incorporated with the Foreign Quarterly, which will be printed, we believe, in Edinburgh. It is a literary novelty to tell that the Grand Seignor has been pleased to allow Mr. Arthur Lumley Davids to dedicate to him his forthcoming Grammar of the Turkish Language. This Grammar proposes to have the rules illustrated by examples drawn from the most celebrated Turkish authors. Mr. Johns, author of the "Dews of Castalie," announces a poem, in Four Cantos, entitled The Pyramids.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Webster's Travels in the Crimea, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 12s. boards—Binney's Discourses on Faith, 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards—Stratton's Book of the Priesthood, 8vo. 8s. boards—Muston on Christian Friendship, 12mo. 6s. 6d. boards—Woodrow's Church History, 4 vols. 8vo. £2. 8s. boards—M'Gavin on Church Establishments, 12mo. 2s. boards—Wilson's Questions on St. Matthew and the Acts, 12mo. 3s. 6d. sewed—Sketches from Nature, 18mo. 2s. 6d. half-bound—Elementary Lessons from the Italian, 18mo. 1s. 6d. half-bound—Illustrations of the Anglo-French Coinage, royal 4to. £2. 12s. 6d. boards—Guthrie on the Arteries, 8vo. 14s. boards—Searle on Cholera, &c. 8vo. 9s. boards—Jephson on Calculus, Vol. II. 16s. boards—Wine Drinker's Manual, 12mo. 6s. 6d. boards—Heath's Historical Illustrations to Waverley Novels, Guy Mannering, 18mo. 5s. 6d. boards; royal 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Columbier, 4to. proofs 12s.—The True Plan of a Living Temple.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

We have to apologise to R. Our usual press of matter obliged us to postpone his continuation till next week. We are much obliged to Z. of Ballitore, and shall avail ourselves of his kindness the earliest day we can. How have we offended our fair friend Mtta. S. that she has broken the word of promise to our hope? We are much indebted to Z. Y.'s unfailing kindness.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature, the Arts, Education, &c.

WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.

Just published, by HODGES and SMITH, 21, College-Green, Dublin,

A SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON, EDINBURGH AND DUBLIN PHARMACOPŒIAS—containing a concise View of the Doctrine of Definite Proportions, and its application to Pharmacy; an Account of the New French Medicines—with Observations on the Modus Operandi of Medicinal Substances in general, on their Physiological Effects, and Therapeutical Employment. By D. Spillan, A.M., M.D., Licentiate of the King and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland, and one of the Physicians to the Dublin General Dispensary.

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Just published, price £1. 8s. plain, or £2. 16s. beautifully coloured, and folded up in a portable form,

THE PANORAMA of the THAMES, from London to Richmond. This work is upwards of 60 feet in length, and on a scale of sufficient extent to exhibit every Building on either shore of the River. It is accompanied by Descriptive Notices of the most remarkable Places, and preceded by a General View of London, 5 feet 5 inches in length.

"This is really a very clever and entertaining publication."—*Literary Gazette.*

London: Published by Samuel Leigh, 18, Strand. Sold by W. F. WAKEMAN, 9, D'Olier-street, Dublin, and all Booksellers in Ireland.

This day is published, in 1 vol. 12mo. price 8s. boards.

DEUTSCHES LESEBUCH; or Lessons in German Literature, divided into Four Parts. Containing, Part I. an Interlinear, Literal and Free Translation. Parts II. and III. a Literal, or Free Translation on the opposite pages; and Part IV. a Translation of the most difficult Words and Phrases at the bottom of each page. By J. Rowbotham, F. Ast. S. L. Author of a German Grammar, a French Grammar, an Algebra, and a Key, &c.

"The author of this very clever little volume is deserving of our warmest praise, for the production of one of the most simple, ingenious, and complete introductions to the study of the German languages *ever* issued from the press."—*Weekly Times*, Jan. 10, 1830.

"A little work of great utility to the German student, and consists of well-selected extracts in prose and verse, from celebrated authors, with grammatical explanations and translations, the use of which cannot fail to facilitate the acquisition of a language the most difficult perhaps of modern Europe."—*Times*, Feb. 4, 1830.

Printed for W. Joy, St. Paul's Church-yard; and the author, Marlborough-place Academy, Walworth. Sold by W. F. WAKEMAN, 9, D'Olier-street, Dublin, and all Booksellers in Ireland.

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No. VII.

MR. DENMAN.

The mere bustling lawyer and the factious partizan are alike undeserving of notice; the man must be possessed of redeeming qualities, blessed with high talents, and warmed with generous feelings, nay more, he ought to have effected something towards the moral improvement and advantage of his fellow men, to warrant his being made the subject of honest and unexaggerated panegyric. I not only disclaim the notion of sketching every noisy advocate of the English bar, I condemn the practice. Let the uproarious nisi prius barrister, who has nothing to recommend him save the vigour of his lungs, move on undisturbed, the glory of his narrow and noisy sphere—the idol of the lovers of loudness and confusion, and the veneration of fee-giving attornies, by whom alone his little wit will be respected, and his pert sayings had in remembrance.

Temptations beset the path of the lawyer of talent which are but too difficult to resist, and wealth and power are unhappily too often the reward of sycophancy and corruption: lawyers are not unfrequently found to be of easy virtue and grasping desires; and memorable examples teach us that learning and subserviency may be united in the same person; we experience consequently the greater delight in contemplating the character of a lawyer in whom learning and honesty, talent and virtue, are happily blended together, conducting their possessor, by so rare a union, through his public life without spot or blemish, and free from the slightest shadow of imputation in his private character. Such is the enviable condition of the subject of this sketch, who perhaps has endured less of the reproaches of his fellow countrymen, and gained more of their respect and love, than has fallen to the lot of any individual who has taken so prominent a part in the remarkable events of modern times. Mr. Denman is the son of Doctor Denman, one of the most eminent and learned physicians of his time; from Eton the subject of this sketch was sent to Cambridge, where he was not greatly distinguished for his mathematical attainments; he bears the character of being an excellent Etonian scholar however, well read in Greek and Latin authors, and who can repeat odes of Horace with as much facility as Sir James Scarlet can cite cases. The professional career of Mr. Denman has been successful, his name has been long before the public. But although he may have acquired practice considerable for a young barrister, I apprehend that of late years, it has not increased in proportion to his standing and experience: for this a good reason is assigned, his mind is neither so technical nor so subtle as that of Scarlet, it is not so powerful or comprehensive as that of Brougham, and perhaps a better reason still is that he has none of those *little engaging ways*, which by some men have been found more useful in procuring practice, than sound learning, commanding talents, or spotless integrity.

It has twice occurred to me, in conducting strangers to see and hear the celebrated lawyers of the King's Bench, to have been asked with eagerness, who was that most gentlemanly looking person, sitting next to Mr. Brougham? the feeling which prompted the question, corresponded with that which I experienced when first I had the good fortune to hear Mr. Denman speak. There is something peculiarly captivating about him, insomuch that if he rose to speak when you were anxious to depart, you would assuredly be tempted by a single glance at his countenance and figure, to pause and listen, and when you had heard the first sentence, you would as certainly wait, with unwearied patience, till the termination of his address. It is not that he arrests the attention by the brilliancy of his language, or surprises by the boldness of his conceptions; not that he exceeds other men by the richness of his imagery, or the originality of his eloquence, but that he surpasses most men in singleness of purpose, and honesty of intention, and that consequently what he says reaches the heart, and warms the feelings of his hearers. His person is tall, his voice deep toned, flexible and full, his manner natural and unstudied, his countenance open, prepossessing, and noble; it has something of the finely chiselled, finished appearance of a statue.

It must not be supposed that the hearer would be equally gratified in listening to Mr. Denman at all times, or that he is equally successful on every subject. A lawyer for example, would not be impressed with a very high opinion of his argumentative powers and logical discrimination, on strictly legal and technical subjects; his style is too loose, his manner too impetuous, and his mind too ardent, for the calm and cautious investigation of principles remote and difficult, and his over-anxious temper would prevent him from attempting an ingenious reconciliation of conflicting decisions. On such subjects, Mr. Pollock, from his strictly mathematical education, and reasoning habit, is as much superior to him, as he is his inferior in sound taste—in the charms of eloquence, and the beauties of classical knowledge.

These gentlemen, about the same standing in their profession, are each eminent in a peculiar line, but sink into mediocrity when they attempt achievements for which, by nature and education they are unfitted. Universal genius is rare: it is reserved for a Brougham or a Plunket, to exhibit shining proofs of what may be accomplished by a combination of the highest powers of reasoning, with chaste and manly eloquence. Messrs. Pollock and Denman can be excellent in one department only; though unquestionably the subject of this sketch ranks higher as a reasoner than Mr. Pollock. As an orator, the latter gentleman has sunk many degrees in my estimation since I heard his defence of the Morning Journal Newspaper; never was there a more miserable failure, the records of forensic eloquence present not a single instance of a more abortive effort, than Mr. Pollock's speech on this occasion proved. A disagreeable mixture of law and declamation, just such a melancholy exhibition as might be expected from a mere lawyer, endeavouring to work himself into a fit of premeditated oratorical enthusiasm, evidently shewing that he thought it incumbent upon him to say something original and forcible, could he only discern what that original and forcible thing ought to be.

As a proof of the wretched taste in which this speech was conceived, it will be enough to say that he commenced by acquainting the jury with that solemn and interesting fact, that the press was the palladium of *all* their liberties, for which he cited his case in point, "the dedication of Junius:" then he read copious extracts from several big books with which his junior supplied him. And lastly, by way of peroration, he lugged in Erskine for the praiseworthy purpose, I presume, of proving to his audience how much he and Erskine differed: not satisfied with passing a barren compliment to the memory of that illustrious advocate, he must needs quote a passage, a glowing and highly-wrought passage, which would require all the energy and fire of an Erskine to carry off successfully. Brief though it was, Mr. Pollock had not committed it to memory, but pausing, he turned round to his obliging junior, who supplied him with the book, from which he read with admirable self-possession and composure, the following extract from Erskine's defence of Cuthell:

"The court of king's bench, since I have been at the bar, pronounced the infamous judgment of the pillory on a most respectable proprietor of a newspaper for a libel on the Russian Ambassador, copied, too, out of another paper, but which *I myself* showed to the court by the affidavit of his physician, appeared in the *first* as well as in the *second* paper, whilst the defendant was on his sick-bed in the country, delirious in a fever. I believe that affidavit is still on the files of the court. I have thought of it often, I have dreamed of it and started from my sleep, sunk back to sleep, and started from it again. The painful recollection of it I shall die with."

Of course this fell most languidly upon the ears of his audience, affected nobody, and almost converted into burlesque what was meant for a most touching appeal. I doubt if there be an individual at the English bar who could conduct a case of this description with such signal success as Mr. Denman; he has many of the best requisites for an advocate:

energetic and manly, nervous and impressive, he never suffers the attention to flag, or the subject to become wearisome; there is no insipidity, no stiffness or coldness about him: vigorous and effective, he does not approach the subject with the cautious policy of a hackneied pleader, fearful of committing little faults, but throwing himself heart and soul into his cause, he identifies himself at once with his client's interest; he does not hesitate to weigh his words, and ponder upon sentences, but grapples boldly with his subject, and unlike those declaimers who are loud only in expression, while feeble in sentiment, he delivers his opinions in language pregnant with sound sense and generous feeling, advocating the cause he has espoused with zeal and intrepidity.

(To be concluded in our next.)

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck; a Romance. By the Author of Frankenstein. 3 vols. post 8vo.—London, Colburn and Bentley.

Mrs. Shelley, in her preface to this novel, boldly avows the conviction that the so-named Perkin Warbeck was in reality the true Plantagenet, the lost young Duke of York. She says it is impossible to examine the records on the subject that exist in the tower of London, without coming to the same conclusion; and accordingly she makes the various adventures of this unfortunate prince, (so she insists on styling him,) commencing with his rescue from the tower in early childhood, and ending with the fatal termination of his career upon the scaffold, the story of her work. It is a sad recital; a series of disasters, enlivened only by the marriage of her hero with the lady Catherine Gordon; but yet the book is written with so much energy both of thought and expression, combined with so much truth and feminine delicacy of perception and feeling, that the reader's attention never for a moment flags. The characters are well contrasted with each other, and vividly developed in skilful relief, while the book is full of business, spirit-stirring scenes following each other in rapid succession, and always clearly and powerfully described. After Lord Lovel's unsuccessful insurrection, he traversed England with the alleged son of Edward Fourth under his charge: they are represented as arriving late and travel-wearied, on a stormy night, at a lonely cottage on a wild moor; soon after they had lain down to rest, two other storm-drenched travellers force an entrance into the hut, who prove to be Mynheer Jahn Warbeck, a Flemish money-lender well known at court, and his sister. Part of the scene that follows explains Mrs. Shelley's version of the passage of history, and the picture of the sleeping child is womanly and touching:

"Lovel and Warbeck kept silence, till the deep breathing of their companions shewed that they slept: then, in reply to the Fleming's questions, Lovel related the history of the last months, and at the conclusion frankly asked his advice and assistance in accomplishing his design of conveying the Duke of York to Winchester. Warbeck looked thoughtful on this demand, and after a pause said, 'I cannot say wherefore this unfortunate prince excites so strong an interest in me; for in truth my heart yearns towards him as if he were akin to me. Is it because he bore for a time my poor boy's name?'

"Warbeck paused; his hard features were strongly marked by grief—'I and my sister,' he continued, 'crossed the country to visit my Peterkin, who was ill—who is lost to me now for ever.'

"A pause again ensued: the young soldier respected too much the father's grief to interrupt it. At length the Fleming said, 'Lord Lovel I will—I trust I can—save Duke Richard's life. My sister is kind-hearted; and the silence you have observed concerning the very existence of King Edward's son makes the task more easy. Madeline is about to return to her own country; she was to have taken my Peterkin with her. Let the prince again assume that name: it shall be my care to escort him in this character to Winchester; and at Portsmouth they may embark, while you follow your own plans, and take refuge with the friends you mention in these parts.'

"As Warbeck spoke, Lovel motioned to him to observe his sister, who, unable to sleep, was observing them with attention. 'Madeline does not understand our English,' said her brother; 'but it were well that she joined our counsels, which may continue in French. I have your leave, my lord, to disclose your secret to her? Fear her not: she would die rather than injure one hair of that poor child's head.'

"On Warbeck's invitation, the lady rose; and he, taking her hand, led her to the low couch of the Duke of York. Sleep and gentle dreams spread an irradiation of beauty over him: his glowing cheek, his eyes hardly closed, the masses of rich auburn hair that clustered on a brow of infantine smoothness and candour, the little hand and arm, which, thrown above his head, gave an air of helplessness to his attitude, combined to form a picture of childish grace and sweetness which no woman, and that woman a mother, could look on without emotions of tenderness. 'What an angelic child!' said the fair sister of Warbeck, as she stooped to kiss his rosy cheek—'what a noble looking boy! Who is he?'

"'One proscribed,' said the Cavalier—'one whom he who reigns over England would consign to a dungeon. Were he to fall into the hands of his enemies, they might not, indeed dare not, cut him off violently; but they would consume and crush him, by denying him all that contributes to health and life.'"

Perkin's two visits to Ireland are very circumstantially narrated, but we can only find room for part of the attack on Waterford, described in the account of the second:

"On the fifteenth of July, 1497, the Duke of York, the Earl of Desmond, and the other chief of many names, some Geraldines, all allied to, or subject to them, as the O'Briens, the Roches, the Macarthys, the Barrys, and others, assembled at Youghall, a town subject to the Earl of Desmond, and situated about mid-way between Cork and Waterford, at the mouth of the river Blackwater.

"On the twenty-second of July the army was in movement, and entered the county of Waterford; the chiefs, at the head of their respective followers, proceeded to the shrine of St. Declan at Ardmore, to make their vows for the success of their expedition. The church at Ardmore, the round tower, the shrine, and healing-rock, were all objects of peculiar sanctity. The Countess of Desmond, and her young son, and the fair Duchess of York, accompanied this procession from Youghall. After the celebration of mass, the illustrious throng congregated on the rocky eminence, on which the mysterious tower is built overlooking the little bay, where the calm waters broke gently on the pebbly beach. It was a beauteous summer day; the noonday heat was tempered by the sea breeze, and relieved by the regular plash of the billows, as they spent themselves on the shore. A kind of silence—such silence as there can be among a multitude, such a silence as is preserved when the winds sing among the pines—possessed the crowd: they stood in security, in peace, surrounded by such objects as excited piety and awe; and yet the hopes of the warrior, and, if such a word may be used, a warrior's fears, possessed them; it was such a pause as the mountain-goat makes ere he commits himself to the precipice. A moment afterwards all was in motion; to the sound of warlike instruments the troops wound up the Ardmore mountains, looking down on the little fleet, that stemmed its slow way towards the harbour of Waterford. The ladies were left alone with few attendants. The young Duchess gazed on that band of departing warriors, whose sole standard was the spotless rose; they were soon lost in the foldings of the hills; again they emerged; her straining eye caught them. That litt e speck upon the mountain-side contained the sole hope and joy of her life, exposed to danger for the sake of little good; for Katherine, accustomed to the sight of armies, and to the companionship of chiefs and rulers, detected at once the small chance there was, that these men could bring to terms a strongly fortified city; but resignation supplied the place of hope; she believed that Richard would be spared; and, but for his own sake, she cared little whether a remote home in Ireland, or a palace in England receive them. She looked again on the mountain path; no smallest moving object gave sign of life; the sun-light slept upon the heathy uplands; the grey rocks stood in shadowy grandeur; Katherine sighed and turned again to the chapel, to offer still more fervent prayers, that on this beauteous earth, beneath this bright genial heaven, she might not be left desolate: whatever else her fortune, that Richard might be hers.

"The army which the Earl of Desmond led against Waterford, did not consist of more than two thousand men. With these he invested the western division of the city. Richard, with his peculiar troop, took his position at the extremity of this line, nearest Passage, close to Lumbard's Marsh, there to protect the disembarkment of troops from the fleet.

Neither party failed in zeal or activity. The first days were actively employed in erecting works and bringing the cannon to play upon the town. On the third, in the very midst of their labours, while the Earl in his litter was carried close under the walls among the pioneers, and Lord Barry in his eagerness seized a spade and began to work, signals of attack were made from the town, and the troops poured out from the nearest gate. The advanced guard were too few to contend with them; they were driven back on the entrenchments. The citizens were full of fury and indignation; they rushed forward with loud cries, and created a confusion, which Desmond and Lord Barry were not slow to encounter; they brought a few regular troops to stand the assault; a well pointed cannon from the town

swept the thin lines; they fell back; a yell of victory was raised by the men of Waterford; it reached the out-post of Duke Richard: he, with a score of men, five among them, with himself, being cavaliers armed at all points, were viewing a portion of the walls that seemed most open to assault; the roar of cannon and the clash of arms called him to more perilous occupation; he galloped towards the scene of action; and, while still the faltering men of Desmond were ashamed to fly, yet dared not stand, he, with his little troop, attacked the enemy on their flank. The white steed, the nodding plume, the flashing sword of York were foremost in the fray; Neville and Plantagenet were close behind; these knights in their iron armour seemed to the half-disciplined Irish like invulnerable statues, machines to offend, impregnable to offence; twenty such might have turned the fortunes of a more desperate day: their antagonists fell back. The knight of Kerry led on at this moment a reinforcement of Geraldines, and a cannon, which hitherto had been rebel to the cannoneer's art, opened its fiery mouth with such loud injurious speech, that for many moments the dread line it traced remained a blank. Richard saw the post of advantage, and endeavoured to throw himself between the enemy and the city: he did not succeed; but, on the contrary, was nearly cut off himself by a reinforcement of townsmen, sent to secure the retreat of their fellows. Those who saw him fight that day spoke of him as a wonder: the heart that had animated him in Andalusia was awake; as there he smote to death the turbaned Moor; so now he dealt mortal blows on all around, fearless of the pressing throng and still encreasing numbers. While thus hurried away by martial enthusiasm, the sound of a distant trumpet caught his ear, and the echo of fire arms followed; it came from the east—his own post was attacked: now, when he wished to retreat, he first discerned how alone and how surrounded he was; yet, looking on his foes he saw, but for their numbers, how despicable they were; to a knight, what was this throng of half-armed burghers and naked kerns, who pell mell aimed at him, every blow ineffectual? But again the loud bellow of distant cannon called him, and he turned to retreat—a cloud of missiles rattled against him; his shield was struck through; the bullets rebounded from his case of iron, while his sword felled an enemy at every stroke; and now, breaking through the opposing rank on the other side, his friends joined him—the citizens recoiled. 'Old Reginald's tower,' they averred, 'would have bled sooner than these Sir Tristans—they were charmed men, and lead and good arrow-heads were softer than paper-pellets on their sides.' The first movement of panic was enough; before their leaders could rally them again to the attack, the English knights were far, riding at full speed towards the eastern gate.

"Here Richard's presence was enough to restore victory to his standard—flushed, panting, yet firm in his seat, his hand true and dangerous in its blows, there was something superhuman in his strength and courage, yet more fearful than his sharp sword. The excess of chivalrous ardour, the burning desire to mingle in the thickest fight, made danger happiness, and all the terrible shows of war entrancing joys to York. When reproached for rashness by his cousin, his bright eye was brighter for a tear, as he cried, 'Cousin, I must have some part of my inheritance: my kingdom I shall never gain—glory—a deathless name—oh, must not these belong to him who possesses Katherine? The proud Scots, who looked askance at my nuptials, shall avow at least that she wedded no craven-hearted loon.'"

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A second and midnight attack that followed, is thus vividly described:

"Had an angel, on poized wings of heavenly grain, hovered over the city of Waterford, gazing on its star pointing spires, the reflecting waters of the Suir, the tranquil hills and woods that gathered round the river, he would have believed such quiet inviolate, and blessed the sleep that hushed the miserable passions of humanity to repose. Anon there came the splash of waters, the shout of men, the sentinels' startled cry, the sudden rush of the guard, the clash of swords, the scream, the low groan, the protracted howl, and the fierce bark of the watch-dog joining in. The celestial angel has soared to heaven, scared; and yet honour, magnanimity, devotion filled the hearts of those who thus turned to hell a seeming paradise. Led by Richard and De Faro, while a party was left behind to ensure retreat, another rushed forward right through the town, to throw open the western gate, and admit Desmond, before the terrified citizens had exchanged their nightcaps for helmets; in vain: already the market-place was filled with soldiers ready for the encounter; guided by a native, they endeavoured to find a way through the bye-streets; they lost themselves; they got entangled in narrow allies; the awakened citizens cast upon their heads tiles, blocks of wood, all they could lay hands upon; to get back to the square was their only salvation; although the storm and yell that rose behind, assured them that Desmond had commenced the attack. With diminished numbers York regained the market-place; here he was furiously attacked; the crowd still increased, until the knot of assailants might have been crushed, it seemed, by mere numbers; day, bright day, with its golden clouds and swift pacing sun, dawned upon the scene. In one of those pauses which sometimes occur in the most chaotic roar, a trumpet was heard, sounding as it seemed Desmond's retreat from the walls. Richard felt that he was deserted, that all hope was over; and to secure the retreat of his men was a work of sufficient difficulty. Foot to foot the young hero and the veteran fought; one by the quickness of his blows, the other by his tower-like strength, keeping back the enemy; while retreating slowly, their faces to the foe, they called on their men to make good their escape. They reached the quay—they saw the wide river, their refuge; their vessels near at hand, the boats hovering close, their safety was in sight, and yet hope of safety died in their hearts, so many and so fierce were those who pressed on them. Richard was wounded, weary, faint; De Faro alone—Reginald's old tower, which, dark and scathless, frowned on them, seemed his type. They were at the water's edge, and the high tide kissed with its waves the very footway of the quay: 'Courage, my Lord, a few more blows and we are safe:' the mariner spoke thus, for he saw Richard totter; and his arm, raised feebly, fell again without a stroke. At that moment, a flame, and then a bellowing roar, announced that the tardy cannoneer had at last opened his battery on the fleet, from the tower. One glance De Faro cast on his caravel; the bolt had struck and damaged one of the vessels, but the Adalid escaped. 'Courage, my Lord!' again he shouted; and at that moment a blow was struck at Richard which felled him; he lay stretched at De Faro's feet. Ere it could be repeated, the head of the assailant was cleft by a Moorish scymitar. With furious strength, De Faro then hurled his weapon among the soldiers; the unexpected act made them recoil; he lifted up the insensible form of Richard with the power of an elephant; he cast him into the near waves, and leapt in after: raising him with one hand, he cut the waters with the other, and swam thus towards his vessel, pursued by a rain of missiles; one arrow glanced on Richard's unstrung helmet, another fixed itself in the joint at the neck; but De Faro was unhurt. He passed, swimming thus, the nearest vessels; the sailors crowded to the sides, imploring him to enter: as if it had been schoolboy's sport he refused, till he reached the Adalid, till his own men raised Richard, revived now, but feeble, to her worn deck: and he, on board her well-known planks, felt superior to every sovereign in the world."

By the bye, it may not be unnecessary to apprise our readers that another work called "Perkin Warbeck, or the Court of James the Fourth of Scotland, an historical Romance, by Alexander Campbell," has just appeared. We have not seen the book, which is from the press of Leadenhall-street, (published by Newman and Co.;) but we observe the following summary of its merits by a contemporary Edinburgh critic: "We have read many worse books than Perkin Warbeck, and could mention several writers of historical romances a good deal inferior to Alexander Campbell." This flattering opinion reminds one of the warm panegyric pronounced by Pennant on a certain Duke of Cleveland, whose palace he happened to visit:—"The duke is a light-hearted, cheerful old gentleman, and in conversation far from an idiot."

Waverley Novels; Vol. XIII. New Edition with the Author's Notes.—Cadell and Co. Edinburgh; and Simpkin and Marshall, London.

This volume contains the conclusion of the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian,' and the commencement of the 'Bride of Lammermoor.' The only long or very particular note in the remaining portion of the story of Jeanie Deans, is that anent the poor maniac, Feckless Fannie, from whom the first conception of Madge Wildfire was taken by the author. The following is a brief abstract of her history:—

"When Feckless Fannie appeared in Ayrshire, for the first time, in the summer of 1769, she attracted much notice, from being attended by twelve or thirteen sheep, who seemed all endued with faculties so much superior to the ordinary race of animals of the same species, as to excite universal astonishment. She had for each a different name, to which it answered when called by its mistress, and would likewise obey in the most surprising manner any command she thought proper to give. When travelling, she always walked in front of her flock, and they followed her closely behind. When she lay down at night in the fields, for she would never enter into a house, they always disputed who should lie next to

her, by which means she was kept warm, while she lay in the midst of them; when she attempted to rise from the ground, an old ram, whose name was Charlie, always claimed the sole right of assisting her; pushing any that stood in his way aside, until he arrived right before his mistress; he then bowed his head nearly to the ground that she might lay her hands on his horns, which were very large; he then lifted her gently from the ground by raising his head. If she chanced to leave her flock feeding, as soon as they discovered she was gone, they all began to bleat most piteously, and would continue to do so till she returned; they would then testify their joy by rubbing their sides against her petticoat, and frisking about.

"Feckless Fannie was not, like most other demented creatures, fond of fine dress; on her head she wore an old slouched hat, over her shoulders an old plaid, and carried always in her hand a shepherd's crook; with any of these articles, she invariably declared she would not part for any consideration whatever. When she was interrogated why she set so much value on things seemingly so insignificant, she would sometimes relate the history of her misfortune, which was briefly as follows:—

"'I am the only daughter of a wealthy squire in the north of England, but I loved my father's shepherd, and that has been my ruin; for my father, fearing his family would be disgraced by such an alliance, in a passion mortally wounded my lover with a shot from a pistol. I arrived just in time to receive the last blessing of the dying man, and to close his eyes in death. He bequeathed me his little all, but I only accepted these sheep to be my sole companions through life, and this hat, this plaid, and this crook, all of which I will carry until I descend into the grave.'

"This is the substance of a ballad, eighty-four lines of which I copied down lately from the recitation of an old woman in this place, who says she has seen it in print, with a plate on the title-page, representing Fannie with her sheep behind her."

The following epitome of the story upon which that most tragical tragedy, the Bride of Lammermoor, was founded, will be read with great interest; it would seem that in it Sir Walter has departed less widely from the actual facts of the case, at least the facts as represented, than in any of the others:

"Miss Janet Dalrymple, daughter of the first Lord Stair, and Dame Margaret Ross, had engaged herself without the knowledge of her parents to the Lord Rutherford, who was not acceptable to them either on account of his political principles, or his want of fortune. The young couple broke a piece of gold together, and pledged their troth in the most solemn manner; and it is said the young lady imprecated dreadful evils on herself should she break her plighted faith. Shortly after a suitor who was favoured by Lord Stair, and still more so by his lady, paid his addresses to Miss Dalrymple. The young lady refused the proposal, and being pressed on the subject, confessed her secret engagement. Lady Stair, a woman accustomed to universal submission, (for even her husband did not dare to contradict her,) treated this objection as a trifle, and insisted upon her daughter yielding her consent to marry the new suitor, David Dunbar, son and heir to David Dunbar of Baldoon, in Wigtonshire. The first lover, a man of very high spirit, then interfered by letter, and insisted on the right he had acquired by his troth plighted with the young lady. Lady Stair sent him for answer, that her daughter, sensible of her undutiful behaviour in entering into a contract unsanctioned by her parents, had retracted her unlawful vow, and now refused to fulfil her engagement with him.

"The lover, in return, declined positively to receive such an answer from any one but his mistress in person; and as she had to deal with a man who was both of a most determined character, and of too high condition to be trifled with, Lady Stair was obliged to consent to an interview between Lord Rutherford and her daughter. But she took care to be present in person, and argued the point with the disappointed and incensed lover with pertinacity equal to his own. She particularly insisted on the Levitical law, which declares that a woman shall be free of a vow which her parents dissent from. This is the passage of Scripture she founded on:—

"'If a man vow a vow unto the Lord, or swear an oath to bind his soul with a bond; he shall not break his word, he shall do according to all that proceedeth out of his mouth.

"'If a woman also vow a vow unto the Lord, and bind herself by a bond, being in her father's house in her youth;

"'And her father hear her vow, and her bond wherewith she hath bound her soul, and her father shall hold his peace at her: then all her vows shall stand, and every bond wherewith she hath bound her soul shall stand.

"'But if her father disallow her in the day that he heareth; not any of her vows, or of her bonds wherewith she hath bound her soul, shall stand: and the Lord shall forgive her, because her father disallowed her.'—Numbers, xxx. 2, 3, 4, 5.

"While the mother insisted on these topics, the lover in vain conjured the daughter to declare her own opinion and feelings. She remained totally overwhelmed, as it seemed,—mute, pale, and motionless as a statue. Only at her mother's command, sternly uttered, she summoned strength enough to restore to her plighted suitor the piece of broken gold, which was the emblem of her troth. On this he burst forth into a tremendous passion, took leave of the mother with maledictions, and as he left the apartment, turned back to say to his weak, if not fickle mistress, 'For you, madam, you will be a world's wonder;' a phrase by which some remarkable degree of calamity is usually implied. He went abroad, and returned not again. If the last Lord Rutherford was the unfortunate party, he must have been the third who bore that title, and who died in 1685.

"The marriage betwixt Janet Dalrymple and David Dunbar of Baldoon now went forward, the bride showing no repugnance, but being absolutely passive in every thing her mother commanded or advised. On the day of the marriage, which, as was then usual, was celebrated by a great assemblage of friends and relations, she was the same—sad, silent, and resigned, as it seemed, to her destiny. A lady, very nearly connected with the family, told the author that she had conversed on the subject with one of the brothers of the bride, a mere lad at the time, who had ridden before his sister to church. He said her hand, which lay on his as she held her arm round his waist, was as cold and damp as marble. But, full of his new dress, and the part he acted in the procession, the circumstance, which he long afterwards remembered with bitter sorrow and compunction, made no impression on him at the time.

"The bridal feast was followed by dancing; the bride and bridegroom retired as usual, when of a sudden the most wild and piercing cries were heard from the nuptial chamber. It was then the custom, to prevent any coarse pleasantry which old times perhaps admitted, that the key of the nuptial chamber should be intrusted to the brideman. He was called upon, but refused at first to give it up, till the shrieks became so hideous that he was compelled to hasten with others to learn the cause. On opening the door, they found the bridegroom lying across the threshold, dreadfully wounded, and streaming with blood. The bride was then sought for: She was found in the corner of the large chimney, having no covering save her shift, and that dabbled in gore. There she sat grinning at them, mopping and mowing, as I heard the expression used; in a word, absolutely insane. The only words she spoke were, 'Tak up your bonny bridegroom.' She survived this horrible scene little more than a fortnight, having been married on the 24th of August, and dying on the 12th of September, 1669.

"The unfortunate Baldoon recovered from his wounds, but sternly prohibited all enquiries respecting the manner in which he had received them. If a lady, he said, asked him any question upon the subject, he would neither answer her nor speak to her again while he lived; if a gentleman, he would consider it as a mortal affront, and demand satisfaction as having received such. He did not very long survive the dreadful catastrophe, having met with a fatal injury by a fall from his horse, as he rode between Leith and Holyrood-house, of which he died the next day, 28th March, 1682. Thus a few years removed all the principal actors in this frightful tragedy."

The designs which adorn this volume, are by Stephanoff and Farrier; the first represents the final rejection of Edgar Ravenswood by Lucy Ashton, or rather by her mother,—a scene, by the bye, which does not occur in this volume; the second is the interview of Sir William and Lucy with old Alice. The Annuals have made us such epicures in engravings that we find it difficult to be pleased now with those of even second-rate excellence.

Irish Cottagers. By Mr. Martin Doyle.—Dublin, Curry and Co.

[UNPUBLISHED.]

THIS little book is written by the Author of Hints to the Small Farmers of Ireland; a work which has already reached a sixth edition: we heartily rejoice to hear that it has been so eminently successful, for it is a manual of plain practical information that we would gladly see in the hands of every working farmer in the country. The present little volume is devoted rather to amusement than instruction, and is, in our opinion, somewhat inferior both in design and execution to the former. It is intended as a delineation of Irish character and manners, as the author informs us he daily meets them in the South-eastern parts of the province of Leinster. The marriage of Mick Kinshella, a thrifty sensible 'boy,' and the commencement of his farm management under the direc-

tion of his landlord, with which the book begins, offers an opportunity, however, of combining practical instruction with his sketches of character, of which the author does not fail to avail himself. Kinshella had a married neighbour, Nick Moran, a very different sort of person from himself, whose character and progress are thus described:

"Nick himself had been always a roystering blade, fond of company and sport, yet shrewd and cunning in some things; a good judge of cattle, and a keen hand at a bargain, for his father had been in the habit of sending him as a cattle-jobber to distant fairs, to purchase cows or pigs, which they often afterwards sold to advantage. The habits of tippling which Nick had contracted in his rambling excursions, owing, in a great degree, to a very evil custom among his humble countrymen, of never buying or selling without the whiskey-bottle, as a party, did not contribute any good qualities to his character; and to render matters worse, his wife was a tea-drinker, and a company-keeper in his absence, occasionally pilfering a bag of potatoes, a stone of meal, or a barrel of oats, for the publican, or the huxter who supplied her with tea and sugar, whiskey and tobacco. The candle was thus melting at both ends, and every thing went wrong *within* the house, and *without* it. The fields in which the job cattle were confined between one fair and another, were poached in *wet* weather; the fences were broken down, and left so; the drains were choked up, and not cleared again; the crops were half weeded; in a word, every thing denoted carelessness, mismanagement, and want of economy. The fifty pounds at length went to clear off rent and arrears, which had been accumulating for three years, and the cattle vanished also. The last struggle which Nick made to replace them was in vain, and so it deserved to be. He had picked up, for two pounds, an abominably vicious, untractable little pony, that would neither lead nor drive, unless when overpowered by flogging and fatigue, and its determination to draw anything was insuperable. Nick, however, contrived to force the animal to a very distant fair, and to exhibit him, his own long legs astride on him all the time, at the green where horses were ranged for sale. It soon happened that one of the Society of Friends, attracted by the excellent points of the animal, enquired his price; but the bargain shall be stated exactly as it was made, in the presence of a crowd of petty horse-dealers.

"*Friend.*—What will thee take for thy pony?

"*Nick.*—Fifteen guineas, your honour.

"*Friend.*—Don't honour me; 'honour to whom honour.' But won't thee take less?

"*Nick*—(Scratching his head, and considering, perhaps, that the quaker was not to be huxtered with.) May be I might give a good luck-penny.

"*Friend.*—But, first, will he draw a car, or little carriage? Thee must engage him.

"*Nick.*—Och! *let him alone* for that.

"*Friend.*—Will thee warrant him to plough?

"*Nick.*—To plough, is it? I tell you what I'll warrant—that car, cart, and plough, *are all alike* to him. (*Aside.* The devil a one of 'em will the same baste ever put his back under.) And I won't ax the money till you get on his back and try him, how pleasant and aisy he travels. For Nick knew very well that the pony was sobered enough by this time to carry any person; and quietly and smoothly did he now move under the '*friend*,' who, finding no reasonable fault with him, at once offered the sum which, on coming to the fair, he had intended to expend in the purchase of horse-flesh—ten pounds—a very old saddle and bridle included in the bargain.

"*Nick.*—Why, then, if I take ten guineas this day for him, may I be—

"*Friend.*—If thee swears, thee may keep thy horse. I'll give thee no more. (*Going.*)

"*Nick.*—Well, well, you're a quaker, sure enough, then, and I must be at a word with you. You must give me a luck-penny, anyhow, to drink.

"*Friend.*—I'll give thee a shilling to refresh thyself, but don't thee exceed.

"After Nick had reiterated his protestations of the pony's excellencies, the simple, and upright quaker paid him his money, which Nick might have carried home, had not his besetting sin assailed him in a critical moment. There was a tent hard by; the luck-penny was in his hand; in went Nick, and changed not only his shilling, but a pound-note afterwards; and there he remained for that day, and part of the succeeding one, until some acquaintances of the quaker, witnesses of the bargain, came in with a constable, took Nick before a magistrate, proved to the engagement, *implied*, though not, perhaps, expressed in the straightest form of words, and obliged him to surrender the purchase-money, ten shillings of which, however, had been spent in the tent, where the fascinations of a drunken piper had so long detained him.

"Nick's dishonesty, for such his conduct really was in principle, however disguised by the *trickery* of words, and the character of his pony, being now completely *blown* through the fair, our unfortunate jobber had to come home again just as he went, only that the pony died on the road, from ill-usage and exhaustion.

"The *gale*-day soon came round again, and Nick was at length ejected from his farm, and glad to find shelter for himself and his family in a wretched cabin, on the road-side, with a small potato-garden behind it, for which he was charged, by a man almost as poor as himself, only four times its value.

"He was ever afterwards, as may be supposed, in one perplexity or another, from his total want of discretion, economy, and self-restraint; careless, idle, and improvident, while his potatoes lasted; compelled, when they were consumed, which was usually at the end of December, to slave unremittingly, in order to preserve himself from beggary; and still there was no trusting him with a shilling in his pocket, although that shilling was earned by the sweat of his brow."

After a description of the wake and funeral of Peter Dempsey, deputy supervisor of roads, whose body is stolen from the grave by a company of "Sackem-ups" who though observed escaped scot-free in consequence of being taken for "sperits," a humorous account of the pursuit when their real character was discovered is given. The relations of Dempsey, believing that it was the intention of the resurrectionists to embark the body of their friend for Scotland, for the especial benefit of Dr. Knox's pupils, directed their chase towards Dublin, from which port they concluded it would be shipped, and after many vain inquiries and disappointments, on drawing near the city they stopped to lean over the battlements of one of the canal bridges and look about them, when they descried on the trackway almost under the bridge, and as if sculking from public observation, a man driving a car, upon which was placed a large hamper carefully roped. This was proof positive:

"In a shorter time than I shall occupy in telling it, a shout was raised, cudgels were flourished, the carman was at once unceremoniously knocked down, the horse unyoked, the rope was cut from the hamper, and there was taken out, with much agitation and trembling—the flesh, not of the late deputy supervisor, but—of four turkey pouts, and a couple of crammed fowl, a ham, and some sausages, which, it subsequently appeared, the carman had been employed to take from the Wexford market, to a gentleman in the Dublin post-office establishment, who would, doubtless, have most reluctantly bartered those little white and plump carcases, for the goodliest corpse in the churchyard of Farnasheshery."

The result of this valiant exploit, is, as might be expected, that the assailing party is seized by the police and severally committed to Kilmainham gaol, whence, after much debating as to what was to be done, the "scollard" of the party writes home the following letter to their common landlord in the country:

"Honored Sir,

"I make bould to trouble your honour, about the sityation your tennants are in, and all for nothing, at all, at all, but a bit of a mistake, that happened to us joust as we overtuck the car that we thought had Peter's corpse in it, and if your honour does'nt see us ritified, and taken out of hoult, which one line from your honour, would do, supposing it was for a worse thing itself that we were in for, let alone looking for our own flesh and blood, (which Peter is to most of us consarned,) we'll be destroyed for good, intirely, and the busy sason going on, and we fifty miles from Farnasheshery. Your honour needs to be informed, that we are all taken afore one Mr. Justice Gabit, (and his own share of gab he has, sure enough,) and he said that we must give bail to appear at the next quarter sessions, for stopping the car on the high road, and salting the driver; and sure there could'nt be an asalt, when no one touched him, only Nick Moran *hot* him one blow, that would'nt hurt a sucking child, just to make him asy, till we looked into the basket for the poor corpse, and the justis would'nt believe one word about Peter Dempsey being stolen away to Dublin, though I tried to incense it into him, and to make him sensible, but he turned the bothered ear to us intirely; and so if your honour will joust write a bit of a letter to see us ritified, he'll let us out, for sure he would'nt dar to brake your honour's word.

"Your humble sarvant,
"RICHARD DOYLE.

"P. S. Jem Cassidy will deliver this, 'tis he had the luck of the world to go the other rode."

TAKE NOTIS,

"This is to sartify, that one Peter Dempsey was stole out of his greave and he hardly settled in it, last tuesday night, by some evil minded Scotch villians, who left their marks and tokens behind them; one of them is well known by them that seen him, as follows: there was a dog alonge wid im, with a croped

ear, and a very shart tale; wore when he went away, a pare of blew throwsers, and hussian boots, and had a large white speck on his back besides; the baste had a very starved looke, and was about five foot eleven inches in his stocking feet, had a collor about his neck, and was seemingly lame in one of his hind legs, from a bite from another dog; his head was covered with a blewish hanketcher, having left his scotch cap in the church-yard, being in a hurry, I suppose, when the hullaboloo was set up. Any one that brings intilligence of Peter's corpse, so as it is'nt already nautomised by the doctors, to any of us, whose names are described below, will receive a reward, which we can settle the amount between ourselves when we meet.

PATRICK DEMPSEY—Brother's son of same.
his
JER. SULLIVAN—⋊ Brother's daughter's husband.
mark
his
TIM DELANY—⋊ Son's daughter's husband of same.
mark
RICHARD DOYLE.
his
NICHOLAS MORAN—⋊
mark

"N. B. Any one that is lothe to give information, except in private, will be trated accordingly; and I promis to tell it to no man, excepting my wife, which is all as one as myself.

RICHARD DOYLE.

"Postcrip—Pleas inquire at the gaol."

As this volume is 'mere Irish' we shall return to it again next week, when it will, we believe, be published.

Essay on the History, Religion, Learning, Arts, and Government of Ireland, from the Birth of Christ to the English Invasion. By John D'Alton, Esq. M. R. I. A. &c.—Dublin: R. Graisberry. [UNPUBLISHED.]

THIRD NOTICE.

In our former notices of this curious and valuable volume, we brought down the author's summary of Irish history to the invasion of the Danes, A. D. 795; we now resume our *précis* of the volume, commencing with the first of the two remaining periods into which it is divided, viz. that which extends from the last named date to the year 1014, when the famous battle of Clontarf was fought.

"There is one general notice of Ireland in this period, which, while it cannot be referred to any particular head, is well worthy of insertion; it is that of Donatus, who, in the middle of the ninth century, thus beautifully describes the island:

"'Finibus occiduis describitur optima tellus,
Nomine et antiquis *Scotia* scripta libris;
Insula dives opum gemmarum vestis et auri,
Commoda corporibus, aere, sole, solo;
Melle fluit, pulchris et lacteis Scotia campis,
Vestibus atque armis, frugibus, arte, viris.
Ursorum rabies nulla est ibi saeva, leonum
Semina nec unquam Scotica terra tulit.
Nulla venena nocent, nec serpens serpit in herbâ.
Nec conquesta canit garrula rana lacu,
In quâ Scotorum gentes habitare merentur,
Inclyta gens hominum milite, pace, fide.'

"After this highly interesting description of a country, peaceful and sequestered, what a frightful, appalling history succeeds; as if Donatus's picture had been sketched when the fame of Ireland was setting in grandeur, and all that too rapidly follows is mist and vapour, and intellectual darkness, illumined only by the torch of desolation, the fire of churches, convents, palaces, and cities, consuming into promiscuous ashes.

"The pirates of the north, Danes, Frisians, Norwegians, Swedes, and Livonians, had within the scope of the last period, commenced those systematic expeditions for plunder, which assimilated them to the descendants of Ishmael, their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them. At first these incursions were conducted with little system, 'a chieftain sailed with a few ships and collected all the scattered adventurers who were willing to partake his fortunes; they landed on the coast, and formed a temporary fortress, to which, as to a strong hold, they drove all the cattle, and having killed and salted them, the freebooters returned home, where they spent their jol, (i. e. yule,) or brumal feast, with much glee and triumph. Such an expedition was called a strand-hoggva, or strand-slaughter.' Horses, it would appear, were on such occasions a great article of rapine, and the feast of jol, which lasted three days, is thought to have derived its name from the eating the flesh of these animals."

. . . . .

"It is obviously deducible from the history of this interval, that the march of religion and morality must have been cruelly checked by the progress of the Danish tyrannies. Christianity had hitherto, as Cambrensis admits, remained untainted and unshaken (illibata et inconcussa.) But henceforward the Christian clergy could only preserve their lives in the intricacies of woods, and bogs, and caverns; and Jocelin goes the length of affirming, that deviations both in discipline and doctrine were the result of this breaking up of the ecclesiastical communities. By great efforts of endurance, however, some of the principal schools were maintained, and notices can still be found of many a youth, who 'in Hiberniam eruditionis causâ missus; Ardmachæ humanis literis imbutus est.'"

Passing from the perpetual ravages of these invaders, their burnings, slaughters, and desecrations, to the sciences, literature, and learned men of this period, our author proceeds as follows:

"When the Danes first arrived in Ireland, they found the country, as has been shewn, covered with populous towns and flourishing schools, wherein the sciences were taught and the arts cultivated; but in the melancholy period of their military occupation, they rioted over the land with such ruinous desolation, that scarcely a monument of its former pride was suffered to survive. Trained up, as they were, from their infancy to the barbarous chivalry of a pirate life, devoted to the profession of arms so as to pay almost divine honours to their swords; inured and accustomed to feats of desperate valour, educated only in the experience of dangerous exercises, leaping, skating, and swimming; they set but little value on the opportunities for better instruction, which, on their first coming into Ireland opened around them. Notwithstanding their ravages, however, some of the academies maintained a precarious establishment, as has been shewn in the case of Armagh; and 'after the destruction of Icolmkill, Ireland sheltered and preserved that learning, which Scotland in a great measure lost; whence, in Ireland are to be found numerous historical documents and records, which the antiquarian looks for in vain among any archives or collections of antiquities in Scotland.'

"Some few native annals-writers flourished at this period, whose works have partly descended to the present age. Cormac, a petty king of Munster, is the most remarkable of these, as being the author of the Psalter of Cashel, a MS. we believe yet extant, and considered of the highest authority. Mac Liag was also an eminent annalist of the day. He was chief antiquary of Ireland in the time of Brien Boroimhe, whose life he wrote. He also composed the Munster book of battles, which gives the most authentic account of the rencounters with the Danes down to the memorable action at Clontarf. He was likewise an eminent poet, and some of his poems are still extant. Of these an address to Kincora after the fall of Boroimhe, is one of Mr. Hardiman's forthcoming collection, which the author of this Essay has attempted to translate into English verse. Archdall, citing Mac Geoghegan, records a similar union of the historian and poet, in an Abbot of Kenetty, who died in 871.

"The science of music it is alleged found not only a patron but an adept in even Boroimhe himself, and his harp, which is fully described in the thirteenth number of Vallancey's Collect. Hib. is still shewn in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin. According to generally received tradition, it was carried to Rome by Donogh his son, on his being dethroned in 1064; and the exile is said to have laid the harp with the crown and other regalia of the Irish monarchs at the feet of the Pope, as a full submission of the kingdom of Ireland. It is even asserted that Adrian avowed this circumstance as one of the principal grounds for the title which by his alleged Bull he transferred to Henry the Second. These symbols of homage remained in the Vatican till the reign of Henry the Eighth, when the Pope, reserving to himself the crown, which was of massive gold, sent the harp to that English sovereign. The tyrant, however, placing but little value on the instrument, gave it to the first Earl of Clanrickard, in whose family it continued to the beginning of the last century, when it passed in the female line into other custody, and has been ultimately deposited in the Museum before mentioned.

"It is asserted that the Welsh had their harp from the Irish, and Warton, in his first dissertation on English poetry says, that 'even so late as the tenth century, the practice continued among the Welsh bards, of receiving instruction in their profession from Ireland.'"

The fourth and concluding period of Mr. D'Alton's essay extends from the battle of Clontarf, A.D. 1014, to the arrival of Henry II. The principal notices of Ireland, referable to this period, are to be found in the works of Gerald Barry, a Welshman, or, as he is more generally styled, Giraldus Cambrensis. Of him and the authority of his statements, we extract the following account:

"He visited that country as the instructor of prince (afterwards king) John, and continued in the island for nearly two years, during which he made many observations, which are necessarily very curious at this day, but are nevertheless to be received with considerable caution. It must not be forgotten that he came over, the advocate of English dominion and Roman discipline, that without the facilities of a native or even a long resident, and with a

total ignorance, if not a contempt of the language of the country, he assumed to describe its general nature, customs, and habits, from that very limited part of the kingdom, which the English adventurers then fearfully ventured to traverse. Conscious, as he must have been, of his own deficiencies, he tries to supply the want of diligence by diffuseness, and that of material by ill-timed encomiums on the fellow-labourers of his mission; or, what is still less excusable, by retailing the miracles, traditions, and calumnies, which the idle attendants of his royal pupil's boy-court manufactured for his credulous and superstitious ear."

The partial continuance of the Danes in the island during this period, and their gradual amalgamation with the natives, are thus stated:

"The Danes, though unquestionably shaken from all dominion in Ireland by the memorable battle of Clontarf, were not wholly dislodged from their settlements in the seaports. They are admitted in the Irish Annals to be still resident in the great commercial cities, even beyond the time of the English invasion, and the charters of the early English monarchs to those cities, reserving, as they prudently did, the rights and privileges of those mercantile strangers, furnish the best confirmation of their importance. The sojourners, however, were principally traders or mechanics, and were, after the English obtained a footing, restricted to particular quarters of these towns which they were allowed to inhabit. Many also, who had intermarried with the natives, were suffered to remain scattered over the island, and are the stock of several of its ancient families, as the Cruises, Coppingers, Dowdalls, Everards, Ferrises, Harolds, Plunkets, Revels, &c. remain to testify."*

After a rapid detail of the well known events which led to the introduction of the English into the island, the abduction of the wife of O'Ruarc of Breffny, by Dermod, the puisne king of Leinster, the application of the latter to Henry for assistance, the coming of Strongbow, the final visit of Henry himself, and his hasty return in consequence of the misconduct and disaffection of his own children, the author thus sums up this part of his subject:

"Roderic O'Conor, of whom mention has been already made, was the only Irish prince who obstinately refused to submit to English power, his measures, however, were tardy and ill-concerted, and too feebly supported to restore the country to its former independence, yet, scorning to treat with any of the buccaneers of the day, when he found he could no longer avert the storm, he sent three ambassadors to Henry, then resident at Windsor, where a league and final accommodation still extant, and by no means degrading to Roderic, was concluded.

"The years that immediately succeeded carry a deep, but melancholy interest, feudal principles and passions were introduced into the country, not with the magnificence and chivalry that are their usual associates, but debased by the wants and necessities with which they were mixed up, and stimulated into riotous desolation by the impunity with which they might be exercised in this then comparatively remote country. The mask of religion, for a time assumed, was soon flung off, vice strode forth in all its deformity, and the epochs of history became beacons of guilt and oppression like the crosses that meet the traveller in southern climates, they but point where guilt has done its work.

"The country, as far as it was precariously subjected to English power, was cantoned among adventurers, whose direct interest it was to exterminate and debase the native inhabitants. Strong to oppress, but feeble to govern, 'they persuaded the king of England that it was unfit to communicate the laws of England to their victims; that it was the best policy to hold them as aliens and enemies, and to prosecute them with a continual war;' and indeed it would seem as if nothing but the necessity of using the Irish as slaves and villeins prevented their utter extirpation, until at length 'these large scopes of land and great liberties, with the absolute power to make war and peace, did raise the English lords to that height of pride and ambition, as that they could not endure one another.'

"Roderic lived to witness the ruinous consequences of his own indecision. Stung with remorse for not having opposed the encroachments of these marauders, with that political ability which had placed his family on the throne, and broken-hearted at the unnatural rebellion of his sons, he sought a retreat in the solitude of a convent, and died in the Abbey of Cong, where his tomb is still marked by tradition.

"Thus, as well among the English adventurers as the Irish natives, faction and civil war had shed their baneful seeds in a soil unhappily too apt for such a harvest. Feuds and rebellions sprang up luxuriantly in every province; the march of civilization was impeded, and even the scanty streams of justice, which the better policy of government might, from time to time have communicated, were clogged or corrupted in their gloomy channels."

Happily we live in times when we can look back upon such scenes with the feelings of the crew, who have worked through the rocks, and survived the storm; the tossing of the waves may yet be visible even in the wake of our course, but the prospect is clearing around us, and religion, surrounded once again with all her christian charities, like the spirit of God, is moving on the face of the waters.

* Many families in England trace their pedigrees to the same source, even the illustrious Percys are said to have descended from one of those Danish chiefs, who, in the ninth century, conquered that portion of France, to which they gave the name of Normandy.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The History of Little Jack, von W. Day, mit Deutscher Uebersetzung fur Anfanger in der englischen sprache: herausgegeben von Philip Orkney Skene,—12mo. Koller and Cahlman, London; Hoffman and Campe, Hamburg; and Treuttel and Wurtz, Strasburg.

In a late number, we commented, in strong terms, on what has been styled a new system of education by a French *savan* of the name of Jacotot, who claims to be its inventor. We recur to the subject at present, not from any intention of retracting or modifying observations which we know were well intended, and believe to be correct, but because we would not have it thought that our severity of animadversion proceeded from a prejudice against improvements in education, rather than from an honest anxiety to put the public on their guard against the charlatanerie of egotists, or self-constituted professors. Highly however as we estimate the labours of those long established seminaries of literature to which the present generation owes so much of its pre-eminence in useful knowledge, we should consider it a dereliction of duty not to seek for, and to bring forward every thing that deserves the name of discovery in a department, which, far advanced though it be, still admits of much improvement, and will ever be capable of more, as long as the human mind is allowed to exert its full scope, under a due system of training, in the boundless range of science.

The work now before us is the latest of a series of publications intended to facilitate the pupils progress in the acquirement of languages, according to a plan for some time known by the name of the Hamiltonian system. The name of the editor is intimately connected with the origin of the system, or at least with its introduction into this our eastern hemisphere. When Mr. Edward Hamilton, from whom the system takes its name, was engaged in Canada in teaching languages according to its principles, Mr. Skene became acquainted with him, and was so forcibly struck with the facilities it afforded for attaining a rudimental knowledge of languages, particularly those now spoken, that he induced that gentleman to quit America, and remove to London, as being the fittest place for bringing to a decisive test, the real merits of what he conceived to be a valuable discovery. The result has been that the system, though not fulfilling all the expectations of its orginator, who, by the bye, has been thought by many of his most sincere and intelligent friends, to have entertained too sanguine anticipations of the universality of its effects, has stood its ground, and is used by many well-informed teachers in the commencement of their course of instructions. Since the death of Mr. Hamilton, which took place in Dublin in 1829, Mr. Skene has been actively employed, as he had already been from the commencement of his literary acquaintance with Mr. Hamilton, in disseminating and improving the system, by publications properly adapted to its practical application. The public is also indebted to him for a concise and clear developement of its leading principles, distinguishing this mode of teaching from those already in use, and hence entitling its author to the honorable title of an inventor. Of these principles, we give the following very concise, yet we hope not unsatisfactory outline. Every method of instruction should have a two-fold object, the first or proximate, that of communicating to the pupil the knowledge of the science, or skill in the art which is taught; the second and more remote, that of developing and strengthening the intellectual faculties. In the teaching of languages, oral communication is the only means of giving, and of acquiring a correct pronunciation and prosody. Grammar consists only of observations on custom; or, in other words, the grammar of any language is a summary of remarks made by learned men on the mode of writing, used by authors whose works are considered as models of style and expression, and by whose works, therefore, the language has been fixed.

These principles may be considered as axioms, universally recognized, and applicable to every mode of teaching. The distinguishing characteristic of the Hamiltonian system, rests on what he calls the verbal analysis, or the translation, word by word, of the sentences of the language of the pupil, into that which is to

be taught, so that each word, with very few exceptions, shall be transferred into the other language by a single word, in doing which, the idiom of the original is always to be sacrificed to that of the language to be taught.

By means of a vocabulary acquired through the medium of this verbal analysis, the teacher proceeds to the classification of words, and thence to their combination, until, by oral and written composition, the learner has acquired the power of speaking and writing and thinking in the new language. In this process, grammar is not rejected, except as a preliminary, and as to the dead languages, the system states that there is but one means of retaining and augmenting a due supply of words in any of them, namely, that of reading much. When the student has gone through thirty volumes, and not sooner, he will have of necessity acquired a great number of words, and more especially such as recur most frequently, and therefore are most necessary to be known.

From the very brief statement we have thus been able to make, it will appear that the merit of the invention does not rest in the discovery of a new principle, but in a new combination of those already recognized. With respect to its intrinsic value, as a means for facilitating the knowledge of languages, and the consequent communication of thought throughout the great family of civilized society, we would be much more inclined to decide by the practical use made of it by teachers, than by any theoretical comments on its advantages. On this latter point Mr. Hamilton has said much, indeed a great deal too much, and in a tone little suited to attract the attention of the judicious, or to qualify the prejudices of the ignorant; but the system is in course of trial; it has been found to a certain degree useful; it is like other new inventions capable of still greater extension, and therefore it is entitled, we conceive, to our good opinion, as far as its utility has been proved by experience, and to a well-grounded expectation that it may be rendered still more effective towards the attainment of its object.

The work immediately before us, which has served as a text for the preceding observations, is the well-known history of Little Jack, written by the equally well-known author of that most entertaining work the history of Sandford and Merton; and it is now published by Mr. Skene both in English and German, according to what he deems the best method for instructing German students in the English language.

Tales of the Colonies; by John Howison, Author of Sketches of Upper Canada. 2 vols. post 8vo.—London, Colburn and Bentley.

These volumes contain four stories: the Island, Sablegrove, One False Step, and the Colambolo. The first is a history of the adventures of a half-pay navy lieutenant who lived on the dreariest part of the northern coast of Ireland for cheapness, till happening to fall in with an old American buccaneer, who had buried a quantity of bullion in a very small island in Alhambra bay on the coast of Spanish-America, he obtains from him the requisite information as to the precise site of the hidden treasure, and sets off in search of the same. Part of his outward voyage to Vera Cruz is made in company with a very agreeable young Peruvian lady who speedily betrays rather unequivocal symptoms of a penchant for the lieutenant, and as her husband, an old Spanish Don, is complaisant enough to die of a fever soon after their arrival, the gold-finder gathers up the gottens, marries the widow, and all is well. Sablegrove is a tale of passion and crime, the scene of which is laid in the West Indies. One False Step, is the history of a young gentleman who is exported to New South Wales for putting another man's name to a piece of stamped paper instead of his own, which in his humility he deemed a less attractive signature. The author seems to be of opinion that he continued rather a respectable sort of gentleman nevertheless, and that fortune used him very unkindly because society resisted all his efforts to raise himself again in its esteem. Colambolo is the name of a race of people said to be peculiar to Brazil: it is applied to those negroes who in consequence of ill usage or an impatience of forced labour, have fled from their owners and concealed themselves in the forests, where they commonly lead the life of a solitary beast of prey, eating their food raw, and lodging in caves or the hollows of trees, avoiding all intercourse with men, and eventually forgetting the use of language, and losing almost all human faculties except those exercised in self-preservation. These volumes certainly contain the materials of powerful and effective stories, but the materials are not very skilfully employed.

The Aldine Edition of the British Poets. The Poems of Burns; 2 Vols. Pickering, London.

A complete uniform edition of our poets, with well written Memoirs, handsomely printed and not unreasonably dear, was still a desideratum in English literature which this 'library' of Pickering's bids fair to supply. A volume is to be published monthly, of a size and price corresponding to those of the Waverley Novels and the Family Library: an original memoir of each author will be given; that of Burns is very well done. A portrait of each is also promised. The name is taken from that of the well known printers who were so famous at Venice, when their art was in its infancy. The early volumes are to be appropriated to the popular and standard poets of the last century, and both the design and execution, so far, merit our applause.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The Magazines for the present month are more than usually light and amusing, but they do not contain any articles of striking interest. Fraser's is, perhaps, the most amusing of its class. It contains a severe article on the anti-slavery society, and Mr. Lytton Bulwer is again tossed in the critical blanket with great nerve of arm, and energy of will. Fraser, we perceive, is fond of following in our wake in literary criticism, notwithstanding the well-merited castigation we have sometimes bestowed upon him in other matters. This number also contains a whole-length sketch of Mr. Jerdan, forming, as we presume from the accompanying memoir, the first of a series of literary portraits, truly and not metaphorically so called. It is not a bad likeness, though a little verging on the caricature; and the biography annexed is written in a style of good-humoured banter, at which the equally good-humoured original will be the last man to feel offended. This periodical is fast rising into that prominent rank which the talent it exhibits must ultimately secure it. Blackwood has this month given us less of politics than he has latterly been in the habit of indulging in, and so far the number is all the better; still it is a heavy one, and some of the articles, the *Noctes* especially, much too lengthy: both North and the shepherd harangue rather than converse, and their subjects are not of the most interesting description; the adventures of the *Baron St. Gio* will, however, afford a great treat to the lovers of mystery and murder. The New Monthly commences with some speculations on the Greek negociation, which, by the altered aspect of affairs in that country, are rendered obsolete: there is a good story of the mystification of a French actor by the late Emperor Paul—and the number altogether is a lively one. The United Service Journal will be read with much interest this month, especially its account of New Zealand in 1829, with the capture of the brig Hawes by the natives; there is also a biographical notice of the late Sir Hew Dalrymple, from the pen of his son, the present baronet. The Gardener's Magazine has a continuation of its former article on the anatomy of the Vine, by Mr. Capper, of Bath, which exhibits a degree of patient examination and research on the part of the author, rarely met with even among physiologists; his remarks upon that useful root the potato, now become an absolute necessary of life, are extremely useful. The Ladies' Magazine, with which we shall conclude our London list for the present, is embellished with a very beautiful print of Miss Fanny Woodham, from a painting by Mrs. Turnbull, in addition to the usual highly finished plate of female costume. It also contains a tolerably good ghost story, told with some humour: some pretty verses, an unpublished tale from that hitherto scarce half-explored mine of amusement, the Arabian Nights, and it is altogether a pleasing and elegant companion for the Boudoir. Periodical Literature is generally said to be on the decline, but we confess we see little reason to think so, from our hasty glance at the British periodicals for the month, which we have only received when going to press, though before they had reached any one else in Ireland.——

In Dublin the Christian Examiner holds on the even tenor of its way, neither soaring nor sinking: the Dublin Monthly Magazine on the other hand has perished. This was almost to be expected; there was a want of fixed purpose about it which could not but prove fatal. It was neither fish nor flesh—neither a religious nor a political Magazine, though it dabbled a little in both. The death-note is sounded on the covers of the Number this day published, in the following terms:

"In announcing the termination of their labours, the Editors of the Dublin Monthly Magazine beg to return their thanks to the subscribers and friends by whom it was supported. They resign, not without regret, an employment in which, while no small amount of time and labour was expended, they found much to interest them; and the difficulties and perplexities of which were more than counterbalanced by the hope of doing good. They feel much indebted, also, to those whose contributions to its pages formed the principal value of the work; and hope that some more successful channel may be opened, through which they may still be enabled to instruct and improve their countrymen."

We forgot to mention that the Limerick Magazine died of our first notice.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, May 31st, 1830.

The Parisians have been so much taken up with the expedition to Algiers, and the refusal of Prince Leopold to proceed to Greece, that they have had little time during the past week to discuss subjects which are of interest in a literary and scientific miscellany.—Greece and Algiers are alone talked of here; and until the nine days' wonder shall be over, very little else can be expected even from those who are called reasonable people. It is some satisfaction, however, to know that the interests of science have not been overlooked in the arrangements for the Algerine expedition. Two clever and experienced botanists, two geologists, and other scientific men, have been sent out at the expense of government; and, should the French effect the conquest of Algiers, satisfactory results may be obtained from their labours. There is in all this nothing but an exemplification of the national pride; but let us not look at the cause—the effect alone ought to be considered. But for this pride Champollion and Pariset would not have been sent to Egypt, and we should have been ignorant of many interesting facts which they have communicated to us—the scientific expeditions would not have been sent to Greece and Africa, and more than two thirds of these discoveries, which in other countries might be fairly attributed to philanthropy, and the honorable desire of improving society, but which in France arise chiefly from the pride of the national character, would not have been known.

The theatres have not been very successful here lately. It is not now the hot weather which is said to cause this dullness, but the state of the times, and the scarcity of the circulating medium. In Great Britain you attribute all your misfortunes to the withdrawal of the one pound notes from circulation. Here, as such complaint would not hold, the deficiency is attributed, why is not known, to the influence of the Bourbons. Just now every thing calamitous will be ascribed to them—for, to say truth, they are most unpopular. Miss Smithson does not *fait fureur*, but yet the French like her; and they frequent the theatre when she plays, in sufficient numbers to make it worth the while of the managers to retain her; so that she has wealth and fame combined in France, whilst in England both were denied her. There was, to say the least of it, something very illiberal in the conduct of the English towards this young lady, whose chief fault seems to have been that she was not protected by some lord, who could afford to take nightly some fifteen or twenty pounds worth of tickets to distribute among persons who would undertake to applaud her. In France she is idolized, and the reputation of being virtuous is very much in her favour.

In consequence of several recent cases of hydrophobia in this capital, the attention of the most eminent physicians and surgeons has been turned to enquiries into the nature of the disease. Various are the opinions expressed; but that of Dr. Despiney, who says that it consists in a lesion of the *medulla oblongata*, or commencement of the spinal marrow, appears to have great weight with the faculty. The discovery is of importance, as it may enable medical men to follow it up by more successful enquiries as to the means of prevention or cure, but beyond that, it is of little value.* The following distressing case of hydrophobia occurred here, in the private practice of a friend, a few days ago:—An elderly lady, followed by a small dog of the terrier breed, was passing across the Rue de la Paix, near the Place Vendome; the wheel of a cart or carriage passing at the time, went over the loins of the dog, and the little animal appeared to suffer terribly. Whilst in this state a livery servant, who was on his way home, wishing humanely to give the dog some relief, took hold of it for the purpose of examining the injury inflicted, and in doing so was bitten through the hand. As no person imagined that the dog was in a rabid state, the man took no notice of his wound, which healed; but two days afterwards became again sore and painful. In three days more decided symptoms of hydrophobia came on, and the man died within the week. This is an extraordinary case—for here the pain suffered by the dog must have caused immediate rage, and the virus which led to the man's death must have had its fatal quality imparted to it instantaneously. It is much to be regretted that this dreadful malady is as yet incurable. Every thing has been tried for it—even to prussic acid, which as a powerful sedative was expected to do some good—but every thing has failed.

A good deal of interest has been excited here by the cruel conduct of the French government to your countryman captain Dillon, who discovered the remains of the fatal expedition of La Perouse. You are perhaps aware that for this service the French government bestowed upon him the decoration of the Legion of Honor, and I believe a very small pension. About four months ago, he was sent for here to take the command of or join in another expedition, to make further discoveries. He accordingly came over; and for a time every thing in the way of preparation was going on well; but suddenly the views of the French government have changed, and Dillon, who had expended many thousand francs, is left without the slightest compensation.

* It is rather curious that we should have before us a copy of the Intelligence Sunday Paper, of May 30, in which in the course of an able article on Hydrophobia, we find the following passage:—

"Dr. Despiney, a French physician, has observed in his investigations on dogs, cats, pigs, and on man, that the pathological character of hydrophobia is the same; and that it consists in a lesion of the *medulla oblongata*, or commencement of the spinal marrow; that the extent of this lesion varies in proportion to the duration of the symptoms, between the commencing flush of inflammation and the total destruction of the *medulla oblongata*, or its reduction to a state in which this substance becomes as diffluent as cream; that the seat of this disorganization being in close connexion with the parts affected in epilepsy, this latter disease will often simulate some of the symptoms of hydrophobia; and finally that, the *medulla oblongata*, being, according to Gall, Serre, and other physiologists, the organ which presides over the generative system, it is in this system the spontaneous origin of hydrophobia must be looked for. The result of M. Despiney's researches, though very satisfactory, has, however, gone no further than to show the cause of death, and the lesion of organs by which it is produced. We have yet to discover the means of averting irritation from the *medulla oblongata*, or of combating its inflammation directly. M. Despiney affirms that there is but one way of effecting this; namely, to paralyse in some manner the generative system, and that portion of the spinal marrow, from which this system derives its influence. Until this discovery shall have been made, the only rational plan of treatment consists in general and local bleeding from the back of the neck, the larynx and the generative system; but the remedies in which he places most reliance, are the acetate of morphine, the belladonna, or such like substances applied on the derm, previously exposed by blisters applied to the back of the neck, larynx, &c."

We are happy to contribute to the spread of accurate scientific information on so important a subject.

Ed.

London, June 1st.

The chief topic of conversation here to day, has been the extraordinary exhibition that took place at Covent-garden Theatre last night; you will see by the newspapers, that nothing could have been more conclusive of the feeling entertained by the public respecting the quarrel between lord and lady William Lennox, than the triumph which the latter achieved, on this occasion. The audience not satisfied with merely overlooking the frailty of the lady, applauded her with a fervor which could not have been exceeded, if she had been some extraordinary martyr, or had come out of her ordeal with unsullied virtue. It is clear from this, that lady Lennox will sustain no injury in her professional career, from the late exposure, but she must, I think, feel deeply her degradation from the rank which she held in society, when she was received as a sister by lady Jane Peel, and another distinguished branch of her husband's family. As far as talent went, her performance last night was one of a most powerful description, nothing could exceed the brilliancy with which she executed the last scene, but her demeanor throughout the character was such as to displease, I might almost say disgust, the very few persons present who set any value upon decency. The house was crowded in every part.

The following detailed account of the name and number of the Paris Journals printed daily, is sufficiently curious to be given in your miscellany. I hardly understand how some of them can be so low; but I copy it textually as it appears in the Gazette de France.—

Le Constitutionnel, ...	16,666
Le Journal des Debats, ...	9,900
La Gazette, ...	9,863
Courrier Français, ...	5,000
Quotidienne, ...	4,166
Moniteur, ...	2,666
Universel, ...	1,000
Drapeau Blanc, ...	666
Le Temps, ...	4,000
Gazette des Tribunaux, ...	3,000
Journal du Commerce, ...	2,500
Le Figaro, ...	2,336
Le Globe, ...	1,833
Le National, ...	1,590
Messager des Chambres, ...	1,330
Nouveau journal des Paris,	1,330
Courrier des Tribunaux, ...	1,160
L'Echo français, ...	989
La Gazette des Cultes, ...	622
Le Petit Courrier des Dames,	500
Le Voleur, ...	388
Le Journal des Dames, ...	360
Le Courrier des Electeurs,	236
La Revue de Paris, ...	233
La Mode, ...	220
L'Apostolique, ...	86
L'Effronté, ...	73
Le Mercure du XIXe siècle,	66
La Revue musicale, ...	61
La Gazette de l'Université,	40
L'Album, ...	30
Le Lys, ...	25
La Gazette des Ecoles, ...	19
La Méduse, ...	16
Le Courrier des Salons, ...	13
L'Indicateur, ...	10
Le Cosaque, ...	3
La Jeune France, ...	1
Le Phare de Paris, ...	1

Total daily number 91,982.

HORÆ GERMANICÆ.

My dear President,

In spite of the contempt which the Editor of the Harmonicon professes, in his 21st number, to entertain for M. Kind's share in the Freischütz, I cannot help believing that an attentive perusal of the following scene will convince the reader that its author is possessed of considerable dramatic talent; more particularly when it is contrasted with the substitutes for it, (for they are not translations,) which have been offered to the public by the numerous adapters of this opera to the British stage.

The task of the ill-requited drudge who *provides* the letter-press of an opera, is a most thankless one; and there is no disputing that his merit, however considerable, is most inferior in importance to that of the composer, who successfully embodies the ideas *suggested* to him, in music—the language of the soul. Where the subject of an opera is historical or traditional, (and this is the case with most operas,) the labours of the playwright are entitled, comparatively, to little consideration; nor is more required of him than to express the ideas which his subject of itself furnishes, in easy, flowing language, with a clever disposition of dactyls and spondees, and a sufficient sprinkling of the softest vowels, to facilitate the *conveyance* of the ideas of the composer: the latter may then claim, at least, an equal share of invention with the playwright; and his merit, as I have already admitted, is immeasurably greater. But in an opera such as the Freischütz, I humbly conceive, "*critic* though I am none—nor like to be," that the composer becomes a debtor to the compiler for the *suggestions* of his muse, which have furnished him with the opportunity of eliciting and indulging that particular talent with which nature has gifted him, and which might otherwise have remained dormant within. "I do perceive here a divided obligation" on the part of the composer, first to nature, next to the compiler, to whom the merit of invention is in this case due.

I have been led into these remarks by an attentive perusal of M. Kind's work, which, although in its character completely German, still claims for itself a degree of originality which is rare; nor is it too much to say, that all to whom the extraordinary music of the Freischütz has yielded delight, are in some measure indebted to the constructor of the extraordinary vehicle of its conveyance to their senses.

The reader will immediately perceive, on perusing the following scene, a marked difference between the Caspar of Kind, and the Caspar to whom he has been accustomed on our stage; the latter, if not "a *gay*, bold-faced villain," is a grave, sententious, and sentimental one, who, in some sort challenges our sympathy for the motive of his villainy—disappointed love; he is well dressed too, which commands our respect. Now, the other Caspar is a selfish and contemptible wretch; any thing but "bold-faced," although he does make an effort to appear "gay:" but revenge is not his grand motive; indeed his disappointment in love is only once alluded to in the whole piece, and that but slightly, as you will perceive in the following scene; whereas the English Caspar is supposed to be constantly thinking about it—Kind's Caspar, as represented on the German stage, appears, in short, a being altogether incapable of having ever entertained a sentiment so noble as *love:* he is made to dress shabbily, is continually on the fidget, and looking anxiously about him, as if afraid of every breath that blows.

These observations will enable the reader more fully to enter into the spirit of the following scene, and may not, perhaps, be thrown away on some future representative of Caspar, although it would be difficult, I fear, in this country, (I include, of course, Great Britain,) to find one who combined the necessary qualifications both as an actor and a singer, to do justice to the part. I cannot conclude without adverting to the manner in which the celebrated drinking song is managed in the original, so infinitely more dramatic in its effect, than the verse or two which are hurried over at once on our stage. At the English Opera, as I stated in a former letter, they were not sung by Caspar at all, but were stuffed into the mouth of some "neutral personage" without a name, who is made to join Max and Caspar in a glass, for the express purpose—"jolly companions *every body!*" as I once heard a Frenchman attempt to sing that jolly chorus. Weber's directions for the execution of the drinking song, are *allegro feroce, ma non troppo presto.* The scraps of Latin put into the mouth of Caspar, too, are very characteristic.

Your's ever,

ROSENKRANZ.

DER FREISCHÜTZ.

ACT THE FIRST, SCENE THE LAST.

The exterior of a country inn.

MAX AND CASPAR.

Caspar—(Who has entered unobserved by Max, during the air of "Through the forests," *&c. comes forward as soon as Max becomes aware of his presence, and speaks:)* What, art still here, comrade? 'Tis well that I have found thee.

Max—Art *thou* loitering about again?

Caspar—Is that all the thanks I get? A piece of good advice came into my head for thee, on the road; in pure kindness of heart I have slipped back to find thee; run myself well nigh out of breath! 'S blood! I can't get over it, that thou shouldst have been so prettily the laughing-stock of these peasants here. Devil! let them laugh! ha! ha! ha! Who cares? Strike it out of thy thoughts, sweet lad, *(takes up a jug which is standing on the table at which Max has been sitting.)* How! what! beer is this? That's not the tipple to drive away sorrow! *(calls into the inn.)* What, ho! wine, there; and some goblets! *(to Max.)* Comrade, if it cost me my last farthing, I cannot see thee look so melancholy. Thou must drink with me.

(A girl from the inn brings wine, &c.)

Caspar—(To the girl)—Chalk it up, jewel.

Max—Pray, forbear; my head is distracted enough already: *(supports his head on his hands.)*

Caspar—(Drops something from a phial hastily into the glass, which he intends for Max.) So, chuck! a little will serve thee: *(pours in wine.)* Help Zamiel!

(Zamiel shews his head out of the bush near which they are sitting; Caspar, alarmed.) Thou here? *(Zamiel vanishes.)*

Max—(Starting up.) With whom spokest thou?

Caspar—I: with no one; I said, "so chuck!" as I was helping thee to wine.

Max—But I desire none.

Caspar—Long life to the ranger! Thou wilt, drink thy master's health, surely?

Max—Be it so.

(They strike glasses and drink.)

Caspar—Now then for a song.—*(Sings.)*

"*Semper* jolly, but half holy; who's afraid!"

(Max gives symptoms of disapprobation.)—That not please thee? Well then, another.

(Caspar sings.)

In this earthly vale below,
What were there but plague and woe,
Did not the grape bear wine, O!
Then let others build their creed
On some brittle, broken reed;
Bacchus' tree be mine, O!

Pshaw! why, thou must sing too.—*(drinks.)*

Max—Leave me.

Caspar—Long life to sweet Miss Agatha! A man that will not drink his sweet-heart's health, must be a rascal.

Max—Thou becom'st too bold.

(They strike glasses and drink.)

(Caspar sings.)

Bacchus gives us but one joy;
Then two others let's employ,
With the juice of the tendril:
Dice well shook, and cards well play'd,
Rosy-cheeked, good-humour'd maid—
Help to make life eternal!

Faith, there is nothing to be done with thee.

Max—How canst thou ask me to join thee in such a song?

Caspar—Here's long life to our noble prince! The man that will not drink his prince's health, is a Judas!

Max—Well then; but after this, not one drop more.

[*They strike glasses, and drink: Max fans himself with his hat, and gives otherwise symptoms of feeling warm.*]

(Caspar sings.)

Without this *Trifolium*,
There's been no true *Gaudium*
Since the first man sinned, O!
Sparkling wine 's my A B C,
Girls my ruling planets be,
Dice my favouring wind, O!

Max—(Starting up.) Rascal! Agatha is right, ever to warn me against thee.

[*Max is about to go: from henceforward in the scene, his manner betrays a certain violence of demeanour resembling a slight, but bad description of intoxication.*]

Caspar—How canst thou bear thus still to walk in leading-strings, sweet fellow? I served with Altringer and Tilly, man, before I had a beard to my chin; aye, and was present at the dance of Magdeburg. The army's the place to learn such little roguish ditties.

(The village bell strikes; Max rises.)—Art for home already?

Max—Yes, 'tis time; that was seven that struck.

Caspar—(To Agatha)—I'm not sure, tho' if—— stay, thou might'st alarm her; know'st thou not, she looks to see thee bring a trophy home, as earnest of to-morrow's luck?

Max—Ah, poor girl! and I—— to-morrow!——

Caspar—Stay yet, and be advised; that, to say the truth, is my reason for now seeking thee. 'Tis not impossible to help thee.

Max—To help *me!*

Caspar—(mysteriously.) Now, to convince thee of my entire friendship: I could, under the witness of our four eyes—'tis not in vain that I have dropped thee a hint, now and then. It cannot be denied that there are certain secret powers of nature—certain harmless tricks of the chace. This very night, when darkness covers the disk of the moon, is destined to mighty events. An old huntsman of the mountains once entrusted to me——

[*Zamiel appears from time to time, listening, unobserved by the persons on the stage.*]

Max—Thou administer'st the poison by drops to me.

Caspar—How would it be, comrade, if I were to help thee yet this very day to a right capital shot, that should serve to compose Agatha, and at the same time, be a pledge for thee of to-morrow's luck, ha!

Max—Thou question'st strangely: is that possible?

Caspar—Courage, courage: what the eye sees, the heart believes: here, take my rifle.

Max—For what purpose?

Caspar—Patience! *(he looks up to the sky.)* Is there nothing to be seen? *(hastily giving Max the gun.)* There, there, seest thou the vulture yonder? fire!

Max—Art thou a fool? or think'st thou that I am one? 'Tis completely dark; the bird floats like a black speck in the air, high in the clouds beyond the range of musquet.

Caspar.—Fire! in the name of the devil and his imps, ha! ha! ha!

Max—(Touches the trigger as if in doubt; the piece goes off, at the same time a yelling, supernatural laughter is heard, which causes Max to look round in alarm, towards Caspar.)—Why dost thou laugh? Like pinions of the infernal world, it reels above our heads.—*(An enormous eagle floats for a moment, circling in the air, and then falls dead at Max's feet.)*—What can this be?

Caspar—(Lifting it.)—The largest eagle in the world! What talons! And how capitally hit! Neat under the wing—otherwise not touched. Ha! ha! canst have him stuffed, brother, and put in a museum.

Max—But I cannot comprehend—this rifle seems, too, like any other.

Caspar—Victoria! This will put you in respect with those rascally peasants; this will make Agatha rejoice.—*(Pulls out some of the largest of the feathers and fixes them in Max's hat.)*—So, comrade, there's a trophy for you.

Max—What art thou about? How awfully I feel! What was the piece charged with? What kind of bullet was that?

Caspar—No bullet at all, silly dear! A slow-worm with young, that never misses.

Max—Do I then dream? Or am I intoxicated? A thing like this I have never seen. Caspar! I beg, I conjure thee,—*(seizes him)*—Caspar, I will do for thee; tell me what kind of bullet that was.

Caspar—Art crazy for joy, lad? I share it with thee.—*(Embraces him)*—Ha! friend mine, that was a shot!—*(Seriously)* Let me go!

Max—(Releases him)—Whence hast thou the bullet?

Caspar—Well, so long as thou art reasonable; but tell me, thou, the most gallant huntsman, art thou, or dost thou but *pretend* to be so inexperienced? Canst thou really be ignorant of the meaning of a charmed bullet?

Max—Silly stuff!

Caspar—The army is the place to learn better, tho'; ha! ha! How do your sharp-shooters manage, thinkst thou, when they pick down their man out of the thickest cannon smoke? Or hast never considered how the king of Sweden, spite of his buffalo's jacket, fell at Lutzen? Two silver bullets were the secret of it;—ay, ay, your smart man knows that; but to things of that sort, there are other arts required than just to take aim, and pull the trigger.

Max—(*Still contemplating the eagle.*) The shot is incredible—in dark twilight—hurl'd from the clouds—can it be real?

Caspar—To be sure, there is some difference, too, between blowing the day-light out of a poor son of clay, from behind an ambush, and ensuring a rangership, and a charming girl to boot, by a lucky shot.

Max—(*Meditating*) Hast thou any more such bullets?

Caspar—It was the last;—they are just out.

(*A pause.*)

Max—Art thou become, on a sudden, so sparing of thy words? just out! how mean you?

Caspar—Because more may be had to-night.

Max—To-night?

Caspar—Yes, faith: the sun is now propitious for three successive days,—to-day is the middle one; to-day at midnight, there will be a total eclipse of the moon. Max! comrade! Thy fate is under the influence of propitious planets! Thou art chosen for mighty things! This very night, the eve of that morrow on which thou art to do the trial-shot, and earn a noble office, and a lovely bride;—in the very moment when you stand so much in need of assistance from the secret powers, nature offers herself to your service!

Max—Well! It is my fate that wills it; get me such a bullet.

Caspar—More than thou needest. But art thou a man, and requirest a tutor?

Max—How are they to be obtained?

Caspar—That I will teach thee; meet me punctually at twelve to-night, in the Wolf's Glen.

Max—At midnight! in the Wolf's Glen? No; the glen is haunted; and at midnight the gates of hell are opened.

Caspar—Pshaw! How thou dreamest! And yet I cannot resign thee to thy unlucky stars; I am thy friend, I will help thee to cast the bullets.

Max—No, no.

Caspar—So, then, be the people's laughing-stock to-morrow,—resign the rangership and Agatha. I say, I am thy friend; I myself will help thee to cast them; but *thou must* be present.

Max—Thy tongue is smooth; yet no—an honest huntsman dares not think upon such things.

Caspar—Coward! So thou wouldst purchase thy good fortune at the risk of others only—if risk, indeed, there were; dost thou believe thine own guilt would therefore be the less?—if guilt, indeed, there were; dost thou believe this guilt, if guilt it be, does not weigh on thee already?—(*stretching out the wings of the eagle;*)—Dost thou believe this eagle was given thee for *nothing?*

Max—Dreadful thought, if thou speak'st truly.

Caspar—Strange! that thou shouldst question thus. But ingratitude is the coin in which the world pays. Well, I'll cut myself off a wing of the bird, that I, at least, may have some share on't.—(*Cuts off a wing.*)—Droll enough! Thou daredst this shot to comfort Agatha, and wantest courage, now, to win the prize for ever:—the waxen puppet who cast me off for thy sake, would hardly believe this: (*Aside.*) But that shall be revenged!

Max—Wretch! I *have* courage—

Caspar—Prove it, then! Since thou hast *used* a charmed bullet, 'tis but a child's play, surely, to *cast* some. It is easy for thee to judge, from thy late unsuccessful attempts, what will be the consequence of rejecting the assistance which is now offered thee; the girl is mad for thee—cannot live without thee; she will become desperate;—and thou!—wilt crawl about, the mockery of all men: perhaps, despair may drive thee to——(*Presses his hands to his eyes, as if to stop his tears.*) Shame on thyself, rough forester, that thou shouldst love him better than he loves himself. (*Aside.*) Help, Zamiel!

Max—Agatha die! myself springing from a precipice! yes, that would be the end on't;—(*Holds out his hand to Caspar.*) by Agatha's dear life, I will attend!

(*Zamiel, who has appeared listening during the latter part of the conversation, nods and vanishes.*)

Caspar—Be silent to all the world! this might endanger thee and me;—at *twelve*, I shall expect thee.

Max—I betray thee! At *twelve*, I shall be there.

(*Exit Max hastily.*)

(*Caspar looks after him for some time, with silent malignity, it has now become quite dark.*)

Air—Caspar.

Peace! peace! that no one now may warn thee;
Hell within its snares has bound him:
Nought can of the spell disarm thee;—
Spirits of darkness hover round him:
I see him gnashing in your chains,
Triumph welcome—hail revenge!

(*Exit opposite side.*)

End of the First Act.

R.

HORÆ ITALICÆ.

SONNET OF DANTE.

(*Not printed in any edition of his Works.*)

IN LODE DI BEATRICE.

Tanto gentile e tanta onesta appare
La Donna mia quando altrui saluta
Che ogni lingua divien tremando muta
E gli occhi non l'ardescon di guardare:

Ella sen va sentendosi laudare
Soavemente d'onestà vestuta
E par che sia una cosa venuta
Di cielo in terra a miracol mostrare.

Mostrarsi si piacente a chi la mira,
Che dà per gli occhi una dolcezza al core,
Che intender non la può chi non la prova;
E par che dalle sue luci si muova
Un spirito soave e pien d'amore,
Che va dicendo all'anima—"Sospira!"

TRANSLATION.

Whome'er my mistress may but chance salute,
So nobly sweet her courtesy, amaze
Binds every tongue in trembling worship mute,
And eyes but glancing where they dare not gaze.*

Cloth'd in the majesty of pure intent
She passes on, well conscious of her praise;
And seems a thing from Heaven divinely sent,
A miracle for earth's degraded days.

Her gracious presence wins all hearts, at sight,
With more than picture-pleasure, deep delight;
As none can understand but they who prove:
Some gentle spirit, sure, must haunt her eye,
Which, born of tenderness, and winged with love,
Says to the soul of her beholders—"Sigh!"

* This will remind our classical readers of a part of Tibullus's "Laus Sulpiciæ."—
"Illam, quidquid agit, quoquó vestigia flectit,
Componit furtim subsequiturque decor. &c."

SONETTO DI ALFIERI.

(*Not included in his published Works.*)

SIENA.

Siena, dal colle, ove torreggia, e siede
Vedea venir pel piano, afflitta, errante,
Donna di grazioso alto sembiante,
Che movea di ver arno ignuda il piede.

Chi mai sarà? l'un savio, all'altro chiede,
Ma sia qual vuolsi, or con veloci piante
A incontrarla ciascuna esca festante
Per far di nostra gentilezza fede.

Era colei la Cortesia, che in bondo
Uscia di Flora, e al Tebro i[illegible]ne cr[illegible]ea,
Forse non meglio l'orme su[illegible] drizz[illegible]ndo
Ma de Sanese il bel parlar le[illegible]ea
Forza cosi, che non piu inn[illegible]nzi andando
Tempio, e Culto fra loro e[illegible] qu[illegible] Dea.

TRANSLATION.

Raised on her hilly tower Si[illegible]nna saw
A lady wandering lonely [illegible]'er the plain:
Her look was grace, to ch[illegible]rm, [illegible]t once, and awe;
She seemed from Arno [illegible]me, [illegible]nd mov'd in pain.

What stranger this? scholar to scholar cried;
But, be she who she may, all hurry down
To give her festive entrance, and provide
Such welcome as befits their gentle town.

It was fair Courtesy—in exiled flight,
She thought from Florence Tiber's banks to reach;
But prosperous chance, it seems, had brought her right,
For the sweet violence of their magic speech
So wrought on her, she would no farther roam
But at Sienna fixed her temple and her home.

W. E.

TRANSLATION OF THE ITALIAN SONNET IN NUMBER XX.

O sweet, secluded, solitary shade!
My wearied thoughts' asylum from despair!
While Boreas, now, in days that swiftly fade,
In frost appalling shrouds the earth and air,
And thy green tresses—ancient locks like mine
Disguises quite, in drapery of snow;
Whilst flowers no more in vernal garb enshrine
Thy frozen glades, that winter's havoc show.
Mournfully now, at this o'erclouded light
I roam—reflecting 'twill this frame decayed,
And spirit serve; for these have felt their blight!
On me more chill a freezing stroke has weighed,
More cruel Eurus wafts my winter's night,
(Ah, night too long!) and days in gloom arrayed!

H. Y.

DREAMS.

But ever and anon of griefs subdued
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued;
And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever: it may be a sound—
A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring,
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound;

And how, and why we know not, nor can trace
Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,
But feel the shock renewed, nor can efface
The blight and blackening which it leaves behind,
Which out of things familiar, undesigned,
When least we deem of such, calls up to view
The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,
The cold—the changed—*perchance the dead*—anew,
The mourned, the loved, the lost—too many!—yet how few!

Our life is two-fold, waking and sleeping; but we have somewhat more controul over our open-eyed than our dreaming fancies. It is not the thoughts which most engross our minds during the day that are aptest to recur in the silent watches of the night season. We dream more often of those old associations which have momentarily flitted across our imagination, called into brief but vivid existence by some of the countless circumstances so exquisitely enumerated by the noble bard in those stanzas just repeated: come then gentle reader, and dream three dreams with me, if you are very idle:—

I was in St. Patrick's cathedral, walking alone up and down the long and melancholy aisles, the time was after twilight, and the darkness was coming on fast, and dense and cold; the rain in large heavy drops was pattering against the panes of the lofty and ancient windows, while the wind at intervals howled with that dreary and comfortless sound with which it moans so complainingly through the woods in winter. There I was—walking backwards and forwards I knew not why—chilled to the very bones by the vast solitude and dampness—my heart also was chilled, weighed down with a shadowy foreboding that I was there to hear of some calamity, and that I should come to the mournful knowledge soon. I was arrayed in the black habit of a chief mourner for the dead—I gazed intently on the old monuments and almost worn-out inscriptions, and I thought they all changed to my eye, and that the name on all was the same, and I struggled hard to read it, and could not. A strain of wild but solemn music now rose upon my ear, and then died away in lingering echoes through the vaulted galleries, again it rose accompanied by the rich and mellowing swell of the noble organ, it was the funeral anthem, and I heard the words sung mournfully but distinctly, while the soft gushes of rich harmony stole along the rafters of the rude unplastered roof.

I heard and burst into tears: then I observed at a distance, a figure intently employed upon a slab, by the dim light of a dying lamp, and I thought that often it directed its observation towards me, and then again resumed its occupation; I drew near, I perceived a man wrapped in a large sable cloak, the hood of which was drawn over his features, carving a small monument of black marble. He turned away his face, but held up the lamp so that I could plainly read

Sacred to the Memory
of
~~~~~~~~

She died young and happy,
1828.
~~~~~~~~

He had begun to inscribe the name, when I enquired to whom was it erected, he replied, wait, it will soon be finished; the feelings with which I watched him were most painful and intense, every letter he cut on the marble was stamped upon my heart and brain as with a brand of fire, and when the name was completed at last—I shrieked, and fell, and there was darkness and deep sorrow upon my soul: I was glad when I awoke.

. . . . . .

I was in the gallery of the Louvre, gazing with awe and admiration on the noble portraits of the illustrious dead, one in particular had arrested my inmost soul, and every faculty was lost in the intensity of the fascination; the subject was "a girl alone on a mountain by moon-light," and never did a lovelier form or face bless the burning fancy of the dreamy artist; she stood as stands a Seraph on his throne of pearl. A mantle of green and gold draperied her beautiful form, and in her large dark eye was rapture mingled with deep adoration, while she looked—to the lone dark sky—and the shining moon—and the faintly twinkling stars—as if in them to read her destiny. Upon her wrist was bound a golden bracelet, clasped with a black medallion, on which were graven characters mystical and indistinct—and they glittered in the darkness. You admire the painting, said an aged monk, who stood near me—look on this one. It was the interior of a ruined chapel, and at what was once an altar knelt two figures, I instantly recognized "the girl of the mountain," but the other figure I knew not, for a dark mantle overshadowed it, but a helmet with red plumes and a shield, and a sheathless brand, were laid upon the marble.

The monk pointed me out another.

The girl was alone again—and she was dying, she was clad in the garb of a novice of the order of Carmelites—and I knew by that face so fearfully pale, and the deep anguish written on her brow, that she was dying; a branch of withered cypress was wreathed round her temples, her right hand pointed to the ground, with her left she pressed an Agnus Dei to her heart, which was broken. She stood upon the same mountain, and there was the same quiet moon-light, sleeping on that lone hill side.

Suddenly she disappeared, the stars were extinguished, the moon was lost in blackness, a baneful solitary planet rose, glaring with murky rays, a consuming fire came forth from that blazing star, the picture gradually and perceptibly burnt away, in vain I strove to preserve it.

The beautiful vision had become ashes.

. . . . . .

I was wandering through a black and narrow subterraneous chamber, alone, and the echo of my footsteps on the rocky pavement was the only sound which broke upon the stillness of the vault, a muffled bell tolled the hour of midnight, and at a distance a voice replied to its tone—it is prepared. Suddenly I found myself in a large and lofty Gothic hall, in the centre of which a sumptuous banquet was made ready, golden cups reflected the brilliancy of the flaming lamps, there were couches of purple and crimson scattered through the apartment, brands and helms suspended from the walls, but the guests had not yet come; a large sable banner waved slowly from the roof, and scattered a dark shadow on the board, but the covering of the table was a pall, and the contrast of the black with the gold and silver, made a mournful gaiety; it reminded me of what I had seen once, in a distant land, many years before; my soul was now oppressed with anxiety and restlessness, and my spirits were numbed, but not with fear. I took down from the wall a massive blade and unsheathed it, I put a plumeless helmet on my head, and advanced to a large mirror to look upon my arms,—"they befit you well," said the same voice, I turned and saw a figure looking earnestly and sorrowfully upon me, and I stretched out my hand to salute him, for I had known him well formerly, in life; "you are welcome, let us drink," he pointed to the table and sat down, and commanded me to partake in the revel. I did so, a long and silent procession entered, in waving robes of whiteness, they made their obeisances to me, and sat at the board, the whole assemblage was wan and ghastly, the chill of cold mortality was in the hall, and on the brows of all was marked the silent impress of the grave—I felt calm, but it was the calmness of despair. I thought I was buried alive.

A pale and beautiful girl, whom I had loved in life, entered, and sat upon the throne under the black banner; she looked more beautiful than ever, her black eyes still flashed with brightness, but the hectic flush of consumption was not on her brow, it had faded into the paleness of death, she looked upon me, she had never loved me, she held a lyre and tuned it, and sang; I remembered well her voice—I remember still her words:

My lover is come but my heart is cold,
The damps of the grave have chilled it,
I never can sing as I sang of old,
Ere the silence of death had stilled it.
My true love is come to our silent hall,
Where parting or change come never,
Our bed is the grave, and our curtain the pall,
And our bridal-night lasts—for ever!

I shall never forget that thrill of the soul, that agony of delight, which the broken heart can only feel—in dreams.

THE VALLEY OF LA ROCHE.

(Concluded from our last.)

A letter at length arrived from Frederic, mentioning his intention of returning immediately, as the effects of the climate, and a slight wound, had incapacitated him for the present from further duty. Much joy, mingled as it ever is with a share of affliction, followed the receipt of this letter; arrangements were made at the chateau for the reception of the young soldier; his favourite room that overlooked the little grove, where he had first breathed his vows to Lucy, was fitted up in the most comfortable style, and her portrait, which she had been enabled to get executed in his absence, hung at the head of his bed; a little library of all his favourite authors had been fitted up there since his departure, and all those little comforts that fond woman alone can devise, were lavished unsparingly throughout the apartment. The fond Lucy spent all her days in arranging every thing in the manner which she thought would please him most, the sweetest flowers were taught to blossom and exhale their perfume on the little balcony before his window, and in short, every thing betrayed the hand of love; it was a beautiful summer's evening, when the little party seating themselves at an open window gazed with admiration on the prospect that lay before them, as the rays of the setting sun slumbered in the golden meads that on every side refreshed and delighted the eye; here and there the waters of some solitary mountain stream glittered in the distance, appearing, as it reflected the crimson rays of the departing luminary, like a glorious stream of light, streaking the steep mountain side—now lost, as some bold cliff intercepted the view, and again emerging in undiminished lustre and beauty; the cloudless skies hung like an azure canopy on high, gradually darkening in their hues towards the east: as they sat silently and pensively admiring the tranquillity and peace of the prospect before them, associating with the present enjoyment, the anticipation of Fred.'s return, the distant roll of wheels startled them from the delicious reveries which such a scene is calculated to induce, and immediately after they saw a carriage slowly turning the little angle of the grove at some distance. The feelings of mother, sister, and lover, that rose convulsively in the bosom of each, choked the wild cry of delight they were about to utter, and they awaited its coming in all the silent agony of expectation; when it at last drew up at the door, and the young soldier feebly and totteringly alighted, an agonized shriek burst from his startled mother, as she folded the child of her bosom in her arms. Alas, how changed since she had imprinted the fond farewell kiss of affection on his lip! nought but the eye of affection could have recognized the gay and healthful Frederic, in the languid and feeble invalid that now tottered before them, and as the rays of the setting sun trembled on his pallid brow, a melancholy foreboding that he would not long outlive their departure, went chillingly to the hearts of all who saw him. Instead of the florid cheek, and sparkling eye, the dull hues of death sat brooding in ghastly paleness on the one, and debility and disease had decreased the lustre of the other. Smilingly, and with an affected gaiety which contrasted gloomily with the sad and touching expression of his whole countenance, he turned to Lucy, who had leaned for support against the window frame, in mute and tearless agony, and said, as he took her hand and pressed it to his lips, "what Lucy, have *you* forgot me?" When at length, finding relief in a flood of tears, she flung herself into his arms, and hung sobbing on his breast. Although disease had been making fierce ravages on the young heroe's frame, still the manly charms which had graced him in the days of youthful vigour, were but mellowed down to a softer and more interesting character of feature; the *handsome Frederic*, was still handsome, but his was now an unearthly beauty, which called forth the sigh of pity rather than attracted the gaze of admiration. After this unexpectedly melancholy meeting, and when the whole party had become somewhat more tranquillized, they returned to the drawing-room, and talked over the incidents that had befallen since his departure; seated between his mother and Lucy, Frederic sent up a silent prayer of thanksgiving, that he had been spared to look again upon those objects of his warmest and earliest affection, and as this glow of pious ecstacy blushed on his pale cheek, the delighted Lucy fondly pictured to herself the perfect restoration of her darling to health and strength; so delusively will hope whisper its consolation in our ear even to the last. As he gazed upon the unaltered charms, and still stately

brow of his own Lucy, a deep involuntary sigh escaped him when he thought of what he had been, and *then* was, and mourned over his ruined constitution and altered feelings, such a sigh, and at such a time, needed no interpreter, and the whole party echoed it silently in their bosoms; a gloom stole imperceptibly over the little circle, and the silence remained for some time unbroken, excepting by the distressing cough and involuntary sigh of the young sufferer; it appeared that a slight sabre wound which had reached the lung, had induced symptoms of a decline which was wearing him down—this disclosure was made as gently as was possible, and he ended by assuring them that his physicians had given him the greatest hopes of a perfect recovery, under the influence of country air, together with gentle and enlivening exercise, "and I have no doubt," he added, "but that my own happy valley, with the society of those I love, will do all that I can desire." Thus passed the first night of Frederic's return, in affectionate solicitudes on the one hand, and assurances of convalescence on the other, so that when already fatigued by the exertion of travelling, and the excitement of meeting with his friends, he retired to his apartment, and felt himself surrounded by the thousand nameless comforts which affluence could not purchase nor power command, his heart melted in a transport of gratitude and affection, and tears that neither sorrow nor sufferings could extract, trembled in his eyelids, and trickled down his hollow cheeks; he had long felt the chill hand of death press heavily on his heart, but when his eye caught Lucy's portrait smiling upon him with the same ineffable sweetness and artless witchery, that had first made him the slave of woman's charms, and seeming as if it begged of him to live for her sake, he felt for the first time, how terrible a thing it is to die; comparatively happy, however, in the certainty of lingering out the few hours that yet remained for him in the arms of affection, he lay down to dream of happiness and Lucy. The next morning, awaking from a more refreshing slumber, the recollection of the rude scenes that he had left, mingling in contrast with the tranquillity and peace that reigned around, induced a corresponding calmness and tranquillity of mind, which took for a moment from the sorrowful sameness which had of late characterized his feelings; having dressed, he cheerfully gazed from his window on the little grove whose leaves fluttered gladly in the morning beeeze. But the balmy freshness that it breathed upon his hectic brow, did not as it formerly wont—inspire him with feelings of unmixed contentment and delight; though it whispered to his soul the solemn truth of man's mortality, as he called to mind the saying of the old poet: "The fall of man is as the leaves of the forest, which the autumn scatters, and the smiling spring renews." Pass but a few short years, and who would hear of Frederic? Even the lips of affection would murmur his name with scarce a sigh, or thoughtlessly repeat "alas poor Frederic" over his grave. The skies would spread abroad their blue expanse in as cloudless beauty, and the woods would breathe forth as wild delight—after he had mouldered silently again to dust.

When he joined his family at breakfast, a faint blush fluttered on his cheek, and altogether he appeared so animated, and entered into conversation with so much vivacity and spirit, that the fond inmates of the chateau hoped soon to see him perfectly restored, and imputed the extreme languor and debility of the preceding evening, to the combined effects of travelling and want of rest. Week after week passed away, and found him gradually and almost imperceptibly sinking beneath the silent ravages of disease—every thing that could be resorted to, either for the purpose of diverting the mind, or restoring bodily health, was put in practice by his affectionate tenders—in the cool twilight of evening, taking an arm of each, he would ramble with his mother and Lucy—amid the favourite haunts of his childhood, or seated in little arbours which his own hands had formed in its happy and thoughtless hours, would listen while Lucy read him some pretty tale from a favourite author; one evening as they sat thus employed, Frederic, with a hand of each affectionately and firmly clasped in his, and his head supported on the affectionate Lucy's shoulder, appeared to be gazing intently on the various hues with which the golden rays of the setting sun had tinted the western skies, the calm landscape lay in smiling beauty before them, and a winding stream ran gently murmuring at their feet, while the shadowing branches of an old elm-tree hung drooping over their heads, its large leaves scarcely ruffled by the calm zephyr that whispered through them. The recital of Sterne's affecting story of Le Fevre alone broke upon the universal stillness that reigned around, when presently the voice of the reader faultered, and a loud and agonized shriek startled the distant echoes of the grove, as Lucy caught in her arms the lifeless body of Frederic Ashmore.

W. S. L.

May, 1830.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL IRISH INSTITUTION.

We resume our notice of the exhibition of the works of the old masters, now open. There are no less than three landscapes by Gaspar Poussin, differing from each other very much in their general characteristics, but all of them impressed with the stamp of a great and poetical mind. No. 62, Landscape and figures; this is the picture that was formerly in the collection of the Earl of Farnham, from which it passed to the cabinet of Major Sirr; it is we think in the artist's *first* manner, the composition grand and solemn, though perhaps a little pedantic; the colouring quiet and harmonious; the execution careful but somewhat dry. No. 10, A Land storm; is painted with more freedom and vigour. In subjects of this kind the pencil of Gaspar was never surpassed, and this picture is not unworthy of his powers. Yet we should probably prefer to either of these pictures the landscape and figures, No. 71, belonging to Dr. Cheyne. The subject is exceedingly romantic—the grounds admirably broken and diversified—the light and shade broad and judiciously distributed, and the colour again 'quiet and harmonious,' deep but not heavy. The figures are equal in their way to the landscape, and are probably the work of Bamboccio. The subject is, the murder of a peasant by banditti, who after plundering the dead body, are carrying away his wife. Nothing can be more admirably dramatic than the figure of the unfortunate woman, who regardless of her own fate looks back with the most poignant anguish on the mangled corpse of her husband. The picture is in every respect beautiful and interesting.

While we are speaking of landscapes, we are forcibly reminded of another charming, though very different production of this class; we allude to the small picture (No. 28) by Wynants. What can be more simple than its composition? a broken bank by a road side, with a small pool of water, and a little distant offskip, are the whole materials of which it is composed; yet such is its clearness of colour, its felicity of execution, and above all, its truth of effect, that we think we can never tire of admiring it, or too highly appreciate its beauty.

No. 54. Landscape and cattle, Albert Cuyp. This is a magnificent specimen of that great master; full of simplicity and truth, admirable in effect, and painted with extraordinary care, without being dry or laboured. We have heard it indeed criticised for want of vigour in the pencil, as well as for monotony in the colouring, and we are aware that there are many works of the master to which these censures could less fairly be applied; but for our parts, we are nevertheless inclined to think such remarks somewhat hypercritical, and in looking at so noble work of its kind, feel ourselves too much absorbed in the contemplation of its positive beauties, to be able to discover doubtful imperfections. It is a faithful transcript of nature, free from all sorts of affectations, and will be admired in proportion as our own taste is natural and unsophisticated.

MUSIC.

We were amongst the privileged visiters at the annual private concert of the Philharmonic society on Wednesday evening, and it presented a large assemblage of beauty and fashion, including most of the distinguished patrons of music in this city. The orchestra, which was numerous and effective, was led by Mr. J. Barton with his usual ability, aided by many eminent professors, as well as the amateur performers. The concert commenced with a symphony in G minor, by Mozart, of which we heard but the conclusion, not having arrived sufficiently early; it was followed by a vocal quartette, "Where the Bee sucks," the composition of a member of the society, which reflects infinite credit upon his taste and judgment: it lost none of its beauty in the hands of Messrs. Hermann, John Barton, Popp, and Murphy, by whom it was delightfully executed; the concluding movement exhibited a playfulness of style, in which the Scherzando was rendered conspicuous and extremely pleasing. A double instrumental quartette of Spohr's followed, which though presenting many scientific excellencies, we did not think so well adapted to the 'general ear.' Sir John Stevenson's inspiring glee, "Give me the Harp," was next given with full chorus and orchestral accompaniments, and produced an effect which we seldom see displayed in this city. Weber's overture to Oberon, was chosen to conclude the first part of the concert, which though not ranking quite so favourably in our judgment as that by the same composer in the Freischütz, is still a sublime composition; and as a novelty, as well as from the creditable style in which it was performed, proved highly attractive. The second part commenced with Rossini's overture to *Guillaume Tell*, which, though we have heard it performed very frequently of late, yet on this occasion ex-

peared to have acquired new beauties from the superior effect imparted to its execution: to this the fine performance of Messrs. Pigott and Hermann on the violoncello, in the opening movement, (which is obligato for these instruments,) greatly contributed. A beautiful septette of Beethoven's followed, in which harmony was blended with masterly effect, and it was listened to with real pleasure, if we might judge by the profound silence which prevailed during its performance and the acclamations of applause which followed its close.

Beethoven's grand chorus from "the Mount of Olives" concluded the entertainment, in which a rivalry in excellence appeared to pervade the vocal and instrumental performers. On the whole, we never recollect to have experienced a more delightful musical treat in Dublin, and we congratulate the Society on having acquired a character in the musical world, which must ensure its ultimate prosperity—the members were politely attentive to the visiters during the night, and in the intervals of the performance, and after its close, ices and other refreshments were handed round, which appeared to be not the least relished part of the evening's entertainment.

THE DRAMA.

Mr. and Mrs. Yates still continue to perform at our Theatre, but the inducement which so recently attracted crowded audiences, appears to have departed with "her elephantine highness;" during the past week, the house has been miserably attended, the perverted taste which produces such a result, provoked us very much on Saturday evening, when so excellent a specimen of the legitimate drama as Mrs. Centlivre's Comedy of "*The Wonder*" performed before an audience, which could not have paid the expenses of the house. Mrs. Yates played Violante, and her performance was distinguished by all the liveliness and grace which have rendered her so general a favorite, and which on this occasion, as usual, called forth unanimous applause. Mr. Calcraft was the Don Felix of the night, and personated the impetuous and jealous lover with much spirit: perhaps indeed it is one of his most successful efforts. We regret we cannot accord to Mr. Yates's Colonel Briton, the same praise to which his other performances entitle him. We refrain from criticising his personation of the character more minutely, believing that he adopted it more from necessity than choice, and the want of a more efficient representative in the company.

Miss Fanny Kemble and her father are expected to appear here on the 3rd of July; we learn that they are to be preceded by Madame Vestris and Mr. Power; in the mean time Madmoiselle D'Jeck returns for two nights only.

Mr. Lee has concluded his arrangements with the committee of Drury-lane Theatre, and is now the lessee.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO A LADY,

WHO REPROACHED THE AUTHOR WITH CARRYING TWO WATCHES, AS A PIECE OF FOPPERY.

L'un avance l'autre retarde;—
Quand pres de vous je dois venir
A la premier je regarde,
A l' autre quand je dois sortir.

We got this latter somewhere abroad, but it is too good to be thrown away because not strictly original.

MY FAVOURITE FLOWERS.

First then of all that little one,
The blue "Forget-me-not;"
Few are the hearts for which it keeps
No history unforgot,
Of feelings that its name may tell,
Of some young, fond, tear-choked farewell.
Next the rich wall-flower—oh! I love
Even its lightest breath,
For 'twas the favourite of a heart
Now calm enough in death;
That dear, that broken heart! perhaps
'Twas that this flower through life's cold lapse,

Had kept for him remembrances
Of kindness dead and o'er;
I know not—but even yet I see
The sad sweet smile he wore,
The last, last time he ever bent
Down to my hand to catch its scent.

. . . . . .

Next (and I scarce know why,) the stars
Of the pale jessamine wreath
Except for the deliciousness
Its death-like blossoms breathe:
Summer has many a snowier white,
And many a blossom more gaily bright.

But the gravely graceful jessamine
Grows loveliest in mine eye,
As the sweetness of its hidden soul
Comes o'er me passing by;
'Tis like the music mind can throw
Round lips that want young beauty's glow.

But who could number o'er the whole
Fair multitude they love?
I love not all—nor all alike
My musing eye can move,
With admiration's sudden beam,
Or welcome fond, or memory's dream.

They are as the human face to me;
A sentiment beyond
The perfect form, the brilliant tint,
Must touch them with its wand;
And breathe through leaf and flower the while,
As heart and soul through human smile.

Both have their beautiful, their pure
As snow from time's dark touch,
Their lofty, shrinking, delicate,
Their few—(oh! precious such)—
That we ne'er knew till winter came,
And found their faithful smile the same.

Both their young laughers, that shake off
Gayly the dew or tear,
Or sweetly false through long decay,
Bright to the last appear,
When let a breeze touch life's light spray,
It strews the loosened leaves in clay!

Their confiding, meek, and fond, whose life
Is in that to which they cling;
Their familiar ones endeared, that round
Our homes since childhood spring,
Oh! heartless matched with these the power
Of stranger face, of foreign flower.

But, of the yet un-named, I love
Dearly all drooping heads,
That as in grief or weariness
Bend toward their leafy beds;
From the valley's little lily white,
To the snow-drop, and red fuchia light.

. . . . . .

And some few more I do but love
For moments of the past;
That they keep folded in their buds'
Defying Time's keen blast,
To drive them thence: dead looks, far tones
Haunt as I gaze these sacred ones.

Z. Y.

A WISH.

Of all the flowers our gardens boast,
The lily's fate I envy most;
When gentle breezes sweetly blow,
And summer suns with fervour glow,
Behold the graceful plant arise
With beauty deck'd to charm the eyes!
But long ere winter chill and cold,
Shall o'er the plain his empire hold
The prudent lily sinks to rest,
And hides in earth her snowy breast.

Would Heaven but grant an ardent prayer,
Thy fate were mine, thou flow'ret fair;
Oh! may I live whilst youth has power
To fill with joy each smiling hour;
To riper years at length attain,
Nor may those years be reach'd in vain;
But when old age I slowly feel
O'er mind and body chilling steal,
And tasteless life no longer charms,
Then earth receive me to thine arms.

Mtta. S.

SONNET.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE TAKEN ON THE LIMERICK ROAD.

Ungainly traveller! with thine out-turned toes
Pricking thy Rosinante thro' the mud;
Facing the country wind with frosty nose,
And blear eyes scalding in their rheumy flood—
Thy leathern cheek hath lost all sign of blood,
Thy wig is blown awry, and thy old cloaths
Do hang about thee as a thing of wood
Set up by the way side to scare the crows.

Certes, thou art a strange original;
Thus jogging on through rain and mire and all,
As tranquil as if trotting in the sun—
And that old beast, so ragged, gaunt and tall,
That thus thy spindle-shanks are stuck upon.
Sure both are of a piece—ye are but one!

A. de V.

THE ANGEL'S VISIT.

"Sister spirit, tell me where
Thy flight has been to-day;
I've sought thee through the fields of air,
And mourned thy lengthen'd stay;
Not mourned, for sorrow dwells not here,
Yet, why thus linger, sister dear?

"Loved one, when first o'er Eden's bow'rs,
Day rose, I anxious hied,
Brushing the dew from amaranth flow'rs,
Which spring life's fount beside;
And wing'd with love I downward flew,
Till near native earth I drew.

"Once more the sunny spot I sought,
Where childhood's day had sped;
And oh! what joy each object brought,
As memory round me shed,
The light of hours belov'd ev'n now,
Whose thought yet lights with smiles this brow.

"I hastened to the garden bow'r,
Which once I loved so well,
Where oft I hailed the evening hour,
Oft heard creation swell
Its matin hymn with boundless voice,
When earth, and air, and sea rejoice.

"My robin on his favourite tree,
Poured forth his warbled tale,
The wood-bine waved luxuriantly,
In fragrance to the gale,
And countless flowers were smiling through,
Their glistening tears of morning dew.

"I hied me to the lattice, where
Oft with my sister dear
I sate, to breathe the fresh'ning air—
That sister still was here:
But oh! how changed—her cheek seemed snow,
And yet 'twas flush'd with hectic glow.

"That form which once to me appeared
Health's favour'd dwelling place—
Her mirthful brow—all, all were sear'd
With sorrow's withering trace:
And her wan eye, whence joy late beamed,
All—rayless and expiring seemed.

"Oh, yes: 'tis true we here shall meet,
Soon never more to part;
Soon shall heaven's chorus joy to greet
That lov'd one. her young heart
Already throbs to taste the joy
Which ever grows, yet cannot cloy.

"And as unseen I hovered there,
Over that lovely one,
I heard her softly whisper'd pray'r,—
That time should swift glide on,
Until her weary eyes should sleep
In their last slumber calm and deep.

"And as she viewed the clear blue sky,
And sadly smiled around,
Methought she felt that I was nigh,
For oft I heard the sound
Of my own name half sighed, and then
She fix'd her gaze on heav'n again.

"Wonder not, then, companion dear,
That I could linger so,
And leave thus long the pleasures here
For yonder world of woe;—
Oh, joy!—my best-beloved to see
An heir of immortality!

"Come,—seek we now those spirits who
Her parents were, and mine;
They'll glow with holiest rapture too,
Their eyes shall gleam like thine,—
To hear their lov'd one hastens thus
To share those realms of life with us.

"We'll wreathe a crown of living flow'rs,
And tune our lyres of gold,
To hail her hither:—speed ye hours,
Till Eden's gates unfold,
To let the ransom'd seraph in,
Joys never-ending to begin!"

T. C. D. Mc.

STANZAS.

Yes, believe it, there's an hour
When slumber seals our woes,
And seraphs leave their silver bower
To visit grief's repose!

When, o'er memory's sight, the past
In brightened vision steals;
And once again, the loved and lost,
To trembling hope reveals.

When all that earth to love had given,
In sweeter love returns;
And all that faith unfolds of heaven,
To faith less dimly burns.

They know it not, they never knew
The deep, pure tenderness
Of hearts that here together grew,
If death could make it less:

Nor felt how strong the golden chain
That's wove 'neath holy skies,
If earth could break one link in twain
That heaven sanctifies.

Then hail! ye twilight shades! bright hour
Of star-crown'd midnight hail!
When with the loved and lost I soar
Above this tearful vale.

A LADY.

LINES,

BY A LADY, ON ASKING A FLOWER.

Give me that faded flower, my Love—
A boon my wither'd heart may claim;
Its emblem sorrows may reprove
The rashness of so wild a flame.

That faded flower—that faded flower,
Too dearly wooed the breathing skies;
It oped its buds each coming hour,
And gave its warmest, softest sighs.

Its wanton lips too oft afford
Each burning smile, and balmy sweet;
For, ah! the truant sunbeam pour'd
On rival flowers, its genial heat.

Still turn its withering lips above,
Up to the Sun's inconstant ray—
Until those beams that waked it's love
Wither and steal its hues away.

'Twas thus the wild delusive dreams
Of burning hope deceived my soul;
Joy flushed my cheek, while varied beams
Of falsehood from thine eye-balls roll.

Oft have I felt thy panting heart,
And thought it heaved its throbs for me;
And oft each boiling vein would start,
To think that I should breathe from thee.

That eye of flame is like the lamp,
That nightly burns for witchery's art; *
That look—the tyrant's ruthless stamp,
That crushing, breaks each prostrate heart.

Fools upon fools have felt the sting,
But here alone its points you've left;
While peace to others, time may bring,
This bleeding heart is still bereft.

R. D B.

* Ignis fatuus.

THE THREE SONGS.

(From the German of Ludovic Von Uhland.)

I.

In his lofty hall king Sifreid sate he;
"Ho! minstrels, who'll sing the best song for me?"
A youth stept forth, with a fire-flashing eye,
A harp in his hand and a sword by his thigh:

II.

"But three songs, I know—proud prince, my first song
"I ween is forgotten by thee full long—"
"My brother,—my brother was murdered by thee,
"Its chorus; my brother was murdered by thee.

III.

"The second, I made on a dark stormy night,
"When the thunder pealed loud, and the lightning gleamed bright,
"Thou shalt fight with me in the mortal strife,
"Its chorus; I dare thee to mortal strife."

IV.

The harp from his hand 'gainst the table he laid,
While swiftly and fiercely each drew his keen blade,
And long time they fought with a wild uproar,
'Till the tyrant sank on his palace-hall floor.

V.

"Now sing I the third; 'tis the sweetest to me,
"My voice shall ne'er fing, while I sing it to thee:
"King Sifreid he lies in his own purple blood,
"Its chorus; he lies in his own purple blood."

SHAHIR.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A University Club is in progress of formation, on the model of the other great clubs of London. It is to consist, in the first instance, of 600 members—300 from each University. The First Volume of the Juvenile Library, to be published by Messrs. Colburn and Bentley, will appear on the first of July. The March of Intellect, a Comic Poem, by W. T. Moncrieff; with wood engravings, by R. Cruikshank. Leaves and Flowers for an Album, by a ci-devant author. A Second Series of the Irish Pulpit; Original Sermons, by Clergymen of the Established Church in Ireland. Practical Remarks on the Book of Exodus, for Family Worship. A Brief View of the Different Editions of the Scriptures of the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches. Irish Cottagers, by Mr. Martin Doyle. O'Donoghue, Prince of Killarney, a Poem, by Miss Bourke. The Northern Tourist, or Strangers Guide to the North and North-west of Ireland, by P. D. Hardy. Ten Views of Picturesque Scenery in the same quarter, by George Petrie, R.H.A. Letters from France, Savoy, &c. by George Downes, A.M.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

Our most esteemed and valued English correspondent's admirable poetical effusion in our next. By the way, we should thank any other periodical in the isles to match us in original and translated poetry. We are much indebted to 'Frank Modish' for his zeal and ability in the cause we have so warmly espoused, but as we were so fortunate as to please the ladies in our flash paper upon 'Dress' in No. 16, we are unwilling to hazard our reputation by a second essay in which nothing very novel or striking would be found. H. Y. will forgive us for differing from him in a point of taste, in which his modesty misled him. In the 'Sonnet on Kilkee' in No. 21, there was a wrong point in line eleven, and 'E'en' was written for 'Ere' in the line following: the whole passage should read thus—

——— Hark, the shrill sea-birds scream!
Who, cloud-like, sweep the long wave's sapphire gleam,
Ere the poised osprey stoops in wrath from high.

The words are intended to image, if possible, before the reader's eye, the action of the wild birds trying to escape the swoop of their enemy, just prepared to pounce upon them in his downward flight.

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J. P. GRIFFITH, Secretary, R.I.I.

April, 1830.

WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.

This day is published, price Two Shillings, with Two Engravings,

THE EDINBURGH JOURNAL OF NATURAL and GEOGRAPHICAL SCIENCE. No. IX. For June, 1830. Under the direction of William Ainsworth, M.R.C.S.E. and Henry H. Cheek, F.S.S.A. &c.

Daniel Lizars, Edinburgh; Whittaker, Treacher and Arnot, London; and WILLIAM CURRY, Jun. and Co. Dublin; to whom communications for the Editors may be addressed.

LIBRARY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE. The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge have now published Seventy-five Numbers of their Treatises, out of which several Volumes are completed, viz.—Natural Philosophy, Vol. I. consisting of the Preliminary Treatise, Mechanics, Hydrostatics, Hydraulics, Pneumatics, Heat, Optics, and Polarization of Light. A Volume containing the History of Greece; and a Volume of Geometry. There have also been published the Lives of Wolsey, Coke, Blake, Caxton, Niebuhr, Mahomet, Wren, Newton, Galileo, and Kepler, which will speedily be made into a volume. Besides these, the following Treatises have appeared, many of which are complete: an account of Lord Bacon's Novum Organum; an account of Sir Isaac Newton's Optics; Optical Instruments, Electricity, Galvanism, Chemistry, Vegetable Physiology, Animal Physiology; Thermometer and Pyrometer; Arithmetic and Algebra; Navigation; Mathematical and Physical Geography, and the Art of Brewing.

London: Baldwin and Cradock, Paternoster-row; sold by W. F. WAKEMAN, 9, D'Olier-street, Dublin, and all Booksellers in Ireland. Price 6d. each Number.

On the 31st of March was published,

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW. No. XXIV. Price 6s.

Contents:—I. Moore's Letters and Journals of Byron—II. Ancient Bohemian Ballads—III. Carlisle's Gentlemen of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Chamber—IV. Crawfurd's Embassy to the Court of Ava—V. Robert Montgomery's Satan—VI. Law of Arrest—VII. Colman's Random Records—VIII. Financial Reform—IX. Galt's Lawrie Todd—X. Taxes on Literature—XI. Bentham's Petitions for Justice—XII. Public Charities in France—XIII. Life of Paul Jones—XIV. Works of Dr. Channing—XV. Cloudesley—XVI. Smith and Stoker on Fever—XVII. Le Représentant des Peuples. Postscript to the Article on the Instrument of Exchange in No. I. Ditto ditto on the Newspaper Press.

No. XXV. will be published on the 30th June next, and will contain Articles on the Distress of the Country—On Canada and the Colonial System—On the Ballot—On Planting and Vegetable Physiology—On the Life and Character of Thomas Jefferson—The Newspaper Press, &c.

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OR

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No. 24. SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1830. PRICE 9d.

PERSONAL SKETCHES, No. VII.

(Concluded from our last.)

MR. DENMAN.

That Mr. Denman's style of eloquence is not faultless, I admit; but his faults are amply redeemed by great and varied and lofty excellencies, and I doubt whether even his blemishes weaken the force of his appeals, or detract much from his high merit as an advocate. The fault most commonly found with Mr. Denman is, that his style is unequal, that though he soars, he soon sinks again; and that although he speaks with unrivalled ability, 'tis only for a time, and then he falls to the level of common men, from want of a sustaining force within him. There is unquestionably a considerable inequality in his style; but for this I can offer a reason with which careful observation has supplied me, and which I think will be found correct. I am persuaded then that this inequality arises not from any deficiency of talent or want of information, but from the natural constitution of his mind, which compels him to utter his thoughts hastily and unreservedly; and from a habit too which he cannot now conquer, of approaching his subject without much previous preparation: he examines attentively the chief features of his case, but does not consider with sufficient minuteness each particular part, and speaks without having completely arranged and methodised his own thoughts, much less selected the exact words he means to employ. In this he differs from Mr. Brougham, than whom no man prepares with so much sedulous anxiety; the consequence of which marked difference is, however, that Denman succeeds in many cases of a certain class, when Mr. Brougham would most decidedly fail. Of the latter gentleman it was well observed by the author of his Sketch in the Dublin Literary Gazette, that there was no moral *goodness* in his oratory. Nothing can be more accurately true; and although he be a man of gigantic intellect, gifted with mighty powers, fostered by knowledge as profound as it is minute, yet is his eloquence eternally cold and bitter, and sarcastic, whether he derides the "mad doctors," (as he called them,) at Gray's inn coffee-house, lectures Sir Edward Sugden before the Lords, or scoffs at lord Aberdeen in the Commons: still is he the same—still you hear nothing but relentless, cutting irony, and bitter sarcasm: the consequence is, that you walk away deeply impressed with a conviction of his vast abilities, but half frightened the while; for he not only has a giant's strength, but uses it like a giant. Place him before a jury, and desire him to tell them a feeling story to move their sympathies, or to touch their hearts by an affecting tale of suffering and misfortune, and if he be an honest man he will tell you he could not do it, and will hand his brief over to Mr. Denman; *he* will at once have the jury and his audience with him, not so much by proclaiming original and striking principles, as by telling them in a new and happy manner, of homely truths, with which they have been long acquainted. They see a man before them pleading the cause of injured innocence, or vindicating outraged character, with soul and feelings like themselves; they look into his intelligent and manly countenance, and they are happy, because they behold in it a faithful index of a sound and honest human heart: they hear his round and mellow voice rise into strength and loudness when he is indignantly denouncing villainy, or exposing crime; they hear it subdued into softness when he is naturally affected by the nature of his case, and they see him tremble with emotion at the touch of pity. They are not cold-hearted critics, and have no time to observe trivial errors, or to catch up petty slips; pleased to find that his soul is in the subject, that he is not thinking of himself, or seeking for nice words and aspiring after flowing sentences, they confide in him unhesitatingly, and are led captive by his natural and engaging manner, by his feeling and spontaneous eloquence. The hearer would be disposed when Mr. Brougham had done, to take his hat, and make him a low bow before he walked away; but he feels an irresistible inclination to rush forward and grasp Mr. Denman by the hand, with the familiar fondness of an old and well-tried friend. Of his uncompromising integrity as a lawyer it is almost needless to speak; it has never been denied or doubted. By the malevolence of party it has remained unquestioned, even in the hottest times of political excitement. When I use the word integrity, I mean not merely that tradesman-like honesty which teaches a man to discharge his duty, and prevents him from betraying a trust reposed in him. By the term, as applied to Mr. Denman, I mean that high and chivalrous sense of honor, the animating principle of a noble and generous nature, which prompts a man, regardless of personal emolument, and in contempt of personal interest, to encounter all risks and to brave all consequences for the sake of truth and justice, with an utter recklessness of his own future prospects. In the memorable event of the Queen's trial, he inveighed against her prosecutors with a thoughtless impetuosity which hurried him into expressions not merely indiscreet, but so improper as to require the decent veil of a learned language. His classical friend, Dr. Parr, it is said, supplied him with what has since been emphatically termed *Denman's Greek*. 'Tis a painful subject to advert to, and had better be buried in oblivion, for however the quotation alluded to might have savoured of pedantry and coarseness, it exhibited but little of that good feeling and urbanity for which Mr. Denman had been so proverbial, and which under every excitement should mark the deportment of the scholar and the gentleman. His zeal and vehemence on this occasion, nearly destroyed, and for a long time certainly retarded, his professional advancement; after a lapse of some years, and when the fervour of political excitation had abated, Mr. Brougham accepted a silk gown, much to the surprise of his professional brethren, who had supposed that his attachment to Mr. Denman was so ardent, that he would not permit himself to be promoted while his friend was left below the bar. However, doubtless for substantial reasons, Mr. Brougham marched within, to a more comfortable seat, while Mr. Denman still remained the ornament of the outer bench, and might have so continued still, but for the impartiality and candour of our military premier.—'Tis said that reports were diligently circulated injurious to Mr. Denman's prospects; that in consequence he had several conversations with Lord Lyndhurst, who graciously informed him that he would be promoted in due time, doubtless accompanying the put-off with smooth words and a sweet smile: tired or disgusted with the shuffling of the chancellor, he visited the Duke of Wellington, who in a brief interview of five minutes' duration, acknowledged with characteristic frankness that he saw no good reason why an advocate should be punished for boldly defending his client, and that he would certainly and speedily attend to his claims.—The consequence of this interview was, that Mr. Denman soon obtained the step to which his talents and standing had long entitled him. Our distinguished fellow-countryman, (the Duke,) evincing by this act of justice, that he had more correct notions of the privileges of an advocate, than the man who from education and early associations should feel most desirous to protect and enlarge them.

In concluding my account of Mr. Denman's character as a lawyer, I can, perhaps, convey the most exact idea of his professional powers by contrasting them with those of his legal brethren; if you had a rotten case to patch up, of course you would select Sir James; if you wished to set aside a special verdict, Mr. Pollock; if to chastise or terrify your opponent, Mr. Brougham; if to vindicate your character or to defend your life, Mr. Denman. On his parliamentary career this gentleman can look back with pleasure; independent and consistent he never deviated from those principles which from an honest conviction he had first embraced,* to ingratiate himself with the minister

* Of course our views in politics are very different from Mr. Denman's: we do not love the man the less. There is nothing that we more heartily detest, or that has more often grieved and disgusted us in Ireland, than to see educated gentlemen allowing party prejudices to interfere with the interchange of the charities of social and domestic life, and made the ground of personal dislike; as if men could not be amiable and estimable, while each held his own way of thinking. For our proper part, if we know a man to be honest and true, we should as soon think of quarrelling with him for the colour of his coat as of his political opinions, provided he does not thrust them forward offensively upon us, and even then we should simply meet them with their opposite.—ED.

of the day; he fearlessly denounced corruption wherever he found it, and forgot his own interest in the larger and more comprehensive interests of his country. That he is not now in Parliament I consider a national loss, and as a frequent listener in the House of Commons, I regret the absence of a man, who by his ready eloquence might throw life into debates, now alas! almost bereft of vigour and animation, but pre-eminently distinguished for flippancy and dullness. But it is not for his patriotism as a senator, or for his excellence as an advocate, that I consider him most deserving of approbation, he is entitled to the respect and love of his fellow-citizens "because he is a friend to the moral improvement of man."—Associated with Mackintosh and Brougham, he has struggled hard to spread abroad the light of knowledge, and to diffuse the blessings of a sound and useful education amongst the ignorant portion of his countrymen; he has been the firmest friend to the London-university and other institutions which have had the education of the public for their object, he has been the bitterest enemy of that monstrous birth of modern times, the slave trade; and associated with illustrious rivals in a still more glorious cause, his name will be treasured in the recollections of the wise and good, so long as a single tract of the much calumniated "society for the diffusion of useful knowledge," shall be extant. Each succeeding month adds fresh laurels to those which he has already won; he may wear them without a blush, for they are unstained by the innocent blood which tarnishes the proudest trophy the greatest conqueror ever gained by the slaughter of thousands, to gratify the cravings of lust or of ambition. And it must be to him a delightful reflection, that by no human power can he be deprived of his well earned reputation. No, although the great tyrants of Europe were to conspire to-morrow to accomplish the debasement of mankind, or issue a bloody edict for the extermination of the virtuous and the honest, whom they hate and fear, they cannot, thank heaven, stifle the voice of truth, or arrest the progress of knowledge: already has it approached their very gates, and they tremble for the safety of the citadel of ignorance; vain is their opposition, despite their impotent and malignant efforts it will advance resistless in its course, till the despotism of the continent be shivered in its grasp, till superstition be universally trampled under foot, and tyranny banished from the world.

I have I fear, exhausted my reader's patience, and wandered from my subject. In private life, Mr. Denman is amiable, kind, and generous, so that even those who hate his politics, admire the man; by the members of his own profession he is beloved; on circuit he is the centre of attraction, possessing the happy art of winning the esteem, and gaining the affections of all who come within the reach of his society and conversation: this is high praise, but I have asserted nothing but what I know to be the truth. I may add, that he is an ardent and critical admirer of the Fine Arts, and indeed of every thing that tends to humanize, adorn, and improve mankind. Mr. Denman has, I should suppose, but little chance of ever obtaining high preferment, he is now common serjeant of London, a place in the gift of the corporation, which was bestowed on him from admiration of his public character, and respect for his private virtues.—The road to the bench is still somewhat crooked, for although through the correcting influence of public opinion, men only of undoubted talents and great experience, are placed in the most prominent and difficult situations, men whose names spread a lustre round our seats of justice, yet the humbler but hardly less important places of the Puisne-judges, are not unfrequently procured by the instrumentality of private friendship, given as a snug retreat for imbecility, or bestowed as the appropriate reward of political subserviency. That man must be afflicted with a selfish disposition, and a contracted heart, who is not compensated for the loss of wealth and advancement, by the love of his professional brethren, the gratitude of his fellow citizens, the esteem and admiration of all honest men.

W.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Ireland and its Economy; being the result of observations made in a tour through the country in the autumn of 1829. By I. E. Bicheno, Esq. F. R. S. Sec. Linn. Soc. &c.—London, Murray.

Mr. Bicheno visited Ireland out of curiosity, as men go to see the wild beasts at supper in the tower menagerie, (only with far greater intrepidity, for the beasts in the tower are caged,) and his route lay through Waterford, Cork, Kerry, the western part of Clare, Limerick, Tipperary, Kilkenny, Carlow, Kildare, Dublin; then northward to Belfast, returning through Armagh, whence he diverged through Monaghan to Enniskillen and Sligo, and so back again to the fair city of Dublin. Having penetrated thus far into the bowels of our western terra incognita, as fast as Irish post horses, and his 'thravelin po-chay,' could carry him, and beguiling the tedium of our 'pathless downs,' with the pleasant chat of Frederic Page, Esq. a bencher of the middle temple,—whom our public will rejoice to hear that Mr. Bicheno found as he informs us in his dedication, an intelligent and agreeable companion of his journey,—it behoved him of course to enlighten the benighted English people on his return with his observations on all the "vonderful vonders as vas to be seed' in these foreign and outlandish parts. It is the privilege of Englishmen to grumble. While at home they grumble at 'their own, the nation's debt,' the laws

'Which feed the poor, and *dont* protect the game,'

and other enormities and anomalies too tedious to be mentioned. Let them but step out of merry England, and whatever is is wrong, because it is not English. Let us hear for example Mr. I. E. Bicheno on the dwellings of the rural population of Ireland:

"The habitations of the peasanty are, as every body knows, of the rudest and most miserable construction. They are scattered over the country wherever a bit of soil is to be obtained, fit for the potatoe; but the favourite spot is beside a road, where they are frequently seen to extend with short intervals for miles together. These collections of hovels form almost the only villages to be seen by the traveller. In Munster, to which we chiefly directed our attention, is probably to be witnessed as low a scale of shelter as is to be found in Europe among a settled population. It is built by the occupier of the soil out of the materials he finds on the spot. The four walls are of dirt, mixed with rushes or straw beaten up with it. The floor is the earth. The roof is constructed of bogwood, fastened together with pins of the same, or tied with rude cordage made of grass, or rye-straw, which is a favourite material. The covering is sods, or perhaps a thatch of heath. If a window be indulged in, it consists of a single pane of glass, built in with the wall; and when it gets broken, which inevitably happens sooner or later, it is mended by plastering the hole up with dirt. There is a door-way, but frequently no door; its place being supplied by a straw-mat platted for the purpose, which easily admits of a passage behind the scenes; but if you are are shut out, the old jest is very nearly a truth, you may put your arm down the chimney and unlock the door. The interior is furnished with a dresser, some crockery, a table, a stool or two, a bedstead, and that servant of all work the *crock*. There never was a utensil applied to more purposes than this. It is like Hudibras' sword—

'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeke and onions, and so forth.

The crock not only boils the potatoes, which is its legitimate application, but aids in fetching them home washing them, and all things else that are washable. With the assistance of a table and a kish, it barricades the door, to prevent the irruptions of the pig and the cow during meals. It serves the pig and the children, collects the jetsum and flotsum of the cabin, and is alternately a vessel of honour and dishonour.

"The chimney, if there be one, is a square frame of wood-work, wrapped round with wattles of hay, and plastered with clay; or in the counties of Cork and Kerry it is a butter firkin, or a bee-hive, or a basket. The smoke indeed seldom escapes by its lawful channel, but makes its way as it can by every pore through the roof, walls and door; so that an Englishman, on the first impulse, immediately thinks of sending for the engines. A moment's reflection teaches him, that in Ireland smoke is not always the prelude to fire. It is frequently the utmost which the fuel itself can elaborate. The general aspect of these hovels at a distance, is that of heaps of dung reeking with the steam of their own fermentation.

"Immediately convenient to the door, and on each side, are the receptacles, into which the *rejectamenta* of the cabin are thrown; but they mostly find their way to these places by the laws of gravitation alone. Many attempts have been made by humane individuals, to induce them to remove these offensive collections out of sight, but in vain. Like other farmers, they love to display their wealth; and if they understand nothing else, they have learned how to convert decomposed animal and vegetable matter into potatoes.

"The cow, the pig, the goat, the turkies are as much a part of the family as the children. They grow up together, eat of the same meat, drink of the same cup, and lie in the same bosom. The ordinary answer when you remonstrate with them about these intrusions, is now as of old; 'And sure havn't they a right, for don't they pay the rent?'"

Now first we suspect friend John must have been bitten by some mad Munster-man, who told him of the manure heaps "immediately convaynient to the doore," for we can confidently affirm that he never learned the phrase

at Oxford, or the parts thereto *adjacent*. It is more important, however, to correct an error of judgment into which he in common with many other Englishmen has fallen, than to pick up those slips of the pen, which are to be found scattered pretty plentifully through the volume. Mr. Bicheno has thrown away a great deal of superfluous lamentation upon the mud-cabins of the third estate in Ireland: he fancies, most Englishmen fancy, because they are accustomed to see trig cottages with tiled roofs, and flower knots before and ever-greens growing about them, in the smiling villages of pleasant England, that where these are not comfort cannot come, and they proceed, at least in Mr. Bicheno's and some other cases, to fill up the picture of the transactions within what they are pleased to consider wretched hovels, from their own, we must say, 'filthy' imaginations. Now what is the fact? We who know both England and Ireland well, (a knowledge by the bye, which is not to be attained by simply posting along the mail coach roads of either country,) will inform our public briefly and truly. In England the cottages which look so pretty in the fine spring and summer days, when alone one is in the way of seeing them, are poor feeble baby-houses of places, vamped up for show, with a few thin boards stuck together without closing at the edges, and some ever-greens trained over them to hide the crevices, through which the wind rushes fiercely and keenly in the long dark winter nights, when no candle can be kept in, and the rain patters down through the cracks and crevices in the tile roof. We manage these things better in Ireland: here our walls are not of miserable ill-joined rotten sticks, neither are they, as Mr. Bicheno imagines, made of dirt. We must, according to the Persian proverb, make him 'eat dirt,' for the foul imputation. Did Mr. B. ever hear of a mud-wall weaver? we warrant he did not, in all his travels in the po-chay. He (the weaver) is the artificer of those strong and stable and cosey thick walls, not of 'dirt,' but of stiff adhesive clay, mixed with long strong straw, skilfully introduced, so as to add to the tenacity imperriousness and durability of the structure, when duly baked and seasoned in the sun. In a word, the mud-wall weavers have succeeded to the office for which the Egyptians kept the children of Israel in bondage, and we point to the pyramids as pregnant proof of the strength and durability of that important element in 'our father's mud edifice.' But then comes the roof. Reader had you ever an out-office, a *petit-maison* or the like, with a tiled roof? We once had a piggery so covered, and it was the plague of our life, the rain was eternally drip-dripping in upon the tender and bare little creatures, in spite of all our endeavours with mortar and rendering, and at last we were obliged to have recourse to thatch, merely for dryness, to say nothing of the superior warmth. Now what is too scurvy treatment for pigs in Ireland, cannot be very comfortable for christians in England. It is sheer ignorance that makes people cry out against our thatched roofs. No doubt they are a more expensive mode of doing the thing than tiling, but every thing really good is always expensive, and that is not the ground on which they are censured. It is because the dissentients know not that thatch is the dryest, warmest, comfortablest, best roof for a poor man's dwelling, that human wit has yet devised. Then as to the arrangements within doors: it is as plain as our stick that Mr. Bicheno knows nothing whatever about the matter. We have walked, run, rode, and driven up and down Ireland seventy-three thousand miles in our pilgrimage, (ten miles a day for twenty years, is no very extravagant allowance to ancient peripatetics like ourselves,) and in all that time we never saw nor heard of potatoes boiled in a crock, of which the Sec. Linn. Soc. makes such familiar and unseemly mention. A forty-shilling pot we have seen, and felt too, for when we were out at nurse in the county of Wicklow, we enjoyed a glad experience of the contents of the same, as did the wayfaring man, and the stranger and all who sought food and shelter in the name and honour of God. They were not ordered off 'to their parish,' as they would have been by a surly English boor, but were 'kindly welcomed,' with 'God save you,' on their coming, 'God speed you,' when they chose to go away. As to dirt and smoke and all that, what is the conclusion of the whole matter? why that our author himself, (who after all is an honest well-meaning Englishman, only a little simple or so, and like his fellows utterly incapable of understanding us Irish, our thoughts, words, and actions, or any of them,) even he is constrained to confess that, "the delicate operation of butter-making," is universally carried on, that the people enjoy plenitude of health; and that they strip with the whitest and clearest skins in the world. What could he say more to confute his own nasty hypothesis?

We have already adverted to the boldness and dauntless courage exhibited by Mr. Bicheno and his companion in their voyage of discovery. The gentleman himself discourses thereanent as followeth:

"If we had credited the representations made to us by *orange* friends very soon after our landing, we should have been dissuaded from attempting to penetrate into some of the remote corners of the west; but as their apprehensions on our behalf arose out of prejudices, working, too, upon them at a moment when they considered their loyalty had been sacrificed to mistaken liberality, we travelled on in spite of their forebodings, and had never the slightest reason to regret our determination, our only care being not to be mistaken for Irish gentlemen. Not a finger was ever lifted against us, but the most cheerful assistance was afforded to us in every difficulty; and although we travelled in the most disturbed districts, and among people who were sheltering murderers, and some of them murderers themselves, I am satisfied they might have been trusted with untold gold; and it is certain, that they are ready to share their scanty meal with the needy, and to relieve one another by acts of kindness, to which the more civilized poor of England are strangers.

"An Englishman cannot fail to remark the different behaviour of the peasantry of the two countries in one particular. We never were saluted with a bow or curtesy from any of them from the beginning to the end of our journey; conduct quite unnatural, and only to be accounted for by the relation in which they stand to the native gentry. I must admit, their nakedness, and shaggy hair, looking like the mane of an untamed colt, give them a forbidding aspect; and that there were occasions, when we met a troop of them on a wild bog, where we were disposed to compound for our safety, by addressing them as the Count Beaujeau did the Highlanders in Waverley, '*Gentlemans Sauvages*." &c.

Here again we are at issue with our author. Passing over the sneers at orangemen and Irish gentlemen, in which Mr. B. is rather prone to indulge, we come to facts. In all the long walks, rides, drives, swimming, sailing, rowing, and steaming matches we have been practising in Ireland these fifty years, we never once met with such uncourteous behaviour as he recites. After the country girls in Germany and France, the peasantry of Ireland are simply the most polite peasantry we have ever met in all our travels, and every body knows we have been every where from Constantinople to Niagara, from Indus to the Pole. If a man, woman or child passed *us* on a country road without saluting, we should go home and settle the marriage-portions of our grand-children and make our will at once, for such a portent has never yet befallen us, and we pray the fates to avert the omen dire. But how then could it have uniformly happened Mr. Bicheno, or do we mean to impeach his veracity in a matter of fact? Not at all, the thing is as plain, we repeat it again, as the crutch by the stool which little Lucy has just settled so nicely under our gouty foot. He and his friend took care "*not* to be mistaken for Irish gentlemen." We dare to say they found *that* very easy. It is difficult to counterfeit the most polished and perfect gentleman that exists, but if they *had* been mistaken for Irish gentlemen their path would have been strewed with green rushes, and their best beavers worn out in returning salutes. In truth and fact we once happened to chaperon an English country gentleman, a member of parliament, through a very wild and extensive district of the south, and his constant remark was (we are here quite serious, and we pledge our word for the truth of what we say,) that the lower class in this country though apparently so much less comfortable and independent than in England, was evidently accustomed to much more *kindness of manner* from their superiors, and always expected to receive as well as to return the courtesies of social life; and he himself was more than once reproved by the very beggarwomen, who, when he sternly bid them go away for he had nothing for them, would quietly reply "Well Sir, if you are going to give us nothing, I'm sure you need not *speak* so harsh." But to proceed to the more full and fair consideration of Mr. Bicheno's book, which is really a good and sensibly-written work in the main; he does not consider either absenteeism or the differences on religious doctrines as the principal causes of the dissensions that have so long interfered with the peace and tranquillity of Ireland, he rather looks upon the difference of faith between the upper and lower classes as a strange phenomenon, worthy indeed of curious inquiry, but not very powerfully affecting the civil and political relations of the country. The chief point to which he seems anxious to direct the attention of practical men, is the nature of the relation, or rather want of relation, that in Ireland subsists between landlord and tenant. He points out with considerable clearness and truth the great difference in this respect between Ireland and England, and the still wider deviation from the old clannish system, (Mr. Bicheno seems to consider it decidedly the *good* old clannish system) that used to prevail in Ireland itself. This system he details as follows:

"I will now proceed to mention some of the

peculiarities of the old system of landlord and tenant, which, in my opinion, have not been sufficiently regarded; and to the neglect of many of these, I am persuaded, much of the degradation of the country is to be charged. It will be found that there is as much difference between the old and the new connexion, as there is in the principles of union between the parents and children of two families, one of which is ruled mainly by parental love, and the other by the terrors of the rod.

"The state of society in Ireland, down to the Reformation, was similar to that which is recollected to have survived in the Highlands of Scotland to the middle of the last century; and which existed in England, in a modified form, until it was broken up, after the wars of York and Lancaster, by the general improvement of the country, and the introduction of a more profitable system of agriculture. It was clannish and patriarchal. Wherever this state of society has existed, the authority of the proprietors is purchased by conciliating the attachment of their followers; and they leave no art of popularity untried to secure it. They hold daily communication with their tenants, are condescending in their manners towards them; and, as they share each other's dangers as well as pleasures, sympathies and affections are awakened, to which the intercourse of refined life is a total stranger."

The very opposite state of things now subsisting in Ireland he describes as follows:

"The position in which the Irish proprietary have been placed, has induced them to look upon land as the merchant does upon his wares; and to forego, for the sake of profit, all the personal influence and consequence usually incident to their station. The rank and importance of the chief of a clan, and feudal lord, and even of the English proprietor, are derived in a great measure from the acts of kindness they are enabled to extend towards their tenantry, who are dependent upon them for subsistence and protection, and for which they receive in return not only money, but honour, family attachment, military service, and political support. The remission of rent, assistance in distress, the adjustment of disputes, and friendly advice, are the necessary result of the connexion of the two parties. If an Irish landlord is lenient towards his tenantry, the kindness is gratuitous, or is conceded as a charity, and consequently is not very general; but in England, even at present, and more so under the old landlords, the remission of rent in particular exigencies, and other proprietary kindnesses, are not conceded or accepted as acts of charity, but are yielded by the landlord, and expected by the tenant, on an understanding, hardly amounting to a right, yet not far short of it; because every landlord, placed in the like circumstances, would do the same. In Ireland, any kindness which is shewn to the tenantry, depends upon the generosity of the individual, and not upon any general feeling which prevails among the class. There are many liberal landlords in the country; but still, as a class, they are needy, exacting, unremitting, harsh, and without sympathy for their tenants."

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"An estate has been regarded in Ireland as a money interest alone, and has therefore given the proprietors scarcely any more consequence than exchequer-bills or stock, which would have yielded the same amount of income. A country, where the mercantile class prevails, among whom all the transactions of life are conducted upon the principle of a market price, may perhaps establish the same relation between landlord and tenant where the soil is the object, as between the same parties where houses in towns are concerned; but in a country purely agricultural, and a peasantry among whom the old social feelings are perpetuated, it is impossible to break up the old relation and establish a new one, founded upon pecuniary considerations alone, without doing great violence to society. It is not a relationship of blood, it is true, but it is one of interest, of strong sympathy, and of nature; and if long standing amongst the habits of mankind be anything in the scale, it has a preponderance that no system of the economists can claim. Modern doctrines, indeed, impeach its wisdom, and would supersede its necessity; but Ireland furnishes an example of the opposite system, and holds out her beacon to warn the political innovator, in his unchartered ocean, not to venture near the rock on which she has been wrecked.

"In every country in Europe, excepting Ireland, the landlord finds something for the tenant besides the mere soil; and even in England, which is a country where very little is furnished, the proprietor builds and repairs such accommodations as are necessary to conduct the business of the farm. In many continental kingdoms he finds the stock, but in unfortunate Ireland, the tenant has been left to provide even his own hovel; and hence it is the worst possible, and without the most ordinary conveniences of barns, stables, or even sheds or yards. Adam Smith remarks, that those laws and customs which secure to the English yeomanry a beneficial interest in the improvements they make, 'have contributed more to the present grandeur of England than all their boasted regulations of commerce taken together."

There is a great deal of truth and sound sense in this, and though we have the happiness to know among the estated gentry of Ireland many splendid exceptions to our author's sweeping censure, we are constrained to confess that in the general, what between absence and indifference, it is but too well-founded.

Mr. Bicheno entertains a very reasonable doubt as to the expediency of introducing poor-laws into Ireland, at least of extending relief to others than the sick, the aged and the impotent. On the whole matter, we close the volume with a very favourable opinion of its author. Without retracting a word of our introductory remarks on *his* introduction, we are happy to say that in the body of the book we find him dispassionate, intelligent, and fair, and we are sure that the general circulation which we predict for his book, will tend to the diffusion of sound and practical views on the leading questions respecting Ireland, which for the most part he has ably and truly touched.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Geography. vol. 1. The Cities and principal Towns in the World.—London, Longman and Co. and Taylor.

THIS is a judicious compilation, presenting a condensed account of the principal cities in the world, each accompanied by well executed wood-cuts. Twenty-three places of note in England are described, beginning with London, and ending with Alnwick: in Ireland five; in Scotland four. The Netherlands afford sixteen, France eleven, and Spain, which is the last country in the volume, thirteen. The letter-press descriptions, (which are of course the staple of the volume, for except some curious cuts of Moorish and other Eastern buildings in Spain, the wood engravings have little to attract particular attention, though very well done in their way,) seem to be diligently and faithfully compiled. On points of taste we must however sometimes beg leave to join issue with the writer: thus in the description of our own Dublin, he steps a little out of his way, for the purpose of assailing the bad taste and ill effect of Nelson's pillar in Sackville-street. This is mere local prejudice, though doubtless a very prevalent one here. The writer tells us,—"Sackville-street, a spacious and even noble avenue," (we should thank him to match it in London, though we are not oblivious of Portland-place,) "opens on the left. At about half its length appears Nelson's pillar, a heavy column, placed in its centre, with a perverseness of absurdity rarely seen to break a fine and complete view." And again—"the spectator should halt for a moment on Carlisle-bridge to view Sackville-street, unfortunately broken and disfigured by Nelson's pillar, but adorned by its own breadth and elegance, the portico of the Post-office, and the Rotunda in the distance, the south front of the Custom-house, and a noble line of walled quays over an innavigable river, flowing into a bay without ships; Westmorland-street, with on either side a portico of the Bank, and a pavilion of the University; and D'Olier-street, with the Dublin Library," (the senseless man omits the D. L. G. office,) and a view of the front of the new square of Trinity college." The bay without ships is pointless, because it is not true, and the pause in the description to commit a second onslaught on the pillar, 'Which stands like a candlestick lighting the town,' 'is affectations;' it is Dublin *cant*. The man labours, the citizens labour, under a huge mistake; our stony friend the naval stylite is a very pretty fellow. Moreover, he does not mar the view a bit, but the contrary: he is an agreeable object for the eye to rest on, 'half way down' like the samphire-man in Lear, and you see around and beyond him, uninterruptedly, if you like, to the other points enumerated in the Cyclopædia-man's catalogue. It was some silly notion of this kind about Nelson, that caused the cits to banish our friend Wellington to the Phœnix-park, where he stands like Tom Campbell's exile of Erin, 'alone on the wind-beaten hill,' instead of enjoying the politer air of Stephen's-green, or Merrion-square, where he might hear the music, and see the ladies; sights and sounds that the old Don loves dearly, for all his autocracy and new duties on poor old Ireland, with a plague on him. We would stake an aum of our best Rhenish, he owes us a grudge for our scurvy treatment of this very ære perennius affair of a pyramid. But to return to the Cabinet Cyclopædia; that our readers may be able to judge of the manner in which the work is got up, and moreover may learn how to bestow right names on our colonnades, porticoes, façades and so forth, when showing them to their country cousins, we shall present them with the first half of the description of Dublin, in detail:

"Dublin, the metropolis of Ireland, lies at the mouth of the river Liffy, or Anna Liffy,

on the eastern coast, facing that of North Wales, nearly equidistant from the two extreme points of the island. There is no authentic account of its founders, or of the date of its foundation. The Irish chronicles, in both prose and verse, are to be received as evidence only of its existence, and no more, before the invasion of the Danes:—but whether as a city, or as the mere head-quarters of a petty clan calling itself a monarchy, or as a congregation of dwellings still more subordinate, it were vain to inquire. It appears to have been first ravaged, and then rebuilt and walled, by the Danes, in the ninth century,—the period of their occupation of Ireland; but it was not the first city of Ireland, either in commerce, population, or dignity, when Brian Boru, so renowned in Irish chronicles, routed the Danes, and subverted their dominion, at Clontarf, one of its present outskirts, in 1014. Limerick, Waterford, and Cork, were then more important places. It must have been still inconsiderable in 1173, when Henry II. found it necessary to erect what is called a temporary palace to receive the homage of the Irish chieftains. King John, who was 'Lord of Ireland,' and governed it some time in person, improved and extended Dublin; established courts of justice; began the division by counties; and brought the coin of the country to the standard of that of England; in short, anticipated, by many centuries, the recent equalization of the English and Irish currencies. Henry III. extended Magna Charta to the inhabitants of Dublin, sold the fee of the city to the citizens, and thus originated the corporation. The chief municipal officer, at first called a bailiff, assumed or was invested with the title of mayor in 1409, and became lord mayor by patent from Charles II., who granted him at the same time a guard of foot soldiers and a pension of 500*l.* a year. It was not till the reign of George II. that the corporation assumed its present form.

"In 1729 a step was attempted towards abolishing parliaments altogether in Ireland. It was proposed that the supplies should be granted for twenty-one years; at the end of which, doubtless, they would have been levied by prerogative and the privy council. The motion was rejected by a majority of only one member, whose appearance on the occasion became a memorable incident, not from his giving his casting vote, which, it was said, saved his country, but from his having presented himself to the honorable house in his boots. Nothing but the speed of life and death with which he came to Dublin, the urgency of the time, and the safety of the commonwealth, excused such a breach of the decorum of the toilet in those days.

"Yet the Irish parliament at the time had little authority beyond the mere passive confirmation of acts proposed and dictated by the parliament of England. In 1783 it burst its bonds and asserted its parliamentary independence. In 1800 it was incorporated with that of England by mutual agreement, and on specific conditions.

"The city lies up the river, about a mile from the bay, which is much more remarkable for its picturesque beauty on either side than for its navigable uses. This bay has been compared, rather idly, by some person in the first instance, with that of Naples; and after him, still more idly, by a thousand others. It forms a vast semicircular basin, about eight miles in diameter, perilous from its shallows and breakers; which are, however, counteracted by a long and massive central mole running into it, with a lighthouse at its extremity, and two piers on either side at its entrance. A bold peninsular promontory, called the hill of Howth, shelters it on the north, having a range of lowlands from its base skirting the sea, luxuriantly wooded and varied, with, embosomed here and there, a church, a mansion, or a pretty villa; whilst on the south, it is bordered, at a short distance, by the picturesque and beautiful range of hills called the Wicklow mountains.

"Dublin resembles the cities to be met on the continent much more than those of England, in the frequent juxtaposition of magnificence and meanness. The late Mr. Curran compared it to a man with a new coat over a dingy under dress. Its square area of about two miles and a half contains more noble edifices, wretched habitations, and public charities, than will be found within the same compass elsewhere. It is in form a rectangle, divided by the river into two nearly equal parts. We will suppose the spectator in the open space called College-green, on the left bank of the river and eastern side of the city. Looking eastward, he beholds the Bank of Ireland, formerly the parliament house, on his left; and the University immediately facing him, with a bronze equestrian statue of king William between. This is the statue, the annual decoration of which was for several years the cause of so much party and popular violence, but which the reason and good feeling of the people have happily, though but recently, outgrown. It was, however, in the latter half of the last century an affair of state, as appears from an allusion in the witty notes to the clever but forgotton 'epistle to Gorges Edmond Howard.' 'The corporation of Dublin,' says the author, 'are remarkable for loyalty and thick legs; in token whereof they go in procession annually round the statue of king William, in their carriages, on his birthday.' The Bank presents a noble, simple, and really classic mass of Grecian architecture. Its principal front is a grand Ionic colonnade, 147 feet long, resting on an elevated plane, reached by a flight of steps. It is entered by lofty arcades on either side. The central columns are surmounted by the royal arms, and the pediment by well-executed allegorical statues. The east lateral front is a Corinthian portico of six columns, and the western an Ionic portico; both surmounted by statues, and connected with the grand front by a screen wall, with niches and sections of plain columns, the height of the building. The interior of this building is well distributed, and contains some few objects of curiosity and art.

"The front of the University, at a right angle with the Bank, is a long and florid Corinthian façade; the central columns surmounted by a pediment, and the whole terminated by Corinthian pavilions, with coupled pilasters of the same order. An octagonal vestibule, with the museum on the right, leads from the town into the first of three squares, which is built of hewn stone, and contains three principal buildings;—the chapel, presenting a beautiful Corinthian colonnade, on the left; the theatre or examination-hall on the right, exactly corresponding; and beyond this square, on the left hand, forming the smaller side of a rectangle, with a simple pilastered front, the hall in which the fellows and students of the whole university dine. The university, by the way, consists of but one 'college of the holy and undivided Trinity.'

"Farther on is the second square, of which the library, with a piazza (if this received misuse of the word be admissible) beneath, forms one side. This library, though inferior to many others in the number of volumes, is one of the most complete and precious in Europe; containing rich materials of bibliography. It consists of two compartments: the ancient library of the university, entered at one end, and presenting a long and noble vista, with, on either side, a gallery and balustrade above. The books are admirably arranged in stalls beneath. At the remote end is a handsome pavilion, containing Fagel library, a gem in its kind, once the family library of the Fagels, grand pensionaries of Holland, and purchased by the university. There is, again, archbishop Usher's library, left by him to the university, of which he was the founder—containing many books noted and commented on with his own hand. There is lastly, a collection of valuable, or at least curious, manuscripts, Persian, Arabic, Chinese, and Irish. Graduates of the university only, as in the Bodleian, have the privilege of reading; but studious strangers are admitted, upon a proper introduction to the provost and board. The corporate body, which has the elective franchise, consists of the provost, fellows (senior and junior), and scholars; besides whom, there are about 1600 students. The executive, entire, and almost absolute government is vested in the provost and senior fellows: this unlimited power is, with few exceptions, exercised by them with discretion and moderation. The practical business of education devolves upon the junior fellows, and occupies a considerable portion of their day. To the left of this square, and parallel to it, a new square has been recently built.

"The chapel and theatre were built from the designs of Sir W. Chambers; the latter contains a monumental marble group in memory of provost Baldwin, full of grace, sentiment, and beauty, and not sufficiently appreciated or known. There are also some mediocre portraits, including one of Swift, in whom, by the way, his Dublin alma mater could discover only ill nature and incapacity.

"King George IV., on his visit to Ireland in 1821, was received by the university in the library, and entertained in the theatre; and is said to have expressed high approbation of both buildings, especially of the long gallery of the library."

Cuts are given of the Bank, the Exchange and St. Patrick's cathedral, from Mr. Petrie's drawings in the Dublin guide, and of the Four-courts, from Cromwell's excursions through Ireland. An engraving on steel, of Waterloo bridge, adorns the title page.

Memoir of the Life of Sir Walter Raleigh; with some account of the period in which he lived. By Mrs. A. T. Thomson, Author of Memoirs of the Court of Henry the Eighth; large 8vo. pp. 496.—London, Longman and Co.

In her Life of Raleigh, Mrs. Thomson, who is the wife of Dr. Anthony Todd Thomson, very judiciously steers a middle course between the cumbrous prolixity of Oldys and Cayley, and the somewhat meagre brevity of Birch. Besides those authorities to which all the world

have access, the author of the present biography was permitted by official authority to explore the documents relating to the subject in the state paper office, and in the appendix to the volume she presents to the reader fifteen original letters never before printed; four of them are from Ralegh, the rest by various hands, and though they do not throw much additional light on the history of Ralegh's life, they are satisfactory indications of the share which he took in the political transactions of his times.

Of the early life of Ralegh very little is known: he was born of an ancient but somewhat indigent family* in Devonshire, famous also as the birth-place of Drake and Hawkins. The earliest notice we have of his education is that at sixteen he was entered a commoner of both Oriel and Christ-church Oxon. At the university he applied himself to the study of philosophy and belles lettres, and gained the good opinion of Bacon, who then foretold his future eminence, but he left, without a degree, after three years residence.

"In the choice of a profession Ralegh appears to have been divided, for some time, between the bar and the camp. That he actually entered at any of our inns of court is, however, doubtful; and the prevalent opinion that he was at one time a student of the Middle Temple, arose either from his display of legal acuteness on his subsequent trial, or from a temporary residence within the walls of that establishment. Queen Elizabeth with a view, perhaps, to the intellectual culture of her young courtiers, commended our inns of court, and was accustomed to say, 'that they fitted young men for the future:' hence it is probable that, in those days of mental slavery, all who aspired to her favour were reported to have pursued the course which she approved; and that Ralegh was not unwilling, during her reign, to enjoy the credit of having been thus prepared for public life. He is, however, affirmed by one who knew him well, to have been trained, 'not part, but wholly gentleman, wholly soldier;' and there appears to have been but little time allowed for any other plans of study, since, from the statement of Hooker, he spent in France 'good part of his youth in wars and martial services.'"

The events of his after life were too many, and their general outline is too well known to admit of our attempting to abridge them here; the following account, however, of his estates and occupations in Ireland will prove interesting to our readers.

"The history of his possessions in that country must be referred to the period of the rebellion in the reign of Elizabeth, who found it expedient, in 1582, to attaint Gerald Fitzgerald, the last Earl of the Geraldines, a man of almost princely power over the semi-barbarous people amongst whom he resided. This potent nobleman could muster, it was said, at a call, six hundred horse and two thousand foot, and had five hundred gentlemen of his kindred and surname on his estate. Upon his destruction, and that of his adherents, the Queen divided his extensive possessions in Cork, Waterford, Kerry, and Limerick, among those officers and knights in her armies who had been chiefly engaged in subduing the power of her enemies in the sister countries. The forfeited lands were divided, therefore, into manors and seignories, containing each from four to twelve thousand acres, bogs, and mountains not being included until improved and fertilized. The undertakers, as they were called, of these estates, were freed of all taxes, except subsidies levied by parliament, and were to import all commodities into England, duty free, for five years. They were obliged to furnish, for the defence of their new possessions, horse and foot men, in number proportioned to their share of the forfeited demesnes; an arrangement by which an effective force was afterwards supplied to the country. In 1586, Sir Walter Ralegh obtained a warrant from the Privy Seal, granting him three seignories and a half in the lands of Cork and Waterford, constituting an estate of 12,000 acres. This demesne he held in fee-farm, and with it, at Youghal, in the barony of Imohilly, a house belonging, before the dissolution of the monasteries, to the friars preachers, with a rent of twelve pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence sterling, payable at Easter and Michaelmas.

"It would seem that Ralegh had but little leisure to enter into the concerns of his Irish estates with interest, or that, in the turbulent scenes in which he was mingled in that country, he could have enjoyed sufficient leisure to attend to the improvement of the inhabitants or the culture of the soil. From the manuscript records of the town, it appears that he held the office of mayor of Youghal in 1588,* and he probably occupied the house belonging to him near the cottage or priory, for one room still bears the traditional name of 'Sir Walter's Study,' having in it a rich and curiously-carved old chimney-piece. This residence is situated on the north side of the church, and on the south side stands a large building, called the College, founded by the Geraldines, and which came also into Ralegh's possessions.

"At Youghal the first potatoes were landed in Ireland from Virginia,† by Sir Walter Ralegh; and, at the same time, the celebrated affane cherry was brought by him there from the Canary islands. The well-known tale of the potato-apple being at first gathered and tasted by the person who planted it, and of the early neglect of this valuable production, originated in the neighbourhood of Youghal. The roots were for some time left untouched, until the ground in which they were sown, being dug up, their real value was discovered. From this small portion of seed, the whole country of Ireland was supplied with that, which has since proved to be almost its only secure resource as a commodity for the support of life.

"In 1602, Ralegh was induced to sell his estates in Ireland to Richard Boyle, afterwards Earl of Cork, a man of energetic habits and of powerful understanding, and who knew well both how to contrive an excellent bargain for his own interests, and to turn every possession to full account. This enterprising founder of a family, afterwards so greatly renowned both in arms and letters, returned to England, his native country, with an introduction to Sir Robert Cecil from the president of Munster, who requested the assistance of the secretary to Mr. Boyle in effecting the purchase of Sir Walter Ralegh's seignory in Cork. Ralegh, it is said, had no repugnance to the sale of his property, on account of the heavy sums which it cost him to support his titles to it, his annual expenses on that account amounting to two hundred pounds. It appears, however, that Mr. Boyle purchased the estate at a very low rate, upon the plea of its uncultivated condition; and that it not only became a most advantageous acquisition to him eventually, but was considered by him at the time as a great and fortunate augmentation to his estate, and as one more profitable to him even than the possession of a richly-dowered wife, or of a former grant to himself of lands in Munster, had hitherto proved."

Of Sir Walter's literary avocations we select the following notices:

"As a poet, Sir Walter Ralegh might, perhaps, in the lapse of time have been forgotten, except by the antiquary; but there is scarcely another subject which he has handled, his treatises upon which would not have insured him an exalted rank in the literature of his country. Possessed not only of extensive knowledge, but of indefatigable industry, he displayed a perfect acquaintance both with military and maritime science, and proved in his numerous publications on these subjects, not only that his theories were well-digested and ingenious, but that his information was practical, and his facts gleaned from experience. Upon military operations he wrote three discourses, two of which were completed during the three eventful and busy years of his life, before the invasion of the Spanish Armada. Upon maritimal concerns he published no fewer than eight treatises, being, as he proudly announced, the first writer either ancient or modern that had treated on this subject. These works are written with great perspicuity, and, although, the practices recommended in them be now obsolete, and the improvements and plans suggested, superseded by the rapid strides of modern science, they are interesting, as all compositions dictated by good sense and experience must ever be; and curious, as illustrating the comparative progress of navigation, and of the arts connected with it. Several of the essays were dedicated, or addressed in the form of letters, to Prince Henry.

"The geographical discoveries of Ralegh would have held a much higher station in the collectanea of valuable dissertations which he left to posterity, had not their credit been lessened by speculations in which the interests of his immediate gains were obviously considered, and those of truth disregarded. He appears to have relied too readily upon the accounts of others, and to have allowed himself, according to the fashion of the day, when no precision in geographical delineations was deemed essential, too much latitude in conjecture; an error which eventually, as we have seen, proved fatal to his reputation. Those of his works, which may be classed under the head of Physical Geography, consisted of several discourses upon the discovery, planting, and settlement of Virginia; a treatise on the West Indies; and his accounts of Guiana, which have already been noticed.

"It has been well remarked, that Ralegh

* See in the dedication of the 'Chronicles of Ireland' to Ralegh, by his relation Hooker, the claims to distinction which their common ancestry possessed, particularly recited.

* For this information I am indebted to Crofton Croker, Esq. whose works on Irish traditions and antiquities are so well known, and so justly admired.—That gentleman inspected these records in 1821, and visited the house formerly belonging to Ralegh, and now inhabited by Sir Christopher Musgrave. It is a plain old-fashioned house, with an abundance of fine myrtles, some of them twenty feet high, in the garden.

† Potatoes came originally from Mexico, whence they had probably been introduced into Virginia.

was no less qualified to govern nations, than to conquer or defend them, an observation which was drawn forth by the number of political works which he composed. Of these, one treatise entitled 'The Cabinet Council, containing the chief Arts of Empire, and Mysteries of State, discabineted,' was published by Milton in 1658; with the motto 'Quis Martem tunica tectum adamantina digne scripserit?' And with the following notice.—'Having had the manuscript of this treatise, written by Sir Walter Ralegh, many years in my hands, and finding it lately by chance, among other books and papers, upon reading thereof I thought it a kind of injury to withhold longer the work of so eminent an author from the public; it being both answerable in style to other works of his already extant, as far as the subject will permit, and given me for a true copy by a learned man at his death, who had collected several such pieces.

'JOHN MILTON.'"

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"Among his philosophical works have been classed, 'The Instructions to his Son, and Posterity," published after his death, in the small collection of his works, entitled his 'Remains.' This didactic composition reminds the modern reader, in many passages, of the celebrated Letters of Lord Chesterfield, who may, perhaps, have borrowed the notion of such a form of admonition from this little work. But Ralegh, in directing the attention of youth to the formation of character, presents, as the only solid foundation, the pure principles of Christianity, and derives his best maxims from Holy Writ itself. He places, indeed, a sufficient, and perhaps, more than sufficient importance upon wordly motives and wordly prudence; but he considers them ever as in subjection to virtue and religion. In this respect he holds a rank as an instructor, far superior to the ingenious writer with whom the foregoing comparison has been made. Although he enters not into the minutiæ of deportment, habits, and dress, nor upon the methods necessary for the attainment of a good name in society, upon which Lord Chesterfield peculiarly insisted, yet he may be deemed, of the two, the wiser friend, and it may be added, the more affectionate father; for he writes with a more earnest regard to those interests of his child, and of youth in general, to which an anxious parent would look with solicitude, and inculcate with the greatest assiduity.—The essays of Ralegh are calculated to form the pure and well-intentioned youth, into an upright and religious member of the community. Those of his modern rival are qualified to nourish selfishness, to encourage the subtleties and artifices of polite life, and to convert the aspirations of youthful ambition into an habitual reverence for worldly advantages, and for these alone."

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"Of Ralegh's historical productions, some incidental notices have already been given in the course of this sketch of his life. The noblest of all his literary productions, the History of the World, was not in all probability, commenced until he had entered his fifty-first year; and when, in sickness and despondency, he had to check the afflicting retrospection of his heaviest calamities, to sustain unrelenting persecutions, and the most appalling reverses of fortune, and to contend against the depression naturally produced by the prospect of a long imprisonment. Such were the circumstances with which he had to conflict, and such their tendency to damp his ardour for fame, and to chill every transport of enthusiasm—These were, however, ineffectual in impeding the progress of such a portion of this undertaking as is sufficient to perpetuate Ralegh's names, so long as our national literature shall continue to exist. It is deeply to be regretted that if he had actually collected materials for a second part, they were destroyed or suffered to remain useless. If, as an historian of remote ages, he could throw any interest into the narrative of early times, how vivid would have been his pictures of modern manners; how animated his details of the achievements of chivalry; how graphic, and yet how impartial, his relations of the vast changes which time, conquest, or religion, effect upon our moral condition! It is, however, problematical, whether more than loose notes, or hasty reflections were really compiled for the sequel of this justly eulogized undertaking."

We shall only subjoin two of the letters from the appendix; the first shows the lively interest which the queen Elizabeth at one time took in Ralegh's welfare; the other, the sorrowful sighing of the prisoner, in his altered and miserable state:

"*From Q. Elizth. to Her Vice Roy in Ireland* 1582. *By the Queene.*

"Right trusty and well beloved we greet you well. Wher we be given to understand that Captain Appesley is not long since deceased and the band of footmen which he had committed now to James Fenton: for that as we are informed said Fenton hath otherwise an entertainment by a certain ward under his charge, but chiefly for that our pleasure is to have our servant Walter Rawley trained some longer time in that our realm for his better experience in martiall affairs, and for the speciall care we have to do him good in respect of hys kyndred that have served us some of them (as you know) neer about our parson; theise are to requier you that the leading of the said bande may be committed to the said Rawley, and for that he is for somme considerations by us excused to staye heere, oure pleasure is that the said bande shall be in the meane tyme till he repair into that our realm delivered to somme sooche as he shall depute to be his lieutenant there. Given at our Manor of Greenwiche—the —— April 1582 — 24 year of our Reign."

"*To the Queen's most excellent Maiestie.*

"I did lately presume to send unto your Maiestie the coppie of a letter written to my Lord Treasorer touching Guiana, that there is nothing done therein I could not but wounder with the world, did not the mallice of the world exceede the wisedome thereof. In mine owne respect, the everliving God doth witness that I never sought such an imployment, for all the gold in the earth could not invite me to travell after miserie and death, both which I had bine likeler to have overtaken in that voyage than to have returned from it; but the desire that led me, was the approving of my fayth to his Maiestie, and to have done him such a service as hath seldome bine pformed for any king. But, most excellent Princes, although his Maiestie do not so much love himself for the present as to accept of that riches which God have offred him, therby to take all presumption from his enemies, arising from the want of treasor, by which (after God) all States are defended: yet it may be that his Maiestie will consider more deiply therof hereafter, if not to late, and that the dissolution of his humble vassall do not preceede his Maiestie's resolution therein; for my extreeme shortness of breath doth grow so fast on me, with the dispayre of obtayning so much grace to walk with my keeper up the hill withine the tower, as it makes me resolve that God hath otherwise disposed of that buseness and of me, who after eight yeers imprissonment am as strayghtly lokt up as I was the first day, and the punishment dew to other mens extreame negligence layd altogether upon my patience and obedience. In which respect, most worthy Princes, it were a sute farr more fitting the hardness of my destinie (who every day suffer, and am subiect every day to suffer, for other mens offences) rather to desire to dye once for all, and thereby to give end to the miseries of this life, than to strive against the ordinance of God, who is a trew judge of my innocence towards the king, and doth know me,

"for your Maiestie's most
"humble and most
"bound vassall
"W. RALEGH."

The English at Home. By the author of "The English in Italy," and "The English in France." 3 vols. post 8vo.—London: Colburn and Bentley.

"Did you read it through," was Dr. Johnson's constant interrogatory when he heard any one praising a book: now we have read Lord Normanby's book *through*, and it has given us great pleasure and some advantage. There is a right sense, and natural healthy and good—morally good—feeling running through it, that we like. Moreover, the writer possesses the slight advantage of being, as our Irish song describes it—

"A gentleman born too, and bred;"

and therefore he can afford to address himself directly to human nature, and the springs of human feeling and action, without stopping to convince his readers of his gentility, by ordering his clothes of three tailors, inflicting upon them tedious descriptions of the most approved method of cutting a coat or an acquaintance, slandering one's mother, or intriguing with his neighbour's wife.

There are four stories, but the first and the best occupies two volumes: it is the history of a young man, the illegitimate son of an unmarried peer who grows gouty and penitential in his sixty-first year, sends for his child from the academy in Yorkshire where he had been placed twelve years before, acknowledges him as hisson, educates him himself;—but stay, we must detail his plan of education, for it is brief and curious:—

"He took it for granted, that Ernest, at his present advanced age, seventeen, had become sufficiently acquainted with by-past ages, with classic times, and literature. It was naturally absurd, he certainly thought, for children to be immersed at first, for their very elements of learning, amidst a world of facts and ideas so utterly foreign to all then around them, or to any they could ever be conversant with. If it were absurd to plunge them in the history of their times, it was doubly so to make them pore over those works of genius, whose spirit and beauties they could not possi-

bly enter into and comprehend. But, as custom and prejudice had sanctioned this course of education, which influenced so strongly, and tinged the ideas and feelings of the age, he deemed it wrong to depart from it. It would certainly have been more natural and wise to reserve such studies fresh for man's mature age; but he felt how such a system would place the mind so instructed, in direct opposition with the thoughts of its fellows; nay, would cause it to be ridiculous; since the chief requisite and secret for catching the tone of a people, or time, or class, is to know and feel what is common-place with them, what not. Not to be aware of this, or to have ideas peculiar to oneself, is to run counter to society, to loose one's intellectual rank in it, and be beyond its pale.

"Lord Rotoath was therefore contented that Ernest had gone through the usual routine of Ovid, Virgil, Horace, and Homer. They no sooner, however, entered the library of the Oaks together, than all these books were discarded. The youth was commanded to forget them for some years, till restored freshness and maturity would afterwards enable him to taste their true beauties and excellence, as soon as that disgust of modern life and literature, which is so apt to assail the wane of manhood, should drive him back to those early studies.

"Previous to his entering the world, Lord Ratoath thought the chief requisite for his son was to become acquainted with the last three hundred years, not only the events of that period, but the literature, the spirit, the progress of thought, and its reigning tone, in each century. As to the history and scattered volumes of, and respecting, all antecedent ages, casual and miscellaneous reading would be sufficient to supply and keep up a due knowledge.

"In the prosecution of this plan, his parents caused Ernest to begin, not with the beginning, but the end; that is, with the day then present, dividing time into epochs, and studying each, proceeding backwards, from the reign of George the third, and of the Emperor Napoleon, to those of the Seventh Henry, and the Eleventh Louis. Prominent features in history, whether of events or opinions, were to be strongly marked in their retrogade progress, but much was to be passed as unintelligible, though explication was never wanting. Literature, too, of each period, was glanced over in a still more cursory manner, but sufficient to be of use in the way of reference and comparison hereafter. The last parts of each author were perused, his scope and influence marked, his merit, slightly discussed. And memory was tasked to arrange the whole line in view, so that an ideal map of modern times might always be present, or ready to be present, to the mind's eye.

"This concluded, and very many months it required, (though not more, perhaps, than he had spent in thumbing Virgil—for he could scarcely have been said to read it—line by line,) the more serious task commenced, of retracing the same period, according to its natural progress, studying events in the tedious but satisfactory volumes of contemporary writers, and catching from them the full spirit of each time. To works of philosophy and thought, most attention was to be paid; history was an accompaniment to the study of them, while they proved to be a commentary upon it. The poetry and light literature of the period, interminglied with conversation betwixt son and parent, filled up the evening of each studious day.

"Being immersed, both of them—the old as much, perhaps more than the young—in the particular epoch, lost in it, each volume of their still varied reading bearing upon, and illustrating the other, they experienced an interest in the dryest page of the theorist in the chronicle, superior to what, in idle and unsystematic reading, they would have gleaned from the chapters of a novel.

"Lord Ratoath declared, that the four years so spent were the happiest of his life; his son never ceased to look back to them with regret."

Thus prepared, Lord Ratoath introduces his son into society in London, brings him in for a borough, and endeavours to secure his success 'in the world.' The difficulties Ernest is destined to encounter in love and in politics, from the slur that cannot be removed from his birth, and the general and particular habits and manners of good society in England, are here ably and minutely described. The description is not forced and false, as in those vulgar productions commonly called fashionable novels, but good and true; and manners and character are never lost sight of, under mere conventional habit and phrase. The story of an Irish parvenue named Fitz-Erne, of whom it is recorded that "an intonation of voice not amounting to brogue, but rather being the mere absence of the English accent, united with his name in betraying his country," forms an interesting episode in the narrative. We can only find room, however, for the close of the career of the hero with whom we started.

"Ernest Willoughby grew,—we can no longer say, up,—the bachelor and the idler. What a fate for a hero,—and yet he promised, like many of the world, to be one,—like them, ending in common-place and disappointment! Yet it is surprising to mark, how the most mercurial spirits will in time submit to dulness and nonentity, close accounts with fortune, and give but a brief sigh to hopes blasted. Willoughby was not without those slender materials of happiness, which satisfy *caste*. He had his *own man*, his club, his stray-joke. He continued scrupulous in dress, and in address, never compromising dignity, nor risking aught that he still possessed, the world's good opinion of him, or his own. When asked, did he not spend a dull life? he denied the impeachment, and had a philosophic smile on the occasion, that told strongly as a *negative*. Then he had the credit of *having* seen life, of *having* been a wit and a gallant. An hundred times a season was his anticipating epitaph told in St. Jame's-street: That '*Had* Mr. Willoughby not been careless and dissipated, he *might* have been conspicuous in Parliament, and would certainly have been a Right Honourable. Such was the extent of his consolation."

The 'Monte B. Papers,' in the third volume, contain a curious and somewhat philosophically written contrast of the state of society and manners at the present day in England and in France. It is a strange essay to meet in a novel, but bating that, we like it very well. The last story, entitled Earsham, affords perhaps the best opportunity for enabling our readers to judge of the book by sample, because we can bring the plot within a reasonable compass.

"General Turton succeeded very unexpectedly to the Barony of Earsham. He had served chiefly in India, and had lived there. Sir Eyre Coote was his hero, so far back did he date. All the stories he had, were predicated of him and Hyder. The General knew nobody who had not been in India; he had, consequently, an extensive set of acquaintances. He had also married a young and second wife, whose company it was his great object to keep to himself. He was as jealous as he was bilious, and would quarrel with any one who looked at his wife in the street. Consequently, he hated London; and even Earsham was a *pis aller* with him, in comparison with Hyderabad, where, it is to be opined, he had commanded.

"The general had two sons, each of a different marriage. The eldest drew breath in India, the latter on the English ground: yet George (the name of the youngest) did not benefit by his position. His mother had not the will to act harshly to her stepson, and the general was a tyrant, who did not leave her the power. He preferred, infinitely, Dionysius, the eldest son and heir, whose infancy had been tended by a host of slaves, and whose bearing and character were quite in unison with such oriental breeding. George, on the contrary, was like his mother, mild, patient—fond indeed, but too timid to show it, especially to such a passionate parent as the general. The latter often took his shyness for sulkiness and indifference, and grumbled, in consequence, an oath of reprobation, at which poor George quaked in his skin.

"The general's wives both died of consumption. Both, in fact, were delicate and weak, and the husband's temper supplied the fever. One went off suddenly, the latter lingered long. She used to sit for days, one might say years, but that they were not many, at the window of their cottage, near Bexley, stealing her gentle eyes from her work to watch her son George, as he crouched beneath his father's frown, or more happily pursued his gambols on the lawn. Yet the general was not without moments of kindness, though his liver, as he himself said, had almost obliterated his heart; and he dreaded to be left alone. For the bilious man, how horrible! Yet he was so. Mrs. Turton—she never lived to be lady Earsham—stole quietly from him and from the world, blessed her dear George with a mother's love; Dionysius too, and the general, with a stepmother's and wife's forbearance, and died in the struggle.

"But for the falling in of the title and the property, the general would have felt her loss severely.

"'I wish that those boys could exchange tempers,' observed General Turton, some years subsequent. 'The vivacious, ardent, pettish, envious, ambitious, restless character of Dionysius would have fitted the younger brother, and spurred him to make his way. Whilst the grave, tranquil, and tender temperament of George would have become the heriditary man of fortune and the senator.'

"'And why, knowing his character, sir, will you put George into the army?' was the reply of the accosted person.

"'It is the only profession—the only,' General Turton asserted, and re-asserted. Dionysius was to enter the guards, and George to have his commission in a marching regiment.

"Before this could be put into effect, George, whose mind was ever 'upon peaceful thoughts intent,' thought proper to fall enamoured, and not enamoured with the quick, lively, and pas-

dog feelings of the soldier; his was of a dull, tender, dogged, matrimonial kind, that paints its angel, not shining in a ball-room, or sentimentally separating a lock of hair for a farewell gift, but seated mechanically by a domestic fireside. Be it presumed, how much the brothers hated one another: though on Georg'es part, the feeling was but love negatived; with Dionysius it was veritable hate—furious, bitter, envenomed envy. Every one loved the amiable George, that is, every visiter and friend of the mansion; Master Di's spirit being vastly preferred by the underlings of the servants' hall and stable-yard. The general himself was of this way of thinking. Dion was not satisfied with his share of preference. He felt as injustice, that of which his brother robbed him. Numerous and desperate were the quarrels betwixt them; for George, though gentle, was in no want of courage; and his passions, when strongly summoned, would show themselves towering. On one of these occasions they differed as to who was, or who was not an Englishman. George denied the right of his brother, who had been born in India, to the title. Dion claimed it nevertheless. At length, in the heat of argument, George pointed out his brother's complexion, which was of a darker hue than that of an European born. There was a deadly insult in this, as the general in his talk had always alluded to the blacks as an inferior race little above the brutes. The reproach was too agravating to reply, nor had Dion temper. He appealed to the general, who felt even more than his eldest son. He was in a tremendous rage, and applied corporal punishment to George. This fixed upon Dion the reproach of being a tale-teller, and a favourite. There were parties and arguments in the household for and against. Scenes of this kind were often renewed betwixt the step-brothers. The general himself saw that it was necessary to separate them. The preliminaries requisite for their entering upon their military career occasioned some unnecessary delay.

"Meantime, poor George's soft nature had betrayed him into an attachment. It was, of course, to a fair personage of the neighbourhood: lovely, too; he did not want taste. And his ambition in the way of choice, aimed as high as it well could, for Gertrude was the very belle of the county, the most admired nymph of the vale. She was in truth both amiable and beautiful, well born and well endowed, but a more fit match, calculation would say, for the younger than for the elder son of Lord Earsham.

"Dionysius did not know enough of the world to reason so. He had confined himself pretty much to his father's company, and to the latitude of Earsham; and the most lovely personage of the vicinity was to his young eye the loveliest in the world. It was not without envy, therefore, that he saw George anticipate him in admiring the girl, and in professing, however tacitly, that attachment. Dionysius alone would not have formed one. He was selfish, and too occupied with the sword and braided coat that awaited him so soon, to have fallen enamoured of his own accord. But envy produced love, or rather stood for it in his breast.

"Promptitude and priority tell much in affairs of this kind. The fair Gertrude, lost as she was, felt honoured as well as pleased by the attentions of young George, whose sincerity was manifest. In the minds of all the young folks of the vale, the attachment betwixt George and Miss Gertrude was considered mutual and final. Marriage could not take place betwixt folks so young; but after a year or a campaign, the thing could not be doubtful. This arrangement made a firm part of George's creed, and reliance on it buoyed him up to the prospect of hastily joining his regiment, and so acquiring the freedom of manhood.

"Tender was the farewell of George. He poured his soul out at the feet of his mistress. If warmth and the truest devotion could have secured the possession of a female heart, Gertrude's would have been irrevocably his. His indeed it was at that moment. She neither frowned reluctance, nor smiled falsehood. Her assent was real. She was happy in the possession of an honourable lover, and she looked that happiness in all the smiling radiance of a girl's joy.

"George set off to join his regiment in India, carrying with him a store of sweet recollections and sweeter promises. Dionysius, who remained at home, his commission being of more difficult and tedious acquirement, pursued his departing brother with his wonted hate. He instantly, as the *friend* of George, attached himself to the young lady's side; soon hinted that he was an ardent admirer of her as even his brother had been; and that, although he hitherto held back through generosity, and to avoid collision, yet now he could not altogether repress the secret, or live on without divulging it, however hopelessly.

"The treacherous avowal was heard more in surprise than indignation. Gertrude's constancy, in her own mind, robbed it of its sting, and to resent would certainly be productive of enmity and ill. She, therefore, listened, drank the flattery with hesitation, but not with reluctance. She saw not the poison, nor the envious feeling which inspired it. Then Gertrude was the belle, the spoiled maid of the region, and admiration was an accustomed due, of which her bethrothal to George had in part deprived her, and of which her vanity began to feel the lack. She repulsed Dionysius, nevertheless: reprehended him firmly, but as gently as a lovely girl, not without either ambition or vanity, might be supposed to repel the heir to a title. The resistance acted but as a provocative. Then George's letters were not frequent. The post from India was far less regular than the ride of Dionysius from Earsham. The curious eyes of the vale turned like its weathercocks, in another quarter. 'Twas pretty behaviour.' 'What a coquette.' 'And a brother, too!' But Gertrude was not to be thwarted in her ways by censure. It piqued her, on the contrary, to set it at defiance. And so the murmurs of acquaintanecs told, in the modern sense meant, for Dionysius, and against George. How could it be otherwise? *Les absens ont tonjours tort*—a maxim as true in love as in logic. And the very sweet, lovely, amiable Gertrude forgot her constancy, as she gazed on the *star* of the future Lord Earsham. Her parents did not oppose her fickleness: on the contrary. And they were much to blame. How they pitied George! But their daughter! 'Every one has a right to do the best for their children,' was the indignant and rather pert reply made to conscience. Poor Gertrude! it cost a great deal of anguish. Irresolution is a state of such unpleasantness. To do her justice, if the combat had been betwixt love and interest, that is, mere wealth, the little god had inevitably been victorious. But a title! to lose it, how horrid! a subject 'twould be of eternal remorse.

"But where was General Lord Earsham, the imperious man, the nabob, whilst a little rustic in petticoats rules the fate and thoughts of his sons? He was deeply engaged in a campaign against the gout; that gripping enemy had made a lodgment in his extremities, and the general feared a further attack upon his citadel, the stomach. The general carried on his defence, by keeping the said citadel as empty as temperance could make it. With what anger and tooth-grinding he reflected that his peerage could not save him; and that one of his wives had now been more valuable than even a ducal title. Dion was a hurried visiter in the sick-chamber, and shrank from the task of nurse. After a year's solitude and suffering, the general paid the penalty of the selfish and cruel man—he died unattended, unregretted.

"Gertrude was the wife of Dionysius before that time. The event raised her to the fulfilment of her highest hopes; she was Barones, of Earsham. Ere the evolution of a years Dionysius and his lady were established in Park-lane, on a footing of acquaintance and rivalry of expense with those who counted thousands for their hundreds. The spouses were happy. They had no opportunities of disagreeing—each had his or her vehicle, friends, horses—and their pursuits were almost as diverse. Still home is a place whither woman, like man, is driven to. He may find distraction out of it, but never happiness. The stream of expense still rolled; it was fearful; and yet Lord Earsham perceived that it did not procure that for which it was exclusively expended. The board was not full with the guests demanded: the ball was not frequented as it should be.—Wealth may command friends, but not its own selection of them. Whose was the fault in the present case? Where the fault? Lady Easham was not used to life? She was new, giddy, trifling, wanted tact. Her beauty, too, perhaps, was failing. What a fool had he been to marry, till he had seen the world! It was that damned George, and his folly, had led him into the scrape. Every thing in the world depended on the choice of a wife. He had had neither money, nor connexion, nor that social talent which is worth both in a wife. So Lord Earsdam owned; and that was much for a guardsman. Then his affairs: —— take it, he was not yet of rank for command. 'Cursed fool! I might have been content to be a bachelor aid-de-camp to ——, and chose this at leisure. A peerage, and to throw it away!—curse of being mewed up at home. Gad! I wish my lady would take it into her head—but no—come—that would be a sufficiently abominable remedy, and I *am* somewhat of a rascal for even thinking of it. Yet it is her own suggestion—her own. She flirts it with all the assurance of——. As if Miss Gertrude ——, though Lady Earsham, could take with impunity the manners of an earl's daughter."

Finally, George returns, marries Helena, a rich friend of Gertrude's, and discloses to his wife a fact of which he had no intention of taking advantage himself, that he had ascertained in India that his brother was born of a mother of half race, to whom his father had not been married. Dion was without chil-

dren, and George thought that waiving his right would only be an injury to himself, to which he was willing for the present to submit, for the sake of his brother and of Gertrude. But Helena thought differently; she saw no magnanimity in the forbearance, but only huge injustice to herself. Of course she prevails; Dionysius goes into voluntary exile, and Gertrude dies of her own feeble heart and silly vanity.

The Indian Brothers. Facts and authentic Sketches illustrative of Eastern Manners and Character, as connected with the Progress of Christianity in India. 18mo.—Dublin, W. Curry, Jun. and Co.

To those, and they are many, who feel a devout interest for the state of the Christian religion in India, we earnestly recommend this book. Were it a work of fiction, executed upon the plan of a novel or romance, it might be indeed better adapted to the general taste, even in these countries where religion bears so exalted a name. For we observe, with regret, that even in the religious world, publications purely imaginative, that exhibit the influence of speculative doctrines upon practical life, are more sought after and relished, than such as detail interesting facts, unembellished by fancy, and from which the simplest mind may draw inferences as far transcending in real utility those uncertain conclusions deduced from works of fiction, as truth stands out in solid and permanent beauty, when compared with the elegant but fleeting combinations of the poet's creation.—To those who feel a strong, enduring, and personal interest in religion, as an active principle, operating not only on themselves, but in its benevolent consequences upon those whose position in life demands their assistance, the morbid tone of unmeaning sentiment, frequently fanatical and uncharitable, which pervades such works, will appear calculated to operate injuriously, rather than to improve the mind of the reader.

We hail with much pleasure any work coming from a trust-worthy pen, that substitutes fact for fiction, on the all-important subject of religion; and we welcome with sincere satisfaction the little work now before us, as the first of the kind, which contains nothing but truth, and truth of a most interesting character. There are few subjects of which we know less, yet of which we are anxious to know more, than the positive state of religion in India, and the character, manners, dispositions, and prejudices of its inhabitants. This was one of the many circumstances which render Heber's Journal so deeply interesting. To those, however, who would wish a very brief and clear account of the whole matter, we recommend the volume before us. It is the production of a man who has seen what he describes, and whose details rest for their authenticity, not upon mere assertion, but on public and accredited documents. There are many circumstances in it new to the reader, related too in a pleasing and graphic style, and such as cannot fail to interest every one who loves picturesque and forcible description of a country remarkable for its gorgeous magnificence of scenery.

The short history of Sabet and Abdallah is very touching, but for a development of character under most interesting circumstances, we shall quote the meeting of the Brothers. "At length he arrived at his destination, under circumstances of no ordinary interest; he sought out and found the object of his solicitude, to whom the visit was pleasing, as it was unexpected. The greetings of fraternal affection after a separation of nearly twenty years; the recollections of boyhood; the endearments of youth; the many vicissitudes of the parental and family circle; the various and conflicting incidents characteristic of the history of each brother; the entirely new and opposite position in which each was placed; the change of sentiments and pursuits which set them so far apart; the delicate situation of guest and entertainer which they occupied, constrained each party, impatient as they were for the conflict, to indulge a pause of hesitation, tenderness and concern. But this could not last long: two days passed over, still the signal had not been displayed, though each belligerent seemed willing to avail himself of the delay as an opportunity to scrutinize the character of his antagonist, and if possible to detect the vulnerable point on which the assault should be made. In these two short days over how many years did they traverse, how many scenes did they recal, and how rapid the progress both made in the knowledge of each other! Again did they seek the haunts of their early days, again did they listen to a parent's voice; and while gazing upon each other's altered visage, again did they remember that the same mother bore them, the same arms embraced them, and the same affection cherished their healthful and watched over their sickly days: that they were bone of each other's bone, and flesh of each other's flesh; and again, as at the first, they fell upon each other's neck and embraced and wept."

Our limits prevent us from giving further details, but we willingly recommend this little work. The scenes, the persons, the subject, in short the whole matter are new, and managed, though so briefly, with simplicity, truth and talent.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Fine Arts—*Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels.* Part II.—Tilt, London.

In our notice of the first part of this charming work, we ventured a prediction that the succeeding parts would exhibit still greater beauty, and our expectations have not, in this instance, been disappointed. The first plate represents a distant view of Skiddaw, from the pencil of Dewint. The subject is wild and picturesque, and treated with admirable truth and feeling. The second plate, Dunottar Castle, by Daniel, is a still finer subject, treated with much truth and beauty, but yet not, we think, with that vigour of effect, which a subject of such sublimity required. The quantity of light in the sky is injudicious, and the foreground rocks want force and richness. In the third plate, Loch Ard, we have a beautiful and characteristic specimen of Robson's happiest powers—a mountain lake, reflecting as in a mirror the various objects by which it is environed. It is admirably harmonious in the lines, and full of sentiment in the effect: serene, but not languid or monotonous; sober, but not gloomy; silent, but not sad: a poetical feeling of beauty and repose is breathed over the whole composition, and the burin of the engraver appears to have done it ample justice. In the fourth plate, the Waste of Cumberland, by Copley Fielding, we have a subject in every respect a contrast to the preceding, except in the admirable skill with which it is depicted. The one soothes us with its tranquil beauty, while the dreary sterility of the other makes us shudder; and yet to a true lover of nature they will give equal pleasure. Mr. Fielding is, perhaps, of all the living landscape painters, only second to Turner in the versatility of his powers.—He is equally himself in a pastoral woodland, or on a rocky mountain, in a storm at sea, or in a calm—in a luxuriant garden, or on a barren heath. Nature is equally familiar to him under every aspect which she assumes, and he imitates her in every variety with equal truth and feeling. A man of genius alone could hope to give interest to such a subject as that which has called forth these observations, a bleak and desolate flat, without an object to break the horison, but a small cottage and a blasted tree bending in the wind! Such are the materials of which it is composed, and to which the skill and poetic feeling of the artist have given an exciting interest, not inferior to that which we should receive from a subject of the most luxuriant or romantic beauty.

But we are exceeding our limits, and shall only add, that this delightful work most richly merits the patronage of all genuine lovers of the fine arts.

Anstey's New Bath Guide. A new edition, with biographical and topographical preface, and anecdotical annotations. By John Britton, F.S.A. Embellished with engravings.—London, Hurst Chance and Co.

Every body knows the Bath-guide; it has gone through at least twenty editions. It is a satire on manners, and is always styled by the small critics 'playful and polished.' We confess the polish is so fine as always to have escaped our observation. It is a curious book, however, full of familiar drollery, and written we believe by a respectable gentleman, though not of a very refined school; the present edition, which owes its attraction chiefly to the illustrations, is by much the best that we have seen. That very offensive stanza in Miss Prudence's letter to Lady Betty giving an account of her election to methodism by a vision, is omitted; so might the stars be which supply its place. The wood engravings at the beginning, by Williams, are truly admirable: broad and clear and full of humour. Of the copper etchings by Cruikshank, we do not think so highly. This artist, though undoubtedly a droll dog, is somewhat over-rated.—The English have so little fun in their own composition that they cannot estimate the shades of it in other men, at all; with them it is a broad grin or nothing. In Ireland we are more familiar with the commodity, and therefore more delicate in our perceptions of its excellence. Apropos of Bath, a new book of verses called 'Eight Letters from Bath, by the Fidget family,' has recently appeared; it is a poor performance both as to satire and verse-making. In fact the glory has departed from the city of king Bladud, it waves its 'high and palmy state' no more, and scarcely affords *materiel* for even a skilful satirist to display his powers. The Fidget family seems modelled on the Fudge family for its plan, but the wit and poetry are wanting. By the bye our readers are, perhaps, not aware that Anstey, whose book is at the head of this notice,

first started this method of writing satire in the family way. He was followed by Smollet in Humphry Clinker half a dozen years afterwards. Mr. Campbell makes a mistake about this, and gives the priority to Smollet.

The Polar Star of Entertainment and Popular Science. Vol. III. pp. 420, for the quarter ending Lady-day, 1830.—London, H. Flower.

This is an amusing rifacimento of travels, tales, anecdotes and tid-bits of all sorts and sizes, collected and sometimes abridged from all manner of English and American periodicals.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The British Magazine for June.—London, Westley and Davis.

Our favourite of the London Magazines still. In this No. there is a series of papers commenced on the 'Popular Authors of the Nineteenth Century,' which promises extremely well. The first is on the poetical works of the Rev. G. Croly, and it is delightfully written, in the very vein and spirit of poetical criticism. We wish the name of Catiline were not wrongly spelled nine times in one page. We beg of the Editor to look to his latin; he makes a sad hash of the first line of the third book of Horace. The Number presents its usual combination of good feeling and graceful writing, with general and well selected information.

The Monthly Magazine for June.—London, Whittaker.

There is an interesting narrative in this No. entitled Newfoundland Adventures; they seem to be authentic and are very curious. In the 'Notes of the month on affairs in general' there is a great deal of flippancy and bad taste. The late Sir Robert Peel is styled 'the old weaver;' and of his son it is said, "the young man has his purse, and we hope to live to see the day when we shall be supplicated to reinforce it with a penny, in the hands of a broken-down statesman, plying, broom in hand, at the crossing of Whitehall." This is sheer blackguardism, and worthy only of the pillory.

The Harmonicon.

The number for the present month contains a short biography of Doctor Harrington, who was distinguished alike for his musical acquirements, (some sterling specimens of which are still extant,) and by his descent from a line of ancestry possessing deserved celebrity in the literary world. It also copies a letter addressed to the editor of the *Revue Musicale*, by a student at Naples, exhibiting a gloomy picture of the degenerate state of dramatic and church music in Italy—*sic transit gloria mundi!*—"*Chronicles of the Italian Opera in England*" commence with the season of the year 1817, in which Mozart's Don Giovanni was first produced, and end with that of 1819. The *Foreign Musical Report* gives a curious account of a concert at Vienna for a charitable purpose, in presence of the Austrian court, and in which sixteen of the male and female nobility performed the overture to Rossini's Semiramide, arranged for eight piano-fortes. This affords a striking example of the estimation in which music is held among the higher classes in Germany; and though we have no desire that the members of our nobility should become fiddlers in an orchestra, we should far rather see them engaged in the cultivation and support of this and all the other finer arts, than in those frivolous and often vicious courses which sometimes absorb and degrade them at present.—The strictures on the Ancient Concerts are full of critical salt, and no wise complimentary to the noble directors. On the whole, however, we do not think this number even so good as the preceding one, and certainly far inferior to those which gained for the Harmonicon so high a character in the musical world, the possession of which we would fain see it deserve to retain.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, June 7th, 1830.

The interest connected with Egypt has induced Gagniard and Denain the booksellers to speculate upon a new and splendid edition of the History of the Scientific and Military French Expedition in that country. The first number, which has just made its appearance, contains views of Alexandria and Malta, with portraits of Buonaparte, Berthier, and Desgenettes, and an engraving of monumental antiquities. Although well got up, the charge is only five francs, which, however, will probably yield a better profit to the booksellers than 10s. 6d. would do in London, where the costs of engraving and printers' wages are double, and where also the paper is much dearer. Another very interesting work is the "Memoirs du Duc de Saint Simon," of which mention has been made in some of the London papers. As a history of the latter years of Louis XIV. one portion of these memoirs is perhaps the most faithful thing of the kind. The notice in it of the celebrated Marshal Villars is very curious. This person, although possessed of talents of the very best order, was accustomed to speak of his success in battle as arising from his good luck. In one of his letters to a friend, he says, "Even the king's enemies have some opinion of me; and I may say with truth, that up to this time I am the only general in Europe whose good fortune in war has had no check;" and in another, inculcating the importance of choosing a lucky general, he says, "If you wish to play at cards, sit down with a partner who plays luckily." Altogether, the work is an amusing one, and it is a pity that it is not better known in Great Britain, for it gives sketches of characters which are well calculated to remove the erroneous impressions which are there entertained of some of the leading persons in the political drama of the day.

Many of the *habitués* of the French opera are cast without Taglioni, who is gone to London to play for Laporte's benefit. She has a *congé* of only three weeks, in consequence of the visit of the King of Naples, before whom she is to exhibit, as it is said, in a splendid ballet to be given by the court in honour of his presence in the capital. The tongue of some scandalous persons about the opera-house, however, would lead us to believe that the restriction as to the time of her absence is not enforced by the government, but by a wealthy and powerful Russian, who lives but in her presence. I cannot pledge myself for the truth or falsehood of this insinuation You know, however, that opera-dancers do not enjoy here the highest possible reputation, except as to their talents in the profession. In that way she is an inimitable little creature, and justly deserves all the praise that she receives.

Miss Smithson has been playing on, with success; and she seems to be very grateful for the patronage of the Parisians. She has now, to use her own words, "wealth and fame," and she "is satisfied." It is understood that she will make a tour of the provinces when her Paris engagement is at an end. Her success in pantomine of the serious kind has induced some of the Paris managers to speculate upon pantomimic performances of the comic order, and we are told that we are to have shortly from fifteen to twenty English pantomime actors in Paris. The thing will probably be overdone.

I think I mentioned in a former letter, that it was in contemplation to form a company for the supply of water to the houses in Paris by pipes, as in London. The proposals are now published. It appears from them, that by taking a share, which is to cost 3000 francs, the owner of a house who now pays nearly 150 francs per annum for a very scanty supply of water by water-carriers, will have an abundant supply of water for eighty years to come, without any other expenditure than the first purchase of the share, the interest of which, at 4 per cent. considering the capital as sunk, would only be 120 francs. The projectors state that the total cost of laying down the pipes, &c. will be 20 millions of francs; and they hold out as inducements to subscribe, the importance of such an outlay to the laboring classes who would be employed in the works, but they say nothing of the hundreds whom the completion of the works would throw out of employment. The water-carriers, however, will have time to look forward for other occupation, and the improvement is of too great and excellent a character for such a consideration to impede its exertion. The water-carriers, of course, complain. So do the boatmen when new bridges are built; but these are complaints about narrow distress, and ought not to prevent national improvement.

There is great talk of a banquet to be given to their Sicilian Majesties by the City of Paris; the cost of it will be 150,000 francs. The Constitutionnel is quite indignant at the announcement, and says, "They forget, without doubt, that we have on the pauper list 70,000 names; that, during the last year, 227,000 persons received 1,400,000 francs toward the purchase of bread; and that the third part of the population of Paris die in the hospital. Is this," says the journalist, "a time for giving such fêtes?" The statement as to the deaths in the Paris hospitals is not much exaggerated. It is a sad fact, that among the working classes of the capital, such is either their improvidence, or wretched lot, that three-fourths die in hospitals, and are buried by charity. This is not the case, to the same extent, in any other capital of Europe.

London, June 8.

The illness of the King, who now to use a French phrase, "touche à son terme," is the general, I might almost say, the exclusive topic of conversation in the metropolis.—In anticipation of his death, all the Sunday newspapers

and periodical people are on the alert, one promises a wood engraving, another a copperplate impression, another a biography, with remarkable anecdotes. What a lot is that of royalty, distracted with the dissensions of party when in health, the object of vulgar curiosity when dying. The medical statements as to the king's present state, are quite conclusive. The dropsy is now general, and in a short time suffocation it is thought must ensue, from sudden and rapid effusion. The loss of his majesty will be severely felt by all who desire to see capital expended in works of art and general improvement. Never had Great Britain a monarch, whose ideas in this respect were more liberal and extensive. His taste certainly was not always correct, and where he exercised it in opposition, to the suggestions of persons whose taste is generally admired, the result was sometimes such as to induce ridicule rather than excite approbation; but what splendid buildings have risen up at the magic of his command—what a superb park in the metropolis, what superb embellishments in the neighbourhood of the houses of parliament! to say nothing of the improvements made at Windsor, where the labouring classes have been kept in full occupation, and hundreds of artizans have been continually employed. In addition to the enormous sums voted by parliament, for carrying into execution the public improvements suggested by the king, his majesty himself must have expended many hundred thousand pounds on national property. It is however supposed that he has been able to save a large portion of his income, a great part of which will, if report speaks truly, be devoted by his order after his death, to the purchase of works of art for the public. The proprietors of the different theatres are in alarm as to the shutting up of their establishments on the death of the king. They have not however much to fear; previous to this king's reign, it was not unusual to keep the the atres closed on the death of a monarch, for more than a month. George IV. altered this, and it is now fixed, that the theatres should only rem ain closed until after the funeral. Within the last two or three days, the king alluded to the theatres, as likely to suffer from his death, and said, "pray do not shut them for a longer period than is absolutely necessary."

The newspapers give a curious account of an illness of Madame Vestris on Saturday-night at Drury-lane, and they attribute it to the lady's vexation at having to play in the same piece with Mr. Anderson, with whom she had quarrelled, this I am assured is not true; her illness was, it is said, real, and she shook hands cordially with Mr. Anderson behind the scenes, immediately after the manager had made an apology for her non-appearance during the remainder of the evening.

There has been a great falling off lately in many of the periodical publications; and it is difficult to discover the cause, unless it be in the want of means, of which every body complains. The Sunday newspapers have severely felt the depression—some of the oldest have fallen 250 to 500 per week during the last two or three months. It would seem from this that there is really a diminution of means in the lower and middling classes to purchase newspapers, for it cannot be said to arise from want of news, since there are as many subjects of excitement now as there have been during the last twelve months. Notwithstanding this ldulness another new periodical, called "The Chat of the Week," has started but it is not, I fear, destined to long life.

There are very few works of note in hand, and the booksellers generally complain of dullness. Colburn and Bentley are, compared with what they were, idle. Kidd of Bond-street has published a beautiful work, called "Four Years in the West Indies;" and Longman and Co. have also sent out some very clever volumes during the last six weeks, but of these hereafter.

We still talk of steam carriages here, but that is all—we seem to be just as near to perfection as regards practical purposes, as we were two years ago. Mr. Gurney, however, assures me that every thing is going on well. The rage now seems to be less for steam than for air carriages—not less than six persons are building carriages in London to be worked by air.

(Extract from a Private Letter.)

London, June 8.

I have been to the Somerset-house exhibition, but could not see one-twentieth of the good things there to look at. Turner is absolutely glorious in some of his pictures this year, he has one sunset that is truly sublime.—Rothwell's portraits though good, are certainly inferior to his head of Farren. I must confess my disappointment. He has the power in him, however, and only requires time and care, which I am sure he will steadily devote, to insure success. Piglau is not improved; there is, however, a pleasing picture of his sister, the other I do not like. Edwin Landseer's picture of the Duke of Atholl with dogs, &c. is a beautiful specimen of that able artist; and Stanfield's "Mount St. Michael" is as fine as could possibly be imagined. Jackson has, as usual, very able portraits; he leaves all the *living* artists far far behind. Wilkie's portrait of the king in the Scotch dress, and that of his reception by the Scotch nobles, are fine pictures, but in neither do I think him happy in the expression of countenance given to the principal figure; they rre, however, great likenesses, no flattery, but the man as he really is. Though the halls and walls of Somerset-house are crammed full of pictures, there seem but few really excellent. I have visited the water colour exhibition, which I prefer: some of Fielding's, Dewint's, and Prout's, are beyond all praise. The first mentioned artist has a surprising number in the exhibition, I believe forty-five; Robson in point of number comes next; however, with the exception of some half dozen paintings which are very good, his productions have not pleased me much: he begins to be accused, and I think with some justice, of *mannerism*. I moreover doubt much the fidelity of his Killarney views, though his "Loch Coronish," (an effect nearly similar to that of "Comeen Dubh," by Petrie of Dublin, which is exhibiting here at Jennings' just now;) is really astonishing, and makes up for all. Next to the water colour exhibition, I think Sir Thomas Lawrence's gallery is decidedly the greatest lion here.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Albemarle-st. London, June 4.

Mr. Brokendon lectured this evening on certain facts connected with the perception of colours. If the eye be fixed for some time on a coloured object, which is then rapidly removed, the retina still preserves an image of the object—but of a very different colour. The common experiment of looking intently upon a coloured wafer for a short time—then blowing it away, and perceiving a spot of equal size, but of another colour, in its place—is pretty well known. This, according to Dr. Darwin, arises from the retina being fatigued, and thus morbidly affected. It is however to be observed, that the new colour is that which exactly *compensates* for the former one; that, in fact, both together are those colours of the prismatic spectrum, which when mixed would produce a perfect white. Mr. Brokendon accordingly holds, that there is a distinct compensating power in the organ of vision—that whatever be the structure on which it depends, the existence of the function is unquestionable. In his own speculations on the efficient cause, he is disposed to attribute it to the action of the penniform fibres of the membrana Jacobea, that exquisitely delicate membrane of the eye discovered by Dr. Jacob of Dublin, and described in the Phil. Trans. for 1819. But he wished it to be understood that he threw this out merely as a suggestion; it might lead he hoped to further inquiry—though adopted perhaps, in the first instance, by him, for want of a more satisfactory way of accounting for the phenomenon.

Circular disks were exhibited, divided into concentric rings, with the primary colours in prismatic arrangement, and so ordered as that when only opposite spots were uncovered, (by means of a superimposed rotatory surface, perforated for the purpose,) those spots were always of the compensating tints. This constitutes a species of chroometer, from which many practical advantages may obviously be derived. The artist may learn from it, at a glance, and with the utmost precision, how to blend his colours harmoniously; and the connoisseur may perceive how he should dispose his picture, so as to convey the most agreeable impression to the eye.

Some curious facts in illustration of the compensating power of the eye were related during the lecture. One of them occurred in Mr. Brokendon's own person. Walking one day from Temple-bar along Fleet-street, thinking abstractedly on something or other, or perhaps not thinking at all, (as he good-humouredly said,) his foot slipped on a bit of orange-peel, and he fell. Immediately he saw a patch of blood on the flag under him. He was alarmed for the moment; but finding that the same appearance of the bloody spot met his eye wherever he turned it, he set himself to ascertain the cause. This he was soon satisfied arose from his having been gazing for some time on the *green* pail of a milkman who was walking before him.

The eye is not fit for judging accurately of a new colour, after having been long fixed on one of another hue. This is a well-known fact: yet artists are sometimes surprised at the change their work seems to have undergone in their absence;—they are well aware too, from sad experience, how differently their pictures appear in an exhibition room from what they did in their own studies.

There is another source of error sometimes observable among artists: one man gives a decidedly green tinge to his pictures—another, a foxy hue. This is most frequently owing to a false perception of colour. Nor is it to be wondered at that there should be defects of this kind in the organ of vision, when we are all

familiar with the varieties presented by the auditory organ. Some persons have no ear whatever for music—others a most sensible one, and the intermediate conditions are very obvious. In the same way, there are many persons who are utterly unable to appreciate particular colours. It sometimes happens that there may be some one colour of which these curiously constituted individuals have no perception, or which impresses the sensorium as that of some other colour with which they are much better acquainted. Mr. Dalton's case is one in point. The philosopher of Manchester is, it seems, a quaker; and usually clothes one portion of his outer man with stockings of the purest drab. His friends, however, know that he is destitute of the power of distinguishing scarlet from drab; and so in order to amuse themselves a little at his expense, they determined one day to leave him a pair of bright scarlet stockings for his toilette, in place of those of the accustomed hue. Forth went the sage, very composedly, arrayed in his new scarlet livery.

Various instruments for the dispersion and combination of the prismatic colours were exhibited; and altogether this lecture was one of the most interesting and instructive.

Mr. Faraday will close the evening meetings for the season, on Friday next, with some concluding remarks on the subject of Phonics.

[We are indebted to our excellent friend, the historian of Galway, for the following original letter from the celebrated John Pinkerton, to the no less distinguished Doctor Percy, Bishop of Dromore. To all who take an interest in the ancient history of the British Isles, and more particularly that of the ancient scotise, major and minor, or our own dear Isle and modern Scotland; it cannot fail of proving a highly interesting document. The writer was certainly a man of great learning, and we think of undoubted honesty also, though perhaps as great a slave to childish prejudices as any of those whom he pummelled with such a coarse and unsparing hand. These prejudices disfigured his work and marred its utility; but nevertheless, the good which it effected should never be forgotten—nor should his name be unremembered by the lovers of historic truth. He did much towards placing the ancient history of Scotland on a solid foundation, and though we hardly think he succeeded in overthrowing the fabric of our own ancient annals, we are quite satisfied that it received such a shock from his furious attack, as it can never recover, except by a complete re-edification, under the direction of an architect of consummate skill. In other words the history of Ireland previous to the introduction of Christianity—the history of the *Belgæ* and *Scotti*—must be re-investigated and re-written to satisfy the inquiring spirit of the age; and should the task ever, (as we hope and trust it will) be triumphantly accomplished, no small portion of our gratitude should be given to the shade of the 'pugnacious' John Pinkerton, for his zeal and ability in the good old cause.—The spelling and capital letters, &c. are retained as in the original.]

Knightsbridge, 19th Nov. 1788

My Lord,

The Scotish Poems from the Maitland MS. being now printed off in two Volumes, I have Desired Mr. Nichols to send a copy to Your Lordship which I beg your acceptance of as a small token of my gratitude for the favour Your Lordship did me in pointing out the MS. and other Kindnesses. My Preface will also serve to commemorate my sentiments on this occasion, and if it lyes in my power to make any return, I shall never be deficient in Zeal at least.

Before proceeding to publish the Romances (which will be an easy work) I wish much to have some transcripts from the MS. in the Advocates library mentioned by Your Lordship in the Reliques.—This I find it difficult to manage, Few people in Edinburgh being qualified for the task, but hope soon to accomplish this, and then shall let Your Lordship know my plan, &c. and as I never chuse to be a plageary even of first thoughts, I hope in my Dedication to testify due respect to the first projector of this design. Many ancient Scotish poets I also purpose to republish as Your Lordship will see from the present production, but editions are very easy matters and one might publish half a Dozen of them in a Year. They are indeed amusements and not labours; as I have found who while the present work was in hands have been at same time occupied in one of the most laborious tasks ever attempted.

It is some years since I formed the design of writing The History of Scotland from the Earliest Accounts till the reign of Mary: to be comprised in 40 Books forming 2 volumes 4to. But the earliest part from the beginning till Malcolm III. 1054, is so overwhelmed in fiction, that I find it absolutely necessary to dig a foundation, and clear away rubbish, ere I venture to build an edifice. This I mean to do by publishing first in 8vo. *An Enquiry into the History of Scotland prior to the reign of Malcolm III. or year* 1054. So far as I have gone, I find that it is to the most violent and pitiful national prejudices alone, that we are indebted for the obscurity of our early History. The following are the Grand Divisions of my Work:—

Part I. The ancient celtic inhabitants of Scotland prior to the christian era, or any records.

II. The Britons south of Forth and Clyde, Kingdom of Cumbria, &c.

III. The Picts, shewn to be scandinavians (from Bede and many other authorities) came to Scotland about the Christian era, Drove out the Celts. Pictish tribes conquered by Agricola, Establish a Kingdom in the Isles (see solinus, &c.) which after spreads into the free tribes in Scotland, Catalogues of their Kings from four ancient chronicles prior to Fordun, compared with that published by Fordun, &c. Never conquered, but brought under Scotish dominion by right of marriage. Form, at this day, almost the whole lowlanders of Scotland, (see Essay on the origin of Scotish poetry prefixed to my present publication,)

IV. Scots, Originally Irish. A small colony came over in the 3rd century, under Reuda (Beda, Irish Annals) Driven out in 447 (Gildas Beda) No. Kingdom till 503, when Fergus, son of Erc acquired from the Picts a petty sovereignty in Argyle, (Irish Annals, All our chronicles prior to Fordun, &c. &c. &c.) Exact series of the Kings from thence till 850, when Kenneth by marriage succeeded to the Pictish throne. Insignificance of the Scots even after this (old charters and chronicles Acbred Richard of Haguslad, &c.) Ireland undoubtedly Scotia, till the 11th century, (a whole cloud of witnesses) How Albania came to be called Scotia, &c. &c. &c.

Such my Lord, is the skeleton of my work, to which all my other labours are a jest, but which will fix the ancient History of my country upon the firm basis of ancient authorities, that nothing can shake Men of Science, and all lovers of truth I shall convince, as for the rest, *si vulgus vult decipi decipiatur*. Let them put up with dreams of the father of Ossian and other followers of prejudice. I write not for them, but for those who know that *ancient history can only rest upon ancient authorities*. Now My Lord, there is one favour I earnestly request of Your Lordship, in order to render my work as perfect as possible, and that is that Your Lordship *would endeavour to procure from Dublin translations, of such little Notes in the Irish Annals prior to* 1054, *as concern Scotland*. There are in the College libraries at Dublin, three or four Books of Annals in Irish as the Psaltar of Cashel, written in the 10th age, the Annals of Tigernac in the eleventh, &c. and perhaps one or two passages about the Alban Scots may be found in them, I would write to Colonel Vallancey the Antiquary at once, but he is so hot-headed in his writings, that I fear he would load me with fables. But accurate translations with a note of the age of the MS. are what I want, and if your Lordship would use your influence, Scotland would ever be grateful for the attention: and any expence whatever attending it, I shall most thankfully pay to Mr. Nichols or any other peoson, by Your Lordship's order. In short Your Lordship cannot confer a greater obligation on a whole kingdom, than by this service not to mention the extreme favour it will do me as an individual.

O'Flaherty in his Ogygia mentions a Chronological Poem of the Scotish Kings. If this be in any library in the Colleges at Dublin as I am told, an exact copy of the original and a literal translation would be a vast acquisition as it bears to be written under Malcolm III. A great point is the Colony of Reuda mentioned by Beda—what account the Irish Annals give of it. If the Dalreudini were originally settled in Scotland but returned to Ireland, when we find them in Irish Annals—or if from Ireland they went under the name of Dalreudini to Scotland? I particularly beg that your Lordship will ask at *Different* Irishmen what is the meaning of *Dal*, as Macpherson says it does not signify a portion or district in Irish, yet the Irish antiquaries say it does.

Has Your Lordship ever seen Douglas's *Palace of Honour*, printed at London 1553, and at Edinburgh 1579? It is the only old Scotish peice which I can find now here. The *Complaint of Scotland* 1549, is quoted in the Reliques. Does Your Lordship know where any copy is? If Your Lordship wishes any extract, &c. from the Museum, or any public library here please let me know, and I shall gladly do it, for I shall with great pleasure make any little return I can for the trouble I give you, knowing that it will not be in my power to express, by any important service, how much I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obliged faithful servant,

JOHN PINKERTON.

My address is
Knightsbridge near London.

To The Rt. Revd. The Lord Bishop of Dromore, at Dromore, Ireland.

HORÆ GERMANICÆ.

THE HOSTESS' DAUGHTER.

(From the German of F. Von Uhland.)

Three Bürschen crossed over the Rhine's rolling flood,
To where the neat cottage of Frau Wirthin stood;
"Frau Wirthin, still have you good wine and fresh beer,
"And where is the fair maid we used to see here?

"My wine and my beer, they are fresh still and clear,
"Ask not for my daughter, she lies on her bier."
Then quickly they entered the chamber behind,
Where lay the sweet maid in her coffin reclined.

The first youth uplifted the pall from the face,
And he looked on the corpse, with a sorrowing gaze.
"Alas! lovely maid, would that life were still thine!
"How fond and how ardent a love would be mine."

The second he drew back the pall o'er the dead,
And the big tears gush'd forth, as the youth turned his head:
"Alas! that thou liest, a corpse on the bier,
"My heart's secret idol for many a year."

But the third knelt down by that bier with a thrill,
And he kiss'd the cold lips, all so marble and still:
"I ever have loved thee—I love thee to-day,
"And my heart shall adore thee, till time pass away."

SHAHIR.

THE MEMORY OF BLUCHER.

BY KELLSTAL.

There was a bold trooper, and well did he know
To manage his mettlesome steed;
His sabre he swung with a vigorous blow,
And the squadron he well knew to lead.
And ever the foremost in onset was he:
"Hurrah," would he cry, "my brave hearts follow me;
"We fight for our country, see yonder her foe,"
This trooper so gallant and brave did I know.

There was a stout captain, and smiling would he
Meet death in the war's fierce rattle;
His banner led ever to victory,
We called him the Lion-of-Battle.
With glory he shone, as a star in the sky,
And we followed him truly, we followed with joy,
For as dear to our hearts as our Mädchen's * was he;
This captain so valiant was well known to me.

The hero of freedom was known to us all,
He sleeps on a bed of laurel;
This hero we used "father Blucher" to call,
For he settled full many a quarrel.
The chains of the Frank, he rent them in twain,
For he loved that his free country, free should remain;
But now he's laid low, and he sleeps in the grave:
We all knew this hero—our Blucher the brave!

SHAHIR.

* Sweethearts.

HORÆ ITALICÆ.

We are devoted admirers of Horace: a fair friend who knows our *penchant*, complained to us the other day, that she could discover no poetry in the English translations of him she had met with. We hope that softened down to

Syllables that breathe of the sweet south,

he may meet with more favour.

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus;
Displicent nexæ philyrâ coronæ:
Mitte sectari rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.
Simplici myrto nihil allabores
Sedulus, curo: neque te ministrum
Dedecet myrtus, neque me sub arctâ
Vite bibentem.

TRANSLATION.

Con fasto Persico
Le mense ornate
Sdegna l'ingenua
Semplicitate.
Non odorifere
Ghirlande elette
Vogl' io da nobile
Bel fiocco strette.

E tu non chiedere,
In qual giardino
Tardo ripulluli
Fior porporino.
Mortella semplice
Solo m' è cara,
Sol questa, o vigile
Fanciul, prepara.

No, sconvenevole
Per me non è
Il mirto semplice
Non è per te;
Per te, che mescermi
De vin spumante
Del larghe ciotole
Coppiero e fante;
Per me che bevere
Il vino pretto
Sotto pampinea
Vite ho diletto.

Eheu! fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni; nec pietas moram
Rugis et instanti senectæ
Afferet, indomitæque morti.
Non, si trecenis, quotquot eunt dies,
Amice, places illacrymabilem
Plutona tauros; qui ter amplum
Geryonem, Tityonque tristi
Compescit undâ, scilicet omnibus,
Quicumque terræ munere vescimur,
Enavigandâ; sive reges,
Sive inopes erimus coloni.
Frustra cruento Marte carebimus,
Fractisque rauci fluctibus Adriæ:
Frustra per Autumnos nocentem
Corporibus metuemus Austrum.
Visendus ater flumine languido
Cocytus errans, et Danai genus
Infame, damnatusque longi
Sisyphus Æolides laboris.
Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens
Uxor; neque harum, quas colis, arborum
Te, præter invisas cupressos,
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.
Absumet hæres Cæcuba dignior
Servata centum clavibus; et mero
Tinget pavimentum superbo
Pontificum potiore cœnis.

TRANSLATION.

Ahimè trapassa, o Postumo,
L' età fugace e lieve,
Nè pietade le squallide
Rughe o del crin la neve
Ritarda, o il braccio forte,
De l' indomabil morte
Non, se quanti di ruotano,
Trecento tori offrissi,
Potresti il piè ritorcere
Da gl' infernali abissi,
Nè il tiranno si placa
De la magione opaca.
Ei Gerion tergemino,
E Tizio immenso affrena
De la riviera stigia
Su l' infocata arena.
Il fatal guado varca
E bifolco e monarca.
Marte di sangue livido
Eviteremo invano;
In van del mare Adriaco
Il roco flutto insano
E a le membra fatale
L' umid Ostro autumnale.
Vedrem la pigra e torbida
Corrente di Cocito,
E le figlie di Danao
Con Sisifo punito.
Che in cima al monte posa
La pietra ruinosa.
Lasciar dobbiamo e patrii
Tetti e la moglie amante,
E a te padron fuggevole
De queste colte piante
Niuna verrà dappresso
Fuor del feral cipresso
Piu degno erede il Cecubo,
Che serban cento chiavi
Nè a cene pontificie
Invidia i vin soavi,
Spargerà liberale
Su le marmoree sale.

HORÆ HISPANICÆ.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE INGENIOUS AND VALOROUS KNIGHT DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

A Romance from the Spanish.

BY JOSEPH SNOW.

With jaws that creak, like when you break tough stick across a stone,
La Mancha's knight, Don Quixote hight, by sickness overthrown,
With target covered o'er, whilst formed his buckler broad his bed,
Like tortoise from its shell outheaved from its steel case his head.

With screaming voice, which makes sad noise, as the notary he sees near,
Through toothless jaws, for lack of teeth, he speaks that all may hear:
"Good Sir, I prithee well to write this my last testament,
Which to posterity, I trust, shall be by heaven's help sent.

"And that to it, entire your wit, you will so goodly grant,
As sense you'll have to say for me, when I myself well can't;
And first, I to the earth, as food, bequeath my body free,
Which from its lankness well I wis, a mouthful will not be.

My good sword's sheath, I next bequeath, as coffin for said corse,
As large it is, and wide enough, and never wish I worse;
And then embalmed, I bid them leave it in the church alone,
And this inscription deeply grave on my sepulchral stone.

"Here dwells in death, this tomb beneath, Don Quixote, past all praise,
Who wrongs redressed, and wicked wights made walk in virtue's ways."
To Sancho next the isles I give, which I fierce fighting got;
They insulate him at the least, if they enrich him not.

'To Rozinante, bequeath I can't, less than what God has given,
The fields and floods, the meads and woods, bestowed on beasts by heaven;
And evil chance I pray for him and withering age for her,
And grief and bitterness, who dares his calm repose to stir.

"I leave the Moor, enchanted sore, who pummelled me at the inn,
The cuffs he there bestowed on me, with interest also in:
To the muleteers, the many kicks which on back and breast they gave,
To clear my conscience full and well, I cheerfully now leave.

"To that maiden bright, Dulcinea hight, when her comeliness decays,
A hundred loads of wood I leave, to warm her wintry days.
To the tenter hook in the hall I leave my sheathless sword to hang,
Let nothing ever touch its sheen, save the rust's unsparing fang.

"Next my lance, as broom to sweep the room, and the cobwebs off the roof,
Like good St. George, I leave—from that let all things be aloof— *
My breast-plate, gorget, gauntlets grim, my helm and visor, all
Inherits he who when I'm gone, himself my heir may call.

"And for the rest, 'tis my behest, that all my worldly store,
Shall be to rescue princesses, and other good given o'er;
And that in lieu of masses long, my death they celebrate,
With joust and tourney, tilt and throng, and every knightly feat.

"And now I leave, (may Christ them save,) my executors to fulfil,
Don Belianis, Phebus' knight, Las Zergas lord, this will"—
Here Sancho, who long time had watched all that the knight had said,
With bitter voice and rugged speech, his troubled mind outbrayed.

"Good master mine, thy tongue confine, for where thou goest I wot,
To tell thy God all thy ill deeds, befits such nonsense not;
But take thou counsel from thy squire, poor Sancho, who sad stands
Beside thy bolster, weeping wild, and wringing hard his hands.

"And leave these Sirs, executors, your own confessor first,
Next the mayor Auton, and the goat-herd rich, to take on them this trust,
And leave alone your knights and lords, as of them enough you've said,
And straight send for some pious priest to lend his holy aid."

"Thou counsell'st well, I needs must tell," quoth the Don, with wavering voice,
"But haste, bid Beltenebros come, ere of that I make my choice."
Just then appeared at the chamber door, with the host high in his hand,
The curate in his surplice white, and his sacerdotal band.

And the dying knight, when he saw this sight, cried aloud to all about,
"This the great magician," and he strives to speak him out,
But fails him head, heart, strength, sight, lips, and life, and limb, and all;
Departed then the notary quick, and the priest prayed o'er his pall.

* The poor knight here appeared to be perfectly insensate.

MUSIC.

Musical fare is rather scarce this week, as there has been no concert nor any publication from the Dublin press.

It appears that some difference on a point of etiquette has occurred between Hummel and the Philharmonic Society of London, which prevented him from performing at their concerts: those which he has given on his own account have proved highly productive. Mlle. Sontag has been at Berlin, where she first acquired so great musical fame; and is said to be on her way to Petersburgh and Moscow.

Mr. Pixes, the piano-forte performer, has become a dramatic composer, and produced a new opera at Paris, called *Bibiana*, which met with but partial success.

THE DRAMA.

Mr. and Mrs. Yates concluded an unproductive engagement at our theatre on Tuesday last. They have been succeeded by the Elephant, who has returned for two nights, and makes her final obeisance this evening. We perceive that Madame Vestris is announced for Monday next, when she is to appear as Letitia Hardy, in the Belles Stratagem, and Apollo, in Midas. Although this lady is deservedly a favourite, we fear that as an individual "star," her efforts will prove unattractive, unless supported by other talent, (of which there is a great deficiency at present in the company,) but we trust it will be forthcoming before the week terminates. At all events, it is indispensable that the orchestra should be improved.

Drury-lane theatre will close for the season on the 14th, and Covent Garden on the 15th of this month.

Taglioni, from the Parisian theatres, has been delighting the lovers of dancing by her performances at the King's theatre in London, where she appeared on Thursday week, for Laporte's benefit. She is a very great favourite with the French; and the English journals also speak of her in a highly laudatory strain.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Last Monday being Trinity-monday, the vacant scholarships, twelve in number, were filled up by the Board of our University. The following are the names of the successful candidates, arranged according to the order of their answering:

William Pollock,
Hugh Hamilton.
Eugene Finn,
Christopher Rapier,
John Maguire,
Robert Graves,
Launcelot Studdert,
—— Popham,
Daniel Flinn,
James Millet,
Michael Collins.
} on eight best marks.
} on seven best marks.

James Murphy. on six best marks.

Composition formed a feature in the scholarship examination this year for the first time. The plan adopted was, to give each candidate a portion of Baker's Livy to turn into Latin. On Wednesday twelve vacant sizars' places were filled up: the names are on the College gate.

TRANSLATION OF THE FRENCH EPIGRAM IN OUR LAST.

The one outstrips, the other lags behind
The flight of time; fair Zoe as draws nigh
Our trysting hour, I fix my impatient eye
On this—but when our monitor unkind
Bids me depart, to the other I appeal,
And claim those moments unexpired as yet:
Forgive then, dearest, that by fond deceit
The swiftness from Time's foot I fain would steal,
Still in despite my artifice too fleet.

SHANIR.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A BACHELOR'S BALLAD,

For the Dublin Literary Gazette.

(By a *very* celebrated Literary Character.)

ADIEU, ADIEU, BELIEVING!

I can't believe, I don't believe;
But why should that provoke
A moment's rage, a minute's mirth
In sober worldly folk?
It cost me once an income vast
In hoping, loving, fearing,
I found my heart would very fast
To bankruptcy be veering,
So *I* shut up the bank one day
My creditors all leaving,
And sang—as fast I fled away—
"Adieu—adieu, believing!"

I once maintained a troop of friends,
And paid their pension duly
In services and kind regards,
And thought they loved as truly;—
They wore the livery of the heart
(Bright crimson cuffed with amber,)
I thought they would not soon depart,
Or if they did—remember;—
Their barrack-room my heart was long,
Till one by one deceiving,
I found them gone, and sang my song,
——"Adieu, adieu, believing!"

I loved a lady—nay indeed
I loved a baker's dozen,
From Lady Blanche I never saw,
To Eleanor my cousin;
I loved them in and out of town,
And through all change of weather,
When sitting in a morning gown,
Or decked in flower or feather;—
They danced with me and heard my vow,
Then turned me off to grieving,
I took my hat and made my bow,
But said—"Adieu, believing."

My old rich aunt died Lady-day
And left me all her money,
And *that* from scandal takes the gall
And gives to love the honey;—
My "forty thieves" are all come back
And say they love me dearly,
The ladies take the self-same track
And smile as once—or nearly;—
I dine the men as heretofore,
And with the maids go weaving
Quadrille and waltz—but nevermore,
No, never more—believing.

But still, a light has left the world,
A nameless sort of treasure,
As if one plucked the crimson heart
From out the rose of pleasure;
I could forgive the fate that made
Me poor and young to-morrow,
To have again the soul that played
So tenderly in sorrow,—
So buoyantly in happiness,—
Ay—I would brook deceiving,
And even the deceiver bless,
To know again—believing.

J.

THE EXULTING LOVER.

(By the late Authoress of Cœur-de-Lion.)

COMMUNICATED BY ROSENKRANZ.

I.

Powers of harmony and love,
Let me now your accents borrow;
Aid my trembling voice to prove,
Joy has sweeter notes than sorrow.
The stars are bright,
Thro' the wintry night,
And the river may shine in the moon's cold gleam;
But the linnet's lay,
Hails the sun's warm ray,
And the queen of the garden expands to his beam.

II.

Long did the jealous skies refuse
The tender bud of love to nourish:
Now warmer suns and kindly dews,
Shall bid its timid beauties flourish.
For hope to her bower
Takes the tender flower,
Where whirlwinds or tempests shall scatter it never;
But her magic wand,
As the leaves expand,
Shall fix them in beauty, to blossom for ever.

THE FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Air—"The last of Summer."

'Tis the first rose of summer
That blushing steals forth,
Still doubtful, and fearing
The blight of the North;
Her sister-buds cower,
Beneath on the stem,
While yon lone one is smiling
In fragrance o'er them.

I'll not pluck thee, young rose-bud,
Nor mar thy fresh bloom;—
Soon yon dark cloud may wrap thee
In coldness and gloom:
Then bask while thou may'st;
In the bright sun's lov'd smile,
And dream of light dew-drops
And blue skies the while.

So in life's sunny morning
Spreads forth Hope's fair flow'r,
How soon to be blighted
In sorrow's drear hour!—
Still, while Friendship smiles o'er it,
And joy brightens round,
May no demon's dark malice,
To blight it be found!

T. C. D. Mc.

The title and the verses of this pretty little song have suggested to us some classical recollections; perhaps the following may be new to most of our readers;

Siderum sacros imitata vultus
Quid lates dudum rosa? Delicatum
Efferre terris caput, O tepentis
Filia cœli.
Jam tibi nubes fugiunt aquosæ
Quas fugant albis Zephyri quadrigis;
Jam tibi mulcet Boream jocantis
Aura Favoni.
Jam licet nymphas trepide fugaces
Insequi, lento pede definendas;
Et labris captæ, simulantes iram
Oscula figi.

Και το ροδον καλον εςι, και ὁ χρονος τουτο μα-
[ραινει·
Και το ιον καλον εςιν ἐν ειαρι, και ταχυ γηρα·
Λευκον το κρινον εςι, μαραινεται αυικα πιπτει·
Α δι χιων λευκα, και ταχειται αυικα παχθη·
Και καλλος καλον εςι το παιδικον, αλλ'
[ολιςον ζη.

LOVE AMONG THE NETTLES.

SUGGESTED BY A RECENT DISASTER.

Oft have I gazed upon the rose,
And eke have felt the thorn;
But ne'er midst nettles poked my nose
Before, since I was born.

R. S.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, &c.

We announced some time ago, that Mr. Johns, of Crediton is about to publish a poem, entitled "The Pyramids:" the following extract from the 'Scenes and Impressions in Egypt and Italy,' will explain the views with which this curious subject has been regarded. "They are the tombs of Cheops and Gephrenes, says the Grecian; they are the tombs of Seth and Enoch, says the wild and imaginative Arabian. One thing you know—that the chief and the philosopher, and the poet, of the times of old, men who mark fields as they pass with their own mighty names, have been here; that Alexander has spurred his war-horse to its base; and Pythagoras, with naked foot has probably stood upon its summit."—S. & I. p. 158. The Poem is to be published by subscription. The Lay of the Desert, a poem, in two cantos, by Henry Sewell Stokes, will shortly be published. Charles Lamb, the author of Essays by Elia, is preparing for publication a Volume of Poems under the title of Album Verses. The Cook's Dictionary, by Richard Dolby, of the Thatched House Tavern. Six new Lectures on Painting, by the late Henry Fuseli.

We perceive that Mr. Chancellor of Dublin was on Monday last adjudged the large medal and the highest prize, by the London Society of Arts, for his newly-invented clock escapement.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Baley's Four Years in the West Indies, 8vo. £1. 4s. boards—Wright's First Three Sections of Newton's Principia, 8vo. 8s. boards—Adventures of Ariston, 12mo. 4s. boards—Life of Alexander Alexander, 2 vols. post 12mo. 14s. boards—Anstey's New Bath Guide, crown 8vo. 9s. 6d. boards—Findlater's Sermons, 4s. 6d. boards—Lewis's Career of Woman, 12mo. 6s. boards—Family Cabinet Atlas, Part II. 18mo. 2s. 6d. coloured 3s. 6d. sewed.—Dymock's Ainsworth's Dictionary, 3d edition, 6s. 6d.; roan 7s. boards—Gell's Illustrations of Pompeii, No. II. 10s. 6d.—Family Library, Vol. XIII. (Lives of Eminent Painters, Sculptors, &c. Vol. III.) Skinner's Translation of the Book of Psalms, 8s.—Quarterly Review, No. 85, 6s.—Quarterly Mining Review, No. 2.

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J. P. GRIFFITH, Secretary, R.I.I.

April, 1830.

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The LITERARY DEPARTMENT is supported by writers of celebrity.

Lady Charlotte Bury's Portrait, from a Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, will embellish the June No. and those of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland, her Serene Highness the Princess Esterhazy, the Marchioness of Stafford, Countess Verulam, Countess Gower, Lady Durham, Lady Normanby, Lady Rolle, &c. &c. the future Nos.

Published by Whittaker and Co. London; Waugh and Innes, Edinburgh; and J. M. LECKIE, Dublin.

The Proofs of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge's Portrait, by W. Sams, St. James's-street, Pall-mall.

WHITTAKER'S MONTLHY MAGAZINE for May, price 2s. 6d. Contents:—I. The Session of Parliament—II. A Chapter on Cigars—III. British India and the Renewal of the Company's Charter—IV. Ten Days' Quarantine; an Anecdote—V. Lady Byron, Campbell, and Moore—VI. Present Policy of Europe towards the Barbary States—VII. The Pressed Man; a Tale of the Coast—VIII. The United Service Smoke Shop; a Winter Sketch—IX. The Devonshire Ball—X. The King's Own—XI. A Caution to all Poets, and to one in particular—XII. The United States of America and the British West Indies—XIII. Notes of the Month on Affairs in General—Reviews of New Books—Works in the Press, and New Publications—New Patents—Biographical Memoirs of Eminent Persons, lately deceased—Agricultural and Commercial Reports, &c. &c.

London: Whittaker and Co.; Waugh and Innes, Edinburgh; and J. M. LECKIE, Dublin.

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THE DUBLIN LITERARY GAZETTE,

OR

WEEKLY CHRONICLE OF CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES, AND FINE ARTS.

No. 25. SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1830. PRICE 9*d.*

ON BURNING WOMEN ALIVE BY BRITISH AUTHORITY.

Returns ordered by the House of Commons to be printed.

The work to which we would now more especially direct the attention of our readers, is a document containing a return made to an order of the House of Commons, for copies of all communications and correspondence relative to the burning of widows on the funeral piles of their husbands, called in East India phraseology a suttee; with such proceedings as may have been had thereon in the Court of Directors of the East India Company, since the period when similar papers were presented to parliament before. The return made to this order affords authentic and detailed information on the following points: the number of widows thus burned during six years, from 1821 to 1826 both inclusive; the particulars relative to some of these sacrifices, the steps taken by the constituted authorities to abolish a practice so truly diabolical; and the results of their measures to this end.

In the present enlarged state of geographical knowledge, it is hardly necessary to detain our readers with a description of a Hindoo suttee; yet lest any should be ignorant of the nature of a custom so degrading to religion and so revolting to humanity, we shall briefly state that when a married Hindoo of certain castes or classes dies, his widow deems herself bound, by a religious duty, after some preparatory ceremonies, to place herself on the pile on which her husband's corpse is laid, to which fire is applied, generally by some of her nearest relations, but sometimes by herself, and she is thus burned alive with the late object of her affections. This sacrifice is supposed to be wholly voluntary on her part; it is also as honourable as voluntary; being deemed of such merit as to entitle the devoted victim to immediate admission, on the termination of her mortal sufferings, into the Hindoo paradise, and reflecting also much honour on her surviving relations.

The number of widows thus burned in the six years above stated, is as follows: in 1821, 654; in 1822, 583; in 1823, 575; in 1824, 572; in 1825, 639; and in 1826, 518, making a total of 3,541 of our fellow-creatures thus immolated during that period, in the heart of the British dominions, for the maintenance of a debasing and a monstrous superstition.

The mere recital of the fact is sufficiently appalling. To be assured, as we now are, upon the undoubted authority of official documents, that upwards of six hundred women annually terminate their existence in excruciating tortures, which we do not inflict on the most atrocious and most hardened offenders here, must, we conceive, excite a revulsion of the feelings of outraged humanity, sufficient to produce the immediate abolition of a custom that has too long disgraced the annals of British legislature. But our documents go still farther: they detail cases which disclose horrors still more dreadful. To exhibit these in their true colours, no highly-wrought description is necessary: it is sufficient to detail the facts as recounted in the returns; and therefore it is that we now step aside from our usual flowery path of lighter literature into the dry details of parliamentary documents, in order to direct the reader's attention to the study of the volume now before us. If he rises not from its perusal, or even from the brief abstract of it with which we shall here present him, with a burning zeal to devote himself, as far as his individual efforts can extend, to the utter and immediate abolition of the custom, we must say, that either we have altogether failed in attempting to convey our intended meaning, or else we have reason to think but little of his heart, and still less of his religious impressions.

Although we must pass slightly over the particulars of these sacrifices, and we do so, from no sickly affectation of reluctance to hurt our reader's feelings, but solely from want of space, there are one or two of them so transcendantly abominable, that we must find room, at any sacrifice, for their admission. The appearance of these statements in the return, arises from the ceremony having been made the subject of legal prosecution, in consequence of some irregularity in its performance.

"Ajoodhia Misser was charged with having assisted in burning, on the funeral pile of her husband M. Deokowera, *the mother of two infant children.* The woman was the wife of Zorowar Singh, the uncle of the prisoner. It was clearly proved that she was burned with her own consent, and that the prisoner endeavoured to dissuade her from being so, promising to take proper care of her during her life; but that she refused to listen to his entreaties, and mounted the pile, when the prisoner, by her direction, set fire thereto. The illegality of the act consisted in its having been performed "in the absence of the police, and in the want of a written engagement having been entered into for the maintenance of the youngest child of the woman, *whose age was but two years.*" Mothers of children, read this: think of the woman who could thus leave her orphan infant unprotected; and think of the religion that encourages, and of the law that tolerates the act!

"Ram Pursun and Bul Misser were charged with the murder of M. Buktee, *a girl aged nine years,* by burning her alive. The prisoners were the father and brother of the girl, who had been married to a Brahmin. There was no proof that force was resorted to; it was even stated that the former of the prisoners endeavoured to dissuade her; he, however, set fire to the pile, and the other prisoner was present." Infants deserted! Children immolated, and by their own parents! such, we must exclaim again, are the practices encouraged by a false religion, and tolerated by British law!

"Six prisoners were charged with wilful murder, under the following circumstances: A Brahmin died when absent from his family; a fortnight afterwards his widow, *a girl of about fourteen years of age,* proceeded to burn herself, the pile being prepared by her nearest relations. The preparatory rites being completed, she ascended the pile, which was fired by her uncle: the agony was soon beyond endurance, and she leapt from the flames; but, seized by her uncle and others, she was taken up by the hands and feet, and again thrown into the fire, much burned, and her clothes quite consumed. She again sprung from the pile, and running to a well hard by, laid herself down in the water-course, weeping bitterly. Her uncle now took a sheet, and spreading it on the ground, desired her to seat herself upon it:—'no,' she said, 'she would not do this; he would again carry her to the fire, and she could not submit to it; she would quit her family, and live by beggary—anything, if they would have mercy on her.' Her uncle, upon this, swore by the Ganges, that if she would seat herself on the cloth, he would convey her to her home; she did so. They bound her up in it; sent for a bamboo, which was passed through the loops formed by tying it together, and carrying it thus to the pile, now fiercely burning, threw it bodily into the flames. The cloth was immediately consumed, and the wretched victim once more made an effort to save herself; when, at the instigation of the rest, one of the prisoners approached near enough to reach her with his sword, and cut her throat; the head fell back, and she was released from further suffering by death." We close the book:—we give no further details of a practice devised indeed by idolaters, or by the devil himself, but, tolerated by christians, and Britons.

It must already have occurred to the reader that the actors in these infernal tragedies are represented as prisoners, liable to punishment for their conduct, and that therefore the British legislature, under whose authority the legal functionaries of the East India Company form their decisions, so far from tolerating, condemn the act, and punish the perpetrators. Let us see how the case stands, as it appears from the document before us:—a suttee is perfectly legal, according to the rules of the British government, and the decisions of its judges in India, if performed under the following circumstances: the deceased must have belonged to one of four castes specified; the widow must be sixteen years old at least; security for the support of any minor children must be given;—the pile must be open on every side, so as to allow the half burnt wretch a chance of escape, if she

pleases; and the officers of justice must be present to take care that all these provisions have been observed. The neglect of any of these renders all parties present liable to various degrees of punishment, but if they be duly observed, the ceremony is as legal as a marriage or a confirmation in England. The neglect or violation of any of these provisions indeed, subjects the offender to punishment, varying in severity according to the circumstances adduced in the evidence; but the effect of these, may be judged of by the scale of punishment inflicted on the six prisoners involved in the last mentioned case, a case which we consider to be among the most abominable of those that pollute the worst period of the annals of British jurisprudence. The man who cut the girl's throat, an act we agree with one of the judges in considering as the most merciful exhibited throughout the whole transaction, was sentenced to five years imprisonment with labour; the second, who had assisted in tying her up and throwing her back into the flames, to three years imprisonment, with labour; her two uncles, who were present and assisting, to one year's imprisonment, without labour, and two strangers, who also assisted, to two years imprisonment without labour.

The conflicting opinions of the British magistrates and judges before whom these monstrous cases were brought, are very extraordidary, exhibiting a violent, and doubtless a most painful conflict between the feelings of human nature and christianity in the individual contemplated in his private character, and the rigid discharge of duty, as viewed in that of a public functionary. The impression resting upon the mind of the unprejudiced reader after an attentive perusal of the whole volume, must be that the British legislature could annihilate the whole system by a single act, without exciting any re-action of an alarming nature in the minds of the natives, or giving any serious offence to their religious feelings; for the suttee is an act of supererogation as it were, and is not imperatively required as a duty, even by the Hindoo superstition; or, at the utmost, if any such re-action were excited from interested motives, it would be extremely trifling, and not to be compared in the extent of its consequences, as to blood and torture, to what is now annually exhibited by the over-cautious reluctance in the governing power to interfere with the native institutions of the country. We say, from interested motives, because the papers before us present abundant evidence to prove that pecuniary considerations are at the bottom of this most extraordinary display of female self-devotion; for it appears clearly from them, that, in most instances, the relations have a reversionary claim to the property of the victim thus immolated, and the priests or Brahmins a direct interest in it also, by the bequests of ornaments and money which always precede the ceremony.

We are borne out in our opinion by one of the British judges, who in giving his opinion on each of the cases coming under his cognizance, acquits the prisoner from the charge of murder, on the principle that the government should either totally extinguish the practice, or leave the natives wholly to the guidance of their own laws and customs, as to it. "Our government," says he, "by modifying the thing, and issuing orders about it, orders which even the government and the judges themselves do not appear clearly to comprehend, have thrown the ideas of the Hindoos upon the subject into a complete state of confusion. They know not what is allowed, and what is interdicted; but, upon the whole, they have a persuasion that our government, whom they most erroneously suppose to be indifferent about the lives of natives, are rather favorable to suttees than otherwise. They will then believe that we abhor the usage, when we prohibit it *in toto* by an absolute and peremptory law. They have no idea that we might not do so with the most perfect safety; they conceive our power and our will to be commensurable."

On reading a discussion which lately took place in the House of Commons relative to the great expense incurred by the printing of parliamentary papers, we were forcibly struck with the complaint of one of the members, who stated that the report on this subject was swelled into a folio volume of 270 pages, and filled up with a list of names of which we knew and could know nothing. We had not at the time seen the volume thus commented on in the true spirit of counting-house calculation. We have seen it since. It corresponds very nearly with the member's statement; it contains 275 pages of text, and is in a great measure filled with the catalogue of names he condemns. But the impression left on our mind by the attentive perusal of this catalogue, in his opinion so worthless, was diametrically the reverse of his. On opening the volume we read, and read the statement with sensations of horror, which we then thought could scarcely be heightened. The contemplation *en masse* of upwards of three thousand five hundred innocent females consigned to death by fire, was horrible, their sufferings, their fearful torture, their too late repentance, their ineffectual efforts at escape in the period of their excruciating agony, were frightful; but when, on turning to the catalogue, we behold them passing one by one in review before us, when we see each advancing in silent solemn self-possession, and one after the other undergoing the same routine of torment, the heart gradually sickens; the irritating emotions roused to intensity relax, not into the tone of unfeeling heartlessness, but into the frightful calm of a bewildering despondency. The whole long train of shrieking widows and smouldering fires appears in its never-ending succession like the phantasmagoria of some strange hallucination; we wish to persuade ourselves we are not creatures of such a species, our mental faculties lie prostrate as under the operation of some long continued torture too painful to be endured, too weighty to be shaken off; and we are tempted to exclaim in the words of the old English dramatist,

> Thou hast brought me to that dull calamity,
> To that strange misbelief of all the world
> And all things that are in it—that I fear
> I shall fall like a tree, and find my grave
> Only remembering that I grieve.

On the whole, the burning alive of Hindoo widows, though apparently by their own act, is in reality that of our Indian government, which is answerable for the evils of a toleration that it might abolish if it would. The Indian government is the instrument, the creature of the British legislature, which can model and direct it at its sovereign pleasure; the British legislature is the combined voice of every individual in this united kingdom, who, if our constitution asserts what is the truth, have each a share in its formation, and are therefore personally accountable for its acts. If this induction be correct, every one of us is answerable for his fractional part of every shriek of anguish, of every writhing of agony forced from suffering nature in a Hindoo suttee. We cannot shake off this responsibility; and the sooner we look to it the better.

Perhaps we have spoken too warmly on this subject, for we confess our heart burns and our blood boils within us while we write; but how *can* a freeborn Briton speak too warmly in the cause of truth, of justice, and humanity? Our earnest prayer is, that our cry, however feeble, may be found effectual to arrest attention and obtain redress. The Quakers of Dublin were the first people in modern times who raised their voice with vigour and effect against the existence of slavery. We trust with becoming humility that we ourselves may be somewhat instrumental in crushing this other abomination, so revolting to humanity and religion.

[Since concluding this paper, (which was written some time ago, at the moment of reading the Report, but postponed in consequence of the pre-occupation of our columns by other matter,) we have heard with great satisfaction, that an official order has issued from the Governor-general of India in Council, for abolishing the practice of burning women or burying them alive, and declaring all persons in any way aiding or abetting in such acts, to be guilty of culpable homicide. We understand also that this order has been submitted to by the natives, almost without a murmur. It is useless now, unfortunately, to lament that this was not done long ago; but it yet remains for the British legislature to place the law beyond the neglect or caprice of any future Governor, and to make the punishment capital, as the offence is murder.]

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Introductions to the Study of the Greek Classic Poets; designed principally for the use of young persons at School and College. By H. N. Coleridge, Esq. M. A. late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.—London, Murray.

We opened this volume with a rush of delightful associations; it treats of Homer, and Homer is to us a delicious dream of youth. We read him, over and over again we read him, with all the freshness and much of the undoubting faith of boyhood, and we found him that flowery hill-side that Milton tells of, for being so ancient and so excellent a book, we read him, as Mr. Coleridge prescribes, with patience and a simple mind. Even now, though the ceaseless round of business and of study has long withdrawn us from the sweet society of that laureat fraternity of classic poets whom we delight to honour, and placed us in a position less congenial to our nature, yet better fitted, perhaps, by its cares and anxieties, its temptations to evil and its opportunities of good, to that state of trial and discipline appointed for man in this his earthly pilgrimage, we still gladly seize any occasion to return to the cities of [illegible], and linger once again within the hallowed portals of those solemn temples which genius has raised in honour of the great of old. Mr. Coleridge's book is written for a purpose which we have long wished, and sometimes struggled to accomplish. It is to open the eye of [illegible] of those who read the ancient classics. We

teach them not to content themselves with ascertaining that a certain Greek word may be interpreted by a certain other word in English, but to enter into the spirit of their author, to appreciate his beauties, and to yield themselves willing captives to the force and fascination of his wonderful imagination. In the general introduction Mr. Coleridge thus unfolds his own design:

"My wish is to enable the youthful student to form a more just and liberal judgment of the characters and merits of the Greek Poets, than he has commonly an opportunity of doing at school; and for that purpose to habituate his mind to sound principles of literary criticism. Those principles, it must be remembered, are of universal application: it is inattention to the universality of the principles of criticism, that makes our judgment on literary matters uncertain and inconsistent. Often may we hear or read in the same conversation or book just and ingenious comments on modern authors coupled with the most shallow and mistaken remarks on the ancients; and on the other hand, though much more rarely, we may meet with a sound exposition of the merits of a Greek or Latin Poem, mixed up with, or even illustrated by, parallel passages cited with applause from some worthless favourite of contemporary interest. It is true that various languages, different religions, and distant ages, have produced, and will perpetuate, numerous peculiarities in poems, histories, and orations; but, however these causes may induce a diversity of color and shape, we shall find that the substance of such works of the intellect is in all of them essentially the same. Excellence in all of them must depend according to their several natures, on the presence of Imagination, Fancy, Good Sense, and Purity of Language; and all that is previously necessary to the critical examination of ancient and modern poetry upon the same principles is, to set aside for the moment those qualities which are the peculiarities of place and time, and then a review of those qualities which remain, and are common to every place and to all time, will be as obvious in the case of a Greek and English, as in that of an English and a French author.

"There can be no doubt that this imperfection and obliquity of judgment in literary matters is chiefly occasioned by the exclusive study of the ancient and modern writers in succession only, and rarely or never together, and with light reciprocally reflected. Our youth is as usually absorbed by Greek and Latin, as the rest of our lives is by English, Italian, or French. The living languages are considered as interfering with the exercises of the school, and the study of the learned is too often abandoned or disclaimed in manhood as puerile or pedantic. Hence neither are cultivated with the manifold advantages which a judicious association of both would certainly afford. Undue admiration and undue depreciation are the ordinary consequences of this unreasonable divorce, and whilst by partial and half-learned criticism some insignificant works on either side have attracted undeserved attention, the great writers of all sides are the less honoured and the less understood."

To correct this obliquity of mental vision, and to cultivate a purer taste, Mr. Coleridge has here gone through the real and imputed works of Homer, the Iliad, the Odyssey, Margites, Batrachomyomachia, Hymns, Epigrams and Fragments, premising the information requisite for the proper understanding of each, and accompanying them with a running commentary, pointing out their peculiar beauties, and illustrating his observations by frequent quotations from the poems themselves, with the standard English translations subjoined. It is intended to extend the work to a consideration of other classical poets if this be well received, as we trust it will, for it deserves to be so. Of course we cannot, in a notice like this, follow the author through his detailed criticisms on the works of Homer, but the following observations on the distinction to be taken as to the significations of the words Imagination and Fancy, will we think interest and please most of our readers:

"I hope I shall be excused if I here venture to advance a step further, and endeavour to explain the difference in kind between the Fancy and the Imagination—the existence of which, affecting in some degree all sorts of intellectual operations, has a direct and perpetual bearing on poetry. There is, perhaps, no difference in Metaphysics so necessary to be known by an accomplished critic, and yet none so generally neglected as this. A knowledge of this difference may be used, more than any other, as the touchstone of power, and the sure key by which to open the various chambers of genius.

"With very few exceptions, indeed, in books and in conversation, the Fancy and the imagination are taken to be either absolutely synonymous, or at the utmost as differing degrees of the same faculty. Fancy therefore will be a term for a light and airy kind of Imagination; whilst Imagination will be another word for an ardent and concentered Fancy. But certainly if there do exist two such different faculties in the mind, we ought, for the sake of perspicuity, to be careful in using the two words distinctly and appropriately. Now I conceive the following passage to be an instance of the exercise of pure Fancy, as contradistinguished from Imagination.

"O, then, I see, Queen Mab has been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coachmakers."

But the mode and direction of the profound madness of Lear flow from the Imagination of the poet alone.

Kent. Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first. Bring in the evidence.
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place,
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his side. You are of the commission,
Sit you too.

Edgar. Let us deal justly.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath, before this honorable assembly, she kicked the poor king, her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress; is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warped looks proclaim
What store her heart is made of. Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edgar. Bless thy five wits!

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me!

Edgar. Tom will throw his head to them.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan: see what breeds about her heart: is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts? You, Sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your garments; you will say they are Persian attire; but let them be changed.

"In the first of these passages the images taken from objects of nature or art are presented *as they are;* they are neither modified nor associated; they are, in fact, so many pretty shows passed through a magic lantern, without any connection with the being and feelings of the Speaker or the Poet impressed upon them; we look *at* them, but cannot for a moment feel *for*, or *with* them. In the second, the images are transfigured; their colors and shapes are modified; one master passion pervades and quickens them; and in them all it is the wild and heart-stricken Father-king that speaks alone. The first is Fancy; the last is imagination. The one aggregates, the other associates; that presents a spectacle, and presents it only; this projects the man into the object, or attracts it to the man, with a vivifying, humanizing, impersonating energy. In a word, Fancy collects materials from the visible world, and arranges them for exhibition, but it imparts to them no touch of human interest; Imagination takes and moulds the objects of nature at the same moment; it makes them all speak the language of man, and renders them instinct with the inspired breath of human passion. In a scale of intellectual power, Fancy is indeed a lower faculty than the Imagination, but it is also one different from it—as different as juxta-position is from combination—as accumulation is from union.

"It may be remarked that Similes of Fancy are to the outward sense *more like* the thing intended to be illustrated than Similes of Imagination; but that to the mind's eye the converse is the fact. The Simile of Imagination is really more true. Thus Virgil's—

"Indum sanguineo veluti violaverit ostro
Si quis ebur"—

ivory stained with a purple dye—is to the sight a correct picture of a fair body stained with blood; but the resemblance is *visible* only, which was indeed all that the poet's purpose in that instance required. We do not *feel* any resemblance between stained ivory and a gory body; but a Simile of Imagination was not wanted. Again, from Virgil—

"Purpureus veluti cum flos, succisus aratro,
Languescit moriens."

Here there is a very slight *visible likeness* between the dying Euryalus and a flower cut up by the plough; but to the mind's eye no two things can more resemble each other than a beautiful boy suddenly killed, and a beautiful flower violently cut from its stalk and fading on the ground. So, in the Iliad, Apollo is said to come down from Olympus—νυκτὶ ἰοειδέι

—like Night, and Achilles seems to Priam like the star Sirius on the extremity of the plain. These two Similes are admirably true to the Imagination, but give little more than a *hint* of the actual bodily image; though in Pope's *terrific* maltreatment of the latter simile it is neither true to mind or eye. The more we reflect on such Similes as the last, the more deeply we recognize their intrinsic truth; the longer we contemplate a Simile of mere Fancy, the more we perceive its resemblance to be casual, contingent, and not founded in the nature of the two things brought into parallel. That resemblance which is one to Sight only, *may* be acknowledged by one man and denied by another; it *may* be perceptible in Asia and imperceptible in Europe; but a Simile founded on moral relations will be true, and felt to be true, wherever man is not wholly barbarous, throughout the world and during all time.

"*It* is seldom that any man can be supposed to possess either of these faculties to the absolute exclusion of the other; yet it is perhaps not improper to characterize many of the eminent poets by that *one* which predominates in their works. Hence we may say that there is more of Fancy in Sophocles, more of Imagination in Æschylus; so more of the first in Horace, more of the last in Lucretius; the same again of Ariosto, as compared with Dante; and we may, with great accuracy, call Cowley a fanciful, and Milton an imaginative, poet; whilst both epithets must be given where they are both most due, to our single Shakspeare alone. Be this distinction, however, sound or not in point of metaphysical truth, I am persuaded the principle involved in it will be found if borne in mind, a very useful rule for, or aid to, a discriminating criticism."

This is a subject upon which we have expended a good deal of time and thought ourselves, but the result of our lucubrations shall, probably, come before the public in another shape.

The Family Library, No. XIII. *British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects.* Vol. 3. Murray, London.

We like this even better than the two preceding volumes of the same series. It is devoted to the British Sculptors, and is written with great ability and impartial judgment; full of moral interest and instruction, not only to the lovers of art, but also to the general reader, who will become acquainted by its perusal with as noble instances of untiring energy, and devotion to a noble profession, as any, perhaps, that could be found in the whole range of ancient and modern biography. Verily, the lives of those great artists afford the most abundant evidence of the humanizing effect of the Fine Arts on the human mind. We do not know where we should look for more perfectly loveable characters than most of them—the great ones particularly. Flaxman was as little inferior to Canova in all the christian virtues, as he was in genius. A portrait of this great artist and excellent man, is prefixed to the volume. It is not a highly finished plate, but it is after Jackson, and therefore, we may be assured, a good likenes: indeed we know it of ourselves to be so. It is a noble head—full of intellect, and all the virtues; the forehead, and indeed the whole of the upper part, reminds us forcibly of Petrie, our favourite Dublin Artist. It has been our happy fortune to have had some acquaintance with both, and to know that not only in the outward conformation of their heads, but in the domestic virtues of the heart, they bore a striking resemblance: in both the fire of genius was, in one it still is, tempered by that amiable benevolence and native kindliness of disposition which throws such a mild and captivating lustre round the path of virtuous talent. There are also engraved portraits of all the other sculptors, save one, whose lives compose the volume, viz: Gibbons, Cibber, Banks, Roubiliac, Nollekens, (with his miserly mouth, and yet a good head,) Bacon, and the Honorable Mrs. Damer. They are all authentic, engraved on steel, and sufficiently well executed. Of Wilton there is no portrait. The discarding the woodcuts from this work, as we recommended on the appearance of the first volume, has been judicious and praiseworthy.

Though all the memoirs which this volume contains, are full of interest and instruction, (the rather as from Allan Cunningham's peculiar position with Chantrey, he has been enabled to do even more ample justice, perhaps, to the lives of the Sculptors than to those of the Painters,) we must confine ourselves to one, and we naturally select that of Flaxman, the last and best in a volume in which all are good.—We have grouped our extracts together, so as to form even in our brief epitome, a sort of personal sketch of the man, and of his rise and progress, so far at least as to the fixing of his fame:—

"From childhood Flaxman was of a serene temper and enthusiastic mind. His weakness prevented him from associating with boys of his own age, and he had to seek amusement through many a solitary hour for himself. In a little stuffed chair, raised so high that he could just see over the counter, he usually sat during the day, with books around and paper and pencils before him, reading one hour and making drawings in black chalk another. His mother was frequently in the shop watching with her husband over the health and education of her patient little favourite. His grave but cheerful deportment, his thirst for knowledge and his love of drawing, began to attract the notice of the customers, and as the customers of a figure-dealer are generally people of some information and taste, they could not avoid perceiving that this was no common child; they took pleasure in looking at his drawings, in hearing him describe such books as he read, and in the rapture of his looks when, in their turn, they began to talk of poets and sculptors, and heroes. It was discovered too that, child as he was, he had not confined himself to the copying of figures around him, but had dipt into Homer, and attempted to think and design for himself. The legends of our studios say that he was sometime under the direction of Roubiliac, who declared he saw no symptoms of talent about him. But this could not well be: Flaxman was but seven years old when the other died, and was, besides, so weak of body that he could not move without crutches. The story had its origin in the circumstance of his father showing some of his sketches to the Frenchman, who said they were remarkable as the productions of a child, but gave no other encouragement. But it is idle to speculate on the works of a child of seven years old; what could they be but crude feeble scratches?

"'He very early,' says one of his biographers, 'gave indications of that observation and love for works of art for which he was distinguished in maturer life. His father was going to see the procession at the coronation of George the Third, and the child begged earnestly that he would bring him one of the medals which were to be thrown to the populace. He was not fortunate enough to get one; but on his way home happening to find a plated button bearing the stamp of a horse and jockey, rather than wholly disappoint his little boy, who was then in a very delicate state of health, he ventured to deceive him, and gave him the button. The young virtuoso took it and was thankful, but remarked it was a very odd device for a coronation medal. He was then five years old. At this age he was fond of examining the seals of every watch he saw, whether belonging to friend or stranger, and kept a bit of soft wax to take an impression of any which pleased him.'

"Of all who noticed the talents of the boy, the most distinguished was the Reverend Mr. Mathew—a person of feeling and taste—the same who afterwards aided Flaxman in befriending Blake. 'I went,' said the divine, 'to the shop of old Flaxman to have a figure repaired, and whilst I was standing there I heard a child cough behind the counter. I looked over and there I saw a little boy seated on a small chair, with a large chair before him, on which lay a book he was reading. His fine eyes and beautiful forehead interested me, and I said, 'What book is that?' He raised himself on his crutches, bowed and said, 'Sir, it is a Latin book, and I am trying to learn it.' 'Aye, indeed?' I answered, 'you are a fine boy; but this is not the proper book—I'll bring you a right one to-morrow.' I did as I promised, and the acquaintance thus casually begun ripened into one of the best friendships of my life. The child is the mental as well as bodily image of the man. All those who had the honour of knowing Flaxman will join with me in saying that his extreme courtesy and submissive deference to others were natural and not assumed: as he was in his first interview with Mathew, so was he to mankind when his name, like that of the hero of the old romance, 'had waxed wide.' The solitary child laboured at his books and models incessantly. 'He made,' one of his biographers assures us, 'a great number of small models in plaster of Paris, wax and clay: some of these are still preserved, and have considerable merit; they were certainly promises of that genius and talent displayed in after years.'

"A great and salutary change took place in his tenth year. He had been hitherto weak and ailing; his studies had been repeatedly interrupted by long fits of illness, and unable to move without crutches, he had seen little of the green fields, and shared in none of the sports natural to boys of his age. A flush of health came upon him at once; he grew strong, lively and active; the crutches were thrown aside, never to be resumed; and full of a new spirit, he thought of nothing but adventures such as happen to heroes of romance, and longed to have opportunities of showing his generosity and courage. A perusal of that enchanting book, Don Quixote, a tall folio, 'translated by sundry wits of Oxford,' wrought this enchantment upon him. 'He was so much delighted with the amiable though eccentric knight,' observes a biographer, 'and his account of the duties and honourable perils of knight-errantry,

that he thought he could not do better than sally forth to right wrongs and redress grievances. Accordingly, one morning early, unknown to any one, armed with a little French sword, he set out, without a squire, in search of adventures which he could not find. After wandering about Hyde Park the whole day without meeting enchanter or distressed damsel, he returned home rather ashamed of his romantic flight, and never again sought to emulate the exploits of him of La Mancha, though he always retained a great admiration of his character.' This family legend lends some countenance to a story which I may relate without attesting. Flaxman, it is said, was one day describing a statue remarkable for the truth of its proportions, and more for its heroic beauty, which he had seen somewhere in Italy, and wishing to give a clear idea of it, put himself into the position of the figure, and holding up his hand and extending his right arm, said, 'Look, my lord at me.' The diminutive stature and disproportioned body of the great sculptor supply the ludicrous of a tale which more will laugh at than fully believe.'

"When health and strength came, Flaxman seems to have made up his mind to follow sculpture. He modelled and drew most assiduously; his father's shop was his academy, and the antique statues which it contained supplied him with form and proportion; their serenity of sentiment presented something akin to his own emotions. If it be true that Roubiliac said he saw no symptoms of genius about our artist's boyish compositions, he was not more fortunate in another artist, to whom in a moment of confidence, he showed a drawing of a human eye: 'Is it an oyster?' enquired Mortimer. The joke of the jester made a deep impression upon the sensitive boy, and he resolved to show no more attempts of either modelling tool or pencil to those who consider it wisdom to humble the enthusiasm of youthful genius. His belief in his own talent was not to be shaken by a few light words; the feeling of internal power had come early upon him; and when he sat, a lonely child with his crutches beside him, reading of poets, heroes, and ancient worthies, he had resolved to attempt something by which his name also might be continued to the world.

"In his tenth year he lost his mother, whose death it is said, was the beginning of her husband's prosperity. He set his affairs in good order, ventured to lease a larger shop in the Strand, and, as London was not then swarming with foreign adventurers in the same line, his profits were such as enabled him to maintain his household respectably. He ventured—I know not how soon—a little farther; taking unto himself a second wife, whose maiden name was Gordon. She proved prudent and kindly—treated his two sons with great tenderness, and in due time gave them a sister. Of his step-mother Flaxman has been heard to speak with affection; respecting his own mother he was silent: whom he could not safely praise he refrained from mentioning. Some time after he had attracted the attention of Mr. Mathew, he was introduced to that gentleman's wife, a gifted and agreeable woman, the companion of Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Chapone, and Mrs. Barbauld. He was some eleven years old when he first saw this fascinating lady in Rathbone Place; and to her house he thenceforth frequently repaired during the evenings to hear her read Homer and Virgil, and discourse upon sculpture and verse. 'At this house,' says one of his biographers, 'where he was for many years a welcome visitor, he passed frequent evenings in very enlightened and delightful society: here he was encouraged in studying the dead languages, so necessary to him in his profession: by acquiring these he learned to think with the authors, and to embody the ideas of Homer, Hesiod and Æschylus in a manner that no modern artist has exceeded.' That Flaxman ever attained the scholarship of a Fuseli, no one has yet pretended; that he knew something of the Greek bards in the original is, however, certain; and it is probable that he helped his deficiencies out, as Pope is said to have done, by the common translations. His mode of education was very desultory; he attended no college; he distinguished himself in no eminent seminary; he gathered his knowledge from many sources, and mastered what he wanted by some of those ready methods which form part of the inspiration of genius.

"It is said that Mrs. Mathew read Homer, and commented on the pictorial beauty of his poetry, while Flaxman sat beside her embodying such passages as caught his fancy. Those juvenile productions still exist, and are touched, and that not slightly, with the quiet loveliness and serene vigour manifested long afterwards in his famous illustrations of the same poet. The taste displayed in these induced Mr. Crutchely, of Sunning Hill Park, to commission from him a set of drawings in black chalk, about four and twenty inches high. The subjects, six in number, are all from antiquity: first, The Blind Œdipus conducted by his daughter, Antigone, to the Temple of the Furies; second, Diomede and Ulysses seizing Dolon as a spy; third, The Lamentation of the Trojans over the body of Hector; fourth, Alexander taking the cup from Philip, his physician; fifth, Alcestis taking leave of her children to preserve the life of their father; sixth, Hercules releasing Alcestis from the Infernal Regions and restoring her to her husband. The praise bestowed on those early and imperfect works was grateful to the young artist; friends, more merciful or more wise in their criticisms than Mortimer, now foretold his future eminence. But fame, they warned him, was not to be attained without serious study, and assiduously working in the spirit of his own nature,—by musing on the heroic and lofty, and seeking to stamp on his conceptions that universal beauty acknowledged by all nations."

"He was now known at the academy as an assiduous and enthusiastic student. His small slim form—his grave and thoughtful looks—his unwearied application and undoubted capacity won upon the hearts of all who watched him, and he began to be spoken of as one from whom much was to be expected. His chief companions were Blake and Stothard: in the wild works of the former he saw much poetic elevation, and in those of the latter that female loveliness and graceful simplicity which have given his name a distinguished place amongst the worthies of art. With Blake, in particular, he loved to dream and muse, and give shape, and sometimes colour, to those thick-coming fancies in which they both partook. I have spoken of *colour*, for during his teens he made some attempts in oil colours, and with such success, that one of those pictures—an Œdipus and Antigone—was lately sold by auction for a Belisarius of Dominichino. Painters, we know, frequently model figures before they paint them; and it might be Flaxman's wish to see how his designs looked in colour before he modelled them—as was, indeed, the undoubted practice of the Greek artists. 'It seems to me (says Wilkie, in a letter written during his recent visit to Rome,) as if the artists of old began first to learn to paint and then to work in marble. There is such an artist-like freedom in the working of the material, that it reminds me of what we call surface in a picture, and such a perfect knowledge of the effect of light and shadow on that surface, that the hard stone is made to indicate sharpness and softness with as much ease as we see it done in a picture by Correggio. Sculpture and painting seem much less allied now than in the time of the Greeks, when statues and bas-reliefs were painted, or in party-coloured marble, and when pictures were coloured sculptures in every thing but the flat surface.' Of the accuracy of these views no one could be more sensible than Flaxman. But he never carried his admiration of the antique so high as to work his statues in party coloured marble, or to paint and gild them as both Greeks and Goths did. He allowed the plain pure marble to tell its own story, and smiled at the cunning of Canova, who tinged his statues yellow to anticipate time, and coloured the cheeks of his Hebe to imitate the bloom of nature.

"Having in his fifteenth year gained the silver medal at the Royal Academy, Flaxman became, in due time, a candidate for the gold one, the reward of the highest merit. One who knew him at this period thus described him to me as he appeared amongst the students. 'Though little, and apparently weak of body, he was both active and strong—a match for most of his companions in feats of agility, and more than a match in all that regarded genius. He had an earnest enthusiastic look, and the uncommon brightness of his eyes and fineness of his forehead were not to be soon forgotten. His fellow-students perceived his merit—the grave, the mild, and the proud boy was generally respected; and when he became, in opposition to Engleheart, a candidate for the gold medal, all the probationers and students cried, Flaxman! Flaxman!' The poetic Banks was worsted in a similar strife by Bacon, but it was the fortune of Flaxman to be vanquished by a more inglorious opponent."

"Though he had missed the honour which he coveted and deserved at the hands of the Royal Academy, his friends did not therefore lessen their confidence in his talents. Mr. Knight, of Portland Place, commissioned him to make a statue of Alexander the Great in marble, and the sculptor, at this time no skilful worker in that material, if indeed he ever became such, employed Smith in executing it. During this period he lived with his father in the Strand, opposite to Durham Yard, modelling and sketching for all who employed him, but continuing his other studies with unabated enthusiasm.

"From his twentieth to his twenty-seventh year Flaxman lived, as all young artists must do, who have no other fortune than clear heads and clever hands. His labours for the Wedgwoods were so far profitable that they maintained him; but then he was a frugal person, no lover either of strong drink or jovial circles, and indeed abstemious in all things save a hungering and thirsting for knowledge.—

The seclusion to which illness in early youth confined him, had caused him to seek for company in himself; and when grown up to manhood, and full of health and spirits, he still preferred his own chamber to public haunts, and casts from the antique and the poets of Greece and England to the society of the gay, the witty, and the beautiful. His feeling that disease had left him slightly deformed, may also, very probably, have had some share in determining his mode of life; Byron, we know, from his own melancholy story, imagined that all eyes were upon his lame foot; and Flaxman, though a man of a purer spirit if not loftier mind than the noble bard, may have shared in the same weakness. Whatever was the cause, there is nothing more certain than that from boyhood to old age he lived the same quiet, simple, secluded sort of life, working by day and sketching and reading during the evenings. Occasionally, when his daily task was over, he would work at the bust of a friend; but it was his chief delight to make designs from the poets, from the Bible, and from the Pilgrim's Progress. Such attempts, for so he called drawings of no common beauty, were only shown to favourites or to friends; they were arranged in portfolios according to the date of composition, and preserved as memorandums of his early notions and increasing skill."

"But the works he loved most were those which embodied poetical passages in the Bible, and with such was he ever ready to commemorate the dead. The churches threw their doors readily open to admit works which formed comments on Scripture: and so much was he disposed at all times to devout feelings, that he would all but give away his finest designs rather than lose such an opportunity. This was not the way to grow rich; yet in this way he spread himself abroad, and India, Italy, Scotland, Ireland, and the West Indies, can boast of statues and groups from his hand.—Even the distant kingdom of Tanjore acknowledged his genius—he made a statue of the Rajah himself, and a monument to the Missionary Schwartz; both of which are now in the East, and have been noticed in the precious Journals of Bishop Heber. He also made two monuments in memory of Lord Cornwallis, a figure of Warren Hastings, and a statue of the Marquis Hastings. Of the courtesy and generosity of the East India Company, Flaxman loved to speak. 'They have ever behaved to me,' he said, 'in a way at once graceful and liberal, and in every thing worthy of a Company who have acquired a splendid territory with less violence than any dominions were ever won, and who maintained them with more wisdom than history has recorded of any ancient or modern people.'

"He was now to appear in a new character. In the year 1810, the Royal Academy, after some thought, and not without opposition, created a Professorship of Sculpture, and bestowed it upon Flaxman. A small premium was offered for six annual lectures, and as money was never his object, he proceeded to fulfil the duty of his office with enthusiasm and knowledge. To his first lecture, delivered in 1811, flocked academicians, students, and connoisseurs: and as he took his seat there was loud applause. His works, and the reputation he had acquired for learning and research, bespoke respectful attention; while his singular gravity of manner, simplicity of appearance, and a voice which, though not very musical, had a winning mildness of tone, added to the favourable impression. From the jest of Fuseli it appears that *his* expectation was little—he recollected himself at a dinner party, and starting up, said, 'Farewell friends—farewell wine—farewell wit—I must leave you all, and hear sermon the first preached by the Reverend John Flaxman.' Nor can it be denied that the singular sedateness of his manners, and the calm and unimpassioned tone in which he described the classical sculptures of antiquity, countenanced the joke of his fellow professor, and contributed to disappoint those who expected great eloquence or something rapt and poetical, and who forgot that the proper aim of one placed in such a chair is to instruct rather than to excite.

"These lectures are ten in number, and the subjects are, 1. English Sculpture; 2. Egyptian Sculpture; 3. Grecian Sculpture; 4. Science; 5. Beauty; 6. Composition; 7. Style; 8. Drapery; 9. Ancient Art; 10. Modern Art. As literary compositions containing a clear and commanding view of sculpture, ancient and modern—abundant in just sentiments and wise remarks—and such professional precepts as only experience can supply, they merit more regard than they have as yet received. The style is a little heavy—the unsolicited happinesses of expression are few; the illustrations supplied by poetry are somewhat common-place, and the dry catalogue of statues and groups, lost in the vicissitudes of nations, is, I confess, oppressive: but the account of the Gothic sculpture in England is as rich as a chapter of old romance, and infinitely more interesting; while the lectures on Beauty and Composition ought to be familiar to the mind of every student. The order of their arrangement is natural, and there is good sense and a feeling for all that is noble and heroic scattered over every page: but we miss the glowing and picturesque language which arouses the sluggish, and the unimpassioned counsels of the great sculptor fell upon the students of the Academy like a shower of snow. But, in truth, they who frequent the lectures of our professors, are in general a quiet and orderly generation, who listen with little emotion to the most glowing harangues. They never forgot themselves, save once, when they chaired and cheered Proctor, on his gaining the gold medal—'Hearken,' exclaimed Barry, 'the boys have caught the old Greek spirit.'"

"Flaxman was small in stature, slim in form: he walked with something of a sidling gait; and his hair dark and long was combed down carelessly on either side of his head. It was a favourite theory of his, that the noblest spirit is ever magnificently lodged; yet when I think of his own little body and large soul, I incline more to the words of the poet whom he loved—

> That auld wanchancie carline Nature,
> To make amends for scrimpit stature,
> Has turned thee off a human creature
> On her first plan.

But whenever he talked all this disappeared: his forehead was fine: his large eyes seemed to emit light while he spoke: and the uncommon sweetness of his smile softened a certain proud expression of mouth and some coarseness of physiognomy. His dress was plain but not mean: a single-breasted brown coat—a waistcoat of black and white stripe, over the cape of which his shirt-collar was laid neatly down: dark cloth breeches, and ribbed mixed stockings, with shoes and buckles, suited well with the simplicity of the wearer. He aspired after no finery—kept neither coach nor servant in livery—considered himself more the companion than the master of his men—treated them to a jaunt in the country and a dinner twice a year, presiding among them with great good humour; and on times of more than common state—the Academy dinners for instance—he caused John Burge, his marble polisher, to stand behind his chair. To his men, of whom he employed some twelve or fifteen, he was ever kind and indulgent. He made himself acquainted with their families and with their wants, and aided them in an agreeable and delicate way; when they were sick he gave them their wages and paid their doctors' bills; and if any of them happened to be unavoidably absent, he said, 'Providence has made six days for work in the week, take your full wages.' So generally was he beloved and so widely was he known, that had you stopt a tipsy mason in the street and asked him what he thought of John Flaxman, he would have answered, 'The best master God ever made.' Such was the answer once given to that question in my hearing. Nothing of the alloy of meanness mingled with his nature. When he approached a hackney-coach stand near his own house, down went the steps of a dozen doors, and off went the hats of as many coachmen—all were desirous of a customer who never higgled: when he purchased marble he satisfied himself of the quality of the block, asked the price, and paid down the money—no abatement was demanded; and he has been known to return part of the money for a monument when he thought the price too high. 'Flaxman, Sir,' said an artist of eminence whom I need not name, 'is inaccessible to either censure or praise—he is proud but not shy—diffident but not retiring—as plain as a peasant in his dress, and as humble as the rudest clown, yet even all that unites in making up this remarkable mixture of simplicity and genius—and were you to try *any other* ingredients, may I be hanged if you would form so glorious a creature!' He paused a little, and added, 'I wish he would not bow so low to the lowly—his civility oppresses.'*

"Flaxman usually rose at eight o'clock,—breakfasted at nine,—studied or modelled till one,—dined at that early hour, commonly upon one dish, and very sparingly,—then recommenced his modelling or his studies,—added a little reading,—drank tea at six,—talked with his wife and sisters, or with friends who happened to look in—and this in a lively, gay, eloquent strain, more frequently than a serious one; and when supper was served, conversed freely, and helped his friends largely, but took little himself. This, he used to say, was 'an hour of much enjoyment.' His kindness to students was unbounded: he opened the doors of his studio with no reluctant hand to young and old, and was lavish of his time and counsel on all in whom he recognised genius."

* During the composition of these sheets, I requested of a distinguished sculptor some information respecting his mode of study and his talents in company. "I cannot tell you," was the answer. "Flaxman, Sir, lived as if he did not belong to the world—his ways were not our ways. He had odd fashions—he dressed—you know how he dressed: he dined at one—wrought after dinner, which no other artist does—drank tea at six; and then, Sir, no one ever found him in the evening parties of the rich or the noble.—He was happy at home, and so he kept himself; of all the members of the Academy, the man whom I know least of is Flaxman."

Constable's Miscellany, Vol. LV. The Life of James the First. By Robert Chambers, Author of the History of the Rebellions in Scotland. 2 Vols.—Edinburgh, Constable and Co.; and Hurst, Chance, and Co. London.

Mr. Chambers tells his story in a plain straightforward somewhat tradesman-like way, without the least spark of genius irradiating his work, which however appears a fairly compiled narrative of facts that were all tolerably well known before. Sometimes indeed, but rarely, when he ventures to trust to his own judgment, he puts forth very extraordinary opinions; witness his comments on James's first literary effort:

"In 1584, when eighteen years of age, the king made his first appearance as an author.—His work was a small thin quarto, entitled, 'Essayes of a Prentice in the divine art of Poesie, with the Rewlis and Cautelis to be pursued and avoided.'

"It consisted partly of poetry and partly of prose. The chief poems are a series of Sonnets to the Gods, in all probability the result of the king's exercises in versification under Buchanan. The prose part of the work is a code of laws for the construction of verse according to the ideas of that age. There is something odd enough in this association, the laying down of rules being rather the proper business of an experienced master than of an apprentice. Yet, the whole work is respectable. The poetry, it is true, contains none of the hair-brained sentimental graces which we look for in modern verse, contains no striking descriptions of external nature, no treasures from the far recesses of thought, no forceful exhibitions of passion, no joyful or melancholy ponderings on the fate and character of man, such as we find in almost every thing now written under the name of poetry. 'There is no evidence,' says Mr. Gillies, introducing a new edition of king James's Essays, 'that he ever loved or hated, rejoiced or suffered like a poet.' But the truth is, king James wrote according to the taste of his own age, not of the present. Judging his compositions by those of his contemporaries—the only way in which they ought to be judged—they appear very good. The poems of Montgomery, Hume, and others, whose names are preserved as the poetic ornaments of his Scottish court, are as unsuitable to the taste of the present generation as those of their royal patron. When the years of the writer are considered, they are entitled to be called wonderful. To write at eighteen, with a proper understanding of the selection and collocation of words, whether there be ideas at the same time or not, is no small merit."

Now we cannot help holding, in despite of this verdict of Mr. Chambers, that it *is* a *very* small merit to be able to write nonsense verses in one's own tongue at eighteen. We think we could do the like in half a dozen languages at that age, though we had no royal road to literature, and small thanks we had for our 'no small merit.'

The public life of James is well known to every reader of history; we shall therefore confine ourselves to a brief notice of his principal literary performance, for there is no new light that we have discerned, thrown upon his character in the work now before us:

"The life of James, between 1596 and 1600 is marked by only one incident of note, the publication of his book of instructions to his eldest son, called *The Basilicon Doron*.—He had scarcely been a father ere he set about the composition of this treatise. The uncertainty of his own life, which led him to fear that he should never have it in his power to communicate oral instruction to his son, was his chief reason for writing the work so many years before it could be applied to its ostensible use; and in order that it might be sure to reach its proper destination, he caused seven copies of it to be printed, each of which he deposited in the hands of some trusted officer. These persons were enjoined strict secrecy as to the existence of such a treatise, for it contained some explanations of the author's mind on matters of church government, which he did not wish to be divulged till his plans were a little better matured. Unfortunately, however, a gentleman whom he had employed to transcribe it for the press, showed the original to Mr. Andrew Melville, who forthwith selected the passages unfavourable to the church, and, throwing them before the Synod in Fife, spread a prodigious alarm amongst the clergy throughout Scotland. James, seeing that these isolated passages gave an impression which the whole was not calculated to convey, then saw fit to consent to the publication of the work, which accordingly took place in 1599.

"The Basilicon Doron is by many degrees the most respectable of all James's prose compositions. It consists of three parts; one of which refers to religion, a second to the art of government, and a third to personal conduct. The whole is written in a style which, however unsuitable to the taste of the present age, was then thought excellent, and may still be deemed good. In regard to matter and sentiment, it is entitled to even higher praise.—James, according to unquestionable authority, was a good father. His bearing in that capacity was more manly and respectable than in any other. He accordingly displays, in his instructions to his son, a more solemn cast of thinking than in any other work; he blurts out fewer of those grotesque fancies which deform so many of the rest of his compositions; his whole mind seems to have been unconsciously elevated in the performance of this interesting duty. The book is a short one, because, according to its own explanation, it is difficult to get princes to read in youth, from the number of amusements which distract them, and equally difficult in mature age, from the perplexitiss of public business. As the whole book, however, is not more brief than the individual sentiments are concise, it contains a prodigious quantity of matter. The profound and varied learning of the author is proved by a thick margin of authorities, partly from scripture, and partly from the classic writers.

"Some passages of the Basilicon Doron are curious, as containing expositions of certain points in the king's character and history. We learn from one, that, in the earlier part of his reign, he was induced to pardon a great number of offenders, in the hope that his kindness would make them thenceforward good subjects, but that, in reality, he only brought the country into greater disorder by his clemency, and got no thanks from any one for his benevolent intentions. He tells us at another place, that he ever found the persons who had taken his mother's part against himself in his minority, become, afterwards, his own best friends; an insinuation that he believed it possible to make the English Catholics good subjects. He also remarks, what is historically true, that all those who took a conspicuous part against his mother came to a wretched end.

"There is great humanity, and much correct feeling, in the following directions: 'And, although the crime of oppression be not in this rank of unpardonable crimes, yet the over-common use of it in this nation, as if it were a virtue, especially by the greatest rank of subjects in the land, requireth the king to be a sharp censurer thereof. Be diligent, therefore, to try, and awful to bear down the horns of proud oppressors: embrace the quarrel of the poor and distressed, as your own particular, thinking it your greatest honour to oppress the oppressors: care for the pleasure of none: neither spare ye any pains in your own person, to see their wrongs redressed. Remember the honourable style given to my grandfather of worthy memory (James V.) in being called *the poor man's king*. And as the most part of a king's office standeth in deciding that question of *meum* and *tuum* among his subjects, so remember, when ye sit in judgment, that the throne ye sit on is God's, as Moses saith, and sway neither to the right hand nor to the left; either loving the rich, or pitying the poor.—Justice should be blind and friendless: it is not on the judgment-seat ye should reward your friends, or seek to cross your enemies.'

"He makes a curious observation regarding the Borders. There are two reasons, he says, for giving no directions about their management. One is, that, if his son becomes sovereign of the whole island, 'according to God's right and his lineal descent,' then the Borders will be in the middle of his empire, and as easily ruled as any other part of it. If, on the other hand, he does not accede to that inheritance, then it is equally unnecessary to trouble him with directions, for he will, in that case, *never get leave to brook Scotland either—no, not his own head, whereon the crown should stand*. James feared, with great justice, that if the catholics succeeded in their aim of getting the Spanish infanta to succeed Elizabeth, his present kingdom must also fall into the hands of that usurper: a notable reason for his leniency to the catholic lords, in opposition to the wishes of his subjects.

"There is one passage in the Basilicon Doron, which excited no little remark at the time: it refers to the individuals whom the reader has seen arrayed in such violent opposition to the king in almost all the acts of his government—the leaders of the native clergy. On this subject, the royal author speaks with a degree of warmth and earnestness proportioned to the annoyance which he had received from those zealous defenders of the Presbyterian church-polity. There is also, in what he says, a candour and simplicity, an unhesitating expression of real feeling, which, though it can scarcely be expected to decrease the reverence borne by the Scottish people in general towards the fathers of their church, must yet have its effect upon the mind which simply endeavours to form a correct historical estimate of the motives of the two grand parties. 'In Scotland,' says the royal author, 'the reformation of religion being extraordinarily wrought by God, and many things being inordinately done by a popular tumult and rebellion, of such as were blindly doing the work of God, but clogged with their own passions and particular respects, as well appeared by the destruction of our policy, and

not proceeding from the prince's order, as it did in our neighbour country of England, as likewise in Denmark, and sundry parts of Germany; some fiery-spirited men in the ministry got such guiding of the people in that time of confusion, as, finding the guste of government sweet, they begouth to fantasie to themselves a democratic form of government; and, having by the iniquity of the time, been over-well baited in the wrack, first of my grandmother, and next of mine own mother, and after usurping the liberty of the time in my long minority, settled themselves so fast in that imagined democracy, as they fed themselves with the hope to become *tribuni plebis;* and so in a popular government to bear the sway of all the rule. And for this cause there never rose faction in the time of my minority, nor trouble sen-syne, but they that were upon that factious part were ever careful to persuade and allure these unruly spirits among the ministry, to spouse that quarrel as their own: where-through I was oft calumniated in their popular sermons, not for any evil or vice in me, but because I was a king, which they thought the highest evil. And because they were ashamed to profess this quarrel, they were busy to look narrowly in all my actions; and I warrant you a mote in my eye, yea a false report, was matter enough for them to work upon; and yet, for all their cunning, whereby they pretended to distinguish the lawfulness of the office from the vice of the person, some of them would sometimes snapper out well grossly with the truth of their intentions, informing the people that all kings and princes were naturally enemies to the liberty of the church, and could never patiently bear the yoke of Christ: with such sound doctrine fed they their flocks. And because the learned, grave, and honest men of the ministry were ever ashamed and offended with their temerity and presumption, pressing, by all good means, by their authority and example, to reduce them to a greater moderation, there could be no way found out so meet in their conceit as parity in the church: whereby the ignorants were emboldened (as bairdes) to cry the learned, godly and modest, out of it: parity, the mother of confusion, and enemy to unity, which is the mother of order. For, if, by the example thereof, once established in the ecclesiastical government, the politick and civil estate should be drawn to the like, the great confusion that thereupon would arise may be easily discerned. Take heed, therefore, my son, to such Puritans, very pests in the church and commonwealth, whom no deserts can oblige, neither oaths or promises bind, breathing nothing but sedition and calumnies, aspiring without measure, railing without reason, and making their own imaginations, without any warrant of the word, the square of their consciences. I protest before the great God—and, since I am here as upon my testament, it is no place to lie in—that ye shall never find in any Hieland or Border thieves greater ingratitude, and more lies and vile perjuries, than with these fanatick spirits. And suffer not the principals of them to brooke your land, if ye like to sit at rest: *except ye would keep them for trying your patience, as Socrates did an evil wife.*'

"He concludes this department of the subject, by recommending it to his son to establish, or continue the establishment of a moderate episcopacy, as the only form of church government which could consist with order among the clergy themselves, 'or the peace of a commonwealth and well-ruled monarchy.' . . . . . 'Cherish no man,' says he, 'more than a good pastor; hate no man more than a proud puritan.' . . . . . 'What is there,' he exclaims at another place, 'betwixt the pride of a glorious Nebuchadnezzar, and the preposterous humility of one of the proud puritans, claiming to their parity, and crying, 'we are all but vile worms,' and yet will judge and give law to their king, but will be judged nor controuled by none? Surely there is more pride under such a one's black bonnet, than under Alexander the Great his diadem, as was said of Diogenes in the like case.'

"Many amusing and many wise instructions occur in the third part of the work, which refers to personal conduct. He recommends frequent dining in public, and says, 'in the form of your meat-eating, be neither uncivil like a gross cynic, nor affectedly mignarde like a dainty dame; but *eat in a manly, round, and honest fashion.*' He tells the prince, 'to take no heed of his dreams;' to wear his clothes 'in a careless, yet comely form;' to use, in common speech, 'no booke language, or pen and inkhorn terms;' and never to stake more in gaming than he would choose to cast among pages. Among a multitude of other advices, he insists with a vehemence which goes far to prove the purity of his own life, upon the virtue of continence, and in a particular manner, implores his son, in the event of his marriage, to pay an inviolable regard to the nuptial vow. Every such transgression he esteems as a serious mischief to society, and also to the parties concerned, besides being what few ever remember that it is, an infraction of the divine law. And, as a mere proof of the inexpediency of such vices, he instances the illegitimate children of his grandfather James V. one of whom (the Earl of Moray,) 'bred the wrack of the lawful daughter and heir' of that monarch, while the child of another (the Earl of Bothwell) had been the pest of his own life for several years."

Possibly it was this work that gave the first hint of the celebrated Eikon Basilike. We think that less than justice is usually done to the character of king James: men seek rather to be dazzled with great and shining qualities, in a king, than to dwell upon the more sacred and homefelt virtues of equity and benevolence, but he that looketh on the heart judgeth differently.

Irish Cottagers. By Martin Doyle, Author of Hints to Small Farmers.—Dublin, William Curry, Jun. and Co.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

In our former notice of this little work we pointed attention chiefly to its more amusing features; we shall now therefore confine our observations to its deserts on the score of utility. In this respect it is entitled to our hearty commendation; the spirit which pervades it, is good, the remarks fair and to the purpose, and we rather think the author is a clergyman. The advantages that may be made to result to the population of an entire district from the residence of a kind and judicious landlord, who deems it his duty to devote some time and attention to the improvement and advantage of his tenantry, are strongly depicted, and this is made the vehicle for conveying much practical instruction as to the best mode of managing small farms. Touching the importance of resident landlords who take an active interest in the welfare of their tenantry, and the management of their estates, we extract the following portion of a conversation between the rector of the parish, and Mr. Bruce, a large proprietor, who after a long absence had taken up his permanent abode upon his estate:

"I wish," said the rector, 'that the really influential, and well educated part of our landed proprietors were more generally resident; in such case, the great blessing of domestic peace might be expected—the employment of our poor would be more steady and extended, and we all know that active occupation is ever accompanied by *good order*, and tranquillity; but as matters now unfortunately stand in many parts of Ireland, it is not a subject of surprize, that a neglected, unemployed, and half-starved peasantry, should be ready for every novelty, and every mischief; no people bear, and have borne more *real misery*—and, as far as my experience of them has gone, no people are more alive to *kindness* than they are, nor more practically grateful for it, unless (for the exception must certainly be made,) where *religion*, or the line of politics which they are artfully taught to look upon as religion, is interposed; they are faithfully attached to the persons, and the interests of their benefactors, and with total indifference to their own personal ease or comfort, would, in their own emphatic phraseology, go 'a thousand miles barefoot to serve them;' but, Sir, it is of men of rank, and high character that we stand in need—men who will not take advantage of the necessities of the poor, and grind them, and extort from them, in the way in which the tribe of mushroom, and *half-gentlemen*, so often treat them in the absence of their legitimate protectors—if we had a fair proportion of landlords, possessing *your* means and influence, and using them in the same way, we should soon be a regenerated people.

"As to that, observed the landlord, '*tastes* are so different, that we can hardly expect a very great number of country gentlemen to turn their thoughts as mine happen to be directed—one person likes company and conviviality—another field sports—another show and equipage, and so on; and each claims (and has too) a right to spend his rents as he pleases'—'unquestionably,' said Mr. Gumbleton, 'provided that he neither runs in debt, nor mischievously, nor immorally applies his money—but I must at the same time insist, that every owner of landed property has many duties to fulfil to his tenantry, and that if he has a proper sense of his duty in that state to which God has called him—of his moral responsibility—he will, especially in this period of agricultural embarrassment, avoid all unnecessary, and merely selfish expenses, in order to relieve the rural occupants about him; and thus eventually serve himself, his successors, and his country.' 'But happily,' said Mr. Bruce, 'a great deal *is* actually in progress; the gentry in many parts of this kingdom are very actively at work as improvers of the soil, and of the people; and I really believe, in spite of the vulgar prejudice in favour of good old times, that we (gentry,) are much better educated, and more usefully disposed, than our forefathers were. The squireens have nearly become extinct, and gentlemen of rank and property are beginning to estimate aright the advantage of improving their properties by *personal effort.*"

Among the many important and desirable results represented as arising from Mr. Bruce's own determination to live at home among his people, the following are recorded:

"Sensible of the defective husbandry on his property, Mr. Bruce resolved to afford an opportunity of improvement to every one of his tenants—he accordingly appropriated ten acres of excellent land for the purpose of a *model* farm, attached to the schools, in which every description of suitable crop was neatly and judiciously cultivated by the sons of his tenantry who attended the school. The general instructions were issued either by Mr. Bruce himself, or his steward, and Edwards saw that these orders were implicitly executed. This farm soon became perfect in every way—with its little offices—cows—pigs—and two asses, which drew a light drilling plough, and small Scotch carts, it presented a very desirable model to the small holders around.

"The hours for school instruction, and occupation were alternate—in summer, from six to eight, work—then breakfast—afterwards from half past eight to twelve, school—then dinner, (provided as well as the morning meal, from the produce of their field,) after dinner, school for an hour—then work until six, when the scholars were dismissed for their suppers and beds at home. In winter they breakfasted at their own homes—school from eight to ten—afterwards work, if dry, until twelve—then dinner, and an hour in school—then work again until dark. Thus the labours of the field were a wholesome and pleasing mode of bodily exercise; and the school a channel of agreeable relaxation.

"In the school-room, the boys were taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, and according to their ages and capacities, geometry, mensuration, surveying, plan drawing, agricultural chemistry, and a little botany. They were made to calculate the quantities of seed, and the probable value and produce of crops, and and their best rotations, and learned the natures and properties of manure, as suited to different soils.

"In the field, the whole routine of draining, ploughing, digging, trenching, planting, weeding, hoeing, reaping, and harvesting, &c. was practically taught. And on wet days the lathe and carpenter's tools amused and employed them in the workshop, where they learned how to make implements of husbandry. Idlers, and irregular attendants were dismissed, and consequently deprived of their landlord's good opinion, while the assiduous and improving had the prospective hope of obtaining farms from him, when they should become qualified to cultivate them to advantage. One fact deserves to be here noticed, as it shows the importance of this kind of education, namely, that if any occasional pettishness, or childish jealousy of preference ever appeared among the scholars, it was totally devoid of party feeling; some of them were of different churches, yet in no case whatever was there even a word expressed or implied on any side that could wound religious feeling, or momentarily interrupt the mutual cordiality which so uniformly and so happily prevailed; their unexceptionable conduct in most instances, thanks to the indefatigable Edwards, was even in itself alone, an ample recompense to their benefactors for the care and expense, and responsibility incurred on their account; in scarcely any case was corporal punishment inflicted—the dread of public disgrace in graver matters, and the infliction of fines in trifling ones, were found to be sufficient instruments of punishment and preventives of impropriety.

"It may appear difficult to have trained boys and girls—many of them very young too, to habits of systematic occupation, yet Edwards and his helpmate contrived to do so; combining talent with assiduity, authority with mildness, and zeal with patience, they perseveringly watched over all the interests of the school, and strange to tell, made the youngest as well as the oldest pupils work in the field, and apply in school, as cheerfully and earnestly, as if they had been able to foresee all the remote effects of industrious and attentive habits.—One of the methods was to divide the business of the farm into several departments of labour, to open a regular account for each, and to *debit* or *credit* each boy with *merit* tickets of fixed and positive value—the pupils lost or gained these rewards, in proportion to their industry or idleness, and took rank in the classes accordingly, and it was invariably found that the dread on one side of *losing caste*, of being placed perhaps in the *fag* or dunce's division, or of being ill received *at home*, (the books being always open for parental inspection,) and on the other, anxiety to be raised to the highest and most advanced classes, were sufficient motives to exertion. The consequence of this and similar arrangements, was great solicitude among the older boys especially, to establish characters for good conduct at school.

"Nor were the advantages of this agricultural school confined merely to the *boys* who attended it—the girls were in turn taught to *milk the cows*, to keep the dairy utensils in order, to dress dinner for themselves and the boys, (for the girls who thus attended in rotation had their dinner too,) to wash, to make and mend clothes, to brew, and to bake—and they too had their garden, and their *bees* which being lodged in a house of peculiar construction, multiplied exceedingly. Pleasurably did they pass the day in the varied employments of school, and garden, and household duties, and every hour appeared but too short for its appropriate employment. Thus did both sexes of Mr. Bruce's tenantry begin to acquire knowledge suited to the state of life in which they were destined to act—happy in themselves and a blessing to their friends and to society. In the school-room or the field every favourable moment for making good and useful impressions, was seized on and turned to account, and a judicious division of time and labour, regulated by seasons and weather, facilitated the teacher's task, and aided the children's progress.

"To stimulate his tenantry to the improvement of their farms, and the cleanliness and even embellishment of their cottages, Mr. Bruce had, two years before this time, proposed annual premiums, which after a very careful and rigid inspection at midsummer, were distributed according to a fixed scale, among those whose houses, fields, gardens, orchards, and cattle, were in the best condition—there was at the same time a minute enquiry into the moral state of each competitor's family, with a well understood condition that no candidate whose children were of a proper age to receive benefit from the schools provided for them, should, under any pretences, be excused from neglecting to avail themselves of the advantages which those seminaries afforded."

Perhaps all this will be scoffed at as the visionary schemes of one not himself possessed of an estate, and ignorant of the habits and feelings of landed proprietors, or of the requirements which may reasonably be expected of them. We confess we are not ourselves particularly favourable to those liberal distributions of other men's time and property, which we sometimes find couched under the guise of philanthropic advice to the rich; but yet we do think that every estated man has a solemn and important duty to perform to society, which is in Ireland often horribly and unpardonably neglected. Providence, it is clear, ordained no man to pass through life without benefiting his fellow men in some way or other, each in his appropriate station and sphere. We shall all have one day to render an account of the deeds done in the body, and those who have nothing to plead but a careless round of amusements, or of frivolous or listless idleness, will, we fear, find it difficult to make their way to Abraham's bosom. But even independently of those future interests which are now depending on ourselves, a man will be much happier and more respectable here, and in the present life, by the due performance of all the duties which his station in society demands of him; and if he be a proprietor of land, assuredly the welfare of his tenantry, both physical and moral, has a natural and powerful claim upon his care and attention. King James the First, who was so wise that some of his courtiers called him Solomon, while others of them were so witty that they added, yea, even Solomon the Son of David, had a saying that gentlemen resident on their estates were like ships in port, their value and magnitude were felt and acknowledged; but when at a distance, in town or city, as their size seemed insignificant, so their worth and importance were not duly estimated. We did not find this in Mr. Chambers.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A Sermon preached in St. Mary's Church on Sunday, 16th May, in aid of the Funds of the Masonic Female Orphan School. By James Kennedy, D.D.F. T.C.D.—Dublin, Milliken.

The very learned and amiable author of this sermon informs us, in a brief preliminary advertisement, that his pages are presented to the public under the impression that a misconception has gone abroad with respect to his views on certain points connected with legislation, and more particularly that of his country. What the nature of this misconception may have been we do not pretend to know, but certainly the sermon itself, which we have read with attention and pleasure, cannot afford to even the most hypercritical examiner any reasonable grounds for such a censure as he seems to point to. Sometimes, indeed, he bears a little hard upon those who, misled by the gloomy adumbrations of a misnamed science, and spoiled by philosophy and vain deceit after the rudiments of the world, seek to be wiser than the source of all wisdom, and to teach us rules whereby we may crush the best affections of human nature and evade the appointed end of our being, but thus far Dr. Kennedy has us and every honest man with him, and farther he does not appear to us to have gone.

Conversations on the Natural Geography of Europe and Africa, &c. &c. By Mrs. Mathias.—London, Seely and Burnside.

THIS little Work is by Mrs. Mathias of Dublin; subjects of Geography and Natural History are happily combined in it, and treated of in the manner likely to prove most attractive to young children, while, as might naturally be expected from the well-known character of the writer, no opportunity is lost of calling the attention to the wonderful works of the Creator of all things, and pointing from nature up to nature's God. The book is printed in London, and very incorrectly: dipping into the beginning of the second volume, we read, with some astonishment, as follows:—"To the north-west of Igberia, now Iceland, is the utmost land, called Thile or Thule." From the long list of errata at the end, we discover that this should be—"To the north-west of Hibernia, now Ireland, is," &c. The Dublin demons are frisky enough, (witness our recent paper on the astronomy of the Edinburgh Review, in which, to the astonishment of Europe, they ascribe to professor *Panizzi* the honours that we had in our MS. bestowed upon *Piazzi* of Palermo,) but they seldom play quite so many strange pranks in a single clause of a sentence as we have just now noted in this London printed book.

Lothian's Pocket Bible Atlas. New Edition. Lothian, Edinburgh.

THIS is a collection of Scripture maps for pocket Bibles, containing Palestine, the journeyings of our Lord, travels of the Apostles, settlement of Noah's descendants throughout the world, track of the Egyptians from Egypt to the land of Canaan, Canaan itself, with the allotment of the tribes, in two portions, north and south, supposed site of the terrestrial paradise, and places east of the Holy Land, with finally Jerusalem, Mount Calvary, &c. These eight maps are clearly and well engraved, and an index is prefixed enumerating the principal places in the Holy Land, and the tribe which occupied each place. For simplicity and perspicuity of illustration we can recommend it as a most suitable companion to every young person's pocket Bible, and it is a cheap and pretty little book by itself.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The Quarterly Review, No. LXXXV.—London, Murray.

THE present is a highly interesting Number of the Quarterly, though it contains few, if any, articles of a merely amusing nature. Those most nearly approaching that character are Temple's Travels in Peru, of which we were enabled to give our readers an account some time ago, before it was published; Gleig's life of Sir Thomas Munro, and Washington Irving's chronicle of Granada, which was published last year. The first article is on the conversions to Christianity in the South-Sea islands, effected by British missionaries—being a review of Ellis's Polynesian Researches, which, as presenting a full and satisfactory account of the conversion of a nation from paganism to Christianity, is in the highest degree important and curious. No fewer than eight works on Egyptian antiquities, five in French, two in English, and one in German, are reviewed in a subsequent paper, or rather they are made the basis of an essay on the early Egyptian history. Our readers may remember that we presented them lately with some curious remarks on the recent hieroglyphic discoveries of M. Champollion le Jeune, from the pen of Dr. Hincks. In this paper we are happy to see the claim of our distinguished and much lamented countryman Doctor Young, to the honour of having originated those discoveries which M. Champollion has happily carried to such a length, fully and successfully vindicated. It was Dr. Young who first proved, by the help of the famous bilinguar Rosetta Stone, that the hieroglyphic symbols represented words, not things; that they were alphabetic, and not pictorial or musical. There is a review of Bishop Butler's works, which contains an able summary of the principles developed in his admirable work on the analogy of revealed religion to the constitution and course of nature. Then follows an article on the political condition and prospects of France, which will be read with peculiar interest at the present moment, when that whole country is in a state of convulsed expectation of a struggle between royalty and popular rights, which seems almost to threaten destruction to the Bourbon dynasty. The causes and remedies of pauperism in the united kingdom are next discussed, and the concluding paper is on the present distress of the country. This is attributed chiefly to the fall in the money-price of all commodities; and the remedy proposed is either to increase the supply of the precious metals, by assisting the infant States of South America and Mexico to emerge from their present lamentable condition of anarchy, and apply to working the mines; or else to diminish the demand by a re-establishment of the condemned paper currency throughout Europe, accompanied by a speedy and sufficient reform of the English banking system.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, June 14.

The badness of the weather here, has thrown a gloom over all things, and the out-door amusements are limited in number, and poor in quality; yet in rainy seasons, Paris with all its disadvantages is superior to London: here are galleries in which one can walk during the worst weather, and it is no sooner fair after a heavy shower, than the Tuilleries and the Palais Royal are crowded. As to theatres, the resource is nearly the same in both countries. In France however, the entertainment is to be had at less than half price, and this among play-goers is an important consideration. The number of good theatres in Paris is double that of London, although the population is scarcely more than half that of the English capital. The predilection for such amusements must therefore be much greater among the Parisians than with the Londoners, or how, you will say, could so many theatrical speculations answer; one of the causes of success, is in the vast difference of salaries. Here a first rate actor gets 200 or 300*l.* per annum. In London he is not satisfied unless he gets at the rate of 2000 to 3000*l.* A new Opera Comique is talked of in Paris, no such thing is wanted in addition to what we now have; but it is probably a mere government job to pension off some zealous and willing agents. While on theatricals, let me bring to your recollection the delightful Jenny Vertpré, who was so great a favourite in London. She was lately at Berlin, and the king of Prussia having heard of it, sent to request that she would go and play at Potsdam, where he was residing. She did so to the delight of the king, who made her a splendid present, and otherwise treated her with great consideration. To rush at once from amusement to science, let me tell you of an extraordinary invention here, which must interest the public generally, and particularly the medical profession. At the sitting of the Paris Academy of Science on the 8th inst. M. Auzon, a physician, exhibited an anatomical model five feet seven inches high, in the position of the Antinoüs. It is divided into two halves for the convenience of transport, and every part is made to take to pieces, so as to represent the internal arrangement of the human subject. The muscles may be removed layer by layer, until we come to the skeleton. The brain opens, and is divided into slices exhibiting the nerves and all the ramifications. The intestines, diaphragm, lungs and pericardium are removable, and the heart is divided into cavities, with red and dark blood. Altogether it is an astonishing production. It cost the artist twelve years of labour before he could complete it; but now he will be able to make others from it, at an expense of about 3000f. for each subject. No cabinet of anatomy, or surgical school, should be without one of these models. Even in France, where the real subject is to be had without difficulty, the members of the academy say that it will be of great service to young students.

I forgot to mention an important discovery to you in my last letter. A Parisian chemist has established a bakehouse for bread made from potatoes, which is animalized by the addition of the gelatine made from bones. In this way a food equally pleasant and more nutritious than wheaten bread is obtained, at half the expense of the latter. A large quantity of biscuits, for the use of the African expedition, has been made upon this plan. In a time of scarcity of corn, the discovery will prove a great blessing.

London, June 15.

The King's physicians continue to be much puzzled at the turns which the indisposition of their Royal patient takes. Sometimes they imagine—at least so say those who pretend to have their information from the fountain head—that the king cannot last more than a few days, and at other times they think he may get through the summer. The disease is stated in the Court Circular not to be dropsy, but this is not believed—or rather it is a mere trick of a word to conceal the fact. It is generally known that the king's disease is an affection of the heart and chest, and that the dropsical symptoms are secondary, as is the case usually; but to say that he has not dropsy is absurd, since it is acknowledged that he has been punctured for dropsy in the legs, and above the knee, and that an incision near the pericardium has been made with great success, to relieve the fluid. It would seem, however, that his Majesty does not lose his spirits. Two or three days ago, when Sir Matthew Tierney, who has been pretty much exhausted by his close attendance to his patient, entered the room, looking pale and weary, the king said, "Come, Tierney, you must take care of yourself, for I see you are giving way; and if you go on so, the patient will have to prescribe for and attend on the physician."

The newspapers, in the absence of other events of interest, have not failed to make the

most of the king's illness, and some curious anecdotes are told of the eagerness with which their caterers have exerted themselves. A few days ago, Col. Thornton, who is in attendance on the king, met the Rev. Mr. Packe, one of the canons in residence, and in answer to some question by the latter, as to the king, stated some particulars, which were heard by the correspondent of a morning paper, who was standing near unperceived; and on the following day the communication made by the colonel to his friend in confidence, appeared in the paper in question, with the colonel's name as the authority. The following is less offensive, and infinitely more amusing. A Mr. C——, who is connected with an evening paper, went down to Windsor last week to collect news, but finding on his arrival that nobody out of the castle knew any, he, with more zeal than discretion and delicacy, sent his card to Sir Henry Halford, requesting an interview. The answer was, that Sir Henry was with the king, and could not see the gentleman. Our morning paper correspondent hearing that a person named C—— had applied in this way, and not knowing who he was, supposed from the name that it must have been Sir George C——; and in his next letter from Windsor we were informed that the king was so ill that his physicians could not quit him for an instant; and that a distinguished personage who sent in his card to Sir Henry Halford, on very urgent business, received this intimation in reply.

Mr. Campbell, the poet, is said to be much vexed at the charge brought against him in the *Sligo Observer*, of having published as his own, some verses which were written by a Mr. Reynolds. We may expect to see some notice taken of the charge by Mr. Campbell, in the New Monthly; yet it is difficult to conceive how he can exculpate himself. He does not, however, stand alone in this way. Coleridge and Southey have had similar charges brought against them; and it is rather curious, that at this moment a work is preparing in which the exposure of many plagiarisms of the three is threatened.

A Paris Paper of Sunday states, that considerable sensation has been excited at Constantinople, by the publications of the *Fetrahs* of Abdur-Rahim, which furnishes ample materials for the study of Mussulman legislation and social life in Turkey. The history of the press in Turkey, is short but interesting. The first press was established at Constantinople by some Jews for printing their prayer-books in Hebrew. The example was followed by the Greeks and Armenians, and the Turks at length adopted it in 1720. When Mehemed-Effendi was sent to Paris as ambassador, he was accompanied by his son, Sahid, who took great interest in arts and manufactures, and particularly in printing. On his return, after an absence of seven years, he supplicated the Sultan for permission to form a printing establishment, under the direction of Ibrahim-Effendi, a Hungarian renegade, who devoted much attention to it. By degrees this establishment sent forth Dictionaries, Grammars, accounts of travels, and even historical works; and in particular, a book on America, in which in despite of the Koran, there were engravings. During the late campaign, the government itself made use of the press, for the publication of its documents; and it is even said, that a periodical paper will be established in Constantinople, as at Cairo and Alexandria.

Cork, June 17, 1830.

There is just now running the rounds here a small pamphlet, entitled "Notes and Sketches Characteristic and Descriptive, taken during the late Special Commission at Cork." It is addressed or dedicated to C. D. O. Jephson, Esq. M. P. for Mallow, and contains a great fund of information respecting that most interesting subject, the Donerail conspiracy. Though obviously a decided partizan, the writer tells some very unpalatable and unrefutable truths of that business: and though I am quite satisfied that you will not agree with every thing he chooses to say on the subject, still I am convinced that you will feel pleased at the style in which he delivers his sentiments. However I must not be too indiscriminate in my commendations of this pamphlet; there are in it many faults, and some, too, of a rather glaring character. Evidently an eye-witness of all the proceedings consequent upon the commission, the writer had many opportunities of coming to a right conclusion on matters which were not cognizable by casual observers; but still we find in his pages a very exaggerated tone of feeling and description; and then, indeed, they become any thing but easy reading, though I dare to say that the writing of those inflated passages was to him a perfectly facile operation. There is a great deal of what you, in critical phraseology, might term straining after point; striving for effect; endeavouring to excite a sensation; but it is on the whole a clever and very well written production, and not at all disgraceful to the local literature of our city. The writer's powers of description, whether of scenes or persons, is truly wonderful. I think I have seldom read any thing to equal those passages in which he depicts the appearance of the principal prisoners in his account of the first and most important of the trials; the look and manner of the crown witnesses or king's evidences; the aspect of the court house, as it gloomed on the night of trial, scarcely relieved by the scant sprinkling of lights through its dark passages, and the whole appearance of the arraigned whilst waiting in intense and agonizing expectance of the verdict. He is very severe, and deservedly so too, as far as I can gather, upon the rustic aristocracy of the county--*parvenus* as well as those whose ancestors were before Adam—His animadversions on the Solicitor General are, perhaps, the most exceptionable parts of the work, in point of conception and execution, and it seems to me that he must have been labouring very strongly under the influence of that unfounded prejudice against "*lank men*," which he professes, in some part of his book, to entertain, when he penned them. This pamphlet was printed and published in Cork, though it has the name of a London house on its title page, to make it, I suppose, sell the more readily, and is in point of typographical execution and quality of materials rather respectable for a city so very far behind hand in the publishing list as ours. I had almost forgotten to mention one striking fault in the composition of this work; I mean the too frequent recurrence of poetical quotations and sentences from the dramatic writers of the "olden time." Though this frequency of quotation may prove, what nobody of the writer's acquaintance doubts, that he is well and deeply read in this species of literature, and though I am myself one of those who acknowledge that plays are good things in their proper place, still I must confess that I deem these quotations in a great degree "caviare to the general," and from their inapplicability, in many cases, worse than useless.

We are all in anxious, amiable, becoming bustle here about the revival of a society of arts, which at one time existed in our city. At no very distant period Cork possessed an institution of the kind very creditable to her taste: but the changes that took place in the circumstances of many of its citizens affected it in the same manner as such change must affect every institution which depends for support solely on the over-abundance of its upholders' means; and with poverty came apathy to the fine arts, and then tastelessness was not slow in following, and so the society of arts perished. We have always, however, had some very good artists here both in the pictorial and sculptural department, and their works have, from time to time, afforded the materiel for a septennial or triennial exhibition, (I am not quite clear which). In the last of these exhibitions the chief point of attraction was that wonderful unfinished painting of our deceased townsman, Forde, (your especial favourite;) and well do I remember to have marked the coldest glance kindle into a glow of enthusiasm when gazing on its almost animated creations; and to have witnessed many a fair eye fill with tears as it turned from that sublime and gigantic conception to look upon the calm, pensive, and contemplatively intellectual countenance of the young and neglected artist, painted by himself only a few weeks before his untimely death, and very properly placed by the managers in juxtaposition with that immortal effort of his pencil.

Amongst the rising artists here, there is one who, though bred a baker, bids fair to rival the most celebrated sculptors of the sister isle. He is entirely self-taught. But I must now conclude; I may be tempted to discuss these matters more at length in a future letter.

J. S.

ROYAL INSTITUTION,
Albemarle-street, London, June 11.

The Friday evening meetings of the season are brought to a close: the nineteenth and last of those intellectual treats was presented to us this evening in Mr. Faraday's concluding discourse on the subject of Phonics. What an extraordinary being is this Michael Faraday! Only give him a subject, no matter what, and he will descant upon it as delightfully as Cowper did upon his accidental theme of the sofa. Bid him discourse upon the music of the spheres, the hieroglyphics of Egypt, or the Entelecheia of Aristotle, and he will be found equally at home—equally delightful, impressive, and informing. In short, I verily believe, there is nothing in heaven or earth that is not dreamt of in Mr. Faraday's philosophy: he is as versatile and as comprehensive as the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling. He is the improvisatore of the scientific world—the organ of new inventors—the mouth-piece of dumb mechanic geniuses. Do you wish to make known your discoveries in any art or science? Talk to Mr. Faraday for ten minutes, and he will announce your labours to the public ear in the most captivating form imaginable. Besides *nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*, as Johnson wrote of poor Goldsmith—an idea is never transmitted through his mosaic brain without being adorned and gilded in the passage. On the present occasion, with much

modesty and candour, he informed us that throughout his discourses on Phonics, he was entirely indebted to Mr. Wheatstone for his materials—he was himself but the instrument of their communication. Mr. Wheatstone was, it seems, the prompter or performer behind the scenes, while Mr. Faraday gesticulated before the audience. I have got a peep, however, at this Mr. Wheatstone, a young man of anxious, spectacle-on-nose appearance. He ventures out from his hiding-place after lecture, and offers further practical explanation of what Mr. Faraday has said. He keeps a music-shop, I am told, somewhere here in London.

With regard to the discourse of the evening—on the laws of the coexisting vibrations of strings and rods—it is curious to observe what beautiful illustration the most trivial phenomena may receive, when treated by a man of talent and taste. Things with which we have been familiar from our very childhood are brought before us as matter of philosophical investigation: our earliest amusements are taken up as illustrative of some scientific novelty, and they are thus doubly delightful from the additional zest they derive from cherished associations. After proving the possibility of the actual coexistence of various vibrations in one and the same extended string, he turned to those of rods, which by the ingenious device of the Kaleidophone are made visible to the naked eye. The simplicity of the Kaleidophone is as remarkable as the appearances it presents, are beautiful and surprising. A slender rod of highly tempered steel, tipped at one end with a brilliant spherule, is fixed at the other extremity in a sounding board—a violin bow is then drawn across the rod, when a musical tone is uttered, and the spherule is seen to describe some of the most fanciful and extraordinary curves, circles in every variety of combination and concatenation, ellipses, spirals "in wandering mazes lost,"—the bounding lines composed of minute and indefinable gyrations of fantastic tracery—description fails to convey any thing like an idea of their dazzling brilliancy and effect!

This introduced next the curious consideration of the time occupied by impressions on the retina. In the rapid whirl of a bright object—such as a polished ball suspended by a string, or the end of a cane on fire—a circle of light perfectly continuous is presented to the eye. The circle is formed by the revolution of the brilliant point with such rapidity that the impression remains upon the sight from the instant it quits a given position in the circumference till it reaches the same spot again. Another very beautiful method of exhibiting the phenomena in question, is by laying, over an illuminated or transparent surface, a revolving disk, opaque, but having a single radiating slit proceeding from its centre.—Through this slit, upon the rapid revolution of the disk, the whole of the illuminated surface is distinctly seen. Mr. Faraday mentioned a circumstance which lately occurred to him, as affording further illustration of the subject. On passing by the coach, between Greenwich and Woolwich, he observed that the arsenal was distinctly visible to him, and in its whole extent, through the apertures of the paling which skirts the road; whilst through any single aperture in it, no appreciable impression could have reached the eye. The whole picture was, in this instance, evidently formed by the combination of those separately almost imperceptible glimpses. We all see, by the bye, such things as that Mr. Faraday saw; but the same appearances call up very different reflections in the mind of the man of genius, from what they excite in those of unthinking heedless observers. Godwin makes some fine remarks on this topic in one of his works. But to bring my notes to a conclusion. Every single instantaneous impression, such as has been just now described, occupies a distinct portion of duration, though not appreciable by our ordinary methods of measuring time; yet an attempt to ascertain it, or to render it perceptible to the senses, seems not impossible by the application of the laws of vibrations in strings of given lengths and tones: for we can by an ingenious extension of the principles of the Kaleidophone make these vibrations apparent and capable of numeration.

The discourse was terminated by a suggestion of Mr. Faraday's, that it might be possible ere long, by further attention to the measurement of minute particles of time, so to procure a kind of microscopic method of magnifying them, as that we might ultimately be able to determine, by observations in the transmission of the electric fluid, whether there were two electricities or not.

There were some fair listeners in the gallery, attracted no doubt, by the hope of enjoying some more of those musical performances on strange instruments, which sent them home so delighted this night three weeks. If they failed, however, to be so much *amused* by the evening's entertainment, they must certainly have reaped greater advantage from these more serious illustrations of the philosophy of sound.

C.

DEBATE ON THE FORGERY BILL.

MR. T. B. MACAULEY.

House of Commons, June 12.

I was attracted to the House last Monday evening, to hear the debate on the third reading of the forgery bill, and almost for the first time in my life, I was not disappointed: the debate was excellent; I had never heard Mr. Buxton, the renowned and determined enemy of West India slavery before: he is a tall, (I like tall men, though men of genius are generally the contrary,) dignified sort of person, speaks with great force and clearness, expresses himself in good language, and reasons closely, but is not a brilliant man, nor did he evince any of that ardour or passionate diction, which from the perusal of his vehement and celebrated speech upon the slave emancipation question, I had been led to expect; he was listened to with attention. The aldermen of London provoked me; they are dull and talkative: would you believe it, they all spoke on "foreign affairs," and the "management of our diplomatic missions." Mr. Hume delivered six speeches in the course of the evening, and certainly made some sensible observations; of the stamp duty he observed, he would wish to see England and Ireland upon an equality; but an equality to be effected by reducing the stamps of England, not by raising those of Ireland. He invoked the Irish members, conjured them to hold fast to each other, and all would be well: the Scotch members will take care of themselves, but the Irish gentlemen never can be got to vote at the time when their votes are most required; these remarks were made on the preliminary business of estimates, on which subject Sir J. Graham made, as usual, an eloquent and judicious speech. Sir. J. Mackintosh said but a few words in proposing his amendment; I had hoped to have heard that eminent statesman at greater length, upon a measure which had been the favourite and noblest object of his political life—he possesses still the eloquence and energy worthy of a rival of Edmund Burke, and with whom that greatest of Irishmen thought it no dishonor to contend. At last the honorable member for Calne arose; my curiosity was raised to the highest pitch, to hear the far famed reviewer, the anti-slavery orator, the glory of "the Edinburgh." Alas, never were my expectations more miserably disappointed; his voice sounded harshly upon my ear, and he seemed to have a peculiar and very unpleasant kind of lisp; he used but little action, and that little was not graceful; but what was most annoying and perfectly astounded me, was his volubility—it was inconceivably rapid; after listening for ten minutes, I found it utterly hopeless to attempt to follow him, and was compelled to content myself with his concluding sentence, whenever he stopped for breath. I repeat it, the rapidity of his utterance was astonishing, he allowed not a moment for reflection; the intonation of his voice continued unchanged throughout strained to the highest pitch, on he went, pouring out his words, like the pattering of a spout in a heavy shower. What I did hear was wrong without being in the least brilliant. He broached the most unsound opinions, such as that "the opinion of the people, right or wrong, should be assented to," and talked of the "bloody drudgery" of Sir Robert Peel's office under the old system, in deciding whether the punishment of death for forgery, should be inflicted or not. Altogether I was vexed and offended, for Mr. Macauley did not even evince taste in the selection of his language; I learned from this exhibition, that it is possible for a man to be a bold critic and a shallow reasoner, to be a showy writer, a bad orator, and a superficial statesman.

W.

ON THE STATE OF PARTIES IN DUBLIN.

There is, perhaps, no theory more generally advanced and admitted than that which attributes the strong and marked features that distinguish neighbouring nations from each other, to differences of language, laws, government, and institutions, while those great natural boundaries, which nature herself has erected as the landmarks of kingdoms, are altogether overlooked; and

—— "The Alps, the Appenines,
The Pyrenean and the river Po,"

find little either of favour or consideration in the eyes of those who advocate a generalisation of Mr. Owen's system. Human nature, say they, is the same every where; but I confess it has long appeared to me that every, even the most trivial observance or custom cultivated by any people, could be satisfactorily traced to some one peculiarity or other in their local circumstances. I would undertake to shew the fact of the Rhine's flowing (where and how it does,) to be a most excellent reason why the inhabitants of [illegible] should love fighting and frogs, while [illegible]

the other prefer metaphysics and music. Logicians have laid it down as a principle, that the successful defence of an unlikely fact goes far to prove the more probable results from the same premises; and I shall, therefore, proceed by this *a fortiori* method in pointing out to my reader an instance of the difference I allude to, which, if once successfully established, I shall take for granted that he will not refuse me his assent to the proposition, that the more strongly marked national boundaries have proportionate discrepancies in national character. To begin at home—behold the geographical condition of our own city look, (as some one says in a play-book,) "on this picture and on this: in other words, look on the two cities, neighbouring, but unlike, which are separated by the sweet and romantic Anna Liffy. Language, liberties, and laws, they have in common, it is true; but in every other subject how different! they communicate with each other by numerous bridges; gondolieri ply their ceaseless oars from shore to shore; and the Dublin coal companies' cars bear ample evidence how great is their commercial intercourse. The Dublin Literary Gazette is the same indispensable lux et pabulum vitæ, the staff and light of life to each alike, but then how different are they in customs, costumes, manners, habits and amusements. I have neither space nor inclination to enter deeply into the matter at present, so I shall take the polar regions as the ground upon which to support the opinion I have advanced. Let me, however, disclaim in liminè, anything like a wilful attack upon the northern Dublinites: I venerate them as I do the Dutch: they are starched upholders of primitive rites and customs; and as such, are worthy of admiration, and I upbraid not even those among them who, forsaking their native mountains on Summerhill, or Mountjoy-square, have, like the ancient Goths, descended into the plains of the south, to seek a more genial climate and a politer air. But, alas! their reward has been that they have borne out the old Horatian maxim—"*Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.*" * Miss Edgeworth it is, I believe, that tells the story of a Frenchman, who, being asked what he did at Potzdam, replied, "I did conjugate the verb:" je m' ennuye tu t'ennuye, &c. Should an inhabitant of northern Dublin be thus interrogated, he might with equal truth respond, "I dance the first set of quadrilles thou dancest" &c. through all the moods and tenses—usque ad finem. In fact, though this is incontestably the age of improvement and invention; though we talk of nothing but converting Jews, and reforming bogs, while Sunday schools and steam coaches divide attention with poor laws and Protestant colonies; yet, startling as the assertion may seem, it is undeniably true, that the march of intellect is but limping among us.

A great statesman once, in speaking of the formation of national opinion, is reported to have said, "let me make the ballads of a country—I care not who makes its laws," I would go farther and say, let me invent their dances, &c. it needs but little argument to show how influential the same dull round of evening amusements in northern Dublin society has been upon the nightly habits of the people. I remember well, I left the country in the year 18—visited the greater part of the east of Europe, just dropped in, viâ St. Petersburgh, on my friend the Cham of Tartary, drank tea on the wall of China, and after crossing to see the Yankees in the west, and getting deaf under the falls of Nigara, I returned here, and found my native city, alas! that I should say it, *semper eadem*, Hibernicé worse and worse. I joined Parry's expedition, to hang the union Jack on the long pole, among regions of thick-ribbed ice, spent months, years away, hoping time would bring about the changes my most strenuous endeavours had failed to effect, but on my return, a northern friend invited an evening party to meet me, as one who had myself been pretty far north, and while ascending the stairs, *Pain's* first set broke upon my ear, and I fled the house in horror.

Oh! that rip Van Winkle had lived in Cavendish-row, he never would have experienced the feelings of astonishment that disturbed his waking—here no changes would have startled him, his nap might have been 400 years just as well as 40.

Perhaps you do not sympathize with my distress; if so, I can only account for it on the hypothesis of your never having experienced a northern ball: have you ever contemplated a snake on a seal, with his tail in his mouth? such is the impression your entrée into one of our routes would present to you. You are shown up to a front drawing-room, where the young ladies, all in apple-pie order, are seated next the walls all round, beginning at the left-hand side of the door, and ending at the right; the gentlemen have little remarkable, they are, for the most part, raw youths recently caught and sent up to college, or militaires of a *marching* Regiment, and sooth to say, pleasant men, full of campaigning anecdote, as they have most of them seen wet and warm service, *still* hunting in the south; but I am wandering; an old asthmatic piano-forte, which leans pensively against the wall to supply the deficiency of its fourth leg, is now put into requisition—and some fair creature, all compliance and diffidence, seats herself to play, there is no question as to what, to be sure it is the first set of quadrilles. In a fit of desperation you rush into the back-drawing room, there you find all as you left it twenty years before; two grim looking parties at whist, and one at loo: you are determined however to die hard, you say unto yourself, supper is coming, and then I shall at least have some rational recompense for this unprofitable waste of time and temper, but you find too late, that the innovators and imitators have made the usual mistake of neglecting the really good, to select the worthless and discreditable features of their neighbours, in a word there is no supper; it is a fact, there is no supper, but then in place of it, you have two odd looking men, in air, manner and occupation wonderfully like venders of Bath bunns, except that they do not like them carry any thing "worthy your attention," parading the room with the concentrated essence of ague and indigestion in the insidious garb of lemon ice and sponge cake. I am really of opinion, that the law should sanction your binding any person over to keep the peace towards you in heavy securities, who endeavours to undermine your robust constitution by a modern tray supper, washed down with cape madeira. Never may good feeding and good fellowship be be-*trayed* into such a vile abomination, a clinique ambulante as this.

Permit me, then, as a friend to the social interests of this city, to propose the establishment of a society for the suppression of tray suppers and Payne's quadrilles, and to promote the knowledge and practice of waltzing and wild fowl, mazurka and merriment, conversation and cutlets.

I will now suppose the hour to be midnight, and that you are preparing to leave this cold uncomfortable clime—you wrap your martial cloak around you, and your carriage wheels are rapidly thundering over the pavement,—I had forgot, gliding over the Macadam—towards the verge of the kingdom—Westmoreland-bridge. You there experience that peculiar mental excitement which a traveller feels when having crossed some vast American forest, and bivouacked among the red men for weeks, witnessing their hunting feats, and sharing their raw flesh, he at last approaches a civilized and well built Yankee town; your admiration for social laws and conventional customs is at the highest, because you have felt the want of them so recently and so much, and already amid your contemplative musings, your carriage draws up in Merrion square: the first coup d'œil convinces you that you are in a different world; carriages are there arriving and setting down, the lights in the windows gleam with greater brightness, and the sweetness of that silvery voice which calls for the Cashmere cannot be rivalled in your Palmyra of the North; you ascend the staircase with the composure and satisfaction of a man who feels that the denomination in which he rejoices will not be mangled or torn from him at the top, and that he will not be presented to the company by a name worthy of a Mohawk chief.

Dancing is placed on quite a different *footing* here. The company do not seem possessed with the mania of following one amusement to the exclusion of all others: here is a conversational coterie—there is a tête-à-tête at ecarté—waltzing is going on in this salon—while some sip their orgeat in that cool conservatory: here are no sexagenarians quadrilling, or still worse, voting for that pre-Macadamite abomination—country dances; and no maiden of blushing sixteen is found at a card-table, when she should grace the mazy dance. In a word, here is really society; because the people understand the meaning of the term, and the parts are properly distributed; whereas to return to Northern Dublin, every one in company there feels he has so many characters to play, that like Jack Johnson, who was at once check-taker, first tragedian, harlequin and prima donna in his own theatre, he is eternally marring the harmony of the scenes and destroying the unities by his being placed, as a respectable friend of mine from Munster observes, *out of his spire.* I would, then, intreat the really well-meaning but misled people of the North, not to forget in their intemperate quadrilling, the words of the honest Irishman, who, when the people were trotting at the funeral of his wife, reproved them by calling out, "Asy! asy! ye thieves of the world; can't yez for to not be making a toil of a pleasure."

But then, doubtless, you will say there are musical parties, "soirees dramatiques et littéraires," where these abuses do not prevail; yes, there are, but then even there, as they say at the Horse Guards 'you exchange receiving the difference,' in technical cant, ennui and

* Who cross the seas to foreign parts,
They change their climate not their hearts.
FATHER O'COLLOGHAN.

display. Dublin in fact, does not afford materials for such a species of entertainment; we have no literati, (always saving and excepting the pentags. of the D. L. G.;) no foreigners except some language-masters and professors; and although the Irish possess in an eminent degree the *petit paquet de l'art de plaire* when abroad, they seem to burn the book on returning home. The consequence is, that we have in a majority of instances, stupid dinner parties, where men of law and medicine hold the place of the aristocracy in England: their after dinner talk one chaos of detainers, alibis, and ex-officios, or the still more unintelligible jargon of atrophy, hypertrophy, and syncope of the tribe of Esculapius.

We are too social to go to the theatre. We are too social to form clubs as in London. In a word, we are too social to go much into society.

Finally, and not to lose sight of the important object for which this paper has been written, I would suggest to my more happily circumstanced brethren of the south, the necessity of instituting an immediate and minute enquiry into the causes which have hitherto retarded the march of civilization in the regions north of the great flood; and I take this opportunity of offering my personal assistance in such a service. Even alone and unarmed I would undertake to penetrate into those desolate and hitherto inaccessible wilds, if the cause of science demands it at my hands, and I can thereby become instrumental in promoting the spread of polite and civilized institutions among my benighted fellow-countrymen.

As the rigor of the after season may deter many from visiting this inclement part of our globe, I would suggest the propriety of making the excursion as near to Midsummer as possible, and I am provided with an infallible specific against the bite of rabid animals. L.

PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARE.

It has often been regretted that the particulars of Shakspeare's life are so few and unsatisfactory; and considering the industry and ability of his biographers, the attention which they have bestowed upon every authentic record, and the diligence of their search after local traditions, it is to be feared that but little can be added to the meagre sketch which they have left behind them.

We are not indeed ignorant of the moral characteristics of this extraordinary man. We learn with great satisfaction, from his will, which exists in the office of the prerogative court of Canterbury, that he had a deep sense of religion. He acquired a competent estate, which enabled him to spend the latter part of his life in ease and retirement in the country; whereby it would appear, 1st, that he was a man of prudence, and 2dly, that neither the literary luxuries of a city, the opportunities which it affords of acquiring information and cultivating taste, nor the adulation of his superiors in rank, could subdue his relish for the pleasures of a rural life, or his attachment to the place of his nativity, and to the society of men of simple habits. That a person of humble birth should have acquired the friendship of the gentry in the neighbourhood of Stratford, where he was born, would show that he was an agreeable companion; and lastly, it is well known that his candour, good nature, and sweetness of manners, rendered him a general favourite.

There is nothing that men in general more ardently desire to see than an eminent contemporary. Who is there that would not start with eager expectation of delight, when told of the approach of Wellington or Scott? and the anxiety which most of us evince to view a picture of any personage who has been the light of a by-gone age, belongs to the same class of feelings; but here in respect of Shakspeare, we again encounter disappointment. Of his portraits there is not one, of which it can with certainty be said, that it is genuine: they differ materially from each other, and there is no resemblance between any of them and the rude bust which disfigures his monument at Stratford.

It is, therefore, worthy of the attention of the curious, that at a sale of furniture which belonged to a gentleman of this city, there was lately purchased a portrait of Shakspeare, which has all the air and freedom of an original picture; which unquestionably was painted at the end of the sixteenth, or in the very beginning of the seventeenth century; and which is more in harmony with the character of our great dramatist, than any of his engraved likenesses.

This portrait, which is painted on pannel, exhibits considerable ability in its execution, and is probably the work of Vansomer. It represents a man under forty years of age, with a countenance pale, and an expression contemplative and grave. In configuration the features are beautiful and noble: the elevated forehead round in front, and remarkably so above the temples, is one of lofty intellect; the eyes are penetrating, and at the same time full of sweetness; the nose is justly proportioned and delicately formed, and the mouth is singularly fine.

It is ascertained that this portrait has been upwards of a century in the family of its late owner. How much longer is not with certainty known; but there is some reason to think that it was originally in the possession of one of his ancestors, a gentleman of considerable literary taste, who lived in the reign of James the First and his unfortunate son.—It has now passed into the hands of Doctor Cheyne, of this city.

EXHIBITION
OF THE ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.
(In Continuation.)

The landscapes are a numerous band, too many to receive a separate notice in our limited space; but as we deprecate Bobadil's plan of despatching individuals *en masse*, we shall endeavour to do strict justice in few words to those that deserve attention.

LARGE ROOM.

There are only two (in oil,) by *S. Lover*, No. 8, *Fishing Boats at anchor, county Galway:* a simple strand scene, under a range of rocky cliffs that vanish in the hazy distance. The reflection of the boats in the still water is characteristic of this artist's correct pencil; and now that he pourtrays these in *oil*, they are beautifully true. The other, No. 127, *Kelp burners, white sands of Renvyle, Connemara*, is on a more extensive scale, displaying afar off a striking group of our picturesque western highlands; a district as interesting to the artist, geologist, or botanist, as any in the British isles, yet rarely viewed even by Irishmen, to a vast majority of whom it might still have remained a terra incognita, but for the vigorous delineation of Petrie, who first showed even to our all-prying and travelled eye the pictorial treasures of this sublime region, where Mr. Lover, with a kindred taste, has selected these two fine subjects.

There are six pieces by G. F. Hodson, Esq. H. an able amateur. Nos. 66 and 67, river views in Rome, are excellent. The execution is minute yet spirited: the back grounds are consistently followed up; and the colouring has throughout, an aerial soberness well suited to the majestic remains of the "Ponte Rotto," and the "Elian Bridge:" these sweet little pictures put us strongly in mind of the chaste and classical productions of Guardi. No. 10, *Morning—Landscape Composition*, is singularly conceived, and displays a considerable share of ideality—a wide expanse of mountain, river, rock, and mist, without a tree to enliven its sameness, and scarce a ripple for the eye to rest on! and yet it has sufficient interest to rivet the attention and gratify it in conclusion. The effect of sunshine on the white rocks as seen through the morning's mist is finely imagined; but the *ultra-montum* blueness to the left is somewhat too 'dark and deep.' No. 78, a faithful view by Mr. Kirchhoffer, of a subject which combines all the features requisite to make up a full and well-coloured landscape: the foliage is touched with freedom and delicacy, and the quiet motion and transparency of the stream, are very happily arrayed. Mr. K. if not *peculiarly* successful in representing 'the skyey influences,' together with rocks, trees, and water, equals at the least any of our oil-painters in the management and delineation of those lovely objects. It may be no unnecessary hint from us to visiters of the gallery to state, that we "kept our distance" when looking at this picture, which, considering the artist's mode of producing his effects, has been hung with an evident disregard to the "celare artem."

MUSIC.

We went to the Italian Opera the other night. The Taglioni is very exquisite. Figure to yourself the poetry of Sappho and Catullus blended together, and done into motion, and you have some faint impression of her. Nevertheless her arms are too long. Lablache is a wonderful monster—huge as a house, and his voice still bigger. If the Curragh of Kildare were roofed in he could fill it easily.

The Anacreontic Society were to have given their last private concert for the season, on Monday evening, but the members have been induced to postpone it, in consequence of the gloomy reports of his majesty's health.

THE DRAMA.

It appears that Madame Vestris has been prevented by indisposition from fulfilling her engagement at our theatre, where she was to have appeared on Monday night last; on that evening however, Mr. Ball's, whose performances while a member of the Dublin company last season, rendered him deservedly a favorite, re-appeared as *Gossamer* in the comedy of *Laugh when you Can;* his efforts throughout the play were marked by buoyancy and spirit, and received well merited applause. Miss Paton and Mr. Wood are advertised to appear together this evening in the opera of *Love in a Village*. Drury-lane and Covent-garden Theatres have closed for the season.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A LAY OF ITALY.

Oh! Italie tho' perfumed air
And azure sky, and scenes so fair,
Be thine—there are some mournful tales
Linked with thy rich and lovely vales;
I sing one of a by-gone day,
Just lighted up by memory's ray:—

Young Leonora's cheek grew pale,
And her haughty brother caught the tale
That she was wont, at midnight hour,
To leave her own gay latticed bower;
And list, on marble balcony,
To one who waked sweet melody.
The starry midnight rose again,
But not the minstrel's thrilling strain;—
The crimson pomp of evening fell,
As he was born to chain and cell—
His last wild glance—tow'rds his lady's bower—
His only tear—on her favourite flower.

On his dungeon wall, was graved the name,
Of many a gifted one, who came
To its arched recess, in youth's bright bloom—
And left in age—for the silent tomb.
He had none to soothe, and none to weep—
Not one his fevered brow to steep
In Pity's gushing fount of tears,
Whose waters heal the grief of years.—
'Twas a mournful prison for one whose name
Was a radiant star in the crown of Fame,
And had been the theme of many a tongue;
But Fame did not quite depart—she flung
Her vivid gleam round the dungeon walls—
Soothed him with dreams like fountain falls;—
Made his spirit from the dark cell bound,
And roam again at her trumpet sound
Through that enchanted Eastern clime,
Where he—through vistas dimmed by time,
Saw helm and hauberk, sword and gage,
Of those who fought with hallowed rage
Against proud Moslems—who defied
And scoffed, from the walls where a Saviour died.
Beautiful shapes he visioned too,
Of bright-eyed maids who wandered through
The warrior ranks.—We may not scan
If 'twas love of heaven, or love of man,
Led the fair wanderers from their far
And peaceful homes, to the fateful war.
But when the bard was rapt in those dreams
Of by-gone days—their dazzling beams
Made his speaking blue eyes sparkle like streams,
Whose shadowy surface the glorious sun,
In his noon-day splendor glances upon;—
A glow came over the pallid cheek,
That was wont to wear but a hectic streak—
A loftier curve upon lip and brow—
Oh! who would not worship Genius now?
And when the visions had fled, his lyre
Revealed them in song—and the seraph fire
With which he was gifted, made its way
To the thrones of kings; and proud ones pray
That the tuneful captive, so sadly pent,
Should breathe his fitting element,
And hear a nation's gladdened voice.

. . . . . .

There's a rushing sound as if many rejoice:—
And one is borne along by the crowd,
With wasted brow, and form more bowed
Than when last he trod that stately square.—
A thousand *vivas* rend the air,
And Tasso's name again soars high,
On the winds of his own Italian sky.—

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Rome is preparing a pageant—his brow
Shall be wreath'd with the laurel crown—and now
Roses and myrtles are ta'en from their bowers;
The day is at hand, and the streets with flowers
Shall be strewed, that morn, by the young and fair,
That the minstrel may breathe in perfumed air.
In the twining of his laurel crown,
Was a spell to which monarchs might well bow down;
Not from one bower alone was it riven—
Many a princely fair one had given
The shining leaves—that her bower might be
Linked with the Poet's memory.
Oh! never was yet a laurel wreath
So hallowed as that by Beauty's breath.
There was sounding of lyre and breathing of lute,
Not a lover's guitar was mute—
There was rich array—there was waving plume—
There was light on which you would think no gloom
Could ever come—and there were all
The signs of coming festival.

. . . . . .

When the proud day came—there was wailing in Rome—
His pall was spread—they had oped his tomb,—
The laurel is not for a lifeless brow;
So they shaded his with a cypress bough:
Yet was it not well that the death-cloud came
O'er the brightest hour of his Minstrel Fame?

A. W.

TRANSLATION OF "PERSICOS ODI," IN NO. XXIV.

I scorn your Persian pomps; and, mark me boy,
Braid no coronal for me
With fading rose, or bark of linden tree;
In these I have no joy:
But with a modest myrtle branch entwine
Thy master's brow; as, softly laid
Beneath our household vines' delicious shade,
We quaff the sparkling wine.

A. de V.

SONNET.

REMORSE.

Sleep, sleep my heart! the shrinking beam hath passed
From yon dark crested tow'r of ancient date;
Stealing o'er heaven, night bars its western gate,
And hastes to shroud this pile so cold and vast.
Why tarry here? when lated swain aghast,
Marks yon porch peopling 'neath the torch of fate,
He starts—and list'ning to the midnight blast,
Harping along these chambers desolate,
Seeks other shelter—woe-revolving seer!
Why on dusk pinion shrieking wild resign
Thy realm to yon pale wand'rer? I am here
Offering up mournful thoughts on ruin's shrine;
For as my soul such vengeful cry appals,
I read my doom upon these sinking walls!

N.

A SERENADE.

Come forth into the moonlight,
Fair and gentle ladye, come;
The weary sun no longer shines,
The bees have ceased their hum;
And the blessed dews descend like sleep
Upon the drooping flowers,
Till they raise their heads rejoicingly
To greet the morning hours.
The stars are twinkling taper-like,
In the blue heaven above,
Then come forth, O gentle ladye!
While I moralize on love;
For in every beauty round me,
Some resemblance sweet, I see
To the holy love that fills my heart,
My ladye fair, for thee.
Come forth, come forth, a spirit's voice
Is on the passing gale,
And the rose bends down her queenlike head
To hear its tender tale,—
But in thine ear I'll whisper, love,
Such golden vows of truth,
As never fell from angel's tongue,
Pure in their endless youth.
Then hie thee forth, while yet the moon
Is ling'ring on the flow'rs,
Let others seek the gaudy day,
The fresh mild night be ours;
Those flow'rs will fade to-morrow,
'Neath their bridegroom's burning kiss,
He will sip the sweet dew from their lips,
Till they die in his caress.

. . . . . .

Then come forth, come forth, since things so bright
And beautiful must die;
While around us yet they linger,
Let's enjoy them ere they fly:
For while lovers' hearts, dear ladye,
Beat affectionate as mine,
And beauty's eyes as brightly beam
As those dear orbs of thine;
Oh! believe me, my own gentle one,
Those shining eyes were made
From grosser, and more dazzling lights
The tender heart to shade;
So thou art ever near me,
Like a dear and holy spell,
And my soul is weaned from earthlier thoughts,
By loving thee so well.

H.

THE DUELLISTS.

Both were aggrieved, and each thought he was right;
But to decide it—they agreed to fight,
(Though both had rather stay away:)
So on they went pell mell,
The shortest road to hell,
Whilst *honour* pointed out the way.

Q.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

IMPORTANT!

We stop the press, as the writers of Newspapers speak, to announce to our beloved and sympathising public, the first intelligence of an insurrection which has just broken out, and is at this moment raging among the Pentagonals. They are crying out, *una voce*, for a Monthly Magazine. Now that Bolster's and the Dublin Monthly have fretted out life's fitful fever, they insist that Ireland should have one first-rate out-and-outer, to 'flog the Danes,' and give the world assurance of a Magazine. The fact is, most esteemed public, they are a set of fanciful puppies, who have not yet learned to know their distance sufficiently, and who sport a great deal more of sail than ballast, so that were not we a sage and steady Palinurus (always bating the nap,) at the helm, they would have sunk the ship long ago, for all their fine spirits, and wit, and learning, and travelled assurance. Mais n'importe, we have invited the young dogs to a jollification at our Symposium this evening, Friday June 18th, 1830, (which we duly celebrate in honour of the Prince and battle of Waterloo,) and then and there the whol matter shall be well and truly discussed and settled, and as Hazledowne Pepperpot, Esq. Professor of Stenography to the Munster University, and perpetual secretary to the indissoluble society of Pentags. is to be croupier, our public may rely on a faithful report of these intensely interesting proceedings, upon which the eyes of Europe will be fixed, in the next D.L.G. On this much they may confidently rely, that in no case shall we abandon them to their former state of destitution and literary inanition, as long as a drop of ink remains in our silver standish, or a swan-quill at his majesty's stationers. In our next we shall also present our readers with a modest commendation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a complete vindication of the new taxes from the slanderous asperions of the foul-mouthed and evil minded.

Mr. Britton has announced a Dictionary of the Architecture of the Middle Ages; including the words used by Old and Modern Authors in treating of Architectural and other Antiquities.—The Denounced, by the author of Tales by the O'Hara Family.—Musical Memoirs, comprising an account of the general state of Music in England, from the first Commemoration of Handel, in the year 1784, to the year 1830; with Anecdotes, &c. by W. T. Parke, principal Oboist at Covent Garden Theatre for forty years.—Personal Memoirs or Reminiscences of Men and Manners at Home and Abroad during the last half century, by Pryse Lockhart Gordon, Esq.—No. I. of the Juvenile Library, containing the Lives of Remarkable Youth of both Sexes, edited by W. Jerdan.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

A thousand thanks for the innumerable kindnesses of our countless correspondents; we would only intreat of the fair 'Mtta. S.'-to look into Proverbs v. 12 ch. xiii. at church to-morrow, while the wardens are gathering the silver. We beg to inform the conductors of the Edinburgh Literary Gazette, that it is quite enough to rob us of our property in so unceremonious a way, without showing themselves such practised "resetters of stolen goods," as to disfigure the said property and deface the marks, in order to prevent it from being recognized by the right owners. In their last Number they pretend to give a review of an unpublished work which they never saw; while unpublished, it was reserved for us and us alone. The thing they do is to give our extracts, and part of our introductory remarks, but with a jumble of their own nonsense prefixed. We own we think this very despicable. It occurs to us every day in the case of some few provincial newspapers; but the Edinburgh Literary Gazette ought to be above it. To the innumerable periodicals in every part of Great Britain and Ireland, which are daily quoting us with acknowledgment and applause, we are happy to return our thanks.

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April, 1830.

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THE numerous complaints of the inefficacy, decomposition, and want of effervescence in various articles of this description, have induced Messrs. BUTLER to produce a preparation which, whilst it shall possess all the Medicinal properties of a Magnesian Aperient, will retain the quality of effervescing, and be free from the chance of any Chemical change, by exposure to damp or atmospheric influence.

For such cases as require a *Magnesian Aperient*, this can confidently be recommended. The quantity of Magnesia in each dose is, as nearly as possible, the average quantity found in about half-a-pint of most of the British Spas: the other ingredients are also in like proportion. It is a safe and useful remedy in many cases, more especially when general fulness of blood, or determination of blood to any particular part exists; it is also applicable in Febrile Diseases, Inflammatory Affections, Diseases of the Kidneys, &c.

The advantages which this preparation possesses are:—

1st. That in *Gout*, or when acidity prevails in the Stomach, the *Magnesian* Salt can be taken simply in water, by which the acid in the stomach will be neutralized.

2dly. That by combining the Magnesian Salt and the Acidulous Powder, an Effervescing Aperient Draught will be instantly produced; and,

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Being agreeable to the taste, it will be found an extremely desirable medicine for children; and is recommended to such persons as are about to visit or reside in warm climates.

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By whom also are prepared the IMPROVED SEIDLITZ POWDERS, a preparation possessing all the Medicinal properties of the celebrated Spring in Germany, and the Fluid Extract or Cortical Essence of RED JAMAICA SARSAPARILLA, (simple and compound,) for making the Decoction now so extensively recommended by the Faculty as a Diaphoretic and Alterative in Chronic Rheumatism, Cutaneous Eruption, Scrofula, Scorbutic Affections; and the CONDENSED CALCINED MAGNESIA, recommended for its purity, easy miscibility with water, smoothness, and portability, occupying only one-fourth the space of the ordinary Calcined Magnesia.

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J. S. FOLDS, Printer, 56, Gt. Strand-street.

THE DUBLIN LITERARY GAZETTE,

OR

WEEKLY CHRONICLE OF CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES, AND FINE ARTS.

No. 26. SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1830. PRICE 9*d.*

THE PENTAGONALS,

No. I.

[*The President's symposium—a magnificent and richly perfumed apartment in Sackville-street, set out with all manner of deliciousness. In the midst a table, from which the ven'son and turtle, 'the spicy Curry' and other grosser viands, have been removed; it is now covered with the rarest fruits and choicest flowers, in richly gilded porcelain vases; ices, soufflets, and confections strewed on silver salvers, occupy the spaces left by the Burgundy and Champagne flasks. Present, the Pentags. en masque, and a dumb-waiter.*]

President—We trust that, in the words of our old and classic friend the father of poesy, 'the mind of each lacks nothing of a perfect feast.'

Dr. Witherspoone—Nothing my dear President, nothing; your banquets are always superb—these peaches have the very flavour of September—from the Duke I presume? But now that, to use your own phraseology, 'we have all satisfied our desire of food and drink,' what is the real reason my dear President, you have never treated our pensive and expectant public to a Pentag? For as to that explanation given by Pepperpot, in his 'Day in Town,' every one knows that was all a hum.

President—Tush! doctor, we were afraid of some unlucky association in the public mind with those nocturnal revels in the change-house of a northern metrop. where persons who swallow huge quantities of beef and haggis, and mustard, and oysters, and cheese, and wash down these and other abominations with malt, and rum punch, and then talk maudlin about —— *Doctor*, I beg pardon, my dear Sir, but what *is* rum punch? the other enormities I have heard of from a Scotch steward I once had; but you have seen more of life. *President:* yes, it was once my fortune to meet a gentleman who had strayed by the mistake of a waiter into the traveller's room of a Scotch inn, where, though 'his nose was in great indignation,' curiosity prevailing, he actually waited out the offence, and witnessed the perpetration of a bowl of rum-punch. He described it as an amalgam of concentrated molasses, dirt, hot water, and other nameless ingredients, devised to scourge the iron bowels of Glasgow dealers and the like. I rather think he said that they put lime into it.

Doctor—Very possibly; Death-in-the-pot Accum says they do the like in gingerbread, for lack of spice, to make it the more pungent.

Harry Digby—Perhaps the gentleman said *limes;* I remember travelling once with a Glaswegian in the mail from Edinburgh to Carlisle, and he cranched green gooseberries whenever we stopped to change, professing that 'the Scoatch ay likit soor things.'

President—Indeed! that's why so many of them are whigs probably. But, boys, before we quaff more deeply of this glistening Champagne, in honour of the Temperance Society, (we have yielded, by the bye, to a unanimous and pressing invitation to accept the president's chair of that most useful and respectable body, for we greatly disapprove of 'ale and viler liquors,' and only sanction a modicum of the vinous fluid,) let's hear what's all this nonsense you have been boring us with, about a Magazine instead of the Dublin Literary Gazette.

Dr. Witherspoone—Not *instead* of the D.L.G. my dear President, but simply to alter the manner and form of that inestimable publication, for you see that we are left in a very awkward dilemma about these cursed new taxes, they hang round our neck like a millstone, and give us a feeling of uncertainty and instability that is fatal to exertion, and therefore to success. I dare to say, that government is heartily sick and sorry for their own proposition; but like all *strong-minded* men, (that is the phrase for obstinacy now-a-days,) they would deem it a mark of weakness to give in, after the length to which they have gone; and, therefore, it is highly probable they will persevere in spite of all opposition.

President—List, Doctor dear, the beautiful lines we have just received from 'our distinguished friend in the South,' on this truly-important subject; we have 'wiped away all trivial fond records,' and graven them on the tablet of our memory:

SONNET

ON THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

Some laws there are too sacred for the hand
Of man to approach; recorded in the blood
Of patriots; before which, as the rood
Of faith, devotional we take our stand;
Time-hallow'd laws! magnificently plann'd
When freedom was the nurse of public good,
And power paternal; laws that have withstood
All storms, like faithful bulwarks of the land:
Unshackled will, frank utterance of the mind,
Without which freedom dies and laws are vain,
On such we found our rights, to such we cling:
In these should power his surest safeguard find.
Tread them not down in passion or disdain—
Make man a reptile, he will turn and sting!

June, 1830. A. de V.

Harry Digby—Very powerful indeed! Pray who *is* 'our distinguished friend in the South?'

President—Nay, my dear Hal, that would be telling, a thing you know we never do, suffice it that he is a resident country gentleman of rank and fortune, and really 'distinguished' alike for soundness of judgment, cultivated mind and taste, and all the dearer and more ennobling virtues of the heart and will.

Postlethwaite—While you are i' the vein, you had better pronounce the promised laudation upon Goulburn.

President—True; from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step. The merits of the fiscal functionary are, however, too transcendant to be entrusted to the talents of any single orator. We call upon you all and severally to assist us in the 'delightful task.' Let the younkers take the *pas*, and the doctor and we will sum up. Do you begin, Hal.

Harry Digby—I! d—n the fellow, I hate him as I do the d—l, why should I attempt to praise such a leather-headed donkey?

President—Bona verba quæso: no personalities, Hal, as you dread our direst displeasure; nor no contumacy, Henry; do our bidding like a dutiful Pentag. or by your lady-love's sandal we —— but let us not govern by fear rather than love. Come, Hal, go it my boy, leave off your damnable faces and begin.

Harry Digby—Well, well, you know you are absolute, and may abuse your kingly privilege, so here goes. Heigho! Now then, for

A MODEST COMMENDATION OF MR. HENRY GOULBURN.

Should any signal proof be required, beyond general reputation, of the very extraordinary march which intellect has made in these latter times, it will be found in this, that a situation which heretofore we were content to confide to such men as Pitt, Perceval, and Canning, we now require a gentleman of the transcendant capabilities of Mr. Goulburn to fill. Whether we consider the dignity of his appearance, the largeness and profoundness of his plans, or the force and clearness with which he explains them, we shall be led to admire at the choice which placed this gentleman in the post which he does the public the honour to hold.—(*hear, hear, hear!*)

Since the world began, however, it has been the fate of persons of great virtue, or great attainments, to be hated for their goodness, or envied for their knowledge; and if the Chancellor of the Exchequer be not held in that love and reverence which should belong to high desert, we can only regret that the public should not be able to discern his lofty talents. Socrates was forced to drink poison—Cicero was hunted down, and his head cut off, with as little ceremony as is a fox's brush by him who is in at the death; and Goulburn, whose claims to the wisdom of the one, and the eloquence of the other, it would be superfluous in me to dwell upon, is not appreciated.

"Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Castore Pollux,
Post ingentia facta, deorum in templa recepti,
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella
Componunt, agros assignant, oppida condunt,
Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
Speratum meritis. Diram qui contudit hydram,
Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,
Comperit invidiam supremo fine domari."

(*laughter and cheers.*)

President—Very well, upon my life, Harry, very well remembered and repeated. I'm glad to see you don't forget Brazen-nose, Hal; stick to the classic fountains, my boy, nothing like them for irrigating and enriching the mind. Come, Postlethwaite, say your say.

Postlethwaite—It is a truth obvious to every reasoning mind, that the obscurity of any man's origin, can by no means be justly imputed as a reproach, because it is an accident with which he himself can have had nothing to do, while on the other hand, when a man is found to be selected for high and important offices, the ob-

security of his origin is an additional source of commendation, because the difficulties he has had to overcome must have been so much the greater. I am, therefore, disposed to think, (contrary I confess to the general opinion,) that Mr. O'Connell must have intended a very favourable representation of Mr. Goulburn, in the allusion which he made to him, in a speech shortly after the arrival of that gentleman in this country as chief secretary. "Who," said Mr. Connell, "who is this Goulburn? where does he come from? I never heard of him till he was sent here; but I have heard of a great many statesmen, not a very bright set, God knows, yet such a heavy-headed statesman as this Goulburn, I certainly never happened either to meet or hear of."—(*hear, hear, hear!*) I am the more decided in my conviction that this was intended as a compliment, which it really is, from the use of the sobriquet, "*heavy-headed*," selected no doubt, in contradistinction and opposition, to the epithet "light-headed," which is one of the most reproachful that could be applied to a statesman.

President—Well said, Postlethwaite; but there is Pepperpot at the foot of the table evidently labouring with something great, while he writes so diligently. Come, Mr. Vice—construe, perpend, discuss.

Hazledowne Pepperpot—As for Mr. Goulburn's personal appearance, it is a matter with which the philosophical enquirer has little to do; but as you, Mr. President, and the gentlemen Pentags whom I have now the honor to address, doubtless have a curiosity to know something personal about great public characters, I shall venture to say a very little upon this subject. It must be allowed then, and it manifestly arises from his extreme devotedness to the arduous duties of his office, which, every one knows, relates principally to extracting money out of the pockets of the people—that Mr. Goulburn has considerably the air of a pickpocket. A celebrated critic in London has gone further, and speaks of his "Kangaroo countenance," as if his meditations even travelled to Botany Bay, the ordinary goal of pickpockets, and his features thereby moulded themselves into the expression of the creature which so abounds in that region. I have never been to Australasia myself, it being rather distant for a summer jaunt, fond as I am of *botanising* excursions, but I happened to be in London the other day, and went, as every one does, to the Zoological garden in the Regent's park, where there are many kangaroos. Proceeding immediately afterwards to the House of Commons, (it was the day the house sat in the forenoon, to consider Sir Jonah Barrington's case,) I saw the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the Treasury bench, and was certainly much struck with his resemblance to one of the kangaroos which an attendant, in accounting for its pale, thin, and *interesting* appearance, said had been for some time sick.—(*Applause; President murmurs emphatically 'to the life.'*)

The obliquity of vision with which one of Mr. Goulburn's organs of sight is affected, may, perhaps, be another reason for his possessing that peculiar expression, so familiar to the Bow-street gentry. It is so convenient and habitual to a pickpocket, to seem to be looking in the face of B, while in fact his sight is following his fingers, which are "sounding their perilous way," through the breeches' pockets of A, that when nature has given this peculiarity to a man's countenance, he will, *cæteris paribus*, look more like a pickpocket than another man. I was led to remark this peculiarity the first time I ever saw and heard Mr. Goulburn in the House of Commons, which was in the summer of 1822. He was then secretary for Ireland, and in making a speech relative to the affairs of this kingdom, happened to speak of the *county* of Connaught. This was not to be wondered at in a man whose head was too much occupied with capital concerns, to think of provincial matters; but one of the reporters, who sat behind me in the gallery, and whom I recognized as a *Tuam*-ese youth by his accent, would make no allowance such as I made, and waxed exceeding wroth at this county-fication of the once royal kingdom of Connaught. "Damn you, for a swivel-eyed ——" he said, loud enough to be heard by the whole gallery, "you're a pretty fellow to be secretary for Ireland, and talk about the *county* of Connaught." Then he threw down his pen in a paroxysm of mingled rage and disgust, and would not report one word more of the right honourable secretary's speech. Such is the effect of prejudice.

Dr. Witherspoone—(startled from a gentle slumber by the emphasis laid on the last word)—Aye, Sir, prejudice, all prejudice. I shall not comment upon the greatness, the originality, and the *independance*, which have distinguished the plans of the Chancellor of the Exchequer since he took office under the Duke of Wellington. In "the city," that is of London, they do talk to be sure, of certain strange *mistakes*, about "life annuities," by which the Exchequer *did not gain*, indeed the scientific Mr. Babbage is superfluous enough to count up with painful precision the precise number of millions the government *is supposed* to have lost by the Chancellor's blunder, the mere interest on which he would have us believe, far exceeds even the estimated revenue from the new stamp duties, but as Mr. Goulburn is a Cambridge man, I cannot think he could have made an erroneous *calculation*, and I have no doubt the mistake must lie with the men of science and the citizens, any where, in short, rather than with him. By the bye, his alma mater is like the rest of the world, rather ungrateful to so distinguished a gentleman as Mr. Goulburn, and in choosing her representatives in parliament, has treated him with a degree of cool unkindness, that is perfectly unaccountable.

President—Well said, Doctor; but fifthly, and to conclude: In regard to Mr. Goulburn's present plan of doubling the tax on newspapers in Ireland, we humbly suggest that a great mistake has gone abroad. Foolish wrong-headed people, who know no better, have pretended indeed to maintain, that nothing could have been devised more mischievous, or better calculated to spread the O'Connell anti-union spirit, than the measures in question. That if they should be carried, Irishmen may indeed lament the loss of a national legislature, feeling, as will they think be evident to all, that the imposts are put on us by the English portion of the house, at the very moment when the diminution of their own burthens might seem to make an increase of revenue by other means desirable—(*long and continued cheers.*) But these are the notions of narrow minded politicians, unacquainted with the length and depth of Mr. Goulburn's fiscal vision, and with his peculiar facilities for seeing round a corner. His philosophic mind has discovered the general truth, that in this world all things are estimated by the cost and difficulty of their attainment—now, following up this principle, and being heartily desirous to encrease the estimation in which Irish periodicals in general, but above all his particular favorite and constant study, the Dublin Literary Gazette are held, (*hear!*) he resolves greatly to increase their price by an additional tax, in order to make them much more difficult of attainment by the public, and argal, much more valued by that public; and thus their circulation and the revenue of the Exchequer, will be vastly and profitably increased together.

This is no doubt Mr. Goulburn's logic, and a very clever logical fellow we hold him to be, at least we will go so far as confidently to maintain that his logic is equal to his eloquence, and in saying that, we think we say enough.

Perhaps some of the countless multitude of our readers, may think we are not perfectly serious in all that we have said. To any such sceptics we beg to observe, that the fact of Mr. Henry Goulburn being Chancellor of the Exchequer of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, is no joking matter.—(*Immense applause.*)

Dr. Witherstone—But the Magazine, my dear President, don't let us lose sight of the Magazine; it would render us perfectly independent of all contemplated changes in the duties, and we could easily keep it up in first-rate style.

President—Could we?

Postlethwaite—Certainly we might have by far the best Magazine in the British empire.

President—Might we?

Pepperpot—I confess I incline to think we ought to have the Magazine.

President—Ought we?

Harry Digby—Dearest uncle, we *must* have the Magazine.

Pres.—Come, come, if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, not one on compulsion, Hal.

It would be wiser, said the Doctor.

It would be cheaper, said Postlethwaite.

It would be better, said Pepperpot.

It would be larger and more original, more varied and less hurried, said Harry Digby; and would give me more time and space to write poetry and Italian.

And me *politics*, quoth the Doctor.

President—Aye! there's the rub. And pray what line would you take, Doctor?

Doctor—We are all gentlemen and tories.

President—True; but the Irish love variety. What would you think of political articles by the Duke and Doctor Doyle alternately?

Doctor—Humph! I should not much relish J. K. L. in the D. L. G.; and as for the Duke, I fear he has too much to do. Are you sure he would undertake?

President—Nothing would delight him more: he is always lamenting in his letters to us, that our present rules limit his contributions to poetry. You may have observed several minor pieces with his initials.

Doctor—True, true; it really never struck me before; he is a wonderful man, a very wonderful man: pray who did that capital sketch of him in No. II?

President—Why really we thought all the world knew that; his brother the Marquis, to be sure. It bears irrefragable internal evidence of his hand.

Postlethwaite—Could you count on him too, as a steady contributor to Maga?

President—My dear Postlethwaite, we can count on no one as a *steady* contributor but ourselves: the noble Marquis is a man of real genius and amazing power; he is, however, sometimes so indolent and tardy that—in short he would never do to be like us, sole editor and conductor of the D. L. G.; but we have that within which tells us, that while we should gladly avail ourselves of the efforts of these men of towering abilities, yet, on an emergency, we could do all ourself. Since, then, the unanimous opinion seems so decidedly in favour of the change, we hereby give notice, that the first number of the DUBLIN LITERARY GAZETTE AND NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE shall appear on Saturday, the third of July, being the next Saturday after the final appearance of the D. L. G. in its present form.

The Doctor, Postlethwaite, Harry Digby, and Pepperpot in quartette.—The deuce it shall! that will be taking the public alive with a vengeance; but is the thing possible?

President—Possible! Can none remember, yes, all must, when we, simple as we sit here, wrote Blackwood's Magazine 'from kiver to kiver,' as we say in the South, with our own hand. Alone we did it, and at a single sitting, refreshing nature only with a bumper of Tokay; and it was universally acknowledged the most varied, brilliant, and profound number, that ever Ebony gave to the world.

Doctor—True, true, your powers are superhuman, that autocratic *we*, seems to concentrate the force of fifty such articulating mortals as now live to write, and write to live.

Harry Digby—Fifty! you should say five hundred, Doctor. By the bye, how dreadfully poor North has fallen off since Nunky cut him last year.

Pepperpot—Ah, the old man of whom ye spake, is he yet alive? *Harry*—Stat nominis umbra. He yet liveth, but is lame of one side by paralysis, and it is much feared he will suddenly go off in a fit of apoplexy, one of these days: he has lived a very hard life.

Postlethwaite—Was North then really a living combination of flesh, blood, bones, intellect and crutch, and not a spectre?

Harry—Sans doute, he had an identity as certainly as we the Pentags. are the grande decus columenque, the honour and glory of the finest people upon earth.

President—We have been meditating a prospectus for the illustrious Maga, destined to fill so high and important a place in our western isle, and thence to illuminate the world, as Ireland has been always famous in all past times of ignorance and darkness like the present, for preserving the pure light of civilization, learning and religion, at which the other nations of Europe have been fain to kindle their torches, while it is our true and most proud national boast, that we were never slow to light their lesser lamps.

Harry Digby—The other Mags. shall 'pale their ineffectual fires' before us.

Dr. Witherspoone—The prospectus, my dear President, I am dying to hear the prospectus.

President—Pepperpot, write to our dictation:

PROSPECTUS.

There are now in Dublin five gentlemen of good parts and a University education, who unfortunately have nothing to do but to mind their own business. Finding this an irksome and unprofitable task, (their respective professions of love, law, idleness, physic and divinity, being at present rather overstocked in this city,) they have entered into a combination, (under the protection of Joe Hume's law thereanent, and the auspices of the lovely lady Alice de B——) against their present employers, the public, whereby they entertain a reasonable hope of seeing that numerous, but very ill-conducted body, in a short time rendered wholly dependant upon them for existence. It is their intention to establish forthwith, in this metropolis, the most amusing and instructive miscellany in the now known world: Timbuctoo not excepted. It will be published monthly, and will contain an accurate and highly-finished view of every thing in the world, and several other things beside; insomuch, that he, she, or it that liveth and readeth it not, shall be as though they—the said personal pronouns respectively—had passed their days in a molehill.

Given at our Symposium,
Between day and dark, in the rosy
month of June, and the year thirty.

Harry and Pepperpot—Capital! capital! capital!

Doctor and Postlethwaite—But the English, Sir, the English and Scotch, you must have something solid and business-like for them.

President—Oh, very well; Pepperpot write down the following advertisement, and be careful to have it inserted in all the British papers every day next week.

DUBLIN LITERARY GAZETTE.

On Monday, June 28th, will be published in London, No. XXVI. of the DUBLIN LITERARY GAZETTE. It has been resolved to alter the form of this publication on the completion of the 26th No. which closes the first half year. In future it will be published monthly, under the title of the Dublin Literary Gazette and National Magazine, price 2s. 6d. It will thus contain a greater quantity and variety of matter, and at a much lower price, as it will no longer be subject to stamp duty.

For the high character which the Dublin Literary Gazette has already attained, the proprietors are happy to refer to the whole periodical press of Great Britain and Ireland. For the ability and regularity with which the "National Magazine" will be conducted, the best pledge they can offer is the fact that its management is confided to the same Editor who has hitherto conducted the D. L. G. and that in no one instance has a number of that journal ever been a single hour later of appearing than the time originally advertised in the prospectus. The first Number of the 'Dublin Literary Gazette and National Magazine' will be published in London on Monday, July 5. No. 2, for the month of August, will be published on the last day of July, and every succeeding No. on the last day of the month.

Doctor (*aside.*)—Aye that's something to the purpose, I was really beginning to fear our inestimable president was in a state of incipient civilization, from the first document: (*aloud,*) will you print in columns President, like Blackwood and Fraser, or across the page like the Quarterly?

President. The latter is preferable for many reasons. It makes a handsomer drawing-room book when bound, and affords more room by saving the unmeaning stripe of white down the centre of the page. Besides it will afford an opportunity of giving the original poetry, in which we are so rich and strong, in a larger and more readable type. By the bye, we shall present a curious gem in the first No. a beautiful pathetic little piece on a local subject, by the greatest mathematician in Europe.

Postlethwaite.—And who may that be?

President.—Why professor — of D — to be sure. Then too Mrs. Hofland and Mrs. Hall, and Miss Jewsbury, will all honour our pages, for the ladies, bless their fair hands and tender hearts, never disappoint, and we shall write to-morrow to our dear and most esteemed friend Mr. Wordsworth, and to Edwin Atherstone, and Dr. Bowring, and Crofton Croker, and the author of the Collegians, and Mr. Keightley of fairy-mythology celebrity, and a galaxy of other bright particular stars. Why Sirs, the world shall ring with the glory and the excellency of Eblana's Maga!

Doctor.—Will you *fill* the first No. with original matter?

President—Not utterly; we shall have a review or two merely to keep up appearances. We have just finished Mrs. Heber's life of the Bishop, that kindest, discreetest, virtuousest, best of men—'tis really a delightful book, and we shall give a delightful review of it: many a time and oft during the perusal it called up tears of love, admiration, and regret, even to our old eyes. Bowditch's La Place too, we have nearly finished, and Monk's Life of Bentley, but these we fear we must reserve for No. 2, in order to do them comfortably, as they are heavy 4tos. but we may perhaps touch on Babbage, on the Decline of Science in England. One thing however you may rely upon in this line, and that is, a review of Sir James Mackintosh's England, in the Cabinet Cyclopædia, though not a single sheet of it will have left the printer's office in London until late on Saturday night the 26th of June. Sir James is an old acquaintance of our's; we think of giving a personal sketch to accompany the review of his book. We have a mine, too, of most curious and interesting original letters of Edmund Burke, which throw a flood of light upon his early college life, hitherto wholly unknown. On the whole, you may call the first of Maga the "President's Number;" it will be super-excellent, though it must be written and printed, from beginning to end, between Saturday and Saturday. We had almost forgotten two or three capital Irish stories, merry or sad, as we happen to be i' the vein, to which we intend to treat our delighted public, and a beautiful translation of a delicious love-tale of Hoffman, a Venetian story, the only copy of which that ever crossed the German frontier is in our possession.

We repeat it, No. I. for all the hurry of its preparation, and that will indeed be great, will be found super-excellent.

Postlethwaite.—Pepperpot's MS. is becoming most portentously huge, my dear President. I fear we shall have little room for reviews this week either, if you go on at this rate.

President.—Most true, most-matter-of-fact Postlethwaite; but who could be so insensate as to care for reviews, in comparison of a *real* Pentag.? Nathless, my good fellow, have you read O'Donoghue, Prince of Killarney, a poem, by Hannah Maria Bourke?

Postlethwaite.—I have exerted my energies in that regard?

President.—An Irish poem, by an Irish lady, an Irish publisher, and Irish printer, it must be pre-eminent in all its details.

Harry Digby.—I have dipped into the book myself. Some of the descriptions are indeed rich and rare. Milton was a mummer to the fair author: take, for example, the lines on evening, in canto ii. I remember them well:

"It was an evening calculate
But little the sad heart to elate;
For fitful blasts, now and agen,
Swept loud through dingle, copse, and glen;
And many dark clouds flitted past
The wanish moon, while o'er the mere
Came scream of gull, and shrilly blast,
In wailing sad, upon the air.
And now there was a darksome brake,
That border'd on the Lower Lake—
A dismal, lone, sequester'd spot,
Which the peasants call'd the wierd's grot;
And which they shunn'd, in days of yore,
Upon the innisfallen shore.
Behind it rose a granite rock,
Rent by some great volcanic shock,
Out of which narrow fissure grew
A weeping willow and an yew,
Forming a foliag'd canopy,
Almost impervious to the eye."

Pepperpot.—Oh! I remember; the author, with that native modesty which always distinguishes true genius, did me the honour to consult me as to the propriety of publishing, when I had read her MS.

Pres.—And what did you advise, Pepperpot?

Pepperpot.—Oh! I assured her I thought there could not be a second opinion on the subject.

President.—We concur with you perfectly. Doctor, have you read Dr. Kennedy's posthumous work on Lord Byron's religious conversations in Cephalonia?

Doctor.—Yes; 'tis a good book, and a dull, and satisfactorily establishes that the founder of the Satanic school of poetry was a worthy Tremayne-ish sort of person, who librated between an infidel and a methodist, only because there were some speculative points that puzzled him, (the eternity of hell-punishments seems to have been the chief,) but who thought, however, that religion was at least a very good thing for the vulgar, and distributed Greek tracts and missionary papers with great zeal and discretion. On the whole, I felt rather inclined to fall asleep.

President.—'Twas a good dulness, doctor, and you gave it way. Even now, while speaking of it, thy eyes seem almost set in thy head.

Doctor (nodding)—Where should they be set else?

President.—Harry Digby, what do you say of Mrs. Norton's "Undying One, and other Poems." We saw you devouring them this morning.

Harry Digby.—I dearly love the "sisters three," Mrs. N., Mrs. B., and the sweet Lady St. M.; they used to make verses, and draw caricatures so inimitably for me, when I was a young man of wit and pleasure about town. By the bye, the Hon. Mrs. B. gave me some capital Byronian verses on a hat, this very time year. I never could make out with certainty whether they were her own, or whose they were.

President.—Let's hear, Harry.

"I had a hat, it was not all a hat,
Part of the brim was gone, yet still I wore
It on, and people wondered as I passed:
Some turned to gaze—others just cast an eye,
And some withdrew it, as 'twere in contempt;
But still my hat, although so fashionless
In complement exterior, had that within
Surpassing show, my head continued warm;
Being sheltered from the weather, spite of all
The want, (as has been said before,) of brim.
A change came o'er the colour of my hat,
That which was black, grew brown—then men stared
With both their eyes, (they stared with one before,)
The wonder now was two-fold; and it seemed
Strange, that a thing so torn and old should still
Be worn by one who might—but let that pass!
I had my reasons, which might be revealed
But for some counter-reasons, far more strong,
Which tied my tongue to silence; time passed on.
Green Spring, and flowery Summer, Autumn brown,
And frosty Winter came, and went, and came,
And still, through all the seasons of two years,
In park, in city, yea, at routs and balls,
The hat was worn and borne: then folks grew wild
With curiosity, and whispers rose,
And questions passed about, how one so trim
In coats, boots, pumps, gloves, trousers, could ensconce
His caput in a covering so vile.
A change came o'er the nature of my hat,
Grease spots appeared; but still in silence, on
I wore it, and then family and friends
Glared madly at each other: there was one
Who said, but hold—no matter what was said;
A time may come, when I—away, away!
Not till the seasons ripe can I reveal
Thoughts that do lie too deep for common minds:
Tell them the world shall not pluck out the heart
Of this my mystery—when I will—I will!—
The hat was greasy now, and old, and torn—
But torn, old and greasy, still I wore it on:
A change came o'er the business of my hat;
Women, and men, and children, scowled on me—
My company was shunned—I was alone!—
None would associate with such a hat,
Friendship itself proved faithless for a hat.
She that I loved, within whose gentle breast
I treasured up my heart, looked cold as death;
Love's fires went out—extinguished by a hat.
Of those that knew me best, some turned aside,
And scudded down dark lanes; one man did place
His fingers on his nose's side, and jeered;
Others in horrid mockery laughed outright—
Yea, dogs, deceived by instinct's dubious ray,
Fixing their swart glare on my ragged hat,
Mistook me for a beggar, and they barked:
Thus women, men, friends, strangers, lovers, dogs—
One thought pervaded all—it was my hat.
A change (it was the last) came o'er this hat,
For lo! at length, the circling months went round;
The period was accomplished—and one day
This tattered, brown, old, greasy coverture
(Time had endeared its vileness) was transferred
To the possession of a wandering son
Of Israel's fated race—and friends once more
Greeted my digits with the wonted squeeze;
Once more I went my way, along, along,
And felt no wondering gaze; the hand of scorn,
With its annoying finger—men and dogs,
Once more grew pointless, jokeless, laughless, growl-less,
And at last, not least of resumed caresings, love,
Love smiled on me again, when I assumed
A bran new beaver of the André mould;
And then the laugh was mine, for there out came
The secret of this strangeness—'twas a *bet*!

President—Good, very good, indeed; we certainly never heard the lines before: but the present volume of Mrs. N.'s poems, Hal, what of it; remember you are nothing if not critical.

Harry—It is the story of the wandering Jew, done into delicious verse: in short, a most delightful volume, full of poetic power, rich imagery, and flashes of the right Promethean fire. Something too much there may be, of mystery and moodiness; but as my sweet friend is very young and very cheerful, it can be only on the principle that poets succeed best in fiction, she has taken up this strain: on the whole, as you critics say, 'we cordially recommend the work to the attentive perusal of our readers, who will rise from its perusal with sentiments of respect for the author's talents, esteem for her virtues, and gratitude for the exalted pleasure she will have afforded them.'

President—Good: Postlethwaite have you got through "*The Denounced*," by Banim yet?

Postlethwaite—Certes Signor Mio, I did your high behest touching the same.

President—And what do you report?

Postlethwaite—Oh, just a chip of the old block, nothing but the intolerance and insolence of the overbearing orangemen, and the meekness and innocency of the suffering papists; really I think 'tis high time to consign all this twaddle, this spurious spawn of sickly sentiment, to oblivion, and to assume a more manly, straightforward line of conduct, than to write a work of fiction for the purpose of maligning any set of men, whatever be their religious or political opinions. We ought to have got rid of these miserable little party jealousies long ago; and though it has been, perhaps, more usual to find them on the other side from that to which Mr. Banim belongs, either deserves castigation alike.

Pesident—Sensibly spoken, Mynheer Postlethwaite, we agree with you completely. Pepperpot would you favour us with a song lest we grow stupid.

Pepperpot.—I am as hoarse as a raven hollowing and shouting to my troop in the park to-day; but if you will I can repeat some quizzical verses.

President—Well, well; any thing to keep us alive: proceed.

Pepperpot—'Tis a quiz on Digby's sonnet on a sonnet, in No. IX. of the D. L. G.

SONNET ON A SONNET.

A maudlin measure of meandering words—
The dismal ditty of departing cow:
And spiritless, as milk devoid of curds,
Thin, pallid, rotgut beverage of sick sow,
'Gainst which I deem, 'twere well to make a vow:
A sort of Temperance Society;
For in the stomach it doth make a row
To hearing most unmusical. To me,
Myself again,—by which I mean become
Quite sober,—such the aforesaid poetry.
The inspiration flatulent of some
Sad spinster of Parnassus moved by whey.
When, late at night, imprisoned breezes meeting
With thin potations, make a doleful greeting.

Voices in the air—Monsieur le Président, Monsieur le Président!

Harry Digby—Where be those
Aëry tongues that syllable men's names?

Pres.—Be not afeard; the room is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt

Soft music and a Song. [not.

When friends that we cherish, around us are smiling,
Oh! how can we think of the future or past?
The present so sweetly our senses beguiling,
We only regret it is flying too fast:
Then bid me not waken one thought of to-morrow,
To darken those moments so joyously bright,
The future, alas! may be clouded by sorrow,
But all shall be happy and glowing to-night.

The summer's light zephyr in spite of its fleetness,
Is dear to the rose it refreshes at noon;
And hours like these will lose nought of their sweetness,
Though lightly as breezes they fly from us soon.
Then bid me not waken one thought of to-morrow,
To darken those moments so joyously bright,
The future, alas! may be clouded by sorrow,
But all shall be happy and glowing to-night.

Oh! who, when the sun in full splendour is glowing,
Can think of the hour that his glory shall set?
Or who when the noontide of pleasure is flowing,
Would sully its course with a sigh of regret?
Then bid me not waken one thought of to-morrow,
To darken those moments so joyously bright,
The future, alas! may be shrouded in sorrow,
But all *shall* be happy and glowing to-night.

President—As we live, and love, and hope to be married, the silvery voice and verse of the fair Margaretta S.

Harry Digby—Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould, breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?

[*A lady's head is descried at the casement peeping over the venetian blind.*]

MUSIC AND SONG.

Awake, my harp, some joyful measure,
No longer breathe a pensive strain:
Be like my soul attuned to pleasure,
And never mourn again.

Awake, my harp, some joyful measure,
'Twas love that taught thy strings to move;
And love now fills my soul with pleasure,
Then hymn the charms of love.

Oh! Love, some call thy musings folly,
Some call thee cruel, base and blind;
But thou, methinks, art pure and holy,
Exalted, raised, refined.

And some there are who can dissemble,
The raptures of thy ardent flame;
And some poor maidens start and tremble,
If they but hear thy name.

Ah! tho' thy charms were all illusion,
Such dear deceits I still would seek;
Thy mantling blush, thy soft confusion,
Thy *looks* that *more* than *speak*.

Thou know'st, O Love! how I have blest thee,
How oft for thee my heart hath beat;
How oft in sorrow I've caressed thee,
And thought thy sorrow sweet.

O Love! some call thy musings folly,
Some call thee cruel, base, and blind;
But thou, methinks, art pure and holy,
Exalted, raised, refined.

Harry Digby kneels entranced.

Beautiful spirit! with thy hair of light,
And dazzling eyes of glory, ——

President—Up cousin, up! no profanation here, 'tis the distant and 'most dear lady' who has so often favoured us. Come, we have sat too long; the ladies grow impatient. We are a feeble, fond old man; give us thy arm, Harry, to the drawing-room: let's have a dish of coffee while the womankind are bonnetting and shawling for a walk, this lovely evening.—

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, June 21.

The enthusiasm of the Parisians, at least of those who did not desire a different result, at the news of the landing of the French troops on the Algerine coast, is hardly to be described. I was at the opera on Friday night, when the news was announced there. There was at first only a general buz of admiration, but in a short time there were shouts of applause, and many of the females waved their handkerchiefs. You may, conceive, therefore, from this, that the French troops in Africa have only to succeed, to ensure success to the government at-home in the formation of a new Chamber.

The English have taken alarm lately at the appearance of things here, and have run off pretty numerously. At our hotel, which usually, in the month of June, has from 70 to 80 English, there were on Friday last only five; the late proclamation however will, I imagine, restore confidence, and cause an accession of numbers.

The season is likely to be very productive in France, notwithstanding the late unfavourable weather. The vines look well, and the price of wine will probably be low. The wine-growers in the south are anxious, it seems, to keep down the quantity for this year, several hundred acres of vines in the vicinity of Bordeaux have been rooted up; this system was adopted two years ago to a great extent, and the growers then declared that their vineyards did not pay for cultivation—most of the land so cleared has been planted with trees and sown with corn. A letter from Berlin gives an interesting account of the discovery of a subterraneous church in Prussian Saxony. A part of this church had been used for a long time by a farmer as a warehouse for potatoes, but having occasion for more room he had some rubbish cleared away, and soon came to a magnificent altar—some paintings, but in a very indifferent state of preservation, were also discovered. There has been a good deal of chat here in the Salons about a *liaison de cœur* in which the parties are said to be a Royal lady and a young Irishman—the duchess de B—— is probably the lady meant, but I have no doubt that the story is calumnious—the affability of the duchess and her avowed attachment for English and Irish persons have led the original propagator of the report into error. Considerable sensation has been caused here by some new accounts of poisoning from eating the sausages called *saucisson de Lyons* and of other places.

The trial of the persons charged with the murder of the celebrated Paul Louis Courrier, which has been little noticed in your country, but which has excited great interest here, terminated on the 14th in the acquittal of the three persons accused. The principal witnesses against them were a girl named *Grivault*, who declares that she saw them commit the crime when she was in the prest in company with a young man, who however declared solemnly on the trial that he had not been there with her, and a man named *Tremont*, who was formerly I believe tried for the murder and acquitted, but who has since confessed it, and turned evidence against the persons now accused. From the verdict of the jury, however,t his horrible affair still remains enveloped in mystery.

It appears by a letter from St. Petersburgh, that a splendid gold medal has been struck there in commemoration of the peace between Russia and Persia. It is 2½ inches in diameter, and is worth about twenty guineas. On the face is represented the town of Erivan and the river Zenghi on which it is built; in the back ground is Mount Ararat, on which is planted the Russian standard, with the date 1828. On the reverse Mount Ararat appears again surrounded by the waters of the deluge, with Noah's ark on the summit, and the date 2242 anno mundi.

Some of the frequenters of the Theatres have been a good deal excited lately by an announcement that M. Laurent, who for these few years past until the present season has had the privilege of the Italian opera, and who is well known in England from having been joint manager of the king's theatre with M. Laporte, had obtained the privilege of the *Theatre des Nouvautes*, with permission to introduce all foreign companies except Italian, which privilege is given to a Mr. Rubard. Mr. Laurent, who is married to an English lady, has a great predilection for the English, and he is ever greatly opposed by the ultra anti-english party, whilst he is warmly supported not by the *liberals* so called, but by all the justly liberal in national or theatrical matters. He has already announced the engagement of several English pantomime actors, and it is probable that there may be some attempts to impede the performances, but the result must prove favourable to him. It is understood that he will next season offer terms to Mr. Kemble and his daughter for six nights' performances in Paris.

The Cæsarean operation was performed here a few days ago, with success; the child was living, and likely to do well, and after the operation the mother was in a state which promised recovery.

The Opera Comique is again in a state of bankruptcy. This is an unfortunate thing for Miss Smithson, who had an engagement for several months, at about £60 per week. She will probably make some arrangements for her appearance under the management of Laurent, at the Nouveautes.

Some new cases of Lithotrity, by Dr. Civiale, have recently occurred, and they were in his hands perfectly successful. The subject excites great interest here. One of the prizes offered by the Paris Royal Academy is for the best Essay on Lithotrity. Four or five Essays, one of which is by Mr. Costello, the friend and pupil of Civiale, have been sent in, and he is expected to gain the prize which is of 1000 francs and a gold medal. The Academy of Medicine at Göttingen have also announced their intention of giving a medal and a sum of money, for the best Essay on Lithotrity. The Moniteur of yesterday contains an order from the Minister of public Institutions, for an official return of the state of all the Colleges and other Institutions for public inspection in Paris. The conduct of the tutors, the treatment of the pupils, the course of education adopted, are all to be minutely stated. This is thought to be preparatory to a thorough reform: some say the influence of the Jesuits is to be destroyed; others, that the progress of liberal doctrines is to be checked. Whatever may be the motive, the inquiry must do good.

Naples, 5th June, 1830.

Your kind and lively letter, my much regarded Postlethwaite, now lies like Moore's valley, smiling before me; having been my companion from Rome through many lovely and classical scenes, which have occupied our time delightfully ever since our departure from the eternal city; indeed, the whole retrospect of our tour is interesting and gratifying in the extreme. We left Rome reluctantly, I will admit it, (but the heat forced us off,) earlier than we wished, on the 13th of April, and travelled on hither by the shores of the blue Mediterranean. We arrived in Napoli on the 15th; it is second only to Rome, and in respect to sea, situation, and coast, far superior. The "studio" or gallery of ancient marble bronzes, &c. is superbissimo: fancy the treasures restored from Herculaneum, Pompei, Baiæ, and a hundred other contributing sources; even Rome itself and the Farnese palace, rich above all others, pouring into Naples for ages, works of art of all conceptions, and you may well imagine we had a rich treat here: that we have had, indeed, and it lasted for days and weeks together, beyond words to describe: we gave a fortnight uninterruptedly to the city and its environs, Pompei, Herculaneum, Vesuvius, &c. &c. &c. and proceeded then to some of the islands, Ischia—delightful, wonderful Ischia—Capri, &c. resting two or three nights at such points as were calculated to engage or gratify us; we secured a lodging in a noble palace (villa Guarracino,) near Sorrento, anciently Syrentum, where we made a rest for seventeen or eighteen days, rambling by land or sea, and taking a cold dinner out with us on mules, asses, or in boats, which we eat, (not the boats, mules, or asses, but the dinner,) in some glorious cave, grotto, ruin, or shady spot. Our party now grew to twelve in number, no fewer than six H's. and others attached and attracted by a similarity of feelings and tastes; so if many make a merry party, we had numbers enough. Our time flew, indeed, delightfully. At Sorrento, we made some most agreeable acquaintances, Mrs. Starke (authoress of the best Guide in Italy,) amongst them, and divers other agreeable folk, artistical, &c. We also met and made acquaintance with your old friend U—— who is now at Naples, and was foremost in all our scenes of amusement and jollification: he is fully employed I am happy to say. Amongst other things I saw, is a pic-

ture he has in hands and far advanced, for your friend Mr. Morton of the county Cavan: the picture will do all parties credit. It is two sleeping peasant children in the vine grove, on a heap of their father's dresses, dogs watching, and their mothers looking over them—a charming poetical production. From Sorrento we crossed the gulph of Solerno, (and so on to Amalfi, one of the most surprisingly picturesque and mountainous places conceivable, seated 7 or 800 feet above the sea. Thence we advanced to Solerno, slept two nights here going to and returning from Poestum, a distance of some 50 or 60 miles, through a glorious country rich and fertile, three crops covering the ground at once, large cherry trees now full, and yielding delicious fruit, around which luxuriant grapes entwine and over-arch the fields about walking height from the ground, on which fine wheat, barley, Indian corn, the cotton plant, flax, hemp, French beans, and lupin grow, as may be, and which crops when ready are removed, a fresh sowing of the land takes place, and three crops are thus gained in the year, all by the effect of climate and good husbandry, for they are excellent cultivators of their lands; but the grand agent is water, every field has a well: water is pumped and let flow to perfect saturation: roads or channels, and sluices are mathematically constructed to carry water for irrigating every level. The most splendid myrtles, like forest trees, often meet you: the oak in great glory and beauty spreads abroad its mighty arms in gigantic majesty: in short, nature glories in her productive power here. Poestum is superb, simple, grand and impressively beautiful: three temples remain, models of art and defying the present race to imitate: such massive stones—such enormous pillars and capitals—in short though some 800 years older than Rome, Rome has nothing ancient, so fine. Earthquake alone could destroy such mighty labours, and earthquake has riven them sorely—owing to it, this fertile flat, bounded by most romantically grand mountains clothed with trees of all characters was formed; and by volcanic eruption several thousand acres or many miles of sea was filled by the ashes and new earth formed hereabouts, now garden-ground altogether, while the sea-beaten track here retaliated the encroachment and rushed in in turn on the land, and spoiling the coast and ruins; first, on one side of the gulf of Naples along the Syrentine shore, and then on the other to Baiæ, knocking down and covering over mighty roads, ruins, palaces, and temples, which yet may be seen under water more or less visible: fancy such places, and fancy us wandering among them; would you had been with us! but such things could not be. We returned on Tuesday evening again to Naples, having previously secured births in the steamer for Leghorn and Genoa; and in an hour hence we shall be on board and off. On the other side our peregrinations for the future are sketched: we look to be at Pau, and so go to Bourdeaux, steam it to Dublin in autumn as things may serve, leaving Paris out for the present.

Cork, June, 1830.

The last published volume of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia contains an invidious observation on the oratorical propensities of the people of Cork. It runs thus: "All are orators, and no public business is transacted without a public debate." (*Cities and principal Towns*, vol. I. p. 144.) The doctor applies it sarcastically, I am satisfied; but he, perhaps better than most men, knows that we are not as yet quite so ridiculous as his book is so well calculated to make many people believe. I myself remember distinctly, that somewhere in the years 1826 and 27, the *mechanics* of Cork, or rather a minute fraction of them, the Mechanics' Institute, paid the doctor for a course of lectures of elementary mechanics and machinery, the respectable sum of one hundred guineas.

The learned and talented gentleman, as the *puffers* say, for whom no man can profess a higher degree of respect than I do, is, or at least should be, perfectly well aware that in making such an assertion, and in such a style, he was not at all borne out by facts, or warranted by experience. We are, it is true, fond of attending public debates upon important topics, whether national or local, and there are some amongst us too, when occasion offers, take a conspicuous part in them; but I deny in toto that we are such as he has sneeringly depicted us to the invidious world. We had at one time (the Doctor should know that Curran, if not a native of our city, was born in our county, and received his education within a few miles of its suburbs, and that Burke never denied his derivation, or forgot the abode of his fathers,) some very excellent speakers amongst us; and even at this moment we can reckon among our citizens men of ability and public promise, fully equal to any that Great-Britain has produced. The foremost of the first class of these is a young gentleman, a very young gentleman, Francis A. Walsh. He is as yet scarcely twenty-three years of age; of a diminutive stature, though well-shaped in person, and not at all handsome, or even comely in countenance, or regular in point of feature. Still, with these disadvantages, and we all know how much the multitude are swayed by personal appearance, he is the most popular orator of the south of Ireland, and that too amongst every class and description of people: and in public or private, despite of his "green years," he absolutely and allowedly takes the *pas* of all the "potent, grave, and reverend signiors" of our city. He is really a most astonishing young man, take him how you will; for his powers of declamation are almost equalled by his intuitive perception of the good, the true, and the beautiful; and his vivid imagination is completely under the guidance and control of his uncommon good sense. This is only the echo of the general voice on the subject of his merits.

The "untoward" passage in the doctor's book which I began with, has created no slight sensation here. We are jealous, particularly and rightfully jealous of all that is now left to us, our literary reputation. On this topic we are extremely sensitive; and cold indeed and unfeeling must be the heart and the hand that would wantonly hide the one ray of hope from the sinking spirit, or take away the one solitary enjoyment from an impoverished people. We, that is, those amongst us who best know and appreciate the learned doctor's abilities, are fain to believe that the shaft was flung harmlessly, or at least heedlessly: but there be many among us, and those, I am sorry to say, form the majority of *our* reading public, who firmly believe it to be otherwise. When we would argue to the contrary of their belief, they point out the coolness with which it was aimed, and the precision with which it was projected; and when we would willingly extenuate, they analyze the poison with which the weapon was tipped; and so we are even compelled, despite of our wishes, to utter an hopeless silence. It is to be hoped, that the doctor, an Irishman himself, will, in a future edition, if such the book is ever destined to see, expunge this obnoxious passage and apologize for its insertion. We should never sacrifice a single iota of our reputation or integrity, whether literary or otherwise, to please those palates which have long found delight in such vicious aliment; and least of all, should one of ourselves ever descend to cater for the appetites of a people who have already nearly devoured us as well as our rightful heritage.

J. S.

HORÆ GERMANICÆ.
FOURTH AND CONCLUDING LETTER OF THE FREISCHÜTZ.

My dear President,

Having already presented to your notice, in their native habits, the pious hermit and the interesting Agatha, as well as that less amiable person Caspar, with Max his ill-starr'd companion of the chase; is it now time, if you are not tired of the subject, that I should introduce you to some acquaintance with no less a personage than the evil one himself, who figures on the German theatre under the formidable appellation of 'Zamiel, the swarthy Hunter.' For this purpose, I have "pulled from his dark hole, where he sat brooding," in my escrutoire, this awful character, and the whole of the original incantation scene along with him, which I shall proceed, with as little delay as possible, to lay before your readers, clothed in such English guise, as my organ of translativeness has enabled me to invest the same withal.

The scene is already so well known, from its frequent representation on the stage, that a perusal of it may appear, perhaps, to have been rendered superfluous; yet, of the thousands who have witnessed the Freischütz, how many are there who have come away without even pretending to understand the plot of the opera? This it is but natural in every one to attribute rather to the obscurity of the German dramatist, than to any thing approaching to opacity of apprehension on his own part; now, I am willing to let author and audience divide the blame between them, (for the Germans *are* rather mysterious,) and then, *cela posé*, as Legendre says, *on m'accordera toujours* that the faulty dramatist will have a better chance of being understood, and having justice rendered him, if he is allowed to speak for himself on paper, where the reader, if he pleases, may "ponder well," on what he wishes to express, than the transient nature of a theatrical exhibition will, perhaps, at all times admit of. I allude, of course, more particularly to such a scene as the one I inclose you, which is for the most part filled up with what are called stage directions; and although this may be thought by many to be but dull sort of reading, yet I entreat any gentle reader who takes pleasure in perusing the lucubrations in the D. L. G. and who may, perchance, stumble on this article, to pause before he denounces the system with too sweeping a censure, until I shall have endeavoured, as I intend to do on some future occasion, to justify the prac-

tise, and to prove that these "stage directions" may be sometimes interesting.

Without discussing the matter further at present, I think it but justice to M. Kind to say, that I have translated the following scene as literally as possible; and if his description of the progress of the storm, &c. shall be found interesting to your readers, (putting the improbability—or absurdity if you will—of the whole thing out of the question,) the merit is entirely his own.

At the same time, there is little doubt that the Cauldron scene of the witches in Macbeth, has suggested to the German the idea of his receipt for making magic bullets; and the meeting of Max and Caspar in the enchanted circle, will perhaps remind the reader of the interview between Dirk Hatteraick and Gilbert Glossin in the cave of Derncleugh.

Before I dismiss Zamiel from my presence, to be treated as his merits may appear to you to require, I must mention that the representative of that celebrated character at one of the German theatres, being a very tall, handsome man, with a fine bass voice, was so annoyed by the curiosity and public applause bestowed on him by all the little urchins in the streets, after he had appeared in Zamiel, that he stipulated with the management of the theatre for an increase of salary, as, in the event of its being denied him, he peremptorily refused to play the Black Yäger any longer. Mr. Zamiel being a personage of the first importance on the German stage, and the management despairing of being able adequately to replace his representative, from the remainder of their Corps Dramatique, (which if they had attempted, by the bye, the gallery would probably have pulled the house about their ears, *the* Zamiel being such a favorite,) were obliged to comply with the actor's demand. I have often seen him riding about the streets of —— on a little poney, whose tiny figure formed a ludicrous contrast to the gigantic stature of his "swarthy rider."

R.

DER FREISCHUTZ.

THE INCANTATION SCENE.

[*A frightful glen, for the greater part overgrown with dark underwood, and surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains, from one of which dashes a waterfall. The full moon appears pale: two storms raging from opposite directions. In the foreground a withered tree, shattered by lightning: the inside of which is decayed, so that it appears illuminated. On the other side, sitting on the knotted branch of a tree, a large owl with fiery eyes in continual motion; on other trees, ravens and other birds of the wood.*]

Caspar—(Without hat or jacket, but with hunting pouch and dirk, is busied in disposing some large black stones in a circle, in the middle of which lies a skull; some steps from it, the eagle's wing which he had cut off; a casting-ladle and bullet-mould.)

(Voices of invisible spirits from various directions—sing)—

Milk of the moon the herb bedew'd—
Uhui!
Spider's web is wet with blood—
Uhui!
Yet ere evening shadows glide—
Uhui!
Dead is she, the tender bride!
Uhui!
Yet ere night enclouds the skies,
The bleeding victim breathless lies.
Uhui! Uhui! Uhui!

[*The distant clock strikes twelve; the circle of stones is completed. At the twelfth stroke of the bell, Caspar draws his hunting-dirk with violence, and strikes it into the skull:—presently after, Zamiel.*]

Caspar raises the skull on the point of the dirk, and exclaims—

Zamiel! Zamiel! appear!
By the skull of a sorcerer!
Zamiel! Zamiel! appear!

(He returns the sword and skull to the middle of the circle; subterraneous noise; a rock splits; Zamiel is visible in the cleft; Caspar prostrates himself before him.)

Zamiel—For what am I required?

Caspar—(creeping)—Thou know'st my term of freedom is expired

Zamiel—To-morrow!

Caspar—Put off once more my sufferings.

Zamiel—No!

Caspar—I'll bring thee yet new offerings.

Zamiel—Whom?

Caspar—My own companion of the chace is near,
Who in thy realm did never yet appear.

Zamiel—What's his demand?

Caspar—Charm'd bullets, now his only hope of joy.

Zamiel—Six hit the mark, the seventh shall destroy!

Caspar—The seventh be thine;
From his gun direct it to his bride,
Despair will then his trembling frame bestride
Him and the fair—

Zamiel—In her I have no share!

Caspar—(apprehensively)—Will he alone suffice?

Zamiel—Let him then be the price!

Caspar—For three years longer is the term renew'd?
Bought by his soul, and purchased with his blood?

Zamiel—So let it be!
By the gates of hell,
To-morrow—thou or he!

[*Hollow thunder, repeated by the echo; Zamiel vanishes: the skull and dirk have also disappeared, and in their place appears a small grate with live coals; near it a few small faggots. Caspar rises and dries the perspiration from his forehead.*]

Caspar—(perceiving the coals)—Bravely served! *(takes a draught from his hunting-flask.)* Thy benediction on it, Zamiel! Faith he has made me warm: but where tarries Max? will he break his word? Zamiel, help!

[*He moves about in the circle, not without alarm: the coals threaten to become extinguished; he kneels down, places faggots on the fire, and blows on them: the owl and the other birds clap their wings at the same time, as if to fan the fire; it blazes and crackles.*

Max—(appearing on the pinnacle of a rock opposite to the waterfall, and looking down into the glen beneath;)

Ha! frightful seems
The dark abyss: O dreadful dell!
The eyesight deems
To penetrate the depths of hell!
See! how the cloudy monsters fly,
The moon no longer darts her beams;
And misty figures tread the sky,—
The rock even animated seems.
And here —— hush! hush!
The birds of night desert the bush;
The red-grey, knotted boughs extend
To me their giant arms;
Though fear my heart disarms,
I *must* with fate contend!

(He descends a few steps down the rocky path.)

Caspar—(raises himself up, and perceives Max)—Thanks, Zamiel! the term is won. *(to Max.)* Art here at last, comrade? was that friendly, though to leave me alone? Seest thou not how hard I am at work?—*(raises the eagle's wing with which he has been fanning the fire towards Max, as he speaks.)*

Max—(staring at the wing, with his hand before his face.)

I shot that eagle tow'ring in the air—
I cannot now return, my fate lies there!

(Stops again, and continues gazing stedfastly at the opposite rocks.)

Woe is me!

Caspar—Come down then, time is short.

Max—I cannot.

Caspar—Chicken-heart! at another time you can climb like a squirrel.

Max—See yonder, see!

(Points to a rock which is still illuminated by the moonlight, where a female figure in white apparel, appears raising her hands.)

What there appears,
Is my mother in tears;
So lay she on her bier—so calls she in the grave;
She implores me with prophetic eye—
She beckons me to fly.

Caspar—(aside)—Help, Zamiel! *(aloud.)* Oh! such folly! ho! haho! look then again, and discover the consequence of your cowardly madness.

[*The veiled figure has vanished; the form of Agatha appears, with hair dishevelled, strangely dressed out with straw and leaves; she is made to resemble a frantic creature, and appears on the point of precipitating herself into the waterfall.*]

Max—Agatha! she springs into the stream! Down, down, I must.

[*The figure has disappeared; Max climbs completely down; the moon begins to darken.*]

Caspar—(aside, meeringly.)—So I should think!

Max—(with violence to Caspar.)—Here am I, what have I to do?

Caspar—(throws him the hunting flask, which Max puts aside.)—First drink; the night air is cool and damp. Wilt *thou* cast the balls?

Max—No: that is contrary to our agreement.

Caspar—Take courage. Step into the circle, it is a wall of brass against the power of spirits, even from the firmament down to the earth's deepest abyss. Whatever thou mayest now hear and see, keep thou quiet; *(with secret dread,)* should now, perhaps, an unknown personage come to help us, nay, were it even a swarthy rider, on a coal-black steed with nostrils breathing fire, what needst thou care? Should other things appear, what matter? the smart man sees them not.

Max—(entering the circle.)—Oh! how is this to end?

Caspar—In vain is death! Not without resistance will the secret powers of nature reveal their treasures to the eyes of mortals; only when thou remark'st that I, too, tremble; then come to my assistance, and call out whatever thou shalt hear me call—else we are lost! *(Max makes an action, signifying reproach.)* Be still, the moments now are precious; *(the moon is now obscured, with the exception of a narrow streak; Caspar takes the casting-ladle.)* Now observe; in order that thou mayest learn the art—*(he takes the ingredients out of his hunting-pouch, and throws them into the ladle one after another.)* Here, first is lead! A little broken glass from the shattered windows of a cathedral! That's good. Some quicksilver! Three bullets that have already hit the mark! The right eye of a Hoopoe! The left one of a Lynx! *Probatum est!* and now to charm the bullets—*(bends his head to the ground three times, with a pause between each.)*

Huntsman of the forest dark!
Zamiel, hear me! Zamiel, hark!
Grant thy potent aid to-night,
Till the magic work be right!
Be thy blessing on the lead,
Three times seven, and nine times said!
That the bullets may have power,
Zamiel, help! It is thine hour.

[*The matter in the casting-ladle begins to hiss and to ferment, and emits a greenish-white kind of light; a cloud runs over the streak of the moon, so that the surrounding country remains illuminated only by the light from the grate, the eyes of the owl, and the rotten wood of the withered tree. Caspar begins to cast, let's the bullet fall out of the mould, and calls out* ONE! *The echo repeats* "ONE!" *Birds of the wood come down and seat themselves round the circle, hop and flutter about. Caspar counts* TWO! *The echo repeats it. A black boar rustles through the leaves, and runs snorting over the stage. Caspar starts and counts* THREE! *Echo as above. A storm begins to rage; breaks the tops of the trees, and drives sparks from the fire. Caspar apprehensively counts* FOUR! *Echo as above. A rattling and clanking noise, with cracking of whips and trampling of horses is heard. Four flaming wheels throwing out sparks of fire roll across the stage, but so rapidly as to render it impossible to observe their exact make, or that of the carriage which they bear. Caspar with increasing apprehension counts* FIVE! *The echo repeats it. A baying of dogs, and neighing of horses in the air; clouds representing the figures of huntsmen on foot and on horseback, with stags and dogs, roll across the sky.*]

Caspar—(exclaims)—Woe is me! The wild chace!

FRIGHTFUL CHORUS.

Away! away! through forests fell,
O'er field and mountain, ditch and dell,
Through clouds and lightning, storm and spray,
Through fire, earth, air, and sea—away!

Caspar—SIX! Woe is me! Echo: "SIX! Woe is me!"

[*The whole sky is blackened; the two storms which have hitherto been combatting one another, strike together and discharge themselves in frightful thunder and lightning. A shower of hail-stones. Dark-blue flames strike out of the earth; will-o'-wisps shew themselves on the hills; trees are torn up, cracking by the roots; the waterfall foams and rages; large fragments of rock tumble from the precipice; tremendous fury of the elements on all sides: the earth appears to totter! Caspar convulsively screams: Zamiel! Zamiel! Zamiel! Help!* SEVEN! *Zamiel! Echo repeats:* "SEVEN! *Zamiel!" Caspar is dashed to the earth; Max likewise driven to and fro, by the storm, springs out of the circle, seizes a branch of the withered tree, and screams: Zamiel! In the same instant, the storm begins to subside; on the spot where the withered tree was, stands the black Yäger, grasping Max's hand.*]

Zamiel—(with tremendous voice.)—Here am I!

[*Max makes the sign of the cross and falls to the ground. The clock strikes one. Sudden calm. Zamiel has vanished. Caspar still lies with his face upon the ground; Max raises himself up with convulsive action.*

CURTAIN FALLS.

R.

NOTES FROM THE LOG BOOK OF A RAMBLER.

I was not long a resident in Göttingen ere I became considerably enamoured of many of the Burschen institutions. I had already begun to think that students were a very superior order of people, that duelling was an agreeable after dinner amusement, and that nothing could be more becoming or appropriate than a black frock braided, and fur collar thereto, even in the month of July. Having made this avowal, you will, perhaps, readily

believe that I was soon a favourite among my fellow students; and a circumstance which at the time added not a little to their good will and applause, was the fact of my translating the English song of "The King God bless him," into German verse, for a dinner to celebrate the anniversary of Waterloo.

My life now, although somewhat monotonous, was by no means an uninteresting or tiresome one. The mornings were usually occupied at lectures, and then I dined, as did all the students, at one, after which we generally adjourned in parties to one another's lodgings, where we drank coffee and smoked till about three; after which we again heard lectures, till we met together at Blumenbach's in the Botanical Gardens in the evening, when we listened to the venerable professor explaining the mysteries of calyx and corolla to some half dozen young ladies, by far the most attentive of his pupils. The evening was then usually concluded by a drive to Geismar, or some other little village five or six miles from Göttingen, when having supped on sour milk thickened with brown bread and brown sugar, (a beverage which, notwithstanding my Burschen prejudices, I must confess neither 'cheers nor inebriates,') we returned home about eleven; and although I wished much that University restrictions had not forbade our having a Theatre in the town, and also that professors' minds were relieved from their dread of the students misbehaving, and would have permitted them to associate with their daughters, (for I was as completely secluded from the society of ladies as ever St. Kevin was,) yet was I happy and content withal.

Such was the even tenor of my way, when the news reached us that a rebellion had broken out among the students of Heidelberg, in consequence, as it was said, of some act of oppression on the part of the professors: nothing could exceed the interest excited in Gottingen when this information arrived; there was but one subject of conversation, lecture rooms were deserted, the streets were crowded with groups of students conversing in conclave on the one subject of paramount interest, and at last it was unanimously resolved to show the Heidelbergers our high sense of their praiseworthy firmness, by inviting them to Göttingen, when news arrived that they had already put the university of Heidelberg in *verschiess* (in coventry,) and were actually at that moment on their way to us. Ere proceeding farther, however, it is necessary you should know how matters stood among the Heidelbergians, and for this purpose I cannot do better than give the notes of a brother rambler, who was at that time studying there; and who was well qualified from his knowledge of their language and habits to enter into the full spirit of their adventure; after many apologies for the utter illegibility of his manuscript, part of which was composed "*patulæ sub tegmine fagi*," he thus proceeds:

In giving you an account of the "revolt" of the students of Heidelberg, which befel in 1828, it is not my intention to preface it by detailing the peculiarities which render the German student so remarkable, although such an introduction would be absolutely necessary to the understanding what is to follow, were I not writing to one who, like myself, has witnessed all their wild eccentricities, and the recklessness of consequences which they show when their esprit de corps is fairly called into action; some of the most pleasing of both our recollections refer to the periods when we were pursuing our studies at a German University, where, though we saw much to blame, there was also much to admire; for in my opinion even the most offensive traits in the characters of our former fellow-students, can be fairly referred to a distortion of the best feelings of the human mind: their contempt of politesse, verging to brutality, is but an effect of their exaggerated notions of freedom, an attempt as it were to value their friend by his intrinsic qualities as a man, casting aside the consideration of any adventitious ornament he may derive from a knowledge of the world, or conforming with the rules, or as they would say, the shackles of polished society. Liberty is the object of their adoration, worshipping it from feeling, not principle, they debase their deity to an idol; but why should I debate on their character to one who knows them so well, and values them so justly; their faults and their follies should not be harshly dealt with by us, who can never find truer friends or warmer hearts, than we have met amongst the rude Burschen of Göttingen, Heidelberg, and Jena.

In the early part of the present summer (1828) an institution was opened in Heidelberg, uniting the properties of a club-house, a reading-room, a casino, and a tavern: the part affording food for the mind, being reserved for the subscribers, while the department ministering to the body, was open to all whose outward man went bail for the discharge of the bill; billiard, coffee, and card-rooms, however, were also set apart for the subscribers; and balls were given occasionally, tickets being issued to subscribers only. The subscribers to this institution were divided into two classes, one having votes in the management, the others having no other duty to perform, than to pay their money and submit to the rules and regulations imposed by their more privileged brethren, who were styled acting members; but none were eligible to be acting members, except those who resided in Heidelberg, or within four miles of it; and thus the students were completely excluded from the management; that this was a wholesome regulation, cannot be denied; but it is not to be wondered at, that the students, under those circumstances, resolved to decline becoming subscribers: the next step they took was not so justifiable; it being resolved at the various student's clubs, that any of their body subscribing to the museum, should have the full measure of their heaviest wrath poured out upon him, by being put under the awful ban of the verschiess, the nature of which I need not explain to you.

The heads of the University, being informed of these steps on the part of the students which militated so seriously against the infant museum, resolved to subject the most refractory to university discipline, and taking advantage of their belonging to the students societies, which is contrary to college rule, they caused seven of the presidents of those societies, to be arrested at night by the University Police, and incarcerated in the University prison; the news of this flew like wild fire through Heidelberg, the most influential among the students met together, and before morning their plans were matured: how they were executed, I have now to tell you.

I had returned from a trip to Francfort, at a late hour on the same night, on which such active measures had been taken by the respective high contending parties, and being considerably fatigued by a ride of ten German miles (for to vary my route, I had preferred the road along the Rhine by Wiesbaden, Mayence, Worms and Manheim to the more direct one by Darmstadt and Weinheim, along the magnificent Bergstrasse, so much celebrated by the lovers of the picturesque,) I had retired immediately to my lodgings, anticipating the delights of being disengaged from my ponderous jack boots, and strongly adhesive leather pantaloons, and consequently did not pay my accustomed visit to the Lustgarten, where the society to which I belonged assembled; I thus remained ignorant of the important crisis which was at hand, and was not a little astonished at being awoke next morning before six, by a stormy irruption of some score of students who burst into my chamber, shouting out auf Bruder auf, and before I was able to receive an answer to my hurried enquiries, the cause of the tumult was explained by my hearing numerous voices shouting under my window, die Burschen sind aus, words whose all absorbing import I need not explain to you; this to a student's ear was enough, I dressed myself as quickly as possible, amidst a tumult which I shall not attempt to describe, and seizing my schlager, was hurried away by my excited companions to the great square in front of the University; in passing along we were joined by several, all hurrying to the general Sammbungsplatz, some shouting the ominous watch-word *die Burschen sind aus*, others singing Snotche of Schiller's *ein freyes Leben fuhren wir*—*Am Rhein*, and other songs, well known to all who have frequented a student's weinscheuse; by this time several of the towns-people had been awakened; on casting an eye upwards, many a fair face half shrouded in snowy white night cap, might be seen casting an inquiring, it may be a wistful glance, if some favoured individual was there, on the growing tumult below: who can tell what fondly cherished plans and day dreams were blighted by the wild work of that one morning? I could relate some tales of intimacies fast ripening to attachment, of attachments even already formed, the actors in which but the evening before had little dreamt of so speedy a separation, but to whom this hurried glance might be the last they would ever interchange; many of the trades people were standing at their shop doors with anxious and alarmed faces, which the circumstances certainly fully justified, their welfare indeed, almost their existence, depending on the students remaining in Heidelberg, and they well knew that the scene I am attempting to describe, was the precursor of a general desertion, or perhaps of some act of violence; the last disturbance which had occurred some years before, when several houses had been almost razed to the ground, recurred to their memories, and the total want of any force to repel an outrage of the kind, (for no military are tolerated by the students in an University town) rendered the aspect of affairs somewhat gloomy; proceeding thus, we speedily reached the grand rallying point where we found between six and seven hundred students collected, in front of the University prison, where the students who had been arrested the foregoing night were confined: just as I arrived, a rush was made simultaneously by all those more immediately near the building, the door was forced with some difficulty, and the

captives were liberated amidst the deafning shouts of their excited brethren; after a brief pause, the entire body acting as from one impulse, proceeded toward the western gate of the town; this movement had been previously arranged by those who had organized the entire proceeding, and who were but very few in number, but yet amongst the overwhelming majority present, who had no previous accurate knowledge of the line of proceedings to be adopted, not one dissentient voice was heard.

I had now full time to survey the extraordinary assembly amongst which I found myself; a student's appearance and costume I need not describe, such amongst them as had been aware of the resolution to leave the town, came prepared for that dernier resort, having their knapsack on their back, wearing for the most part the pluse, the taback beutel suspended at one side, at the other counterbalanced by a flask of schnaps or kirschenwasser; while the pipe, that fidus Achates, projected from its appropriate receptacle in the breast. Of those who were quite unprovided with money or other requisites for travelling, which to us would appear indispensable, but few went to their lodgings to procure them; in the great common cause in which they were embarked, a community of property was implied; and this mutual accommodation was afforded, and what perhaps argues still more, accepted, with a liberality and good feeling which might be, perhaps, sought for in vain amongst many who pretend to despise and deride the rude Bursch.

We now traversed the leading street of the town, and soon gained the high road leading to Manheim, which, however, we speedily quitted, striking into a cross road leading to a little village called Schwetzingen, about two or two and a half leagues from Manheim; the procession seemed to be, as in truth it was, one of a party of men under the influence of the most riotous high spirits: song and laughter resounded on all sides, and those who had before had some temporary animosity, might be seen embracing each other with the true fervour of the fancied brotherhood existing amongst the students. The society of the Suabians, however, did not seem to manifest the same good feeling towards the common cause by which the others were animated; they proceeded in a body it is true with the rest, but though mingled amongst us, their bearing and manner drew as evident a line of demarcation as though they had openly opposed the undertaking in toto. This bad feeling did not fail to break out soon in open defection.

We arrived at Schwetzingen, after a walk of between two and three hours. This little village is remarkable for the beautiful park attached to the Sogenannte Lustshloss of the Grand Duke of Baden, the Lustshloss forming three sides of a rectangle, and strongly resembling the corn stores we see attached to a mill. The park, however, although situated in so retired a corner of the world as scarcely ever to be even heard of by any of the myriads of English who daily *run through* this part of Germany, is one of the prettiest things of the kind I have seen in any part of the Continent; it is many acres in extent, very judiciously laid out, well wooded, and intersected in all directions by shady walks which are truly delicious in the heat of summer months; it is likewise adorned with a very handsome and extensive piece of water, the banks of which are beautifully wooded. In the centre of the park the exact model of a Turkish mosque has been erected by the Grand Duke, at the expense of between twenty and thirty thousand florins: an architect having been previously sent to Turkey to take an exact plan from which it might be erected; to call it a model, indeed, does not give a fair idea of its extent, as it encloses a square of at least one hundred feet, having a proportionate elevation, with lofty minarets from which a most extensive view is commanded, Spires, Manheim, and Worms, being plainly seen; the walls are covered with arabic inscriptions from the Koran, with German translations beneath; one in particular struck me, from its terseness and from the conviction I had how great would be its utility could it but assume the authority of holy writ with certain component parts of our domestic circles in christian Europe, the German was as follows, for I think it would savour of pedantry to give it in the original Arabic:

Reden ist Silber, Schweigen ist Gold.—

I need hardly tell you that Schwetzingen is a favourite resort of the students in summer, and it has consequently a number of hotels and bierhauser quite disproportionate to the size of the place. Here we stopped to breakfast, I need not entertain you with an account of our breakfasting upon raw eggs, raw ham, and beer, although this might appear strange to the uninitiated it would not have the charm of novelty to you. This sudden influx of the university, en masse, astonished the good people of Schwetzingen not a little, and profiting by their simplicity the wits amongst us, soi disant and otherwise, took the opportunity of spreading the most extravagant reports to account for the phenomenon; some said we were going to fight against the Turks, whose contest with the Russians then excited universal interest; others hinted that we were on our way to join an army destined to take part in an approaching struggle with France, which they were gravely assured was near at hand, and the good people's geographical knowledge was by no means extensive enough to detect the incongruity of these stories. A serious question now arose as to where we should direct our steps, and here some difference of opinion was manifested; the great object was to leave the Duchy of Baden as soon as possible; we had received intelligence that an express had been sent to Manheim for a regiment of dragoons, but of whose destination we were ignorant as yet, not knowing whether they were intended merely to preserve the tranquillity of Heidelberg or to compel us to return thither, which might have been done on the pretext of our being without passports; although such a measure would have been useless, as it would only have compelled us to remain until our passports were delivered, which could not have been refused—the second consideration was, to go to some town which would afford accommodation for so large a number, and, at the same time, sufficiently remote from Heidelberg, to indicate a determination on our part not to return, unless our grievances were promptly redressed.

The disaffection of the Suabes now openly manifested itself: they declared their intention to remain at Schwetzingen. This was, of course, considered by the others as deserting the cause, and a separation immediately took place. The Suabes (in number about eighty) were accordingly left to themselves, and we proceeded to a flying bridge over the Rhine, hardly an English mile from Schwetzingen, on crossing which we found ourselves in Rhenish Bavaria. Although I had many a time and oft repaired to the Rheinbäyerra, with a party of students, to get cheap wine, yet I was quite unprepared for the kind of country in which I now found myself. In all my former trips we had naturally preferred the high road; and passing the Rhine at Manheim by the bridge of boats, found at the opposite side of the river a country low and marshy, it is true, but still open, and traversed by excellent leading roads; here, however, on approaching the opposite bank on the floating bridge, on which forty or fifty of us passed at a time, we saw opposite us thickly wooded banks, with an opening of some hundred yards where the bridge come to the shore; but still nothing that indicated a road, or indeed a tolerable footpath through the swampy flat that lay before us, and which indeed seemed to be nearly impassable, from the thickness of the underwood with which it was covered—the nature of this underwood also, consisting of willow, alder, and other moisture-loving trees, shewed that we would have no pleasant task in traversing the two or three leagues which, we knew, lay before us, before we could hope to come on a post road—in effect, nothing could be more dismal than the country through which we now passed, a path, barely sufficient to allow the long narrow country cars to pass, lay through a wood, so thick at either side as to render divergence in any direction almost impracticable—being in many places so thickly matted as to be, in truth, more impassable than a stone wall; the path was in general ancle deep in water, so spongy was the ground. In order to render the route passable for the carts employed in drawing the firewood, a device had been put in practice, which I had often heard of, but had never before seen—the trunks of trees had been laid transversely close together, so as to form a road way; and as these were in many places decayed, and in others replaced by new ones, which were very slippery, much merriment was at times excited by the grievous capsizes sustained by the more incautious amongst us; and, truth to tell, what with the consumption of wine and beer at breakfast, and the application to the schnaps flasks, both antecedently and subsequently thereto, many were in a state by no means favourable to rectilinear progression.

Having at length gained the post road, we proceeded to Frankenthal, where we arrived late in the evening. The first care of the more knowing amongst us was to secure beds; and I reckoned myself fortunate in being one of fourteen or fifteen of various nations, tongues and people, who occupied a deserted billiard-room in a melancholy-looking, straggling, ruinous hotel, at the outskirts of the town: as to the beds, horresco referens—nothing but a walk of forty miles could have proved provocation sufficient to sleep in, or rather upon them. Next day a general council was held, at which a series of the most spirited resolutions were proposed and carried by acclamation; and an ambassador deputed by the senate of Heidelberg, with overtures of pacification, was refused an audience, it being considered beneath our dignity to treat with a lesser functionary than a professor. This difficulty had been foreseen and provided against by the senate, and the venerable Thibaut, Professor of Law, who had remained at a village a few miles dis-

tant, soon arrived, fully empowered to sign a definitive treaty of peace.

I shall not trouble you with a detail of the negociations. Suffice it to say that the Landsmannschaft acceded to the terms offered, while the Burschenschaft obstinately rejected every overture towards an accommodation; and after several stormy debates, the Landsmannschaft returned in a body to Heidelberg—the Burschenschaft having, previously to their departure, pronounced the university to be in verschiess, in virtue of which law no true Bursch could study at Heidelberg for the ensuing three years. I being a member of the Saxo-Prussian re-union, of course returned to Heidelberg, where, however, I did not remain long—for being, perhaps unfortunately, a lover of variety and change, I set out in a few days for Vienna, wishing to contrast that well-policed and aristocratic capital with the almost licentious freedom of a university in other parts of the confederation.

ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH EMIGRÉS.

(Communicated by a lady.)

> Then take it, Sir, as it is writ,
> To pay respect, and not show wit.
>
> PARSON.

Before the Revolution the French were characterized not only by the great urbanity of their manners, but by a degree of courtliness perhaps unsuited to every-day occasions, and the poor wretches who spent their miserable days in soliciting alms "pour l'amour de Dieu," and passed their still more miserable nights under the starry canopy of heaven," were just as much Monsieur and Madame as the opulent inhabitants of splendid saloons, and mirror'd beds. "Ne vous dérangez pas Madame," said a polite décrotteur de souliers to a great fat, rotund woman, who was washing herself, sans cérémonie, at the Fontaine des Innocentes, one very warm morning in May, "je viens seulement demander des nouvelles de monsieur votre mari;" the said mari, as the answer explained, being then in prison; "Bon," replied the lady, without remitting her occupation, "le pauvre cher homme, je crois qu'il sera guillotiné! et bien monsieur Grosgens, si cela arrive tu seras mon second." Connubial constancy has never been lauded in France at any period, but where this fails the national characteristic is not forgotten, and the shoeblack saluted each newly washed cheek of this woman of *substance*, in joyful anticipation of very soon possessing several hundred francs, that she had saved by her industry and a close attendance at her fruit stall, in the marché, which, to do the fat woman justice, was always very nicely set out with tempting fruit as shining as her own circular physiognomy.

This polite faculty, however, was not only indigenous to the soil of France, but so epidemic that even strangers quickly caught the true spirit of a Parisian court; at the conclusion of the eighteenth century Madame de la Forêt, though a native of Geneva, had passed part of her life in France and had even held a situation of some importance in the palace of the Tuilleries at the period when the fascination of the most lovely and ill-fated queen was at the height of its short lived glory—"Mais nous avons changé tout cela," said the Frenchman, and he said truly, and in consequence of this change Madame de la Forêt came to London; she was singularly ugly, but the reputation of her wit, learning, and merit, had preceded her arrival, and already gained her a distinguished place in the best society; a little learning goes a great way when it is skilfully blended with compliment, and Madame de la Forêt was pronounced the most agreeable and the cleverest woman in town: what pleased in Paris, would certainly please in London, and she lost not a single opportunity of making a witty repartee however far fetched or inapplicable it might be; thus it happened on one occasion at a house where a small party of ladies had passed the evening together, on the announcement of supper, *for people supped in these days*, a simultaneous fall back of all the ladies, at once proclaimed whom they considered entitled to take precedence, when Madame de la Forêt, performing a sort of revolving movement round a very quiet, simple, ordinary, good sort of woman who happened to be near her, exclaimed in the fullness of her learning, and her politesse, "ah Madame, je suis votre Satellite!"

Madame de la Forêt has, however, taken precedence, as was most proper considering she was a lady and a Foreigner, of an old gentleman, the characteristics of whose country and himself are pourtrayed in the following anecdote, which was related as genuine, and may not inaptly find a place here, for Monsieur vaut bien Madame.

Among the many thousands who sought an asylum in this country, from scenes of bloodshed and horror which disgraced their own at the beginning of the French Revolution, was Monsieur de Blondel, an amiable old man of the vieille cour; his hereditary possessions had excited the cupidity of the 'dogs in office' during this reign of terror, and his known attachment to his king, provided a pretence for committing him to prison; but his benevolent disposition had long since secured him a friend in the person of one of these very miscreants who planned the confiscation of his estates, and he resolved to save his old master's life, by a timely warning of his danger. Monsieur de Blondel escaped and arrived happily in London; but how was he to provide for his existence there? he had had no time to collect any considerable sum, and of what he had brought over, very little remained—it was an awful lesson to the great of the land, when Princes of the blood royal of France, supported themselves by giving lessons to the offspring of every grade in England, and a proud day to our country which fostered and supported those who have (however uncharitably) been stiled its "natural enemies."

Music, dancing, and drawing, had been severally taught by the expatriated sons of France, and the profits derived from these exertions, added to the allowance made them by our government, enabled many of the emigrants to live comfortably. Monsieur de Blondel, who had received an excellent classical education, undertook to teach his own language grammatically, and he obtained the situation of French master at Eton, in 1792. In the exercise of his vocation, the poor man stood in great need of all the forbearance, urbanity, and politesse, which used to distinguish his nation, for not a day passed, that some practical joke was not played off upon "Mounsheer," by the idle and impudent boys, whom it was his misfortune to instruct; one would fix a label on his back, full of absurd rhymes, which every body but himself understood and laughed at, another painted a tricoloured cockade, gaudy and disgraceful emblem of the power which destroyed his country, and stuck it in his hat, then all his aristocracy was roused, and he vented his rage in impotent and unintelligible oaths; it would be endless to continue the catalogue of this poor man's miseries, and all he endured from these petty tyrants, on whom his patient, saint-like expostulations, mes *braves* jeunes gens je vous conjure, mes *chers* Enfans, "je vous supplie mes *bons* petits messieurs" had the effect to encrease rather than repress their malice! At last, a book, valuable to him from the many and tender reminiscences of much loved but long lost friends which it contained, was one day taken up from his table during a lesson, by one of his most daring tormentors, and before the horror stricken Frenchman could reach it, the devouring element sent forth an encreased bright flame, and the ashes of his dearest treasure were all that remained.

> Tho' every joy is fled below,
> What future grief could touch him more.
>
> BYRON.

Human endurance could forbear no further—he screamed rather than spoke as follows, still blending a degree of courtliness with the extremity of his grief:—"Young gentlemen! e vil tell you van ting! if God Almighty were to say to me, Monsieur de Blondel, vil you *teech* de young gentlemen of Eton la langue Française, or vil you be d.....d? e vould say, me goode God, if it be de vere same ting to you, e had moche raser be d.....d!"

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

At a meeting of this Society on the 10th inst. Mr Bryan presented the following report from the Committee of Agriculture and Planting:—"The Committee of Agriculture and Planting report, that they conceive it would be highly desirable to ascertain, in a more correct manner than appears to have been done hitherto, the respective values, as manures, of the following substances:—1st. Of salt, applied to lands under tillage, pasture, and meadows; in what its efficacy consists, and in what quantity it should be applied. 2dly. The like of sea-warc, or sea-wrack. 3dly. The like of kelp. 4thly. The comparative value of sea-warc and kelp. 5thly. The like of chloride, or oxymuriate of lime. 6thly. The like of salt and lime together. Your Committee recommend that a series of experiments be instituted under the authority, and upon the premises of the society; and that the same be conducted under the direction of the Committee of Agriculture and Planting, with the advice and assistance of the Professors of Chemistry and Botany.

"Your Committee further beg leave to report that they have minutely inspected the stable offices belonging to this house, with a view to their partial occupation as a repository of approved agricultural implements, or models thereof; and they are of opinion that one half of these offices will be sufficient, and well adapted for the purpose, when properly cleaned and repaired."

The experiment of charging for the lectures has not, hitherto, succeeded. The natural philosophy class has been miserably small, indeed we believe the members themselves of the society never anticipated a very favourable result from this measure, which was forced upon them by the parliamentary commissioners of inquiry.

ORNITHOLOGY.

We have seen three curious and beautiful specimens of birds, lately killed in this country, now exhibiting in Suffolk-street Museum.

The Golden Oriole, (*oriolus galbula*) was shot in the county of Wicklow, the female was killed near the same place last year. This bird is a native of Africa, and is very rarely to be met with in this latitude.

The Hoopoe (*upupa epops*) was killed on the estate of Lord Llandaff, county Tipperary; one of these birds was shot about twelve months since at Balbriggan, and a Cornish miner some weeks since saw a flock of six alight in a potato field in Cornwall.

The African Heron, (*ardea caspica*), a beautiful specimen, was shot in Carrickmacross; it is the first that has ever been heard of in Ireland.

THE DRAMA.

We have not often witnessed so crowded an audience as filled the theatre on Saturday evening, on the occasion of the first appearance of Miss Paton and Mr. Wood. Recent circumstances, of public notoriety, have contributed to render them objects of no ordinary interest; and in consequence, long before the doors were opened, numbers had assembled, some anxious to gratify idle curiosity, and others attracted thither by the opportunity of hearing the first British vocalist of the day. This gratification, however, was for some time suspended by the tumult which prevailed, until near the end of the first act, and which continued at intervals during the night; but Miss Paton's enchanting execution of "How blest the Maid," diffused its magical effect throughout the house, and the feuds of adverse parties appeared for a while forgotten in the admiration of her wonderful powers. She gave the air in question with the most touching pathos and exquisite taste; it elicited a general *encore*, as did also Bishop's beautiful ballad, "She never blamed him, never," which Miss Paton sang without accompaniment. Her figure is much more attenuated than when last we saw her; her voice, however, is not only unimpaired, but, in our opinion, even improved in richness and volume. Her style is evidently founded on the best models of the British school, unsullied by those meretricious ornaments of Italian growth, with which some vocalists disfigure our English music: her intonation is perfect, her shake beautifully articulate, and the celerity and precision with which she executes the more rapid passages, leaves her without a competitor on the English stage.

There was nothing characteristic in Mr. Wood's Hawthorn, nor do we think him entitled to rank higher than a second-rate singer: he has certainly improved in style, and appears to have cultivated a musical taste since we last heard him; he possesses also some notes in the middle octave of his voice, which are exceedingly sweet, but his lower tones are ineffective, and his falsetto extremely meagre. Since he appeared, we have heard him with most satisfaction in several ballads, for which we think his voice more peculiarly adapted.

The Maid of Judah, with music by Rossini, and adapted to the English stage by Mr. R. Lacy, is to be brought out at our theatre during Miss Paton's engagement. It is already in rehearsal, and the chorus and orchestra have been augmented in consequence.

MUSIC.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE PIANO FORTE, WITH PROGRESSIVE LESSONS, &c.—G. A. Hodson, Dublin.

The object of the author of the present work is, evidently, to comprise in an abridged and cheap form, such elementary instructions and lessons as are necessary in attaining a knowledge of the piano forte;—the books already in use, on the same subject, are, from the quantity of matter they contain, necessarily sold at a high price: to meet general convenience, therefore, Mr. Hodson has condensed in his little book as much of useful information as is necessary for the young beginner. The didactic parts are simple and explicit, but we do not approve of the introduction of familiar airs as first lessons for the pupil; we have always preferred the selection, if possible, of original subjects, as they tend more to confirm the performer in a knowledge of time, which a susceptible and good musical ear will learn to dispense with, where a tune is employed with which it is already acquainted. In other respects, however, we think the work well calculated to answer the purpose of its author.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FRAGMENT OF A TALE.

. . . . . "For a moment let
My soul, the years that are between, forget,
And I will tell you what I know or knew
Of him, and of his fate." We mutely drew
Around the soft historian, as she told
A tale that touched me then.

. . . . . .

Like morning melting into day,
Boyhood yet lingered round the grace
Of youth's advancing light in him;
Not yet full-orbed, the calm to chase
Of passion's twilight softly dim,
From thought and life away:
And like the loftiest forest bough,
That's dancing to the spring-wind now,
He then was; with a living joy
Diffused about him fresh and green,
Like that which nothing can destroy:
A free and simply noble mien,
You could not see and soon forget;
An eye whose merry boldness met
Yours, with a brilliance soul-refined.

. . . . . .

And yet a slight, slight shade of gloom
Crept o'er him, as the shadow creeps
Over a summer landscape's bloom,
That one continual sunshine steeps.

. . . . . .

One evening in our happy ring,
He had sate silent long;
His thoughts I deemed had taken wing
Back to the dazzling throng,
Where but that morning's dawn had found
His step the lightest on the ground;
And I had no desire to break
His musings, or disturb his cheek,
To cast its strange dejection by
Awhile, if but in courtesy:
Yet when some flash of glittering wit,
Our circles calm a moment lit;
By habits force unpurposely,
I turned the well-known smile to meet,
In those gay eyes so darkly sweet:
No smile illumed them; but instead,
The lustre through their gloom was spread,
Of tears undropped so brightly full,
I feared they would have overflown,
Ere from their glance still beautiful,
In haste I had withdrawn my own;
And yet defyingly they tried,
As half in shame and half in pride,
To front me, and like chance to look;
But suffering may not be mistook;
And *he* was like the crystal brook,
Whose depths are soon descried.
There was the tiredness of the heart
On attitude and brow
So stamped; it mocked at custom's art,
An instant veil to throw
O'er nature's strength—I felt they *were*
Too surely tears that glittered there,
Startled, abashed, and vexed to see
A mystery was not meant for me:
I turned my eyes' intruding ray,
I knew not where in pain away;
And saw not, did those large drops weigh
The black fringe down, and swiftly force
Thence an escape, or were they prest
Back hotly to their throbbing source,
The silence of his breast.
I only marked he quickly broke
His own long wordlessness, and spoke,
Aye, spoke even gayly! yet to me
More sad that acted gaiety,
Than had he bent his head, and let
The flood of gathered anguish wet
His covering hands, beside me there;
For I know what it is to bear
Up with a desperate effort thus,
Against the truth, and speak and smile,
When earth with all it holds, from us
Swims blackened and confused the while.

Z. Y.

KNIGHT TOGGENBURG.

A Ballad from the German of Schiller,

BY JOSEPH SNOW.

"Knight, true sister-love may solely
Feel this heart for thee,
Ask not other love, unholy
Grief 'twould give to me:
Calm then I can see thee hieing—
Calm departing too,
But thy silent tears and sighing,
Cannot calmly view."

Sorrow-struck he hears her: rudely
Forth his red blood flings;
In his arms he clasps her mutely:
On his steed he springs.
Swift to Switzerland, then sending
For his warriors best,
To the holy tomb they're wending,
Cross'd upon each breast.

Doughtiest deeds was then achieving
Each heroic arm;
High their helmet plumes were heaving,
Where foes thickest swarm:
And "the Tottenburger," shouted,
Leaves the Mussulman:
Still his soul from sorrow rooted,
Nought dissever can.

Full a year thus pass'd he ruing,
But more deep he grieves,
Peace he finds is vain pursuing,
So his troops he leaves:
Sees a barque with sails outswelling,
Weigh from Joppa's shore,
To the land of his love's dwelling,
Turns he home once more.

To her castle's portals rushing,
Loud the pilgrim rung:
Ah! like thunder-stroke, heart crushing,
Hears he as they're swung;
"She you seek, the veil now bearing,
Is the bride of heaven;
Yester's feast as night was nearing,
She to God was given."

Now forsakes he, and for ever,
His paternal towers;
Arms nor true steed more shall never
Glad his darkened hours;
From the Toggenburg descending,
Hastes he all alone,
With coarse hair-cloth's folds defending,
His bolds limbs alone.

And he builds a lowly dwelling,
By the convent's bound,
Where the gloomy lindens swelling
Shade the cloister's round;
There when morn's fair ray first lightened,
'Till eve's gleam last shone,
With a face by fond hope brightened
Sat he all alone.

Looking all that cloister over,
Hours without a pang,
'Till her lattice to that lover
Oped with welcome clang;
And that lovely maid there shewing
To his senses wild,
Calm the vale below was viewing,
Like an angel mild.

Down he then would lay him joying,
Soon soft sleep would sain,
Dreams of her his soul employing,
'Till morn came again.
And so watched he, days full many
Years, long years—nor pang
Felt he, nor complaint made any,
For that window's clang.

'Till that lovely maid there shewing,
To his senses wild,
Calm the vale below was viewing,
Like an angel mild.
And so sate he there one morning
Lifeless—without fail,
To that lattice loved, still turning
His cold face, and pale.

Cork, June, 1830.

LINES

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM FOR THE LAST TIME.

No more upon thy "virgin page,"
The poet's burning line I'll trace;
No more record the thoughts of sage,
Or give the lover's tale a place.

And now at parting, if a tear
Of sorrow steal from out mine eye;
Oh! let that drop be doubly dear,
Shed as it is, for constancy!

To sever for a time gives pain,
With pleasureable feeling fraught;
But parting, *not to meet again*,
Brings something dreary with the thought.

When darkness is my only bed,
And death's cold shadows press around,
And when I ne'er can lay my head,
But on the chill and lonely ground;

Will thy perusal bring to mind,
Some thought of him, who penned this line,
And will my silent spirit find
A tender tear of sorrow shine

In thy sweet owner's gentle eye?
And, will her softened accent say
One little prayer of sympathy,
For him who shall have passed away:

Oh! if it do,—my spirit shall,
(With transport more than tongue can tell;)
Shine thro' the darkness of its pall
With tears of joy.—But—Fare thee well!

16th June, 1830. C. D. S.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We understand that Dr. Nares' laborious undertaking, a Life of Lord Burghley; the first Volume of which was published in 1828, is now completed. The Author of Sketches, Scenes, and Narratives, has in the press, a Poem entitled 'Visions of Solitude.' Travels to the seat of War in the East through Russia and the Crimea in 1829, by J. E. Alexander, 16th Lancers. An octavo edition of Travels in Sicily, Greece, and Albania, by the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B.D. The Turf, a novel; and Southennan, a novel, by Galt. De L'Orme, a novel, by the author of "Richelieu and Darnley." The Separation, a novel, by the author of "Flirtation." Wedded Life in the Upper Ranks, a novel. Clarence, a Tale of our own Times.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Morton's Travels in Russia, 8vo. 14s. boards—Philip on Acute and Chronic Diseases, 8vo. 12s. boards—Pickering's Emigration or No Emigration, 12mo. 5s. boards—Ashburnham's Attendance on Charles I. 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 1s.; royal 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d. boards—Farmer's Captivity among the Indians, 8vo. 17s. boards—The Denounced, by the author of "Tales by the O'Hara Family," 3 vols. post 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d. boards—Oxford English Prize Essays, 4 vols. post 8vo. £1. 16s. boards—Bishop Heber's Life, 2 vols. 4to. £3. 13s. 6d. boards—The Sacred Harp, 32mo. 2s. 6d. boards—Peacock's Algebra, 8vo. £1. 4s. boards—Brief Compendium of the History of England, 32mo. 1s. sewed—Arnold's Thucydides, Vol. I. 8vo. 18s. boards—Suranne's Dictionary, 18mo. 3s. half-bound—Edward's Philoctetes of Sophocles, with English Translations, 8vo. 8s. sewed—The Child's Guide to Knowledge, 18mo. 3s. sheep—Bell's Universal Mechanism, 12mo. 2s. 6d. boards—Edward's Anacreon, with English Translation, 12mo. 6s. boards—Moncrief's March of Intellect, with Cruikshank's Designs, 18mo. 1s. sewed—Ventouillacs Classics, 12 vols. 18mo. £3. 12s. cloth—British Naturalist, Vol. II. 18mo. 8s. 6d. boards—Madame du Barri's Memoirs, Vol. II. 18mo. 3s. 6d. royal 18mo. 6s. boards—Greenwood's Scripture Sketches, 12mo. 5s. boards—Wolfe's English Prisoner in France, 8vo. 7s.—Short Memorials of the Lord's Goodness, 12mo. 4s. 6d. boards—Quesnal on Gospels, 3 vols. 12mo. 18s. boards—Blount's Jocular Tenures, royal 4to. £3. 3s. boards—Buller Nisi Prius by Bridgman, royal 8vo. £1. 5s. boards—Exodus, or Curse of Egypt, 12mo. 4s. boards—Venning's Rudiments of Mineralogy, 12mo. 4s. 6d. half-bd. Young Baronet, half-bound, 2s.—Orphan's Choice, 1s. 6d. half-bound—Oxonian, a Glance at Society, by the author of the Roue, 3 vols. 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d.—Gordon's Personal Memorials, 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 8s.—Kennedy's Conversation with Lord Byron on Religion, 8vo. 12s.—Shaw's Illuminated Ornaments, 4to. Part I. 3s. 6d. plain do.; coloured 7s. 6d. royal 4to. with gold 15s.—Melmoth's Great Importance of a Religious Life, new edition, royal 32mo. 1s. 6d.; ditto, with Talbot's Reflections, Thoughts, Poems, &c. 2s. 6d.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

We are this week 'curtailed of our fair proportions,' in consequence of four pages being absorbed in a title and table of contents. We should most gladly have made these pages additional to our usual number, but that the stamp would not in that case carry them free through the Post-office, to the various parts of Great Britain. In our next, however, we shall have 'ample room and verge enough' to make up for all deficiencies in both quantity and quality. In binding, the table of contents will follow next after the title. We beg to return our hearty thanks to all our kind correspondents, for their numerous favours. Our office and establishment remain unchanged, so that we shall still be happy to hear from them through the usual channel. Mitta. S. will please favour us with the completion as soon as convenient, without the least dread of prolixity. We remember well the house of which she speaks in Paris.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature, the Arts, Education, &c.

Royal Hibernian Academy, Lower Abbey-street.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PAINTING, SCULPTURE, and ARCHITECTURE, is now open. Admittance, One Shilling.—Open from ten till dusk.

By order,
HENRY KIRCHHOFFER, R.H.A.
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☞ Admittance One Shilling.

Doors open at ten o'clock and close at five.—Subscribers are requested to call for their tickets.

J. P. GRIFFITH, Secretary, R.I.I.

April, 1830.

FEINAIGLIAN INSTITUTION.

LUXEMBOURG.

THE Public Half-yearly Examination of the Pupils of the Institution, will be held at Luxembourg on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday next, the 28th, 29th, and 30th instant.

The *order of Examination* each day will be as follows:—

MONDAY.

10 to 11 o'clock.
History—1st and 2nd Classes.
Latin—Intermediate Class.

11 to 12 o'clock.
French—7th, 8th, and 9th Classes.
Latin—6th Class.

12 to 1.
French—4th and 5th Classes,
Greek—7th Class.
English Grammar—Intermediate Class.

1 to 2.
Geography—4th and 5th Classes.
Latin—8th and 9th Classes.
Italian—6th Class.

2 to 3.
Arithmetic—2nd, 1st, and Intermediate Classes.
Greek—3rd Class.

TUESDAY.

10 to 11 o'clock.
Latin—1st Class.
English Grammar—Preparatory Class.

11 to 12.
Mathematics—7th, 8th, and 9th Classes.
Latin—3rd Class.
Greek—6th Class.

12 to 1.
Geography—1st and Intermediate Classes.
Latin—5th Class.
Greek—4th Class.

1 to 2.
Latin—7th Class.
English Grammar—1st and 2nd Classes.
History—3rd Class.

2 to 3.
French—1st, 2nd, and 3rd Classes.
Greek—8th and 9th Classes.

WEDNESDAY.

10 to 11 o'clock.
French—6th Class.
Latin—Preparatory Class.

11 to 12.
History—4th and 5th Classes.
Latin—2nd Class.
Italian—7th, 8th, and 9th Classes.

12 to 1.
Geography—2nd and 3rd Classes.
Latin—4th Class.
Greek—5th Class.

1 to 3.
Adjudication of Premiums.

☞ Tickets of admission, and a Syllabus of the course of Examination, may be had at the Institution, or of Messrs. Hodges and Smith, Booksellers, 21, College-green.

By order,
JOHN GREGG, Register.

Dublin, June 26th, 1830.

APPROVED FAMILY MEDICINES, &c.
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MESSRS. JOHN AND CHARLES BUTLER,
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BUTLER'S IMPROVED SEIDLITZ POWDERS. This preparation, when used according to the directions, forms an effervescing draught as agreeable as Soda Water, yet possessing all the medicinal qualities of the much-esteemed Seidlitz Spring in Germany. A Chalybeate accompanies the Powders, and may be used as a *Tonic* when required.

FAMILY ANTIBILIOUS and APERIENT PILLS. A gentle Medicine for keeping the bowels regular, and useful in Bilious and Hepatic Affections.

ACIDULATED LOZENGES of CAYENNE, for *habitual* Sore Throats, Hoarseness, &c. recommended also to Sportsmen and Travellers, as a refreshing stimulus during fatigue, and as a protection against Damp, Fogs, &c.

FLUID EXTRACT of RED JAMAICA SARSAPARILLA, (simple and compound,) for making the Decoction, as it may be required, in a manner superior to that generally used. A *dessert* spoonfull will make half a pint of Decoction. It is used as an alterative in Scrofula, Scurvy, and other cutaneous diseases, and as a remedy for the improper use of Mercury; it is also recommended by the Profession for economy and convenience.

ANTACID LOZENGES of QUININE, for relieving Heart-burn, Flatulence, Indigestion, and giving tone to the Stomach, &c. They are extremely serviceable to Gouty and Dyspeptic persons.

COMPOUND EXTRACT of SENNA, a preparation answering all the purposes for which the Infusion and Lenitive Electuary are administered, and being free from any unpleasant taste, is recommended for Children.

PECTORAL PASTE of IPECACUANHA and HYSSOP, an excellent Demulcent and expectorant for recent Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, &c.

DINNER PILLS, of Turkey Rhubarb, Jamaica Ginger, and Antacids. One or two of these Pills taken one hour before dinner, are recommended to persons troubled with indigestion, flatulence, &c.

IMPROVED BI-CARBONATED, EFFERVESCENT MAGNESIAN SALT. In this preparation, the ingredients are so arranged, that it can be administered as an *Antacid* Aperient, or as an *Effervescing* Aperient, as the case of the patient may indicate: it is recommended for Heart-burn, Acidity in the Stomach, Gout, as a cooling Aperient during the warm weather; and for Travellers visiting warm climates. A refreshing drink of *Imperial* can also be made in a moment from this preparation.

DR. GREGORY'S STOMACHIC POWDER of Rhubarb, Ginger, and Calcined Magnesia, for Indigestion, Flatulence, Acidity, &c.

AROMATIC SMELLING SALTS, (in cut Bottles, with *polished* stoppers,) highly approved for their strength and odour.

AROMATIC SPIRIT of VINEGAR, for Headache, and used as a preventive against Contagion, Fever, &c.

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